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LOCAL AND NATIONAL
POETS OF AMERICA

WITH INTERESTING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM
OVER ONE THOUSAND LIVING AMERICAN POETS.

*THE ONLY COMPLETE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF LOCAL AND NATIONAL
POETS OF AMERICA, CONTAINING NUMEROUS SELECTIONS*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS.

EDITED AND COMPILED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

THOS. W. HERRINGSHAW,

AUTHOR OF

"HOME OCCUPATIONS," "PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY," "AIDS TO
LITERARY SUCCESS," "MULIEROLOGY," ETC.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."

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PREFACE.

AS ONE of the fine arts, Poetry has not received the encouragement and appreciation in America that is deservedly due to such an important and beautiful branch of literature — an art that has indisputably played a significant part as one of the factors in shaping the destiny of so great a nation. “No one,” says George Parsons Lathrop, “is so bold as to affirm that, as a nation, we are poetic. With Germans Poetry is a part of daily life: it lives not only on their lips but in their hearts as well. Not so with us. Our appreciation of it is generally too theoretical, conventional, perfunctory, and involves a trice of apology for being interested in anything so unpractical. . . . One thing is certain. Whatever the American people think of poetry — and as to this they themselves still appear to be quite vague — it is perfectly clear that they do not think enough about it. If they did, they would know good poetry when they saw it; they would sometimes honor the chief makers thereof, wisely and soberly; they would cause the art and the perception of genuine poetry to be as carefully studied in every school and college as arithmetic and drawing and modeling now generally are studied. They would sustain literature in a generous spirit, make poetry a vital factor in the family and national life; and give to the accredited poet a distinguished place in the social and political order.”

But, perhaps, when defective rhyme, rhythm, measure, and crude work generally (once allowable and still so prevalent in almost every nation) are no more tolerated; when vowel composition (the arrangement of one vowel in regard to another) receives proper attention and

is studied with the same care that was evidently bestowed upon it by the Greek masters,—then will the art become more dignified, and as a natural consequence receive fuller recognition from competent critics, the metropolitan press, lovers of American literature and art, and from the masses generally. At all events it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Americans will more fully appreciate and pay tribute at the shrine of Poetry and Song as the equal and twin-sister of Music. Indeed, the alliance between Poetry and Music, says a writer in the British Britannica, is of very ancient date, and appears originally to have been constant. The praises of gods and heroes, the triumphal strains of happiness and victory, and the lamentations of affliction and defeat, were sung in measure to the sound of the rude instruments which art had invented in almost every country of which there is any historical record. In process of time, however, as Poetry became the vehicle of a wider range of sentiment, the accompaniment of music was often found inconvenient, and a recitation more approaching to common speech was then substituted.

The Britannica concisely defines absolute Poetry as the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language. No literary expression can, properly speaking, be called Poetry that is not in a deep sense emotional (whatever may be its subject matter), concrete in its method and its diction, rhythmical in movement, and artistic in form. The saying of Wordsworth, "That which comes from the heart goes to the heart," applies very closely indeed to modern Poetry, and when any writer's verse embodies a message, true, direct and pathetic, the degree of artistic perfection with which it is delivered has generally been silently passed over. We listen to the poet—we allow him to address us in rhythm or rhyme—we allow him to sing to us while other men are only allowed to talk, not because the poet argues more logically than they, but because he feels more deeply and perhaps more truly. Hence the great difference between Poetry and Prose is that the one comes from the heart, while the other is a product of the mind.

Anyone who derides the local press and its bevy of embryo writers and poets, whether they be deserving of censure or not, at once stamps himself to be a narrow-minded person with a brain of rather small calibre. The local papers are to a great extent entitled to the credit of producing, either directly or indirectly, nearly all of our prominent poets and writers as well as the humbler ones. Their columns are generally opened to any local effort that is of passable quality, and the interest and ambition thus engendered and fostered have caused new and special endeavors to be taken by these literary aspirants. Therefore, the importance of the local press and its writers must not be lost sight of, for without them it is not at all improbable that America could not now boast of such men as Whittier, Emerson, et. al., whose poems and writings first appeared almost exclusively in the local press.

In the compilation of LOCAL AND NATIONAL POETS OF AMERICA, the principal object has been to present the best poems of each writer and on as different topics as possible, and the work consequently includes many varieties of Poetry clothed in numerous forms. Brief as are the biographical sketches, they serve somewhat as a medium of introduction to the reader; and especially is this apparent when the sketch is accompanied with a portrait. Poets of local fame, together with those of a more national reputation, have been given a place in LOCAL AND NATIONAL POETS OF AMERICA, but no claims whatever are made for the superiority of its contents; to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and to judge of the merits of these poems, is left entirely to the reader—a task that will undoubtedly prove a source of both profit and pleasure. Many of the names and faces here presented will be recognized by readers as familiar acquaintances, while those of others are known only in their own locality. The work itself will be both a surprise and a delight to the world of literature—a surprise to learn that America is so rich in Poets and Poesy, and a delight in being thus afforded an opportunity of making a study of such a large and varied collection of gems from living writers of America.

LOCAL AND NATIONAL POETS OF AMERICA has been prepared under great difficulties, and nearly a year has passed away since the work was first taken in hand. To the local press of the country and the publishing fraternity in general, a great indebtedness is acknowledged for material and aid in the compilation of this work. To contributors and their friends who have so kindly furnished bound volumes of poetical works, copies of poems cut from magazines and newspapers, manuscripts and other material, the compiler is also under great obligations, for without such co-operation LOCAL AND NATIONAL POETS OF AMERICA could scarcely have assumed the magnitude befitting a work of such national importance

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 McAdoo, Prof. Wm. G., Knoxville, Tenn. 881
 McCauley, James, - - Leeds, Md. 989
 McCourt, David W., - St. Paul, Minn. 839
 McFadden, Flavius E., - Fairfield, Me. 939
 McGregor, F. Helen, - Beckwith, Tenn. 874
 McHenry, Mrs. Ellen J., - Berkeley, Cal. 1038
 McIntyre, Horace, - Ainsworth, Neb. 971
 Messenger, Mrs. L. R., Washington, D. C. 869
 Miller, Daniel F., - - Keokuk, Ia. 814
 Miller, William Lewis, - Ukiah, Cal. 1046
 M'Makin, Mary Aug., Washington, D. C. 992
 Moody, Joel, - Mound City, Kans. 857
 Moore, Martin V., - Auburn, Ala. 1037
 Moore, Thomas R., - Santa Barbara, Cal. 959
 Moss, Leon F., - Los Angeles, Cal. 853
 Mowry, Duane, - - Mauston, Wis. 792
 Muniholland, Ward D., Farmerville, La. 902
 Musick, John R., - Kirksville, Mo. 813

Nealis, Mrs. Jean E. W., Ft. Dufferin, N. B. 1034
 Nettleton, Charles P., - Hayward, Cal. 870
 Newell, Charles M., - Boston, Mass. 822
 Newell, Mrs. Laura E., - Zeandale, Kan. 928
 Nicol, Robert B., - - Milford, Ia. 943
 Nichols, Roland Albert, - Hiram, O. 990
 Nicum, Mrs. Ada Smith, - Cincinnati, O. 996
 Noble, Mary Ella, - - Athens, Ga. 968
 Norris, Rev. John Sam., Webster City, Ia. 908

Oadams, Rev. T. S., - Maquoketa, Ia. 905
 O'Brien, Hamilton C., Los Angeles, Cal. 1069

Pabor, William Edgar, - Denver, Colo. 841
 Paige, Charles L., - - Shasta, Cal. 829
 Paine, Albert Bigelow, - Ft. Scott, Kan. 895
 Parsons, Charles Case, - Wakeman, O. 962
 Pelton, John Cotter, - - Otag, Cal. 994
 Pierce, Rev. David F., S. Brittain, Conn. 959
 Pierce, Clara, - New Bedford, Mass. 963
 Pierson, Delaven L., - Philadelphia, Pa. 891
 Plumley, D. D., G. S., Greenfield Hill, Conn. 970
 Pomeroy, Mrs. Genie C., Hoquiam, Wash. 889
 Pratt, Alice Edwards, - Santa Rosa, Cal. 916
 Rasmussen, Jennie H., Albert Lea, Minn. 974
 Reid, Mrs. Mary J., - Alameda, Cal. 890
 Reinhart, Sophie, - Portland, Ore. 931
 Reynolds, Mrs. Frances, - Mariposa, Cal. 995
 Rich, Mrs. Caroline W. D., Lewiston, Me. 924
 Rief, Charles, - Grand Island, Neb. 777

Riggs, Luther Granger, Genoa Junc., Wis. 825
 Robinson, Harriet H., - Malden, Mass. 855
 Robinson, Rev. John B., - Lemont, Ill. 817
 Rogers, Mrs. Anna M., San Francisco, Cal. 1053
 Roe, Mrs. Grace Duffie, Battle Creek, Mich. 771
 Ross, Truman D., - Dake, Colo. 901
 Russell, Rev. Amos B., Gilmanton, N. H. 915
 Ruth, Mrs. Della T., - Muscatine, Ia. 964

Salisbury, Joseph B., Barre Center, N.Y. 1065
 Schroeder, Charles H., Washington, Mo. 1010
 Scott, Laurence W., - Paris, Texas. 819
 Severy, Melvin Linwood, - Boston, Mass. 913
 Shapleigh, Mrs. May C., - St. Louis, Mo. 827
 Sheeleugh, D. D. M., Ft. Washington, Pa. 958
 Shelhamer, Mrs. S. Ella, - Pasadena, Cal. 899
 Shortridge, Mrs. Belle H., Ft. Worth, Tex. 961
 Sibbet, Dr. S. D., - Beaver Falls, Pa. 780
 Simmons, Mrs. Narcissa J., Flippin, Ky. 948
 Sinnickson, Robert, - Trenton, N. J. 778
 Slaughter, Mrs. Linda W., Bismarck, N.D. 1027
 Smith, Arthur E., - Belcher, N.Y. 975
 Smith, Dexter, - Boston, Mass. 1011
 Smith, James Jackson M., - Burnet, Tex. 1028
 Smyth, Mrs. Louisa C., - Dresden, O., 927
 Sosso, Lorenzo, - San Francisco, Cal. 856
 Spears, Lulu Emma, - Avalon, Mo. 793
 Staley, M. Victor, - Appleton, Wis. 976
 Stambaugh, Mrs. Ettie C., Herman, Neb. 986
 Steele, Clarence T., - New York City. 1059
 Stevens, Joseph Lay, - Mapleton, Minn. 1009
 Stickney, Julian Noyes, Groveland, Mass. 851
 Stray, Ermina C., - Noble, O. 1071
 Strong, Rev. Philip B., - Malone, N.Y. 894
 Strong, Joseph Dwight, - Oakland, Cal. 909
 Sturm, Mrs. Olga Louisa, - Cleveland, O. 984
 Suddick, Mrs. Louise F., - Cuba, Mo. 1063
 Sweet, Daniel J., Sweet's Corners, Mass. 938
 Scanlon, Anna C., - Mt. Ida, Wis. 1080
 Stewart, Marcus A., - San Jose, Cal. 1088

Talman, John, - St. Paul, Minn. 1023
 Tascher, Mrs. Elbe, - Stevens Pt., Me. 1025
 Thomas, Mrs. A. K., Battle Creek, Mich. 954
 Thompson, Mrs. Emma, - Easton, Pa. 861
 Todd, Mrs. Mary Ives, Los Angeles, Cal. 867

Tubbs, Arthur Lewis, Glens Falls, N.Y. 795
 Tupper, Fred. A., Shelbourne Falls, Mass. 1049
 Tuttle, Mrs. Emma R., Berlin Heights, O. 1043
 Truman, Stella, - Opelousas, La. 1081
 Underwood, Mrs. Lizzie, - Dayton, Va. 1007
 Urner, Clarence Henry, - Richmond, Va. 914
 Vance, Hart, - Louisville, Ky. 988
 Van Loon, Mrs. Hannah, Philadelphia, Pa. 1026
 Van Nada, L. Belle, - Petersburg, Ind. 1080
 Varney, Mrs. F. G., Windham Center, Me. 1004
 Visscher, Wm. L., - Fairhaven, Wash. 1061

Walcott, Mrs. Edith F., - Oxford, Mass. 911
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 Walser, George H., - Liberal, Mo. 1031
 Warren, Mrs. Mary E., - Fox Lake, Wis. 993
 Waterman, Mrs. Ida F., Frankfort, S. Dak. 991
 Waugh, Rev. John, - Cohocton, N.Y. 1005
 Weber, George Leo, - St. Louis, Mo. 945
 Webster, George W. D., - Geneva, O. 883
 Weeks, Leroy Titus, - Osborne, Kan. 942
 Weir, Joseph Latimer, - Orlenda, Tenn. 873
 Welty, Edwin Arthur, - Oregon, Mo. 1051
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 White, Courtland S., - Halsted, Kan. 798
 White, Samuel Leander, Wakefield, Mass. 982
 Whitney, Orson F., Salt Lake City, Utah. 776
 Wiggin, Jas. B., Cambridgeport, Mass. 811
 Willard, Horace B., Fort Atkinson, Wis. 781
 Williams, Byron R., - Charles City, Ia. 936
 Willson, Lou Valeria, - Jackson, Mich. 972
 Wilson, Lucy, - Vanlue, O. 937
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 Winslow, Helen, - Roxbury, Mass. 844
 Wixon, Susan Ellen, - Fall River, Mass. 807
 Wright, Mrs. C. M. H., - Blaine, Ill. 785
 Warner, Dr. A., - Ainsworth, Neb. 1076
 Williams, Maggie D., - Livermore, Ky. 1086
 Wyman, Mrs. Sarah E., - Weston, Mich. 1082

Yancey, Mrs. Belle, - Bunker Hill, Ill. 859
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 Young, Daniel Kissam, New York City. 1041
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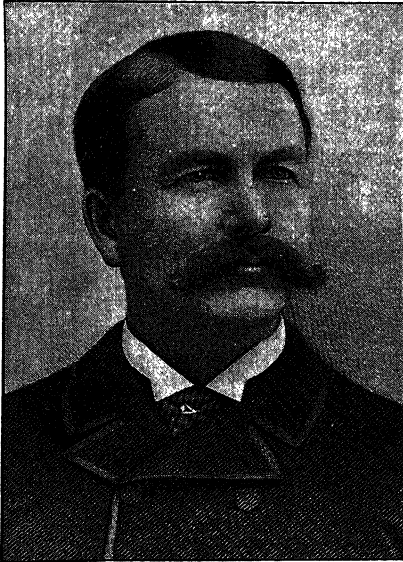
LOCAL AND NATIONAL

POETS OF AMERICA.

COLONEL GEO. W. WARDER.

BORN: RICHMOND, MO.

WHEN but a boy in years Mr Warder taught school, studied law, and was a practicing attorney at Chillicothe, Mo. He is a lawyer, a business man, a financier, a scholar, and a



COLONEL GEO. W. WARDER.

poet. Mr. Warder has issued three volumes of verse, which have attracted considerable attention, and established for the author an enviable reputation; in 1873 appeared *Poetic Writings or College Poems*; in 1874 *Eden Dell or Love's Wanderings*; and his third volume, a collection of his finest poems, entitled *Utopian Dreams and Lotus Leaves*, was issued from the London press in 1885. Since his residence in Kansas City, Col. Warder has attained a position of prominence and influence in the community. He is president of the Mining Exchange, a director in the Exposition Association, the Warder Grand Opera House, Newsboys Home, and is connected with many enterprises and charitable institutions.

WOMAN.

Methinks, o'er all the realms of space,
Creative hand ne'er meant to trace
A nobler form, or fairer face,
With brighter charm, or sweeter grace,
Than woman, who was sent to cheer
Man in his lonely, hapless fate,
With kindness and affection's tear,
And lead him to a higher state.
Her charming face and trusting heart
Wakes in his breast heroic flame;
For her he toils by strength and art,
To carve his way to wealth and fame.
He tills the soil, and sails the fleet,
Subdues the earth, explores its wilds,
To lay his treasures at her feet,
For her approving love and smiles.
In every land where women stand
In loving beauty by man's side,
His rudeness turns to manners bland,
And truth and honor in his pride.
First at the cradle and the grave,
With swelling heart and anxious breath,
She ope's the eyes of great and brave,
And shuts them in the glare of death.
Then lordly man, that scoffs at fear,
At your own hearth, or where ye roam,
Strive with true love to bless and cheer
This angel of our earthly home.

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION.

There's a world within as a world without,
And the mighty depths of the human soul
Is a boundless sea where the billows roll
To the zephyr's sigh, and the thunder's shout;
Where voices come from the sobbing years
Like watching stars in their dreamy spheres,
And the soul, like earth in its mystic flight,
Is half in shadow and half in light.
Thou mighty magicians to stir the heart
To its silent depths with thy voice of tears,
Pouring its pathos of tremulous fears,
Till the troubled sea of the soul will start,
And feeling and passion like billows roll
From the sighing heart to the sobbing soul;
Eyes dreamy and blue as the tranquil sea;
Face beaming and changeful, pleasing and fair;

Voice sad and sweet as a Magdalen's prayer
To a pardoning Christ when He set her free.
Thy genius, purpose and mission grand
Teaches men to feel and their souls expand,
That mercy may blend with her loving eyes,
The joys of earth with the dreams of the
skies.

THY FACE IS FAIR AND LOVELY.

Thy face is fair and lovely,
Thine eyes are softly blue,
And who could help but love thee,
Who knows thy heart so true.

Who knows the wealth and depth of love
That in thy bosom glows,
The purity like heaven above,
That from thy spirit flows.

Thy soul looks through the doors of sight,
And beams from out thine eye
With golden light, both pure and bright,
As angels passing by.

And once I gazed into those eyes
That beam with heavenly thought,
And felt the ties of love I prize,
Still nearer to me brought.

That hour I never shall forget,
But memory will retain it,
And time will only deeper set
That diamond gem within it.

Then fleeting time did plume her wing,
And dip her feet in pleasure,
And from the streams of bliss did bring
Us gladness without measure.

The zephyrs sang unto the sea,
The golden stars were beaming,
While hope, like bird on pinions free,
Her sweetest dream was dreaming.

Endymion on the moonlit hills
Ne'er bathed in Cynthia's smiling,
And felt the sweet enrapturing thrills,
As in that hour's beguiling.

MARY ANDERSON.

Interpreter of truth and art,
With regal form and queenly grace?
A matchless poem is thy face,
Where glowing thoughts of beauty start
Like heart that speaketh unto heart.

What majesty of gentle truth
Is thy sweet charm of womanhood;
So winning, fair, and nobly good,
Like genius in its mystic youth,
A peerless thing of joy and truth.

Bright empress of a fairer land
Than czar, or king, or magnates rule,
Where beauty, heart and truth's at school,

And in angelic livery stand,
Like sunlit isles in summer land.
Thou standest proudly and alone
In art, expression, form and grace,
And changing beauties of thy face,
And sweetness of thy voice and tone,
Like sceptred genius on a throne.

Then fair as love and sweet as bliss,
Press on and win the world's applause,
Nor in thy charming splendor pause
Till deathless fame thy brow shall kiss,
And heaven shall bring eternal bliss.

SADDEST THOUGHTS MAKE SWEETEST SONG.

When the twilight shades are falling
And the even-tide is near,
Comes the voice of memory calling,
Soft as falling of a tear;
And from shadows dim and fleeting
Come the saddest songs and greeting;
Yet the sweetest that I hear.

And I dream the olden dreaming
In the gloaming by the way,
And life's rosy-tinted gleaming
Seems to crown the closing day;
And my heart and brain and being
Wrapt in visions I am seeing,
Sad, yet brightest that I may!

O! our saddest thoughts are sweetest!
For they span a broader sea,
Soaring eagle-winged and fleetest
O'er the world of memory.
Hope crowned, heavenward and untiring,
To the good and loved aspiring,
They are calling unto thee.

Like the murmur of bright rivers
In the Islands of the Blest,
Where the solemn music quivers
Like a birdling in its nest,
Come the smiles of those who love us
From the far-off heavens above us,
And our saddest songs are best.

KISS OUR DARLING AND COME AWAY.

EXTRACT.

Dead! Our darling is dead, dear wife,
His angel spirit has heavenward fled;
His little feet will no longer tread
The rugged paths of this sorrowing life.

Kiss his forehead of marble clay,
Kiss our darling and come away.

Fair was his lovely form, dear wife,
Bright and sunny his cherub face;
See what a dimple the angels did trace,
When they kissed him first on the shores of
life.

Kiss him again, for only to-day
Can you kiss our darling, and come away.

MAY PERLEY.

BORN: LEMPSTER, N. H.

AFTER receiving her education at the Tilden Female Seminary of West Lebanon, Miss Perley became a school teacher. Her poems have received extensive publication in the periodi-



MAY PERLEY.

cal press, and she is represented in The New Hampshire Poets. Miss Perley is still a resident of her native place, where she is surrounded by a host of friends and admirers.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Child of mine look all around you,
See the brook runs at your feet,
Laughing, playing, leaping ever
On its destiny to meet.

With a voice of wondrous sweetness
Singing through the heat of day,
Fearless, undismayed, it glideth
Though it knoweth not the way.

Child of mine go to the forest
Where the oak lifts up its head;
Grand in solemn strength it standeth
Heeding not thy timid tread;

See its mighty arms outstretching,
Shield the tender violet blue,
Know you not the great All-Father
Spreads his sheltering arms o'er you?

Child of mine look up above you,
Up into the starry skies,
To those myriad worlds of glory
Raise your timid dazzled eyes;

Think you of their awful wonder,
Of the race they each must run,
On for aye, sometimes in darkness,
'Round and 'round the shining sun.

Think you of the years that wait them,
Changeless years of night and day,
Think you of the hand that guides them,
For they cannot lose their way.

Thus whatever may betide you,
There is One that knoweth best,
So lay down your head a moment,
Know that it is time for rest.

AFTER DARK.

Come now, imp of night, with your mirror—
For this is the true witching hour;
I'll look, if 'tis only to please you,
So come in your magical power.

O, fie! 'tis unjust, it is cruel
To show me the picture I shun!
The weakness, the folly and blindness,
The deeds that I wish were undone.

I'll shut my eyes tight, little wizard,
I'll stop my ears, close as I can,
I'll hide my head under the pillow
Before I will see it again.

Your magic can show me another—
Yes many, with skies bright and fair—
Each life has one fertile oasis,
And mine has a bountiful share.

The sound of the bellowing tempest—
The sweetest of music to me,
The brook, as it laughed in its gladness,
And rushed to the wide rolling sea.

The great silent gloom of the forest,
The vast, changeless blue all above,
The words that from dear lips have fallen,
The smiles on the faces I love.

Then, too, is the mystical future
So full of its untasted bliss,
O, say! little wizard, I know it, I feel it,
'Tis better than this.

It must be, each year brings the harvest,
The harvest of pleasure and pain,
But wisdom a recompense gives us,
Though blighted and worthless the grain.

No sound through the hush of the darkness
That down to my heart seems to sink—
'Tis sweet, but 'tis dreadful to lie here
With nothing to do but think.

JULIA HARRIS MAY.

BORN: STRONG, ME.

AFTER graduating at Mt. Holyoke seminary, Miss Julia H. May then spent several years teaching in the south. Since 1868 Miss May



JULIA HARRIS MAY.

has been at the head of a private school in Strong. The poems of this lady have appeared extensively in the leading religious and literary journals.

IF WE COULD KNOW!

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go,
Which would be first to breast the swelling
tide,
And step alone upon the other side,—
If we could know!

If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I my love to you most oft express?
Or, should I grieve you, darling, any less —
If it were you?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments flitting by,
Should I more closely follow God's great plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man,
If it were I?

If we could know!
We cannot, darling; and 'tis better so.

I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk along the same old stumbling way,
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, will be first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song,—
But when, or where, or how we're called to go,
I would not know.

ARE THEY GLAD?

If she were here
To take my hand, and ask, "What is it dear?"
She would not see the furrows on my face,
Nor note the silver where the gold had place;
Upon my faded lip she'd leave a kiss,
And whisper: "Darling," and she would not
miss
The vanished rose; or, if she did, would say,
"How you have ripened since I went away!"
The blemishes that others might despise
Would still be beautiful in mother's eyes.

If she were here
She would not mind the changes; if a tear
Should fill my eye I know that she would see,
And give sweet consolation unto me;
Yet, in her heart, some things would little
heed,
Knowing how much their discipline I need.
And so, I think, though Heaven be not far,
And friends can see us even as we are,
They may be glad, like loving motherhood,
Because they know how all things work for
good.

THE AWAKING.

As a sweet baby, from his morning dream
Awakes, sometimes, and lies without a
sound,
And all his rose-bud fingers twirl around,
The while his violet-eyes, half open, seem
Their petals to unfold, and pink cheeks beam
As if glad thoughts the little brain had
found;
But, when the mother's step upon the
ground
He hears, his red lips speak the word supreme
In mother's hearts, "agoo,"
So, we shall rise
Perchance, when we awake from life's brief
sleep,
Not all at once, but lie in rapt surprise,
And eye and lip all motionless shall keep
Until we speak, as new-born powers expand,
Some glad strange word, that God shall un-
derstand.

MRS. MYRA DOUGLAS.

BORN: ADRIAN, MICH., 1844.

HER father was a physician, of English and Scotch parentage; her mother of French extraction. Mrs. Douglas married early in life to soon wear the weeds of widowhood. She has one child, a daughter, who inherits her mother's talents. Mrs. Douglas has been a writer since childhood, but only of late years



MRS. MYRA DOUGLAS.

have her stories and verses been before the public. She has contributed to many of our best periodicals, among them Waverly and Ballou, of Boston, Baltimorean, Colman's Rural World, etc., and has been a contributor for years to the St. Louis Critic, a weekly paper of her own city. She has received letters of congratulation from some of our most eminent people. Mrs. ex-President Cleveland, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Hendricks; also Gen. G. I. Beauregard has written her words of praise and thanks for some of her Poems of the South. She has every reason to be proud of her success in her chosen career, and bids fair to win a place among "the few immortal names that were not born to die." Mrs. Douglas prefers to use her maiden name in her work, and all her contributions bear the same signature.

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.

She works for a living, is none of your ilk,
In calico dressed, while your gowns are of silk,

And tho' blessed with rare beauty of form
and of face,
She must e'er in humility keep her own place.
A child of the people, to work and to bear,
Her lot is to labor, her dower is care.

What tho' her fair face is a heritage grand,
Her form full of grace as the best of our land?
Her hands small and slender, tho' fated to
work,

With a heart strong, tho' tender, no duty to
shirk.

Her dower is poverty, one of the poor,
Her aim is to keep the grim wolf from the
door.

A mother, with sisters so small and so dear,
Have lived thro' her earnings for more than
a year;

Her father, who, once their protector and
pride,

Thro' fortune's cold frowns, broken-hearted
he died,

And left there behind him so helpless and
lone,

The ones he so loved in adversity thrown.

'Twas then that the daughter, the eldest in
years,

So bravely put by all the bitterest tears,
And sought for employment to purchase the
bread

To keep from starvation the loved of the
dead,

To be to her family ever a staff,
And the bitter of life all so willingly quaff.

She goes to her labors with love in her heart,
Her work has been blest, and they ne'er had
to part;

In a dear cosy home, tho' both humble and
small,

Where they all live together, no evils befall,
Where the wings of fond mother-love ever
abide,

And the hand of a sister doth kindly provide.

And she in her calico, humble and poor,
With her struggle with Fate, with the wolf at
her door,

Is fairer to me, with her pale, thoughtful
face,

Than the maidens of wealth with their fash-
ionable grace,

For a beauty of soul more than mortal doth
shine

On her face from high Heaven, so soulful,
divine.

EXTRACT.

I gaze upon this clover,
And thro' the past I roam,
Thro' long, lone years of changes,
Back to my childhood's home.

THE LAND OF "MAY BE SO."

Oh! the beautiful land of "May be so,"
 Where flowers of sweetest perfume grow,
 Beneath the bluest of summer skies
 A country rare, to glad our eyes,
 We roam the realms of ethery air
 Beyond the bounds of earthly care,
 Where fate her smiles on us bestow —
 In the beautiful land of "May be so."

We wander thro' that lovely land,
 With "best beloved" — aye — hand in hand,
 We find a little cottage home,
 Beneath the shade of Heaven's dome,
 We fold our wings and build a nest,
 Where mutual love shall ever rest,
 Ah! what delight the heart may know
 In blissful realms of "May be so."

All sorrows there have passed away,
 The sun shines out with gladdening ray,
 The air is balmy — odorous — sweet,
 Our hearts so full of joy complete,
 We raise our eyes in prayer to Heav'n,
 For restful peace to bosom given,
 While soothing zephyrs softly blow
 The Lotus gales of "May be so."

DUAL LIFE.

'Tis said we live a double life,
 In beams of joy or hours of strife,
 In moments gay or sorrows rife,
 That make our lot.

That waking hours we know are one,
 In which our honors all are won,
 And noble acts and deeds are done,
 As our allot.

The other is the land of dreams,
 Where all is weird, though truth it seems,
 Where oft we float o'er silvery streams,
 So happy we.

Where every cloud has passed away,
 And all is bright as gladsome day,
 And flowers bloom beside our way,
 So joyously.

Sometimes we know deep sorrow there,
 The troubles dire, the load of care,
 That portioned as our earthly share,
 Doth spirit grieve.

But then comes to us, it doth seem,
 The happy thought, "'Tis but a dream,"
 And light doth in the bosom beam,
 And joy receive.

The friends we loved gone o'er the stream,
 We find them in that "Land of Dream,"
 And greet them warm, by love supreme,
 With outstretched hand.

Their eyes are beaming, bright as stars,
 We leap the golden, shining bars,
 While nothing our fond rapture mars
 On shining strand.

There father, mother, husband, wife,
 The child more dear than even life,
 Ah me! their loss what anguish rife,
 The heart oppress.

But all together, there we meet
 The ones we loved, with joy replete.
 Their faces smiling, do we greet,
 In home of rest.

So if our waking hours are sad,
 Our slumbers may be bright and glad,
 Our aching heart in peace be clad,
 E'en for a time.

Awhile forgot our woeful loss,
 The crown of thorns, the heavy cross,
 The spirit all so tempest tossed,
 In sleep sublime.

Oh, slumber, sweet to weary soul,
 Whose spirit yearns beyond control,
 To fly unto the heavenly goal,
 And vanished friends —

We thank thee for thy soothing power,
 For dreams that soothe as Lotus flower,
 For years of bliss within the hour,
 That slumber lends.

KISMET — FATE.

E'en at our birth exists a mighty power,
 That rules our life as with a sceptre grand.
 No will of ours can stay his stern command,
 Nor change one jot decrees of day or hour,
 That mark for us the limit of our breath,
 And tells the time thy summons comes, O
 death.

We may forget his eye is ever stern;
 Unyielding, firm, his mandates e'er remain;
 No softening pity harbor can obtain, [burn,
 While life and all its pleasures through us
 We may forget, but ever close and near
 That power exists, so cold, so dark and drear.

At times the sun may shine upon his face,
 And wake a light of splendor and of joy,
 While happiness a time our hours employ,
 That darker days and sorrows may efface.
 But ah! as stern as e'er he was before,
 That power remains till life for us is o'er.

What though we kneel, and lifting hands to
 Heaven,
 Do plead in prayer for mercies for our soul,
 And helping hands to lead us to the goal,
 Where peace awaits the hearts by sorrow
 riven,

Yet adamantine doth that power remain,
 As firm and cold, unpitying all our pain.
 O Power great! unheeding all our will,
 Who rules the world with cold, unfeeling rod,
 Thou cold vicegerent of a pardoning God,
 Our hearts with calm submission wilt thou fill,
 Till at the last life's wearied race is run,
 The heart exclaims in peace, Thy will be done.

MRS. LOU S. BEDFORD.

MRS. LOU BEDFORD'S first work, *A Vision and Other Poems*, was published in 1881, and by permission was re-produced in London. This volume elicited many fine encomiums from such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, and Paul Hayne. In 1888 appeared



MRS. LOU S. BEDFORD.

Gathered Leaves, a very fine collection of her later poems. This lady has had six children—three sons grown to manhood reside in Dallas, Texas; the youngest child and only living daughter is attending college. The other two children, a grown daughter and son, with their father, are resting under the "shadow of the trees." Personally Mrs. Bedford is of medium height and size, with black hair slightly threaded with gray, and dark-brown eyes. This lady is still a resident of Dallas.

EVENING TIME BEST.

There are who say that evening time is best
When ev'rything in Nature sinks to rest;
Altho' the morning hour is passing fair,
With warmth and beauty springing every-
where,
And Hope a-brooding in the balmy air,
And drowning with glad music anxious
Care,
Still, many hold that evening time is best.
Full well I know that evening time is best
To one a-weary and in need of rest;

But surely morning, with its rosy light
A-sweeping back the curtains of the night,
Until the earth, all beautiful and bright,
Bursts forth in one grand anthem of de-
light,

To Youth and joyous Childhood is the best.

But O! to me the evening time is best!
For I am tired and I sigh for Home—
I long beneath my Father's roof to rest,
To lean my head upon my Brother's
breast—

I watch the sun declining to the west,
Rejoicing that the Evening time is come!

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

How sad, how very sad it would be,
When the toils of life shall be done,
And we shall ascend above the sky
To meet the Eternal One,
If in our arms, instead of sheaves,
We should bear a bundle of worthless leaves.

'Tis true, they might very beautiful be—
Green, crimson, and golden, too,—
And gathered fresh from the parent stem,
And glistening with morning dew;
But they'd not suffice for want of sheaves,
Those beautiful, graceful, dewy leaves.

Yet such, I fear, my portion 't will be,
Tho' I've labored and sorrowed here;
And have hoped to reap a rich reward
In a brighter, happier sphere;
But O, I feel that I have no sheaves—
Have naught but a bundle of fading leaves.

Methinks, perchance, the Savior will look

At my wayworn, bleeding feet,
And a gentle smile of pity and love

My averted eyes will meet;
That he'll not condemn tho' I bear no
sheaves—

Have simply a bundle of worthless leaves.

'T is well He knoweth how frail we are,
And remembereth we are dust;
And giveth us grace in our darkest hour
In His Righteousness to trust;
Else fatal 't would be, instead of sheaves,
To carry a bundle of worthless leaves.

Sometimes I tire of the burden of life,
And long for the hour of rest;
Aye, fain would I lay my aching head
On my loving Savior's breast;
I grow so weary, instead of sheaves,
Of bearing this burden of useless leaves.

Dear Savior! teach me to look to Thee,
And trust in Thy grace alone;
And help me do, as the years go past,
All my duties, one by one,
That I may bring Thee, instead of leaves,
A bundle of beautiful, golden sheaves.

SILENT STEPS.

Unheeded all, the silent Hours
 Pass outward, one by one;
 So much amid the Past we love,
 Or castles of To Come, we move,
 We scarcely deem the Present ours,
 Until, perchance, 'tis gone;
 Gone with its record, dark or fair —
 For all life's deeds are written there.
 In silence, too, the hurrying Years
 Pass outward, one by one;
 We almost deem Time's silver sands
 Are lying idle in our hands —
 Though blotted here and there with tears —
 Until they, too, are flown;
 Or, furrowed brow and frosted hair
 Tell how the Years are passing there.

EXTRACTS FROM A VISION.

NIGHT.

From o'er the hills
 That lie so dark against the southern sky,
 Float gentle zephyrs that through all the day
 Have wandered 'mid the orange groves, o'er
 beds
 Of violets, and by the cool, clear streams;
 And now they come, bearing upon their
 wings
 The low, sad music of the distant pines,
 And the strange odors as of tropic flowers,
 Sweet as the breath of Eden.

THE POET'S HOME.

And this we find, the world's his home; its
 trees,
 Vales, mountains cataracts, its glorious
 views;
 Its streams, lakes, bays, straits, oceans, gulfs
 and seas —
 All pay a grateful tribute to his muse;
 And yet, not of the world, he treads alone
 A temple consecrated all his own —
 A sacred temple, beautiful and fair,
 Above the jarring sounds of earth and air.

A VISION.

With slippered feet, but ling'ring step, gray
 Dawn,
 Parting the sable curtains Night had draped
 About the gorgeous couch where Nature
 slept,
 Came up the eastern stair. Awhile she paused
 Upon the threshold; but the star, that
 gleam'd
 So brightly on her forehead, heralded
 The full-orbed day; the darkness backward
 swept,
 And Morning flashed her beams upon the
 world!

EXTRACTS FROM GATHERED LEAVES.

THE POET'S SONGS

Immortal and pure, methinks that Song
 Is an angel that walks the world of men;
 And every emotion, deep and strong,
 Tells of her presence, herself unseen;
 And the Poet, chosen and set apart
 To give true voice to this sacred Guest,
 Must feel, if he'd stir the great world's heart,
 The sting of the thorn in his own breast.

NOT DEAD.

Not dead! The strain can never die
 That trembles to the Poet's lyre,
 But, floating upward to the sky,
 Is caught up by the heavenly choir;
 For Song is but the truth exprest,
 That vibrates in each human breast,
 And, past the realm by mortals trod,
 It lives — eternal as its God.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

We stand to-day on the beach of Time,
 Whence we gaze far out to sea,
 Whose waters tenderly lave our feet,
 Then dance back laughingly;
 But each rippling wave bears from the shore
 A gram of the gleaming sand,
 And frailer becomes our hold on earth,
 And narrower grows the strand.

THE WIND.

Softly the evening breeze
 Is coming now —
 Sighing among the trees —
 Fanning my brow:
 Now quickly lies away,
 'Mid other scenes to play.
 But whither it doth go,
 No one can tell;
 O'er hills and streams we know —
 Through shady dell;
 But where it findeth rest
 No one hath ever guessed!
 It may be that 't is lost
 'Mid waving corn:
 Or where Aurora fair
 Awakes the morn —
 Where Night and Morning greet,
 Or earth and heaven meet!
 Its whispering tones are heard
 Among the pines;
 By it the leaves are stirred,
 And flow'rs, and vines;
 And often we rejoice
 To hear its merry voice.
 But we can never find
 Its dwelling-place;
 Nor with surveyor's line
 Its bound'ry trace!
 That it doth come and go,
 Is all the wisest know!

MRS. MARY A. A. SENTER.

BORN: GREAT FALLS, N. H., SEPT. 1, 1835.

THIS lady was educated at New Haven, Conn., and at Northfield, N. H. Her father was a noted Methodist clergyman. She married



MRS. MARY A. A. SENTER.

E. L. Senter, a speculator, and now resides in the town of Exeter, N. H. The poems of Mrs. Senter are distinguished for their classic beauty, deep feeling, and delicate descriptive power.

THE DYING GIRL.

Her spirit was leaving its temple of clay,
And on wings of purity vanished away,
While she raised her hand in the gesture of
prayer, [there.
That the God of Heaven would welcome it
And the tears roll'd down her cheek of snow,
As she murmur'd it forth in accents so low,
That you saw but the motion her pale lips
gave,
While her bosom heaved like a swelling wave.
And her white hands shook as she held them
in air,
And like autumn leaves they seem'd wither-
ing there,
Till like autumn leaves they fell to rest,
On a pulseless heart and silent breast.
And thus death had won for its chamber so
dark,
With an arrow that ne'er had miss'd its mark,

A form that seem'd like a truant from heaven,
And that never sinn'd, but to be forgiven.
Though death was so stern, he left the trace
Of a holy smile on her calm white face;
Methinks 'twas a shade that the spirit had cast
As away from that temple so lovely it pass'd.

IT MATTERS NOT.

It matters not if sun or rain
Fall in my life's short day,
Or strains of joy, or strains of pain,
Burst from my lips away.
It matters not if gloom surround,
And darkness gathers now,
And even now with thorns be crown'd
My weary aching brow.
It matters not how rough the road
That I must journey through,
If I but reach the blest abode
Of Him who suffered too.
And naught of earth can move my breast,
Its glitter nor its show,
For Christ has said, I'll give you rest,
I all your sorrows know.
And ever more I close my heart
To this vain world of sin,
I've chosen now the better part,
And Jesus reigns within.
And when at last life's journey done,
I stand on death's lone shore,
Oh! may I have the blessed one
To gently bear me o'er.

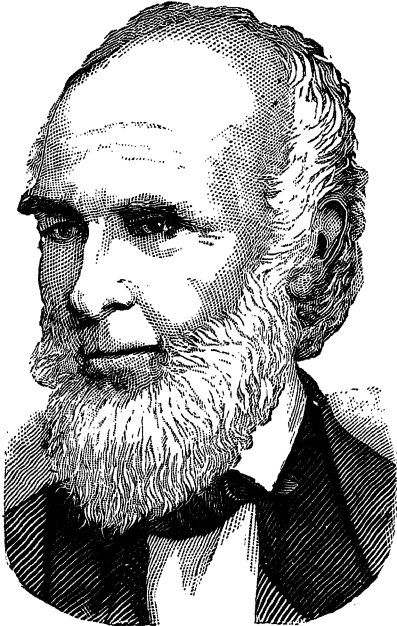
WILT THOU COME NOT THEN?

When at last the twilight falleth,
And the shadows come apace,
And around me friendship calleth,
Many a dear familiar face,
Wilt thou come not then?
When my life has almost drifted
To the far-off golden shore,
Ere the curtain is uplifted,
Hiding heaven never more,
Wilt thou come not then?
When my eyes with earnest pleading,
Look for those that are most dear,
As my life is fast receding,
Shall I know that thou art near?
Wilt thou come not then?
Ere my voice is hushed forever,
And my eyes are closed for aye,
Ere my hands can clasp thine never,
Ere the angels bear away,
Wilt thou come not then?
Must the golden bowl be broken,
And the vale of shadow past,
Ere I hear the dear word spoken,
Saying I have come at last?
I shall see thee then!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BORN: HAVERHILL, MASS., DEC. 17, 1807.

THE boyhood days of John Greenleaf Whittier was spent on a farm, where he worked in the summer, and in winter he assisted his father, who was a shoemaker. His family were members of the Society of Friends, and for that reason the poet is usually spoken of as the "Quaker poet." Mr. Whittier received only a



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

common school education: yet, on becoming of age, he assumed the editorship of a paper, and has ever since devoted himself to literature. Although he has written both prose and poetry, he is chiefly distinguished as a poet, borrowing his inspiration largely from current events. The best poems of Mr. Whittier are: Maud Muller, My Psalm, My Playmate, Snow Bound and Centennial Hymn. His principal prose works are Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, and Literary Recreations. In the poems of Whittier we find masculine vigor combined with womanly tenderness; a fierce hatred of wrong, with an all-embracing charity and love. He is unmarried, and has resided at Amesbury, Massachusetts, since 1840.

EXTRACTS.

The riches of a commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health,

And, more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For still in mutual suffrance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissues of life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true:
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

EXTRACTS.

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogues tether and let him run!"
So with soft relents and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose.
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead?

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
 From my heart I give thee joy.
 I was once a barefoot boy.
 Prince thou art: the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride:
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy.
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!
 Oh for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,—
 Of the wild bee's morning chase;
 Of the wild-flower's time and place:
 Flight of fowl, and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tortoise bears his shell;
 How the woodchuck digs his cell;
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young;
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lillies blow;
 Where the freshest berries grow;
 Where the groundnut trails its vine;
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay;
 And the architectural plans
 Of gray hornet-artisans!
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks.
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy:
 Blessing on the barefoot boy!
 Oh for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for!
 I was rich in flowers or trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry-cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden-wall,
 Talked to me from fall to fall;

Mine the sand-rimmed pickercil pond;
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond;
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still, as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too:
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy.
 Oh for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread
 (Pewter spoon and bowl of wood)
 On the doorstep gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra,
 And to light the noisy choir
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy.
 Cheerly, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can.
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening, from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride;
 Lose the freedom of the sod;
 Like a colt's, for work be shod;
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless toil,
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
 Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.
 Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
 But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,
 The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast,—
 A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draft from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stopped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,

When he hummed in court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms:

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay on the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow-candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

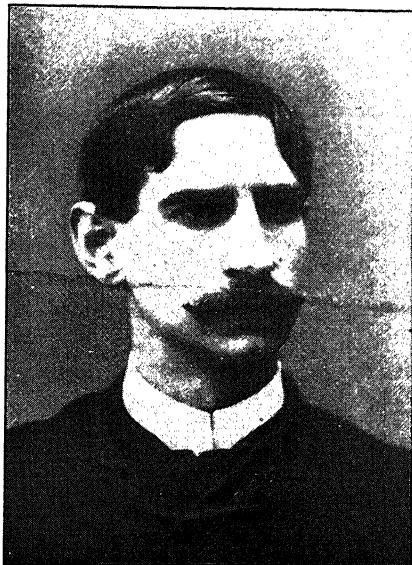
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

ROBERT REXDALE.

BORN: MARCH 26, 1859.

In New England the name of Robert Rexdale, journalist, is well known as the author of *Saved by the Sword*, a novel, published at Boston, Mass., early in 1889. But as a poet he gained an enviable reputation at a much earlier age, and in 1886 appeared his *Drifting Songs and Sketches*, a volume of verse and



ROBERT REXDALE.

prose. Among poets he is best known as the author of *Transit of Venus*, a mythological poem of much strength and beauty. He is entirely self-educated, being apprenticed to the printers' trade when he was but thirteen years old. His literary career dates from 1880. Mr. Rexdale is yet unmarried. Since 1885, becoming actively engaged in journalism, he has been assistant editor of the *Portland Sunday Times*; and as poet, novelist and newspaper man, he enjoys a reputation achieved by but few men before their thirtieth year.

IN THE GLOAMING.

Like the far away gleam
Of a mist-hidden stream,
The joys of the morning are showing!
But their light, as it nears,
Shall illumine the years
Where waters of Lethe are flowing.

Though we mingle no more
On that magical shore,
Where brightly the sunlight is shining!
There are raptures that blend
When the shadows descend,
And life to its close is declining.
For the stars will arise
In our evening skies,
The blossoms will bloom in the heather!
While so trustful and true,
We will look to the blue,
And wait in the gloaming together.

EUTERPE.

This hour so beautiful with bloom
Is sacred to the muse of song!
Its glowing sunset heights illumine
The hopes o'ershadowed by the tomb,
And bid the fainting soul be strong.

And now Euterpe's harp is crowned
With gems that flash like morning rays,
She gives us music for each wound,
And bids the spirit lift its gaze
To skies blue-arched above the mound.

If olden memories of tears,
The ghosts of unforgetten pain,
Rise through the mournful mists of years!
She sings of undiscovered spheres,
And solace brings the weary brain.

O sentient Lyre! O breathing Shell!
Thy mission to the world we own;
Since in the light of thy sweet spell,
That star-like o'er the desert shone,
New scenes of beauty rise and dwell.

So heavenward, on triumphant wings,
Take flight, tired heart! and end thy quest.

Where Music's wand hath touched the springs,
And love is in the song she sings,
There flow the crystal streams of Rest.

THE CRICKET.

Araluen, vexed and weary
With the dreamy summer day,
Said the cricket's song was dreary,
Thought the shadows cold and gray.
"Little maiden, little maiden,"
Seemed the cricket's chant to be,
"Life to-day with love is laden,
God is good to you and me."
Sang the cricket in the thicket,
By the swiftly-flowing stream;
Softly ope'd the golden wicket,
To the fairy land of Dream!

Stars of Elfand! faintly stealing
Through the mists that fold the night,

I a child again am kneeling
In the splendor of thy light.
O ye tinkling, foam-white fountains,
Bathe me in your silver spray!

On yon heights of sunset mountains,
O ye elfin harpists! play;
Bid me enter at the portal,—
Life is dreary, filled with pain,
For the youth that seemed immortal
Thrills no more the pulse and brain.

Araluen! child of laughter,
Would that life were young to me;
Filled with dreams of some hereafter,
Bright, and beautiful, and free!
Evermore with thee to ponder,
By the river's ceaseless flow;
Evermore with thee to wander,
Where the tangled roses grow.
While the cricket in the thicket,
By the swiftly-flowing stream,
Guards for aye the golden wicket
To the fairy land of dream!

DRIFTING.

O fairest maid of rarest days,
Pomona's child with golden tresses!
I loiter in thy sylvan ways,
My heart is warm with thy caresses.

And o'er again, as in a dream,
I voice the words the spell is wreathing,
As in the reeds beside the stream
Pandean pipes are lowly breathing.

I think of one whose starry eyes,
And laughter through the woodland ring-
ing,
And shy caresses, and tender sighs,
Attuned the poet's heart is singing.

And like Ausonian king of old,
I listen to the wood-nymph's pleading,
While this poor form of human mold
Plods sadly after fancy's leading.

O river rippling to the sea,
Thy silver waters, softly stealing
In shadowed beauty o'er the lea,
Awake the slumbrous chords of feeling.

And on thy waves of rosy light,
Seen in my boyhood's happy vision,
I'm drifting from the shores of night,
To isles of rest in realms Elysian.

DROPPED DEAD.

Stranger he was to the pitiless throng,
Viewing his corpse as they bore him along,
Heedless for aye of their laughter and song —
Dropped dead!

Low was the message that called him away,
Swift as the thought of a child in its play,
And in the grandeur of silence he lay —
Dropped dead!

Only a heart whose pulsations are o'er,
Only a form that will journey no more,
Only a shade for the Stygian shore —
Dropped dead!

Ah! but the gaze of his wandering eyes,
Piercing the blue of the midsummer skies,
Looked where the Island of Mystery lies —
Dropped dead!

What did he whisper, O poet, to thee?
Joys of an infinite glory to be,
Dreams of a soul by the shadowless sea —
Dropped dead!

THE SENTINEL FLOWER.

The Sentinel Flower, O comrades of old,
If guarding your rest in its cuirass of gold!
On fields where you fell in the heat of the
fray,

So proud to the last of our standards so gay;
And the ring of the challenge is kindly and
true,—

“Halt! 't is the grave of a soldier you
view.”

Though strangers you are to the heralds of
fame,

The halos of glory encircle each name;
E'en princes may envy the bliss of your
dream,

This lonely bivouac by the murmuring
stream;

And the feathery blossoms that wave o'er
the tomb,

Dispel by their splendor the shadows of
gloom.

Aweary of conflict, and silent and lone,
The soldier will dream of the years that have
flown,

Of vows of devotion, and clasping of hands,
And pressure of lips in the far-away lands!
While the voices of dear ones, so tender and
low,

Are borne on the winds of the lost Long Ago.

Afar o'er the moonland, O comrades of yore,
The bugles are sounding the battle once
more!

My spirit is saddened, for soon I shall lie
Alone and unknown, 'neath the midsummer
sky;

But the Sentinel Flower my slumbers will
woo,—

“Halt! 't is the grave of a soldier you
view.”

JULIA H. THAYER.

BORN: KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

At the age of ten Julia H. Thayer removed with her parents to the state of Illinois, where she has since resided as pupil and teacher in her father's school, the Chicago Female College, at Morgan Park. She first published her verses anonymously, but since 1870 until the present time the productions of her pen, chiefly poetical, have appeared in various papers and periodicals under her own name. She has received flattering inducements to write



JULIA H. THAYER.

prose, but is most devoted to the muse. She is seen at her best in religious poems and simple lyrics.

Miss Thayer is somewhat below medium height, has dark curling hair, regular features and gray eyes. Upon the third finger of her left hand is a plain gold ring—to her it is priceless, being the first piece of precious metal that she received for one of her poems. Miss Thayer is not only a writer of lyrical poetry, but occasionally writes prose, and is also a fine musician. There is a conscientious fidelity in Miss Thayer's work, and to her the glorious West brings a laurel wreath that will not fade.

RESPICE FINEM.

Oh not her gentle, silent agents most
Doth Nature use to purify the world,

But raging hurricanes, in tumult hurled,
And blasting winds and tempests are her boast.
With thundering whirl of ebon wings, from coast
To coast they fly, by might resistless whirled,
Then in their central calm betimes are furled,
And rest content, for lo! a new-born host
Of stronger life and fresher bloom arise.
Even thus have all the greatest eras wrought
Those changes that have made our earth so
wise.

Weak doubting heart receive the lesson taught:
Beyond each storm of grief a blessing lies,
Becalmed within the center of God's thought.

THE ISLAND SPRING.

Far from shore, where salt seas only
Hurl white storms of angry foam,
Stands an Island, bleak and lonely.
Banished from earth's sylvan home.

Not a blade of floweret tender
Nestles to its rocky breast
Through the warmth of summer splendor,
Into wakening life caressed.

But as pure as from the mountain
Where the sweetest waters start,
Lo! a sparkling crystal fountain
Gushes from its barren heart;

Fresh and clear, though all surrounded
By the briny waters wide,
Never once its laugh confounded
By the hostile, dashing tide;

Singing always with a spirit
Envy not the high-born spring;
Satisfied to just inherit
Dreams of wayside blossoming.

Canst thou recognize the presage,
O my heart, with better trust?
Canst thou read a heavenly message
On this tablet of the dust?

God will bid a fount of gladness
Spring from out thy rock-bound soul,
Free from every tone of sadness,
Though wild seas around thee roll.

Thou shalt sing the same glad measures
Caroled in earth's fairest bowers,
Though bereft of life's green pleasures
And a world of dewy flowers.

COBWEBS.

Meshes touched with the morning-mist,
Sheer enough for the ghosts of fairies;
Gossamer forms that the vapor kissed
To the verge of a dream as light as the air is;

Discs of pearl from the fences that swing;
Glittering patches of veiling drawn over

Meadow-grasses where night-damps cling;
Silvery drapings that frost the clover;

Thin transparencies seeking to screen
Deep, dark hollows, and clefts unsightly,
Where diamonds, thrilling with liquid sheen,
Tremble in nets that hold them lightly.

Lone and deserted each shining abode—
Splendor has driven the tenants away;
Gifts of such beauty seem illy bestowed
On ugly black spiders that live by prey.

Yet, after all, what is man himself
But just such an ogre, who loves to subsist
On his unwary brother, on plunder and pelf,
In this web of a world that hangs in the mist?

SUBMISSION.

Not on seas of wild commotion,
When the crazy tempest raves,
And the savage voice of Ocean
Challenges his clamoring caves—

Not on such the mirrored glory
Of the great protecting sky;
Not a billow tells the story
In reflective sympathy.

Even when, in broken spirit,
Waves but sigh along the shore
Still their motion must inherit
Shattered, shifting lights—no more.

But, when every sound is muffled,
And repose, as calm as death,
Rests upon a sea unruffled
By a faint, disturbing breath,

Then the image of its glory
Answers all the watching sky;
Humbled waves repeat the story
In adoring ecstasy.

AN APOLOGY.

"Please send us some Thanksgiving verses,"
The editor writes in July,
While Sol's very hottest of curses
The mercury's passions defy.

I wipe the warm dew from my forehead,
And tear, like a poet, my hair,
And vow that, at least, it is horrid
To sit in this thrice-heated glare

And write up the pudding and turkey
And hearty cold-weathery things—
Bah! mental dyspepsia makes murky
My brain unprovided with wings.

To the foot of Parnassus I wander
To borrow the famed winged steed,
Full conscious that Mother Goose's gander
Is more apropos of my need.

"Come, Pegasus, come," I go calling—
No whinnies send welcome reply;
Instead comes an impish voice bawling:
"The help that you'll get's in your eye.

"Peg's put out to pasture—no lying—
He told me to say, if you came,
'Twas rather too warm to be flying
Through regions no cooler than flame."

"I will walk to the top of the mountain,"
I cry, in the heat of despair:
"One draught from the Castalian fountain
Will make fancy light as the air."

I reach, with much toiling, the summit,
And make for the spring that's near by,
When the wretched imp jeers: "You don't
come it,
The well of the Muses is dry.

"They, skylarking Nine, with Apollo,
Are off to their summer resort,
Nice, breezy Olympus, where follow
No mortals, whatever their sort."

Indignant, abashed and scarce seeing,
I grope down the mountain again,
My only consoling thought being
The gods are as idle as men.

MISSING.

Late at night I saw the Shepherd
Toiling slow along the hill,
Though the flock below were gathered
In the fold so warm and still.

On His face I saw the anguish,
In His locks the drops of night,
As He searched the misty valleys,
As He climbed the frosty height.

Just one tender lamb was missing
When He called them all by name;
While the others heard and followed,
This one only never came.

Of his voice rang thro' the darkness
Of that long, long night of pain;
Of He vainly paused to listen
For an answering tone again.

Far away the truant, sleeping
By the chasm of Despair,
Lay, unconscious of its danger,
Shivering in the mountain-air.

But at last the Shepherd found it—
Found it ere in sleep it died—
Took it in His loving bosom,
And His soul was satisfied.

Then I saw the Eastern spaces
Part before a shining throng,
And the golden dome of morning
Seemed to shatter into song.

MRS. EMMELINE B. WELLS.

BORN: PETERSHAM, MASS., FEB. 29, 1828.

THIS lady has been connected with the editorial staff of the *Woman's Exponent* since 1875, and has been the sole editor and publisher since 1877. She has written verses from her



MRS. EMMELINE BLANCHE WELLS.

childhood, and will at some future time publish them in book-form. Mrs. Wells has attended conventions of women in Washington and other places; presented memorials to congress; called upon presidents and senators and members of the House in the interests of Utah, in which state she resides at Salt Lake City.

AT EVENING.

How softly fall the evening shadows pale,
Golden and purple sunsets blend and fade;
Night robes earth quietly with mantling veil,
And peace and rest the gentle hour pervade.

Great nature soothing with her potent power,
Breathes to the world-worn heart her sympathy;

And 'mid the tranquil of such spell-bound hour,

The mem'ries of the past steal tenderly.

Athwart the scene the moon with golden trail
As erst with pitying glance and mellowed light,

Sweeps thro' the empty space with steady sail,

And floods with beauty the enchanted night.
It is the hour for sweet and tender thought
And whisperings of the life that is to be,—
And Faith and Trust with holy impulse fraught,

Speak to the soul in nature's poetry,
Unconscious of ourselves we sink to sleep
And bright-robed beings round our couches stray,

In sacred stillness holy vigils keep,
And night assumes the sceptre of her sway.

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN.

My dear old garden still I call it mine;
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade
Of ev'ry tree, and shrub and flow'ring vine,
My children and my children's children play'd.

'Round these my aching heart instinctive clings,

And they to me are sweet and tender things.
Under those trees I've sauntered to and fro,
In search of hidden gems of precious thought,

Perchance some wayward fancies all aglow
Have been in chains of measur'd rhythm caught,

For rustling leaves, and sighing boughs have stirred

The depths of love, no living voice hath heard.

And here young lovers, plighted vows have given,

And sealed them with the first fond lingering kiss

That hallows love, and makes earth seem a heav'n,

A sweet enchanted dream of rapt'rous bliss
When two pure hearts, in confidence and truth,

Unite their joys and hopes in early youth.
These trees and shrubs, and ev'ry bush and vine,

We've watched from tiniest seed and stem;
Why then should I not always call them mine?

For in my heart of hearts I treasure them.
No matter how neglected now they be
They were a part of my home life to me.

Yes, I remember sitting there so well,
With baby in my arms and children 'round;
And a sweet peace hung o'er me like a spell,
While the white blossoms fluttered to the ground;

For the young apple trees were just in bloom
And we were breathing in their sweet perfume.

O, how the childish voices loud and clear,
 Rang out in laughter and in merry song;
 No wonder that to me the place is dear,
 To which so many memories belong;
 O, would those days but come to me again
 'Twould ease my heart of all this racking
 pain.

O, little ones, 'mong the long tangled grass,
 Where buttercups and clover nestled down;
 Or like a shadow flitting as you pass,
 To gather hollyhocks in silken gown,
 Or pull the morning glories from the vine
 Which gaily 'round the fav'rite tree en-
 twine.

And honey suckles fragrant were and fair,
 And on them humming birds swung to and
 fro,

But something fairer, sweeter still was there:
 A little maiden, singing soft and low;

O, that melodious voice we hear no more,
 Save in our dreams, it echoes o'er and o'er.

My garden! when the world was dark and
 cold, [way;

And troubles gathered thickly round my
 I wander'd there my feelings to unfold,
 'Twas there I knelt upon the ground to
 pray.

In that old garden thro' the maze of years
 I scan life's pages blur'd with mists of
 tears.

MEMORY OF THE SEA.

In the midnight hour, a memory
 Swept like music o'er my soul
 As I stood in silent reverie,
 Where the surging billows roll;—
 Minor music, sad and sorrowing,
 Full of trembling, full of tears,
 Ever like the ocean's murmuring,
 Bringing back the tide of years.
 Telling of the long forgotten
 In the cycles of the past,
 Of the nations crushed and broken
 In the world's great holocaust.
 As I listened so entrancing
 Was the music of the sea;
 That I fancied mermaids dancing
 To the midnight minstrelsy;
 And a thousand harp-strings quivering,
 Sobbing in the midnight sea:
 And my broken heart-strings shivering
 As sad memories came to me.
 Had I caught the inspiration
 Of the music deep and strong
 That had moved my soul's wild passion,
 Was it but a syren's song?

O, such music, weird and mournful,
 As the night-wind swept along,
 And the shattered notes so painful,
 Making discord in the song.

How far off the dreamy vision
 That these memories brought to me,
 As I strained my ear to listen
 To the murmuring in the sea.
 Far down where the sea weeds whisper
 To the corals and the shells;
 But they keep the secret ever,
 Roar or echo never tells.
 But the human heart's emotion,
 Answers to the sad refrain,
 And the ceaseless moan of ocean,
 Brings a grandeur fraught with pain.

While the wild waves in commotion,
 Sweeping out unto the shore;
 Bounding billows, restless ocean,
 Echoing for evermore.
 And the ever constant beating
 'Gainst the rocks that hemm'd the sea,
 Where the winds in fury meeting,
 Dashed them backward ruthlessly.
 So our human hopes are driven,
 Recklessly tossed to and fro,
 And our strongest ties are riven —
 Rent asunder by a blow.
 Ever heaves the restless ocean,
 With its hidden mystery,
 Sleeping in its surging bosom,
 Until time shall cease to be.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

EXTRACT.

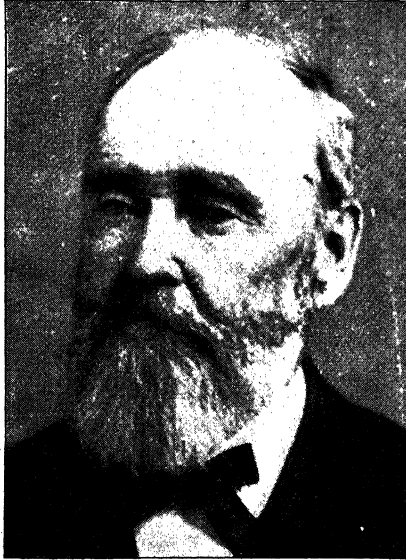
Down in the meadows, where the cowslips
 spring,
 And the sweet clover breath is in the air;
 There where the thrush and bluebird sweet-
 sing,
 Dame Nature in her robes so wondrous fair,
 Holds her communion with the regal
 night,
 And blushes in the dawn of early light.
 What picture hath the artist ever drawn
 That could compare in loveliness and grace
 With nature in her rudest, wildest form,
 No matter in what climate, time or place,
 So skillfully is ev'ry figure wrought,
 So delicate with feeling is it fraught.
 In grove, and field, and vale, in forest glade,
 On snowy heights, where man may scarcely
 tread,
 On flow'r, or shrub, and ev'ry glassy blade
 That lifts from earth its tiny, modest head,
 In coral reef, or sea beach shining sand,
 We see the seal of an Almighty hand.
 I cannot tell how greatly I delight
 In all the beauties of the earth and heaven;
 How ardently I reverence the light
 Which our good Father has so wisely given;
 The sun and moon, and all the stars that
 shine
 With the effulgence of a power divine.

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CHARLES A. M. TABER.

BORN: ROCHESTER, MASS., APRIL 3, 1824.

FROM 1839 till 1862 Mr. Taber spent most of his time in whaling, with the exception of being in California in '49. Mr. Taber has published essays on Prevailing Winds, Ocean



CHARLES A. M. TABER.

Currents and Frigid Periods. In 1873 he published a volume of poems, entitled Rhymes from a Sailor's Journal, containing nearly one hundred very fine poems. Mr. Taber has been out of business for the past sixteen years, and now resides in New Bedford, Mass.

THE TOILER.

For years he's floated on life's deep,
And stemmed its tide with heavy oars;
A weary time he's had to keep
His boat-in sight of hopeful shores.

He has on board a precious freight,
Depending on his anxious toil;
His health and strength decides their fate,
For down the stream the rapids boil.

The dangers down stream look so dread,
He cannot slack his tiring stroke.
No wealth has he in sails to spread,
So he must bear life's heavy yoke.

Fain would he rest his weary task,
To note the pleasures of the stream,

And in the sunlight careless bask,
Or view the sunny ripples' gleam.

But he is doomed to constant toil,
While riches glide with sunny sails;
They seem to have no weary moil,
But waft along with pleasant gales.

To him they seem a happy crew,
With plenty in a world of ease,
As glad as fancy ever drew,—
The fairest vision labor sees.

Yet his poor crew must watch the tide,
To see how well he meets its force,
While wealth and pleasure onward glide,
And careless view his anxious course.

At times they note his toiling way,
And mark the distance he may hold;
So wealth glides on to rest or play,
Comparing human toil to gold.

THE CRUELTY OF NECESSITY.

O stern necessity! what cruel power
You exercise against the life of man!
How many conquered souls before you cower;
With what persistency you crush each
plan!

It's hard to have our tenement of clay
Besieged by such relentless, cruel force!
Our minds are starved by your consuming
sway,

And lives cut off from every rich resource;
Our time is taxed by a continued war,
So that our souls to poverty are doomed.
E'en genius cannot always break your law;
To such as those there is a double gloom,
Because they know so much they could enjoy,
Did you not constant give them mean employ.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

On our eventful voyage of human life,
We have with us a large and motley crew;
All navigators on a sea of strife,
And all in hopes to see the whole voyage
through.

But while we labor on, what change is
wrought!

The old and able hands soon find their port,
And leave to us the charge of toil and
thought,

While younger voyagers constantly report.
With such we sail life's sea so swiftly on,
The young soon guining all our strength
and skill,

Because the log is left of all that's gone,
And older hands are teaching with a will.
So may our journals prove a fit resource,
To help the future shape its onward course.

SARAH E. PULVER MCLEAN. SIDNEY MCLEAN.

BORN: WATERLOO, N. Y., JUNE 26, 1854.

SIDNEY MCLEAN commenced writing at the age of eighteen, and has contributed largely to the local press and leading periodicals of



SARAH E. PULVER MC LEAN.

the country. Aside from her literary efforts she also follows the profession of music teacher in Rochester, N. Y., where she now resides.

MY LOVER.

What if my lover be dark, or fair —
I have no wish; I do not care —
If only his manly, honest face
Shows in each feature an inward grace.

What if my lover be tall, or slight —
I do not care, if only his sight
Be lifted above earth's sordid care
To see God's handiwork, true and fair.

What if my lover be poor, or rich —
To me it makes no difference which,
If only his heart be stanch and true,
His hand will lead me safely through.

What if my lover be famous, or no —
Fame may fade, or perchance may grow;
If he comes to me, his manhood clear
From the stain of sin, I will not fear.

Somewhere he tarries and waits for me —
Sometime his face I shall surely see.
For I shall know when my king I meet,
My soul will rise and his coming greet.

THE MASQUE.

Oh! the faces, faces, faces —
Faces young and faces fair;
Faces smooth from lives of ease, and
Faces seamed by toil and care.
I stood upon a busy street —
They passed me to and fro —
Masques are they, thought I, and cover
The life that lies below.

Once in awhile, but rare, there passed,
A face so marred by sin,
That all the baseness stood revealed —
No need to look within.

And standing there, this queer thought
came —

“ Suppose that now and here
The masque of flesh should fall, and souls
Stand forth distinct and clear.”

E'en as I thought, lo! it was done,
I started with affright;
All suddenly they stood, and were
As air is, thin and light.

But what a change! that woman's face,
So beautiful before,
Had lost its charm, for mark of Cain
She on the forehead bore.

And each sad feature of her soul,
Was hurt, and bore a scar;
The blood of innocents was there,
Its perfectness to mar.

And over there had been a form
Manly and full of grace,
His soul a very pigmy was,
And what a sin-scarred face.

But one, was he of that long line,
Who choose with sin to bide,
Content to follow fleshly lust,
And seek no other guide?

But there were some who walked beside,
Whose souls were pure and white,
And each of these on forehead had
A cross of dazzling light.

And thus they were, the bad and good,
Mixed as they went along —
But this I saw — the best of masques
To blackest souls belong.

I looked and looked till heart and brain.
Filled with such bitter pain,
That in an agony I cried,
“ Oh, masque them all again! ”

I drew a deep sigh of relief,
As each its flesh resumed,
The faces smiled and were so bright,
Their darkness not illumed.

And still the crowd went surging by,
Each had his cross to bear,
Which I saw not, and thanked my God
We had a mask to wear.

ELIZABETH B. STODDARD.

BORN: MATTAPOISETT, MASS., MAY 6, 1823.

THIS lady is the wife of Richard H. Stoddard, the great American poet, whom she married when twenty-eight years of age. Soon after her marriage she began to contribute poems to the magazines. Her poems invariably contain a central idea, not always apparent at first, but always poetical though not generally understood by the average reader. Mrs. Stoddard has published three novels, and also a story for young folks — Lolly Dink's Doings.

What centuries are counted here — my books!
Shadows of mighty men; the chorus, hark,
The antique chant vibrates, and Fate compels:

A SUMMER NIGHT.

I feel the breath of a summer night,
Aromatic fire:
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamored with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night!

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

ON MY BED OF A WINTER NIGHT.

On my bed of a winter night,
Deep in a sleep, and deep in a dream,
What care I for the wild wind's scream?
What to me is its crooked flight?

On the sea of a summer's day,
Wrapped in the folds of a snowy sail,
What care I for the fitful gale,
Now in earnest, and now in play?

What care I for the fitful wind,
That groans in a gorge, or sighs in a tree?
Groaning and sighing are nothing to me;
For I am a man of steadfast mind.

THE COLONEL'S SHIELD.

Your picture, slung about my neck,
The day we went a-field,
Swung out before the trench;
It caught the eye of rank and file,
Who knew "The Colonel's Shield."

I thrust it back, and with my men
(Our general rode ahead
We stormed the great redoubt,
As it were an easy thing,
But rows of us fell dead!

Your picture hanging on my neck,
Up with my men I rushed, —
We made an awful charge:
And then my horse, "The Lady Bess,"
Dropped, and — my leg was crushed!

The blood of battle in my veins
(A blue-coat dragged me out —
But I remembered you
I kissed your picture — did you know?
And yelled, "For the redoubt!"

The Twenty-Fourth, my scarred old dogs
Growled back, "He'll put us through;
We'll take him in our arms:
Our picture there — the girl he loves
Shall see what we can do."

The foe was silenced — so were we,
I lay upon the field,
Among the Twenty-Fourth;
Your picture, shattered on my breast,
Had proved "The Colonel's Shield."

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

Stop on the Appian way,
In the Roman campagna;
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
To-day as you see it,
Alaric saw it, ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin! thy curse remains!

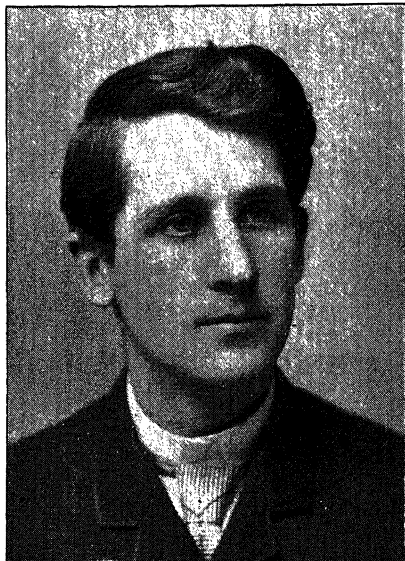
Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are dust.
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king,
My tomb remains!
When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metella's wife;
And loved him — and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella:
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base.
Deep is its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

EDWARD S. GOODHUE.

BORN: CANADA, SEPT. 29, 1861.

MR. GOODHUE has received a good education. For a year he lectured in the state of New York, and in 1883 edited the *Dawn*, but the following year went to California to regain his health. Since that time he has resided in Riverside, and has been connected with several of the daily and weekly publications of



EDWARD S. GOODHUE.

that city, besides contributing to the *Youth's Companion*, *New York Witness*, *St. Louis Magazine* and the periodical press generally. Mr. Goodhue is now attending the Rush Medical College of Chicago. He was married in 1889 to Lulu May Rose, a Chicago young lady who is also studying medicine. The earlier poems of Mr. Goodhue were collected and published in 1888 under the title of *Verses from the Valley*; he has also other books in preparation.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight and no sleep,
No sleep, comes to my eyes;
Long have I lain awake
Watching the skies.

Watching vague waves of cloud,
Moving like ghosts of night
Over the moon's pale face,
Veiling her light.

How do they drift and drift
Onward so far away,
Going no whitherward,
Where can they stray?
Large grows my vision now,
Nothing but sky I see—
Nothing but clouds that pass
On silently.

EVENA.

They do not flash, her eyes,
But they sparkle and shine,
Reflecting the kindly light
Of a soul divine;
I wish—I have often wished—
Their dark orbs were mine.
Mine to look into—and
Mine, to have love express,
With, oh! such a wealth and power
Of deep tenderness:
With virtue to cheer, I know
And comfort and bless.
Better than words they speak
Out what the heart would say,
Bidding me wait and hope
Till another day—
When clouds which threaten low
Have all cleared away.

THE EBB AND FLOW.

'Tis an ebb and a flow
Of the ocean wide,
Of the tireless tide.
It is coming and going the long hours thro'
Rushing along in its beaten track,
Onward and upward and forward and back,
To its paths in the rocks and the sand,
Here and on every hand.
What it brings it will take away,
What it takes it will give again—
Even as rain clouds give the rain—
Some day.

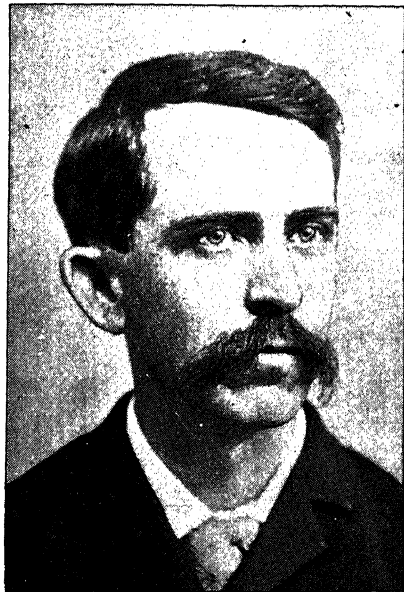
If we only knew,
And we all may know,
This life of ours is an ebb and a flow,
Of days and of years,
Of joy and of woe.
And, like the tide that breaks on the rocks
And throws in the air its briny spray,
Is the tide of our life which bears along
Toward the ragged rocks of ill and of wrong,
That cast through our years
Their spray of tears.

By our Tide
Must we all abide;
What it brings it will take away—
What it takes it will give again—
All but the woe and the pain—
Some day.

CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

BORN: FAYETTE CO. ILL., JULY 16, 1860.

On both sides he is of German extraction, the name Phifer, Pifer, or Fifer, three generations back in the family's history spelled Pfeffer; and his mother's maiden name being Heisler. Reared on a farm until 1870, in which year his father died, Charley attended the district school; then, his mother having removed to the county capital, Vandalia, he soon after began learning the printers' trade;



CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

and graduated from the public schools of that city in 1880. In 1881 he became editor of the Fayette County News. Removing to California, Mo., in 1883, he started a job printing office and for nearly a year run a little sheet called Phifer's Paper, which gained quite a local reputation for humor. Selling the subscription to the paper, in 1888 he run, in connection with his job office, a campaign paper styled the Semi-Weekly Republican. He has originated several "wrinkles" in printing, which were given to the craft through technical journals, and have passed into general use. Almost with the dawn of memory he manifested a liking for picture drawing; and while he yet sometimes makes sketches and even engravings (he never had any training for either), the passion for drawing seems to have merged into a passion for writing — and

particularly verse writing — soon after he became a student of printing. He has contributed verses, or essays, to The Current, Chicago; Day Star, New York; Republican, St. Louis; Inter Ocean, Chicago; Toledo Blade, and various religious and local papers. Mr. Phifer has published by his own hands, for circulation among his friends, several pamphlets of verse, and one five-act play, "Zaphnath-Paaneah," in blank verse, that has been highly complimented by author and actor friends, among whom it circulated exclusively. In 1890 appeared Annals of the Earth, a volume of three hundred pages, in verse, which was published by the American Publishers' Association of Chicago. The volume was extensively noticed by the press of both America and England.

IT CANNOT MATTER.

It cannot matter where or when
The light of life goes out with us;
For only a few years, and then
We all must end in darkness thus,
In utter darkness, thus.

From birth we draw on toward the grave,
Like arrows speeding from the bow,
And though to three-score years we live,
'Tis but a little flight, and so
The strongest are brought low.

All men are worn out — then they die:
If strong, we must the longer bear;
If weak, are broken easily;
And peace must come where there is care,
The speedier solace there.

We wait when death destroys our friends,
But grieving hastens us to peace;
We die, and mourning love expends
Itself in tears, till sorrows cease,
And quickly comes release.

Peasants and monarchs side by side
Into the silent tomb shall go,
And none shall know they lived or died,
In one brief century or so —
Their lineage shall not know.

BOOGERS.

When I was a little feller, I was jiss that 'fraid
Of the Boogers, I'd jiss run
Past every tiny wee little spot of shade
That I would happen upon.
I was jiss that 'fraid the Bad Man 'u'd come,
If I had done anything wrong,
I wouldn't go out after night at all,
Ceppun my ma was along.

If Jack (he's my dog) was to bark at a tree,
My goodness! how I would jump!

I was 'fraid 'twas the Bad Man come for me,
 And my heart 'u'd go thumpity-thump.
 But I ain't 'fraid of the Bad Man, now —
 Leastwise till I get dead;
 'Cause I never did see no Boogers at all,
 Ceppun on Jim Smith's head.
 Now — honest Injun — please tell me true,
 Jiss true as ever you can:
 Did ever a Booger appear to you?
 Jever see the Bad Man?
 I guess the folks tell a heap o' stuff
 To scare us to bein' good;
 But I want some fun; un' I ain't afraid
 No more of the dark er the wood.
 If a Booger 'u'd come, I'd jiss set Jack
 On him, un I guess he'd run;
 He'd leave before you could jiss say, 'Scat!
 Er I'd shoot him with my gun.
 I am big enough to whip 'em, I guess,
 For the Boogers leave big folks be.
 If my pa can stay out till eleven o'clock,
 They jiss won't bother me.

A VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

When the family sit outside
 On the sultry summer night,
 And the frogs croak far and wide
 And a dark wood bars the sight;
 When the bat drops, bouncing on,
 And the owl is by the mill,
 And the moth in flame has flown,
 Then we hear the whipporwill —
 Whipporwill!
 From the copse and from the hill,
 Whipporwill, whipporwill, whipporwill!
 When around the beetles boom,
 And mosquitos hum in smoke,
 And the fireside light the gloom,
 And the lightning wrinkles up;
 When the evening air is full,
 And the heart is calm and still,
 'Mid the zephyrs sweet and cool
 Comes the sound of "Whipporwill,
 Whipporwill!"
 Ceaselessly it rings, and shrill,
 Whipporwill, whipporwill, whipporwill!
 Was some maid like Philome,
 Lost in new Arcadian wild,
 Seized by some rough deity,
 Near o'erpowered and defiled,
 Till, though stifled with her hair,
 Kindly by Minerva heard,
 She was rescued from despair,
 Flying from his clutch, a bird —
 Whipporwill?
 Through her hair gag wailing still
 On her lover, "Whip — poor Will!"
 In the old field overgrown,
 By the brook that murmurs low,
 In the graveyard, on a stone,

From the dead oak just below,
 Like a mentor weird, or seer,
 Thus the wild voice echoes shrill,
 Till the judgment seemeth near,
 Ever one word, whipporwill,
 Whipporwill!
 'Mong the ruins will ring still,
 Whipporwill, whipporwill, whipporwill!

ANGELS.

I was passing along through the woodland,
 And down through the meadows where
 The grass and leaves were rustling
 In the cool October air —
 Where the wood was lone with echoes,
 And all was somber and gray —
 Where the hoary old alchemist, Autumn,
 Blew smoke aloft like spray,
 And with his incantations,
 By his horoscope and art,
 Changed the leaves to gold and purple,
 Transforming every part —
 And I saw, all alone by the roadside
 Where the grass was crisp and dead.
 'Mid the broken lances of frost-sprites,
 Where the grand onslaught had led —
 Flowers wounded and dying,
 The sweet ones and the bright;
 And I marveled at the mystery
 Wrought in the silent night.
 I thought of a dear one, wounded
 As the flower, and since forgot,
 Who at evening had bloomed in manhood,
 And by morning he was not.
 Stricken and weary and troubled,
 He had toiled through the summer long,
 And his hopes, like leaves, had withered,
 Clogging the channel of song.
 He would rest, and so he departed,
 At the close of a weary night,
 Into the mystic morning
 Dawning beyond the height;
 And I wondered if an angel
 Had not taken his soul in its flight:
 For he passed as if music was falling
 And fading away with the night.
 I wonder if God does not pity
 The soul that is burdened with grief,
 And at death send an angel from Heaven
 To the weary one with relief.
 The angels are ever around us —
 They speak in the passing breeze,
 They look with the eyes of flowers,
 They rush through the swaying trees.
 There is nothing mean or common;
 Each life has its romance fair;
 And the souls of the dead are around us
 And with us everywhere.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

BORN: ENGLAND.

THIS lady came to America in 1856 and settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, where she has ever since resided. Mrs. Woodmansee is counted among the first of our local poets, and many of her poetical productions have been copied



EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

in the eastern publications. She is a vivacious little woman of rather less than average height: and although she has experienced sorrow and suffering her countenance always wears a cheerful and hopeful expression. She deals quite extensively in real estate, and is possessed of quite a little business ability.

JOYFUL JUNE.

Gone, the chilly wintry blast;
Gone, the hours so overcast;
Sunnier days have dawn'd at last —
Long'd for, look'd for boon.
Loveliest skies! by mortal's seen —
Flowers, and fruits and grasses green —
Greet thy coming, beauteous queen
Of summer, joyful June!
Rip'ling streams and murmuring trees,
Weird and mystic harmonies,
Sights and sounds that well might ease,
Or cure much fancied woe.
Like an inspirational voice —
Nature! bids us all rejoice,
Free to all, her blessings choice,
As is the sunshine's glow.

On the evil, on the good,
Nature's generous gifts are strew'd;
Shall we mar her happiest mood,
And turn from joy away?
What tho' petty griefs and care —
'Tis the lot of all to bear —
Is it meet to woo despair
Upon a summer's day?

Pity all, whose grief's too great —
All, so bowed by sorrow's weight —
All, too sadly desolate
To join in nature's glee;
Who cannot swell creation's shout,
Who cannot trust as well as doubt,
That He, who calls such beauty out
To cheer us, hears our plea.

'Tis as well we cannot read
All the quivering hearts that bleed,
Tenderest souls would sink indeed,
O'erwhelmed by others' woe;
'Tis as well we cannot see
All existing misery,
Otherwise, nor you, nor me,
Would rest or comfort know.

Not to mortals is it given
To assume the tasks of heaven,
Only One! the Savior even
All human sorrow bore;
Yet, God's own begotten Son —
Tho' He scorned the cross to shun —
While He cried, "Thy will be done"
Sweat bitterest drops of gore.

Still, within the narrowest sphere,
Some there are, both true and dear,
Some, with whom a heartfelt tear
May indeed be shed;
Some, whose direful need demands
Loving words and helpful hands;
Happy he who understands
To lift the drooping head.

Sympathy! thy heaven-born might,
Lines the gloomiest clouds with light,
Turning oft to paths of right
Souls by sorrow bent;
Fate doth hold us so in thrall —
Is it strange some faint and fall?
Well it is, the Judge of all
Looks at the heart's intent.

Wherefore sing so sad a strain?
Hardest lessons learnt is gain;
Life is short, and brief its pain;
Rest will come full soon;
Fairest chances fly away,
Why not use them while we may?
Tho' we cannot bid thee stay —
Thrice welcome, joyful June!

FAITH AND WORKS.

See! the wilds, so long forsaken, into life and bloom awaken —
 'Tis the meed of Faith unshaken, the reward of labor too.
 Faith hath wrought this exultation, for the "outcasts" of the nation;
 Yea, through Faith "God favors Zion" — Faith and Works can wonders do.
 Ah, this Faith! Can words express it? Can the jeers of foes suppress it?
 'Tis superior to language, far above reproach and scorn;
 'Tis indeed the blest assurance, that for patient, brief endurance,
 We shall reap the full fruition of the hopes within us born.
 'Tis in vain men cry "delusion," souls are thrilled with Faith's infusion,
 Faith reanimates the spirit as the life-blood cheers the heart;
 Needful 'tis that we obtain it, needful 'tis that we retain it —
 Though we never can explain it, Faith doth power and peace impart.
 Faith's the fruit of revelation, Faith's the anchor of salvation;
 Faith obtains from God a knowledge of the truth that cheers the soul;
 Faith's the true appreciation of Christ's love and mediation;
 Faith's the force of Truth within us, Faith's the power that makes us whole.
 For this Faith it is no wonder, men have e'en been torn asunder,
 Men have "cru'ly been tormented," scorn- ing to accept reprieve,
 Knowing, though by fiends surrounded, that in truth their faith was founded —
 Scorn'd they to deny for freedom what they could not but believe;
 By the ladder of affliction — sword, and fire and crucifixion —
 For their Faith, by death's most tortuous, no- blest souls have upward soar'd —
 Passed these martyrs up to glory, leaving us their deathless story,
 While the cry, "How long, Thou just One, ere thy vengeance is outpoured?"
 Of eternal condemnation there's a fearful res- ervation
 For the murderers of these just ones, of these brave, illustrious dead!
 Read we from the sacred pages, how that from remotest ages,
 From the death of "righteous Abel," many for their Faith have bled.
 So, within this generation, by a free and favor'd nation,

Prophets have for Faith been murder'd, men have sorely been oppress;
 For their Faith — through much privation — "sought they out a habitation,"
 Even in a distant desert, in the wild, uncultured west.

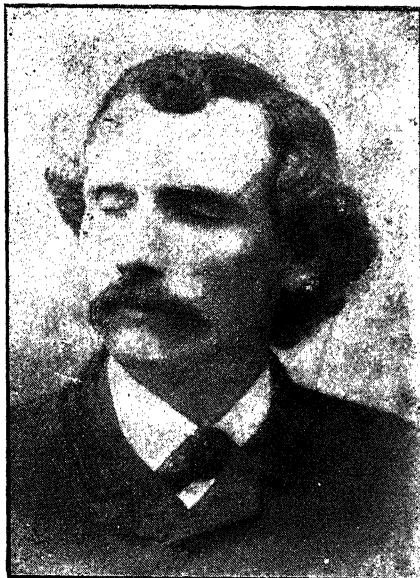
UNIVERSAL LOVE.

Oh, this life would be a burden
 Were it lived for self alone;
 Did not loving hearts and faithful
 Beat responsive to our own:
 Did not pure affection's fingers,
 With a constancy divine,
 Ever 'round our inmost feelings
 Bright celestial garlands twine.
 All Love's social sweet surroundings
 Give to life a healthful zest,
 And when these are most expansive,
 Then most truly, we are blest;
 Shall we circumscribe the feelings
 Emanating from above,
 Which the gods delight to practice —
 Even universal love?
 God so loved the whole creation
 That he sacrificed his Son,
 And the world's entire salvation
 Shall by love alone be won;
 Shall we, in our selfish weakness,
 Strive against so broad a plan?
 Or, in charity and meekness,
 Love the family of man?
 If we recognize as kindred
 All the children of our Sire,
 Shall we limit our affections
 And within ourselves retire?
 No! the truly good and noble
 Do rejoice in giving joy,
 Not alone for self they labor,
 Holy Ones their aid employ.
 For the mission of the angels
 Is to cheer and bless the soul;
 They have joy in this surpassing
 Mortal's uttermost control;
 Surely goodness is immortal,
 Charity is all divine,
 Universal love extendeth
 From the God-head's sacred shrine.
 Whoso these celestial graces
 Ever cherish in the heart,
 In most trying times and places
 Light and comfort shall impart;
 Love extendeth and reboundeth,
 It hath joy's elastic spring
 It shall ever cheer the giver,
 Back to him a blessing bring.
 Love shall gather love around us,
 Onward through the stream of time,
 Love shall make our old age youthful,
 And our destinies sublime.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

BORN IN SCOTLAND, FEB. 7, 1850.

In 1867 Mr. Taylor lost the sight of his left eye through a piece of the gun cap penetrating the pupil. The same year he sailed for America. In 1873 he was married; one year later a sliver of steel from the head of a tool he was using pierced the ball of his right eye, ushering him into lifelong darkness. It was a hard trial, but to one of his disposition he soon be-



WILLIAM TAYLOR.

came reconciled to his loss. This blind poet is called the Milton of the West, and he gives recitations of his own original poems to churches, Sunday schools, and other organizations, which have met with universal approval. Mr. Taylor has a wide circle of admirers, and we predict that his journey through life will be comparatively a smooth one.

AM I A SCOT, OR AM I NOT?

If I should bring a wagon o'er
From Scotland to Columbia's shore,
And by successive wear and tear,
The wagon soon should need repair;
Thus, when the tires are worn through,
Columbia's iron doth renew;
Likewise the felloes, hubs and spokes
Should be replaced by western oaks;
In course of time down goes the bed,
But here's one like it in its stead,
So bit by bit, in seven years,

All things are changed in bed and gears,
And still it seems as though it ought
To be the one from Scotland brought;
But when I think the matter o'er,
It ne'er was on a foreign shore,
And all that came across the sea,
Is only its identity.

I came a Scotchman, understand,
To live, by choice in this free land,
Wherein I've dwelt from day to day,
Till sixteen years have passed away.
If physiology be true.
My body has been changing too;
And though at first it did seem strange,
Yet science doth confirm the change;
And since I have the truth been taught
I wonder if I'm now a Scot?
Since all that came across the sea
Is only my identity.

STERLING WORTH.

What is there in the garb of man,
That we should honor or despise?
To judge of grain, are we to scan,
The husks wherein the kernel lies?

A coat, by honest labor torn,
May wrap a heart as true as steel,
And so may husks, all weather worn,
A perfect grain of wheat conceal.

A crown may rest upon a head
Where seldom dwells a worthy thought,
While countless noble thoughts are bred,
Neath hats of straw that's roughly
wrought.

What signifies our place of birth,
The length of purse, or place we fill?
The only real test of worth,
Is passing through the fanning mill.

The hand of time, the flail doth ply,
Alike upon the rich and poor.
The great, the small, the low, the high,
Are equal on the threshing floor.

And he who oversees the fan,
That chaff and wheat doth separate,
Will favor not the garb of man,
The grain must be of standard weight.

THE ARTISAN.

Be not by vanity mis-led
To slight the artisan,
For though he toils to earn his bread,
He's nature's nobleman:
Yea, quite as worthy as a king
Is he who makes the anvil ring, [sweat,
And from whose brow flow streams of
To pay the law of nature's debt.
The monuments of Art go view,
By men of genius wrought,
Nor grudge the workman honor due
Though humble be his lot.

MRS. HELEN A. RAINS.

BORN: ROME, O., DEC. 16, 1838.

AMONG the many publications to which this lady has contributed might be mentioned Peterson's Magazine, Cincinnati Weekly, La-



MRS. HELEN A. RAINS.

dies' Repository, and the Christian Standard. This lady was married in 1870 to George W. Rains. She follows the profession of a journalist, and now resides in Mt. Ayr, Iowa.

JUNE PICTURES.

Framed in my window? what a bit of sky
Of azure blue—a snowy cloud afloat
With tiny sails, so like a fairy boat,
Suspended in mid-air, as by the eye
Reflected in the mirage we can see
Objects transcribed with perfect symmetry.
Waves upon waves of greenness just below,
(Of that peculiar shade that June full
crowned

And flush with all her rarities has found
To beautify the earth, which ebb and flow
As with the tide. The country roads' decline

O'er distant hills the eye can scarce define.

MY BABY.

Fold her hands tightly
Over her breast,
Close her lids lightly,
Lay her to rest.
Smooth the dark tresses
Over her brow,

All my caresses
Availeth not, now.

APRIL.

And so the spring is here, with memories
That cling to ev'ry thing with loving touch.
The fields afresh with kindling green—the
skies

Blue and empyreal. I wonder much
If in the land where my young days were
spent

These things in old-time loveliness, have
lent

Hue to the streams, and on the dewy air
Apple-bloom diffusion. The dell, whose
soil

In spring, was rank with yellow cowslips,
where

We mired at every step, and hours of toil
Rewarded us with prize—the very best—

A pail of "greens"—do little children test
With cheeks abloom, through labyrinthine
ways

Its grape-vine swings, the roots and spicy
bark

If sassafras, these lovely April days?

Has modern culture stolen ev'ry spark
Of interest in woodland haunts, from those
Whose life's expanding, like the morning
rose,

Promise of vigor in the bud, should hold.

Do blooms, perfumes, and healthful airs
bespeak

To young hearts now, the same delights that
told

In days ago, on childhood's lip and cheek?
Of what avail the knowledge of to-day,

If youth has lost her happy, care-free way?
Do books impart, one-half the wisdom caught
From running brooks and feathered song-
sters' lays?

Have lessons learned (the Harmonies have
taught

That Nature blends sublimely in her days,
With union of chords in sweetness wrought
Not molded characters, where books were
naught.

GOING FOR THE COWS.

Adown the lane a tangle
Of rankest weeds and grasses,
Starred here and there with spangle
Of dogwood bloom in masses
That overhanging dangle
Upon the head that passes.

His way toward the dingle,
The barefoot boy is wending,
Where comes the faint commingle
Of cow-bell rhythm, blending
With melodrama, single
The mocking-bird is rend'ring.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

BORN: GRAND CHAIN, ILL., 1841.

THIS lady has given a great deal of her time to the temperance cause, being one of its most fervent supporters. She has published two books — *Out of the Depths*, a poem, and



LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

a book of temperance stories for young children. She has also contributed to the leading periodicals of America. Mrs. Rittenhouse has a splendid family of five children, and now resides at Cairo, Ill.

WEIGHING BABY.

Baby's weight! how much it means,
When the "children's angel" leans
From God's door through cloud-rift sails,
Holding Love's own shining scales
Weighing baby as she lies,
With her open, deep-blue eyes
Filled with wonder, while she swings,
Like an angel without wings.

How much does the darling weigh?
None but heavenly scales can say;
None but heavenly tongues can tell,
All the precious things that dwell
In this body warm and small,
Making it out-weigh them all—
All the dimpled, crowing throng,
That in other homes belong.

Can one weigh the baby's wiles,
Witching ways and cunning smiles?
Weigh the voice to us so sweet,
Or the warmth of rosy feet?
Weigh her dimples — "Cupid's nest,"
Where our kisses find sweet rest?
Weigh the blessings that each day
Wrap her 'round in soft array?

Can you weigh each hope and prayer,
Centered on her everywhere?
Or the love that's woven fast
'Round her while our lives shall last?
Can you weigh the fair young soul,
Op'ning like a spotless scroll?
Only God's unerring gaze,
Sees how much our darling weighs.

MARGARET.

When you passed me yesterday,
Deigning not to look that way,
Did you know that I was near,
And with all your coldness, fear
Just to meet my earnest gaze,
Lest some thought of other days
Should defy you to forget
What we have been, Margaret?

Did your memory like a dream,
Bring before you then a gleam
Of a farm-house white and small,
Where the brightest sunbeams fall;
Where the woodbine clammers up,
Holding many a dainty cup
Filled with incense sweeter yet,
Than all others, Margaret?

Did you see the roses white,
And the red ones, where one night
'Neath the solemn light of stars,
Shadows held us in their bars,
And the soft wind floating by,
Heard us vowing — you and I,
That our love's sun should not set,
While life lasted, Margaret?

Are your hot-house flowers as sweet
As the ones that kissed your feet?
Do your prisoned birds e'er sing
Like the wild ones on the wing?
Will your wealth and station pay
For the true heart cast away?
Does no wild remorse, regret,
Prey upon you, Margaret?

Turn your head away in scorn,
Rich in gold — in heart forlorn;
Mingle with the heartless, gay;
Laugh and jest and ne'er betray
Through your mask of calm, cold pride,
How your aching heart is tied;
Yet through all life's tangled net,
You shall love me, Margaret.

IDA MAY DAVIS.

BORN: LA FAYETTE, IND., 1858.

Mrs. DAVIS has written for many leading magazines and newspapers, among which might be mentioned the Chicago Inter Ocean,



IDA MAY DAVIS.

Chicago Current and Indianapolis Journal. She is of medium height, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and now resides in Terre Haute, Indiana.

EVENING SONG.

Farewell, sweet day,
Thy thoughts and mine in perfect tune;
And rhyme have blent this day of June,
And ere the rapture of thy spell
Dissolves, I turn to thee and say,
Sweet day, farewell.
Farewell, sweet day,
For I would rather part from thee
With every chord in harmony
Than meet thee in the cold, gray light
Of morrow's morn. Thus, glad I say,
Sweet day, goodnight.

A MEMORY.

The rose's heart is red, so red;
The thrush's song is sweet, so sweet;
The river lies, a flame of blue,
The morn is golden and complete.
I hear her voice amid the reeds,
Alike no other melody;
My name, across the echoing wold.

On wings of wind is borne to me.

I reach out — ah! my rose-red dream!
Gray shreds of gauze in ochre light
Spread slow along the water's trail,
Into the olive veil of night.

It must have been the friendly breeze,
With magic touch upon my brain.
With voice soft soughing thro' the trees,
That brought me thee, O love, again.

THE ROSE.

I, the rose, am glad to-day,
Slumbering in the summer heat.
I heard my lady, joyous say,
"I'll wear this rose of fragrance sweet,
When I, my guests invited meet."
Ah, kindest fate, that I should grace
Such beauty as my Lady's face;
And she will place me, soft caressed,
With lingering touch upon her breast.
Strange fingers plucked me yester night,
Mid swiftly falling drops, dew-bright.
They said an uninvited guest,
Greeting my Lady, bade her rest.
She lay in fair and fleecy white,
With smiling lips. Thro' pale moonlight,
They measured steps, with sound suppress,
And laid me softly on her breast,
And kissed her cheek so ivory white.
I, the rose, am sad to-night.

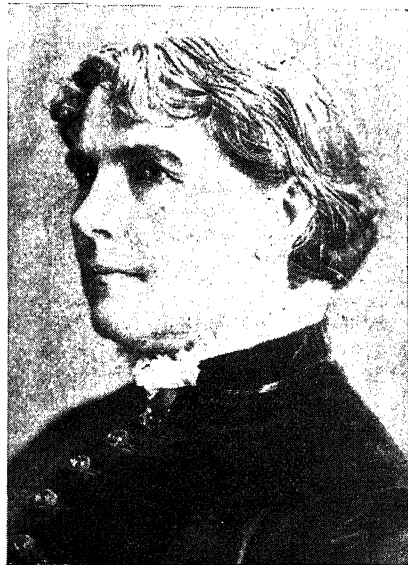
A HARMONY.

The dawn's unfolding wings the breeze fret,
Kissing the gentian's slumbering eyelids
swift;
Her silk-fringed lashes with the dewdrops wet,
Quivering 'neath the sun's bright glance,
uplift.
The bee, hid in the trumpet-blossom's spire,
Reels to the chimes within its nodding cells.
The trembling hollyhock's red chalices of fire
Rock with the unseen ringer of their bells.
O'er purple clematis the butterfly
Hovers to taste the sweetness from its lips:
And all the opal tints of sun and sky
Are drunk in rainbow colors that he sips.
The reeds that grow down by the crystal
spring,
Meeting the morning breezes from the sea,
Their matutinal lays are offering
In notes that might awake sad Niobe.
The ripples from the brook, where bluedragons
Upon its bosom clear reflected float,
Are like the soft-voiced ring-dove's carillons,
Or silvery laughter from a young girl's
throat.
And every swaying stem keeps time complete,
To fill its part in nature's melody
Of rhythmic cadence to the low wind's beat —
Song without words — a voiceless symphony.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

BORN: ORONO, ME., JAN. 15, 1836.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Century, Atlantic, Lippincott's, Harper's and the leading magazines of America. In 1884 appeared a volume of over two hundred pages from her pen, entitled *Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets*; and in 1888, *Under Pine and Palm*, a magnificent volume of her collected poems.



MRS. FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

She was married in 1855 to Benjamin H. Mace, a prominent lawyer and scholar. Mrs. Mace lives at San Jose, under the smiling skies of California. At the age of eighteen she wrote her celebrated hymn, *Only Waiting*, which was copied through the length and breadth of the land. Mrs. Mace is a handsome, stately woman, with a truly artistic temperament, and has four children now living.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From this heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time hath faded

And the autumn winds are come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away:
If they call me I am waiting,—
Only waiting to obey.
Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the folded darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

VIOLETS.

I know a spot where woods are green,
And all the dim, delicious June
A brook flows fast the boughs between
And trills an eager, joyous tune.
In clear unbroken melody
The brook sings and the birds reply:
"The violets—the violets!"

Upon the water's velvet edge
The purple blossoms breathe delight,
Close nestled to the grassy sedge
As sweet as dawn, as dark as night.
O brook and branches, far away,
My heart keeps time with you to-day!
"The violets—the violets!"

I sometimes dream that when at last
My life is done with fading things,
Again will blossom forth the past
To which my memory fondest clings.
That some fair star has kept for me,
Fresh blooming still by brook and tree,
"The violets—the violets!"

EBB AND FLOW.

My river! Thou art like the poet's soul,
Where tides of song perpetual ebb and flow.
Like thine the current of his life runs low
At times, his visions suffer loss and dole,
And sunken griefs break through the water's
shoal.

Then while despair is tossing to and fro
His stranded hope, a breath begins to blow
From the great sea! With rising swell and roll
The waves of inspiration lift and float
His being into broad and full expanse.
Now rocks his fancy like an airy boat
On wreathed billows; his impassioned glance
Little of cloud or reef or wreck will note,
On the high tide of song in blissful trance.

LOTUS-EATING.

These perfect days were never meant
For toil of hand or brain,
But for such measureless content
As heeds no loss nor gain;
Close held to Nature's flowery breast
In deep midsummer rest.

Within this woodland shade I feel
The life of wind and tree;
Soft odors, tremulous boughs reveal
Unuttered ecstasy;

The wild bird's drowsy warble seems
My own voice heard in dreams!

And yonder azure mountain brow
Against the opal sky,

The river's cool, melodious flow,
The pine-tree's pensive sigh,
Each utters forth my inmost mood
Of blissful solitude.

That ever-daring deeds were done,
Or fiery flags unfurled,

Is like a tale of glory won

In some primeval world,
Where under skies of angry hue
Not yet the lotus grew!

O world, to-day in vain you hold
The glittering branch of palm;

The lotus bath a flower of gold,
A fruit of heavenly balm,
And underneath the greenwood tree
Are flower and fruit for me.

THE RAINBOW.

Bridge of enchantment! for a moment hung
Between the tears of earth and smiles of
heaven,

Surely the sheen of jasper, sapphire, gold,
Flashes and burns along thy colors seven,
And to the lifted heart, the beaming eye,
Reveals the splendor of the upper sky.

Whether as Northmen dream, the hero's soul
Enters its rest across thy brilliant height;

Or, as the more melodious Greek hath told,
Iris descends with message of delight;

Or in the silence beautiful is heard
The still, small whisper of the Hebrew Word;

Welcome forever to a stormy world,

Dear in each sign and symbol of the past
As of the future; for our Hope shall climb
Thy lustrous arch to realms unseen and vast;
Peace shall come down to us, and in thy light
God's finger still the golden Promise write!

THE ANGELUS.

Ring soft across the dying day,
Angelus!

Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset ray,
Ring out and float and melt away,
Angelus.

The day of toil seems long ago,
Angelus!

While through the deepening vesper glow,
Far up where holy lilies blow,
Thy beekoming bell-notes rise and flow,
Angelus.

Through dazzling curtains of the west,
Angelus,

We see a shrine in roses dressed,
And lifted high, in vision blest,
Our every heart-throb is confessed,
Angelus!

Oh, has an angel touched the bell,
Angelus?

For now upon its parting swell
All sorrow seems to sing Farewell;
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

ECHO LAKE.

In sunset beauty lies the lake,
A limpid, lustrous splendor!
The mists which wrapped the mountain break,
And Storm Cliff's rugged outlines take
An aspect warm and tender.

Now listen! for a spirit dwells
High in these mountain nooks and dells.

Echo! Echo!

Hail to thee! Hail to thee!

Sad Echo, mocked of all her kind,
Here haunts the fleeting summer,
And sends her voice upon the wind,
Still hoping long-lost love to find
In every transient comer.

Not where 'mid silver beeches shines
The lake's pellucid fountain,
But high o'er tangled shrubs and vines
She dwells amid the spectral pines,
The spectre of the mountain.

Float nearer still and drop the oar,
Here where the lilies glisten;

O Echo, we return no more;
For us beyond the island shore
True love doth long and listen.

Thou grievest not, nor dost rejoice,
O wandering, solitary Voice!

Echo! Echo!

Farewell! Farewell!

TEARS OF ISIS.

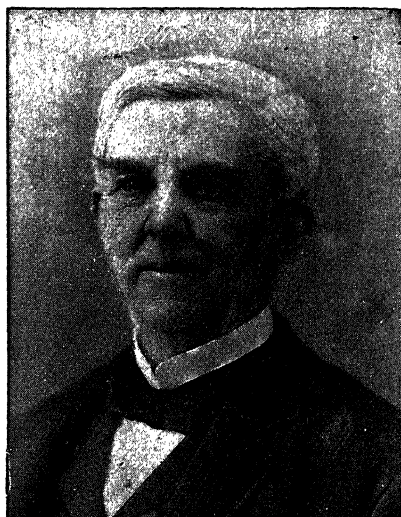
When Isis, by true mother love oppressed,
Held wounded Horus to her goddess breast,
Each tear that touched the sympathetic earth
To some rich, aromatic herb gave birth.

Such healing sprang from her celestial pain,
Mortals no longer seek relief in vain, [years,
For oft as spring awakes the slumbering
In wood and meadow blossom Isis' tears.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BORN: CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AUG. 23, 1809.

THIS great scholar is equally noted as a poet, novelist, essayist, and physician. He is considered one of the most witty, original and brilliant writers of the present day. Educated partly at Phillips academy, he graduated at Harvard when twenty years of age. Young Oliver then spent a year in studying law: but



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

the subject of this sketch very soon abandoned the law in order to enter upon the study of medicine, which course he pursued in Europe, chiefly in Paris.

In 1836 Mr. Holmes returned to America, took the degree of M. D., and two years later he became professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth college, which position he held until the time of his marriage, in 1840, when he removed to Boston, and there won much success as a practicing physician. In 1847 he was appointed to the chair of anatomy and physiology in Harvard — the seat of the medical department of this university being in Boston — a post which he has filled with honor until 1882.

While Dr. Holmes has won distinction not only as a professional man and a writer on subjects related to his profession, he is best known to the public by his purely literary productions.

During the year 1830, while studying law, he contributed a number of witty poems to a col-

lege periodical. Dr. Holmes was one of the founders of the Atlantic Monthly magazine, to which he contributed from time to time; and in the pages of this periodical first appeared *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. His lyrics, such as *Old Ironsides*, *Union and Liberty*, *Welcome to the Nations*, and others, are not only spirited, but also the most beautiful in our language; and his humorous poems, including *The One-Hoss Shay*, *Lending an Old Punch-Bowl*, *My Aunt*, *The Boys*, and many others, are characterized by a vivacious and sparkling wit which makes their drollery irresistible. His prose works are greatly admired, the best of which are *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet of the Breakfast Table*, and the novels *Elsie Venner*, and *The Guardian Angel*.

"Dr. Holmes," says John G. Whittier, "has been likened to Thomas Hood; but there is little in common between them, save the power of combining fancy and sentiment with grotesque drollery and humor. Hood, under all his whims and oddities, conceals the vehement intensity of a reformer. The iron of the world's wrongs has entered into his soul. There is an undertone of sorrow in his lyrics. His sarcasm, directed against oppression and bigotry, at times betrays the earnestness of one whose own withers have been wrung. Holmes writes simply for the amusement of himself and his readers. He deals only with the vanities, the foibles, and the minor faults of mankind, good-naturedly and almost sympathizingly suggesting excuses for folly, which he tosses about on the horns of his ridicule. Long may he live to make broader the face of our care-ridden generation, and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration, that 'A merry heart is a continual feast!'"

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say, that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,

That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
 Poor old lady! she is dead
 Long ago—
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff;
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

NOTE.—Dr. Holmes has said of this poem, "If you will remember me by the Chambered Nautilus, your memory will be a monument I shall think more of than any bronze or marble."

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main.—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs he bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
 streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,—
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
 sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway
 through,
 Built us its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
 old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
 thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn?
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
 voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-
 ing sea!

EXTRACTS.

The simple lessons which the nursery taught
 Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
 And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
 To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Where go the poet's lines?
 Answer, ye evening tapers!
 Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
 Speak from your folded papers!

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild flowers, who will stoop to number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

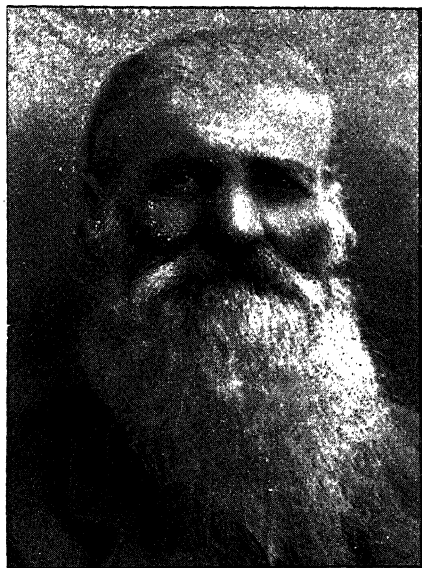
Old Time, in whose bank we deposit our notes,
 Is a miser who always wants guineas for
 groats;
 He keeps all his customers still in arrears
 By lending them minutes and charging them
 years.

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's
 all fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has
 done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop at his
 call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs
 loudest of all.

ALBERT CLYMER.

BORN: FAIRFIELD CO., O., DEC. 10, 1827.

IN 1890 Mr. Clymer removed from his farm in Morley to Olin, Iowa. He has issued a volume of poems entitled *Echoes of the Woods*, consisting of songs, ballads and lyrics which in a charming manner carry the author back to the days of boyhood and young manhood in



ALBERT CLYMER.

his Ohio home. The true spirit of the muse pervades the entire volume. He has had a strong partiality for poetry from his earliest recollection. Mr. Clymer has several volumes of verse ready for publication, and devotes his time mainly to writing and doing light farm work.

POETRY AS COMPARED TO PROSE.

True poetry of thought, if it is well expressed, In prose, blank verse, or rhyme, as suits men best.

Dull nature wakes from lethargy and sleep;
To contemplation, laughter, chance to weep.
It— heaven-born — the soul of man inspires
With rapture, and his zeal it fires.

It thrills the soul with beauty's vital charm;
To noble deeds it nerves the palsied arm;
It cultivates the heart; incites to love,
And elevates the thoughts to things above.

Since prose is deemed sufficiently complete,
Devoid of rhythm, of rhyme, and of poetic
feet.—

In rhyming verse, we've measured time,
We've harmony, and rhythm, and rhyme;
The parts arranged in order all complete:—
Some lines have many, others have few feet.
Instructive poems we, besure have seen;
And some we ne'er could tell just what they
mean.

We here will not affirm, nor yet deny,
That such is poetry; though it seems dry;
Perchance the author gave us but the hull;
And kept the kernel:— chance our taste is
dull.

We hope from time to time, as shall appear
most meet, [repeat.
To give you fruit; who taste it will the taste
Though it holds meat all ready to your hand,
It's taste who'd judge, should skill to taste
command.

This fruit may, then, be cracked, and tasted
too, all round, [sound.
And cracked again; remaining fresh and

EVOLUTION.

Wonderfully long, indeed, Haeckel's chain,
Which gave the moneron two legs and a
brain,

From the depth of the sea the moneron
came;—

Haeckel the scientist gave it a name;—
As small as a pin's head, a globular cell;
After ages to crawl, snail-like, from a shell.
An infusory, neither male nor female,
Acquires a back-bone, and fins, and a tail.
A thing without nerve, or muscle, or wish,
Is changed to a polyp, a mollusk, a fish.

Hatched by the sun from the spawn of the
frog, [wog.

Reigns queen in a mud-puddle, Miss Polli-
A tortoise, a monkey, four legs recollect;
A man with two hands and a mind walks
erect.

Some millions of years requiring to span
The chasm between the monkey and man.
The billions betwixt his first and last state
And the number of times he did transmi-
grate

No man from such data can calculate.
The existence of man, how brought about,
They ne'er can explain if God is left out.
So scientists fail, with all their great skill,
To solve the great problem; aye fail thus they
will.

God says he made man;— of the ground 'tis
confessed

As good, when first formed, as is Haeckel's
best.

Those naturalists sure have been to great
pains,
To prove that they sprang from a race minus
brains.

Such teachers as they should exit the hive;
By nature's great law "the fittest survive."
Since they from the spawn of the rena were
hatched,

And by them the bull-frogs as croakers are
matched,

"From the form of the arm, and the length
of the thigh,"

They sprang from the species the gentry
would fry.

They judge of the class, order and strain,
By range of vision and compass of brain.

From grinders, and molars, and curve of
the jaw,

And spinal column, they inference draw.
The texture of muscle, the form of the bone,

The order of teeth, and the organs of tone;
The size of the skull, the brain caliber,

The pedigree and habits infer.

Whence a class sprang, thro' which line they
descend,

When they went crawling, or stood upon end.
The reptile, the grub, the molecule source;

They draw their conclusions from data of
course;

If valves or bivalves; we're told that those
seers

Calculate back for a billion of years;

To prove evolution must have produced
man,

Without a creative intelligent plan.

Infidels madly the Bible have spurned:

'Tis only the present in which they're con-
cerned:

Trusting their reason they're going astray,

As others will do who take the same way.

'Tis clear, quite clear, very clear to my mind,

Those men, as the frogs, to leap are inclined;

Equally good at the game of leap-frog,

They jump at conclusions and croak in a
bog.

WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH.

We've had enough!

Of poison drugs and watering;

Of feeling men for slaughtering;

Of interested flattering;

Of learned legal smattering;

Politic jugglers cattering:—

The public sore while mattering,

The owls of Bacchus chattering,

The liquor drivel patterning,

The sacred shrine bespattering,

The badge of Justice tattering,

The social fabric battering,

The legal cog-wheels clattering;

Till Liberty is tottering:—

Of shilly shally pottering,

We've had enough!

The above jingle may be read from top to
bottom, and vice versa.

HENRY H. BROWNELL.

BORN: PROVIDENCE, R. I., FEB. 6, 1820.

AFTER receiving a collegiate education he be-
came a school teacher, began the study of law
and admitted to the bar in 1844. In 1849 he gave
up the practice of law and thenceforth devot-
ed himself to authorship; he has published
several volumes of verse besides many works
of prose.

CHARITY.

Hast thou no angel-charity, no kindness to ful-
fill

For those on whom this winter storm beats
down more naked still?

THE EAGLE OF CORINTH.

'Tis many a stormy day,

Since, out of the cold, bleak North,

Our great War-Eagle sailed forth

To swoop o'er battle and fray.

Many and many a day

O'er charge and storm hath he wheeled,

Foray and foughten field,

Tramp, and volley, and rattle!—

Over crimson trench and turf,

Over climbing clouds of surt,

Through tempest and cannon-rack,

Have his terrible pinions whirled—

(A thousand field of battle?)

A million leagues of foam!

But our Bird shall yet come back,

He shall soar to his Eyrie-Home—

And his thundrous wings be furled,

In the gaze of a gladdened world,

On the Nation's loftiest Dome.

GLORY.

Not a sob, not a tear be spent

For those who fell at his side—

But a moan and a long lament

For him -- who might have died,

Who might have lain, as Harold lay.

A king, and in state enow—

Or slept with his peers like Roland

In the Straits of Roncesvaux.

SOLITUDE.

This narrow room,—this narrow room,
Sad image of a future doom;

Silence, where all around is loud,

And loneliness amid a crowd.

On the free mountain could I stand,

Nor mark one trace of human hand,

Or steer my bark, where none might be,

Save mine old playmates of the Sea,

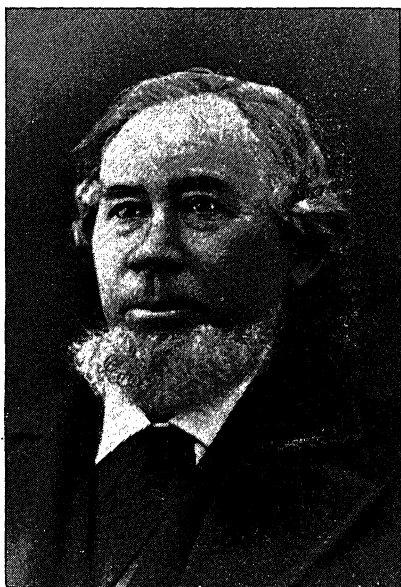
The winds and waves — 'twould ne'er impress

This sense of utter loneliness

JOHN JACOB DICKSON.

BORN: SCOTT CO., IND., SEPT. 8, 1826.

WORKING on the farm when young at six dollars per month, Mr. Dickson afterward learned the cooper trade. In 1850 he removed to West Grove, Iowa, where he now resides, buying his farm from the government. In 1864



JOHN J. DICKSON.

he was with Sherman's army on its famous march to the sea. Judge W. M. Dickson, of Cincinnati, is the only brother of the subject of this sketch. John J. Dickson has been a member of the Presbyterian church for the past thirty years, but now favors the Friends

YOUTH AND AGE.

In memory I recall my hopeful days
(There was a buoyant spirit once within,
And brood o'er youth's contented, cheerful
ways,

So full of joy and innocent of sin;
For then the world, with its eternal din
Of creeds, oppression, strife for pelf, and war,
Had not made me lose faith in all but Him—
Had not impelled a course my peace to mar;
And now I sigh for days in memory afar.

And yet there is a recompense for Age.
The purpose of a wise Creator's plan
Is found recorded in the Sacred Page,
And happiness is for the aged man
Who yields a willing soul, whose mind can
scan

Where Freedom feels no license or restraint,
Who fears a wrong more than the public ban,
Yet feels unworthy to be called a saint,
Though on the highest mount, serene, above
complaint.

But I am under law e'er since my birth
So that I cannot soar on angel wings
From care and the discordant sounds of Earth
Far up away from these to fairer things
That Faith has pictured, where the dweller
sings;

For love has no opposing foe above
To mar its Eden joy from which there springs
A peace that Earth's contending sects approve,
Then take the sword and disobey the Lord of
love.

TO A BUDDING POETICAL GENIUS.

The flower that crowns a rosary
Was once a bud unseen,
Your genius may, developed, be
The world's admiring theme.

In prosy lines devoid of art,
(If you will read my story,
I'll try to act the critic's part,
And help you on to glory.

If you have genius, rare and great,
No rule can be your bar,
Shakespeare made his own law of verse,
And Bonaparte of war.

None but the great dare step aside
From Custom's iron rule.
The common mind must follow her,
Or be esteemed a fool.

No genius now upon the stage,
Whose great inventions show
To all the smallness of the age,
In things it does not know.

As Webster said, there's "room above,"
Where lawyers great may go,
And so it is in ev'ry thing;
There is a crowd below.

It is our wish you may succeed,
And laurels crown your brow,
And when you do you will not need
The lines we send you now.

Your "feet" the "measure" fit exact,
According to the rules,
The poets of the past have made
The text book of the schools.

Then mount Pegasus' back and soar
On Fancy's wings away
To old Parnassus' mountain shore,
Where all the muses play.

In language pure compose your verse,
Pathetic or sublime,
But at "a sinner" hurl no curse,
Nor wink at public crime.

Write from your heart — you'll not cater
To kings or reigning wrongs—
Like Milton, Burns, or Whittier,
Breathe freedom in your songs.

The poet's sympathies are not
To party lines confined;
Nature does not dispense the gift
Upon a narrow mind.

When wooing for the muses' grace—
The favor of the nine,
Know this one line of sense is worth,
A thousand of mere rhyme.

THREE HUNDRED HEROES.

The sunset's glow shines o'er the trees,
The pine leaves rustle to the breeze,
The feathered warblers prattle;
But man is vile, the evening star
Looks on a crimson scene of war—
The carnage of a battle.

On come the legions of the Gray—
"The Union must be shot away"
All Howard's corps is broken.
The Babel noise proclaims the tale,
Which through the pines the evening
gale

The fearful news has spoken.

O, for ten minutes more of time
To get the cannon into line,
And stop by rapid shelling,
The onward charge of Jackson's corps,
Who, louder than the Babel roar
Of fugitives, are yelling.

The old Third corps's a mile away,
Fast pushing forward to the fray,
But Stonewall's corps is nearing.

To live with Fame's heroic dead
A forlorn hope must now be led,
To Death the Union cheering.

Up rode commander Pleasanton,
"Align those pieces, man each gun,"
He said; "be quick and steady.
Charge, Keenan, charge, upon the foe,
And hold them back until you know
Our batteries are ready."

Brave Keenan, smiling made reply,
"You had as well said I must die;
For yon pine woods are gory.
But you command: I will obey."
They charged, they died; they saved the
day;

They turned the tide of glory.

The charging legions of the Gray,
Were by three hundred held at bay
Until the guns were sighted;
Then on they came with louder yell,
But they were stopped by shot and shell
And Jackson's charge was blighted.

This praying, fighting, brightest star
The rebels had in all the war
Was shot the danger braving.
But treason's guilt his glory mars,
And Fame, above the fallen bars,
Halos the old flag waving.

Three hundred heroes rode away,
Their bodies in the pine woods lay.
Their deed of martial glory,
Though unsurpassed on bloody plains,
Is yet unsung in measured strains,
Nor read in history's story.
An exit that all men admire,
An exit that the brave desire
Is where the lead is flying.
It is the soldiers' "hallowed ground"
To fight in battle and be found
Among the dead or dying.

* John Bright, (England's Quaker Statesman), resigned his place in Gladstone's ministry, because of his war in Africa, but held that our war for liberty and union was justifiable. "The law is a terror to evil doers," and must have power to enforce it. Our war was a police force, to enforce the law, and prevent anarchy.

"PUT UP THY SWORD."

There is a field where just men work,
A high untrodden plain,
Above the jostling crowd below,
That strive for present gain.

Where men by love of truth inspired
Go forth to work and die,
That God's eternal truth may have
A dwelling 'neath the sky.

The doctors wrangle through the years
On issues past and gone.

A Providential man appears
And truth goes marching on.

O, who will work for God to-day
And let the "dead past" go?
War stays the progress of His truth:
O who will meet this foe?

And blow "the Trumpet of Reform"
So loud, so clear, so strong,
'Twill rouse the nations of the world
Against this giant wrong.

The party men have fed the flock
On dogmas' worthless food,
And they have drifted from His rock
Tossed by the passion's flood.

Ye "Five and twenty" chosen men,*
Will ye prepare a creed
Defining sin, proclaiming war
To be the devil's deed?

Make no more creeds in Jesus' name
While ye are slaying men,

For all your bloody fields proclaim
 "Ye must be born again."

Your task is greater now than when
 Your fathers sailed away.

May Plymouth Rock be typical
 Of what ye do to-day.

O may ye build a new Mayflower
 To stem the world's rude shock,
 Above the passions of the hour
 On God's eternal rock.

O, for a faith that overcomes
 A faith in God and right.
 Then saints would put His armor on
 And Christians would not fight.

O, for a Garrison to lead
 This moral movement on,
 (Untarnished by a selfish deed
 Until the work is done.

To stand and wait for God to work,
 Shows lack of common sense.

The lazy work their garden thus
 And get no recompense.

Are all the virtues waiting for
 Some great propelling power?
 Are weeds and vice the only things
 Not idle for an hour?

Men see this wrong from age to age,
 This bloody, damning crime,
 And say "mysterious Providence,"
 And idle pass their time.

O, sluggish soul arise and work
 For truth and right to-day.
 A holy purpose kept in view,
 And God will show the way.

Your labor may be fruitless now,
 You may not live to see
 The victory of the Prince of peace.
 But what is that to thee?

* Written in 1880, when the theological, if not all lineal descendants of the Pilgrims, in their then late Council at St. Louis had chosen a committee of twenty-five to prepare a creed or interpretation of the Bible.

THE QUAKERS.

A sincere purpose to do right
 Proceeding from within,
 A walking by the Inward Light
 Protects the soul from sin.

George Fox, the Friend, built on this
 rock,

The building stands secure;
 The only sect the world's rude shock
 Has left unstained and pure.

They sought the Heavenly Father's care,
 No thronging crowds around;
 They bowed their heads in silent prayer,
 And that is "holy ground."

No titled men — no useless forms
 Within their building found;
 No unpaid toil, no clash of arms,
 Ah, there is "holy ground."

Though men of peace they charged upon
 The citadel of sin;

Moved by the Holy Spirit on,
 They conquered foes within.

They make no compromise to gain
 The world's admiring throng;
 Their record is without a stain
 Of blood, or crime, or wrong.

If Heaven is for those alone
 Who have subdued the tares
 The enemy of souls hath sown,
 What great reward is theirs?

The warlike sects for dogmas fight,
 And with the world unite;
 Their morals in a rusty plight,
 Their fighting weapons bright.

The eagle's claws are on the dove
 Since Adam's race begun;
 O, Prince of Peace, O God of Love,
 When will Thy will be done?

MRS. HARRIET T. TRACY.

BORN: TURNER, ME., MARCH 7, 1817.

THE greater part of the life of this lady has been past in California, where she now resides at Sacramento. Her poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press.

TO MY BIRDS.

Little Tam O'Shanter,
 Oh, why cannot you sing
 A wee sweet little song
 Before in comes the spring?

The day is so gloomy,
 And I am so sad,
 Oh sing me a song
 To make my heart glad.

Yes, when it comes spring
 And my throat is all right,
 I will sing merry songs
 From morning till night.

And little brother Fred
 Will join in my song,
 And other little birds
 Will then come along

And join in the chorus
 As we hang by the tree,
 We will sing of our love
 To the birds that are free.

MRS. JULIA M. KAUTZ.

BORN: BETHANY, N. Y., NOV. 16. 1825.

GRADUATING at Le Roy, N. Y., in 1849, she took charge of the young ladies department in Logansport seminary. In 1850 she was married to the Rev. W. P. Kautz of the Pres-



MRS. JULIA M. KAUTZ.

byterian church, by whom she has two daughters. Mrs. Kautz has written more or less for a number of years. She also read the C. L. S. C. course and graduated with the class of 1887.

THE WEST WIND.

From golden orange groves, on fluttering wings,
Magnolia-scented, laden rich with balms,
When Ev'ning whispers soft to waving palms,
Thy spirit comes and thro' the forest rings;
The rev'rend oak his branches gaily flings,
Forgetful of the dreamy ocean calms,
Which Florida's soft air at eve embalms,
Or gulf-stream's measur'd flow, the oreole sings.

Away upon the eastern shore in glee
Thou risest; thy gay sprites at sunrise play
With other sprites; and haste to meet the sea,
'Till rush, and roar, and cold from far away
In icy fetters binds each swaying tree,
The rippling stream, the lake where elfins play.

With wondrous skill upon my window pane
Frost, all thy gambols and wild flights, has
traced;—

The sea, the shore, the ship by whirlwinds
chas'd;

The glint and glow that follow after rain,
Deep night, proclaim'd thy song and wild re-
frain,

While drifting snows our cosy homes em-
brac'd. [chaste,

Thou whisper'st in the pines in accents
Of gentle sleep, and dreams of swelling
main.

O, West Wind! Tell to me of mountains old
Whose brows are hid in clouds; whose sides
are bare,

Why in their hearts are hid the shining gold,
And sparkling gems, and mines of silver fair?
Why should we care for fame and wealth un-
told?

Do whistling winds to us a message bear?

HARMONIES.

The green has left the rustling corn,
And dying leaves on winds are borne;
Sweet songsters trill 'mid southern bowers.—
Sad echoes of their songs are ours.

The blue has faded from the skies,
The rosy dawn with springtime dies,
Soft spicy breezes no more cheer:
How like my life, the passing year.

The lily's form, beneath the mould
Creeps slowly down, transfixt and cold.
Stern winter's blast her heart sweeps o'er
With sullen plunge and ruthless roar.
My grave shall be 'neath grassy sod,
At rest my hands, my soul with God.
Ah, me! at rest from carking cares,
My peaceful bed the lily shares.

LAWS.

Distilling the attar destroys the rose,
Deal gently with others, for Jesus knows;
By crushing the vintage we spoil the grapes—
Tread softly the paths our Father shapes.
Hearts cease their wild beating, and where is
man? [can.

Then wound not, and crush not because you
The perfume of roses, in their own sphere
Leaves blackened rose-petals damp mould-
'ring here,

The red wine which sparkles in limpid light,
Leaves clusters of beauty no longer bright,
The spirits of martyrs will soar on high,
While their bruised bodies sore broken lie.

Be kind to thy brother! God only knows
The making and scenting the queenly rose,
The growing and loading the fruitful vine,
The tinting and blessing the ruby wine,
The trials his children are wont to heed,
His hand is beneath them in sorest need.

MARY PEARLE.

BORN: IRELAND, NOV. 23, 1849.

EDUCATED in Dublin, Mrs. Mary Pearle has filled many important positions in different schools and missions, and was held in high regard in the best society in the land of her nativity. In 1881 she came to America with her



MARY PEARLE.

husband and a beautiful baby girl. She has written many poems for different papers. In 1888 she lectured in Ohio on temperance and social purity, which the press speaks of as very able and interesting lectures. She is corresponding secretary for the W. C. T. U. and The Peace by Arbitration society. She is a member of the Episcopal church, and teaches a Bible class at St. Paul's. She is a very pleasant lady and has a wide circle of friends.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

Do not ask me if I love thee,
But look into my eyes
And read my soul in language plain
That cannot brook disguise.
The tongue may frame a flippant speech,
Deceitful, through and through;
The scul's deep fount it cannot reach
To tell my love for you.

Look at me with those pure, clear eyes,
Like stars look on the night
Out of the depths of azure skies,
Making the darkness bright.

So shine on me, thou guiding star,
The first in love's fair sky,
That sealed two soul's affinity
Through language of the eye.
Since first my lonely heart sent out
Its yearning sigh for thee,
Hast thou not read it by the light
That guided thee to me?
And should one doubting cloud arise
On love's transparent sky,
Then, dearest, look not in mine eyes,
Nor ask the reason why.

JUNE ROSES.

Red roses of June, in your beauty sweet,
I wish you could bloom forever;
In shady arbors, where lovers meet,
When moonbeams o'er dead leaves quiver.
White roses of June, that smile upon all
With that far-off look of wonder,
Some fairer clime you fain would recall
From depths of azure yonder!
Say "farewell" to the earth, arrayed anew
In vestments fair of heaven,
As you shed sweet balm around like dew
From your beautiful petals riven.
Pale roses red and red, ere you pass away,
Teach me your pure, frail beauty;
How best to fill life's transient day
With pleasure and with duty.
Give me the key-note of heavenly love.
Albeit in chords of sorrow;
Then up and away, we may meet above,
In God's fadeless, bright to-morrow.

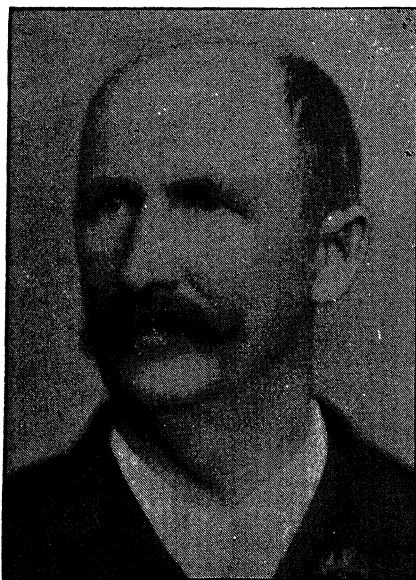
THE CHILD AND THE LILIES.

Two lilies my darling brought me,
The last in her garden fair;
One she placed upon my bosom,
The other in my hair;
And then an unvoiced question
Threw its shadow o'er her face,
As she gazed on her pure white lilies
Drooping with patient grace.
Then with a skeptic's logic
She questioned soft and low:
"How can we consider the lilies,
Now they no longer grow?"
And I saw a teardrop glisten
O'er the sunshine of her eye,
Like the rainbow's transient glory
On the blue of April sky.
"We recall their sweetness, dear one,
And learn from them to grow
Each day more meet for heaven
In earth's garden here below;
And when we are apt to murmur
Over the clothes we wear;
'Tis well to consider the lilies,
Of which the Lord takes care."

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

BORN: PERRY CO., O., APRIL 25, 1837.

COMMENCING to write prose and verse at the age of fifteen, Mr. Taylor taught school at intervals for the following six years, at the same time being editor and part proprietor of Perry County Democrat. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, practiced law for four years in connection with editorial work, and was also state's attorney a part of the same time. He then became one of the editorial writers of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mr. Taylor served in the army of the Potomac during the war, after the close of which he resumed editorial work on the Enquirer. He was chief editorial writer of the



WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

Pittsburg Post for eight years subsequent to 1868. He next was employed successively on the New York Sun for two years; then on the New York World for a period; next was managing editor of the Pittsburg Telegraph for nearly two years; and then became editorial manager of Columbus Democrat and Times for several years. He is now again with the Cincinnati Enquirer as staff correspondent and general political writer. Mr. Taylor has declined a number of tempting positions, including a secretaryship of legation under President Cleveland, preferring journalism and literary work to political promotion.

ALL IN FOUR LINES.

Love's labor of life
Is to live and let live;
Life's labor of love
To forget and forgive.

THE CURSE OF GENIUS.

ON A PORTRAIT OF T. D. JONES, SCULPTOR.

The curse of Genius, Art and Worth —
The crime of man against mankind —
Is the fierce struggle that besets
The friendless pioneers of Mind.

Grim hunger turns the tempered steel
To lead, in many a brawny hand,
That else had shorn away the wrong,
And purified the waiting land.

Old Homer begging in the streets
Of seven cities, sang in vain;
Each thrust him out of gilded gates
Ahunger forth the arid plain.

Old Homer lying in his grave —
A god was worshipped — turned to dust,
And madly fought for, where his songs
Gained not the vagrant's dole of crust.

This is life's curse — its crowning thorn —
The ill to which the good is turned —
Men gild the lamp when life is gone,
Who never trimmed it while it burned;

File granite over pulseless dust,
That died upon the cruel stones
Of hunger's threshold, while the trump
Of fame blared down his parting groans.

Fame may be sweet, but bread—God's
name!—

Is sweeter than Parnassian rills,
Where hungering genius droops and dies,
Amid the plenty of the hills.

What though God paints the bended skies,
And clothes the earth with song and
sheen,

If he who copies dies athirst
Amid the glory of the scene!

This is the curse of life — to live
At the sharp point of mortal strife,
To find neglect more keen than scorn,
And death a bald burlesque of life.

To fill a maus'leum's stately crypt,
Blazoned with that which gave not
bread—

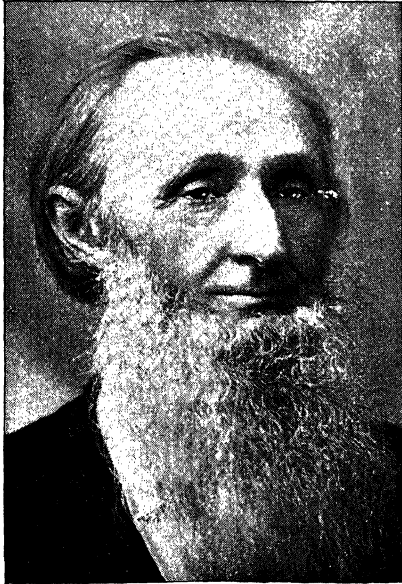
The meed of life in mockery,
Heaped on the cold, unheeding dead.

Before her lay the unconquered waste.
Behind her, smiling by the sea,
Her virgin mother, proud and chaste,
Chanted the hymn of Liberty.

WILLIAM M. PAXTON.

BORN: WASHINGTON, KY., MARCH 2, 1819.

EDUCATED for the law in his native town, he removed to Platte Co., Mo., where he still resides. In 1850 he removed to Platte City and spent twelve years in mercantile pursuits. Later he resumed the practice of law, and for twelve years prospered; but in 1872 he became hard of hearing, and it was necessary for him to give up his lucrative practice. Having,



WILLIAM M. PAXTON.

however, a complete abstract of titles of real estate of Platte Co., he still, at the age of seventy-one, is industriously employed in the business of abstracting and examining titles. In 1881 he published a small volume of poems of 135 pages. In 1884 he compiled a genealogy of his mother's family, a work of 425 pages. In 1888 Mr. Paxton published a book of poems containing 452 pages, which has attracted universal admiration.

THE ROGUISH GIRLS.

The girls are dainty rogues, 'tis true,
And full of fun and art, sir;
For when I first met cunning Sue
She sweetly stole my heart, sir;
And when the parson came and tied
The pleasant nuptial band, sir,
The crafty Sue stood by my side
And slyly stole my hand, sir.

And then she stole my house and farm;
It was, indeed, a shame, sir;
She made them charming, bright and warm,
And even stole my name, sir.
Upon the street I used to roam,
And nothing drink and play, sir;
But now she's fixed so nice a home
That there I'm bound to stay, sir.
She keeps the house too nice and neat,
And everything too clean, sir;
And when she makes me wipe my feet
I think it very mean, sir.
On rocking chairs I have to sit,
And back and forth I sway, sir;
And when I'm forced to cough and spit,
A vase is in my way, sir.
I am a prisoner every day,
With cords of love I'm tied, sir;
In Susie's bonds I want to stay,
And with her I'll abide, sir;
For Sue has pilfered everything.
And now she's stolen me, sir,
But makes me happy as a king,
And wealthy, proud and free, sir.

HOW ADAM DIVIDED PROPERTY WITH EVE.

When man rebelled and was expelled
From Eden's vales and groves elysian,
He said to Eve, "You now must leave;
But you shall have a fair division.
So, as your half, I'll give the calf,
And keep the cow, whose milk I'm needing;
The colt is thine,—the mare is mine:—
The calf and colt are broke to leading.
"The lambs for thee,—the ewe's for me—
The wool is what I've set my heart on;
I'll take the hog, and you the dog,—
And these are all we've got to start on.
With sweat of brow you'll have to plow,
And earn the bread that's so much needed;
Now do not stay, but haste away,
For tears are vain and won't be heeded."

The calf was brought,—the colt was caught,
And in Eve's arms the lamb was taken;
With failing heart she made the start,
And seemed by God and man forsaken.
She stopped to tell her last farewell,
In voice subdued and full of feeling,—
When Tray, the dog, attacked the hog,—
Who rushed to Eve, in terror squealing.

The cow and mare and ewe were there,
And heard while feeding at their manger;
Of course they flew as mothers do,
To save their offspring when in danger.
To Eve they clung, who held their young,
And as she went they followed after.
Her tears were gone,—she hurried on,
And nearly split her sides with laughter.

Without a word she led the herd,
 And kept it at her home securely;
 But Adam stood in angry mood,
 And scowled and knit his brows demurely.
 Though whipped, he tried with manly pride,
 To get and cook his daily victuals; —
 Made soup of cheese,—made pies of peas,
 And burnt his hands on pots and kettles.
 But life like this, was not the bliss,
 That Adam, at the first expected;
 So off he went to Eve's nice tent,
 And reconciliation was effected.
 And to this day, the wife has sway,
 And husbands know 'tis best to let her;
 I've known no strife,—'twixt man and wife,
 But what the woman got the better.

THE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

A brilliant rose, in blushing grace,
 Too modest to expose its face,
 May make the bower its hiding place,
 And bloom in covert there;
 And though we do not see the rose,
 Yet every one its presence knows,
 For far and wide, its fragrance flows,
 And dwells upon the air.

'Tis thus her spirit, every hour,
 Where'er I am, with mystic power,
 Regales me as the hidden flower,
 And makes my heart rejoice.
 And something whispers in my ear,
 That her pervading spirit's near;
 And I imagine that I hear,
 The music of her voice.

I meet her in my raptured dreams;
 We rove by sylvan vales and streams,
 And talk of love and kindred themes,
 And promise not to sever.
 Can she, though absent, cheer me so?
 Has perfect bliss been found below?
 Can dreams of her, such joy bestow?
 Then let me dream forever!

*A WIFE'S UNDYING LOVE.

The moonlight is soft, and the fields are invit-
 ing;
 Come, husband, let's walk in the meadow
 apart;
 For I am enraptured, when you are reciting,
 The story of love, in sweet words from the
 heart; —
 That story, they tell us, is old and fictitious,—
 And soon we'll grow weary and careless,
 they think;
 But love is like wine, that, from age is delici-
 ous,
 And time gives it body, and flavors the drink.
 The brook, from the mountain, comes dancing
 and leaping

And merrily sings as it troops through the
 lea;
 But when its a river, it seems to be sleeping,
 And silently wends its deep course to the
 sea;
 So love, at the first, was a shallow emotion,
 And made a great noise, like the brook as it
 goes;
 But now it's a river, profound in devotion,
 And deeper the stream the more softly it
 flows.
 Come, tell me you love me,—I never grow
 weary;
 As well might the songs of my mother grow
 old,—
 Or even the home of my childhood grow
 dreary,
 As words of affection seem lifeless and cold.
 Come tell me, again, the delightful old story,
 You told me before your betrothal to me:—
 The love that you show is my lifeguard and
 glory,—
 And death be my portion, if parted from
 thee.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S ECSTASY.

Mary, darling — Mary, dear,
 Let me whisper in your ear
 Words of love no friend should hear,—
 Lest he think me raving.
 Mary, I am all your own;
 In my heart I've set your throne,
 Where, as queen, you rule alone,—
 All my soul enslaving.

Soon, the holy marriage rite
 Shall our souls as one unite,
 And I'll bask in genial light
 Beaming from thy beauty.
 And when I, in joy and pride.
 Clasp thee as my charming bride
 Thou shalt be the star to guide,
 And incite to duty.

Trees, since I became thy choice,
 Clap their hands, and hills rejoice,
 And I seem to hear thy voice,
 Even when I'm sleeping.
 On life's journey we will start,
 Bidding every care depart,
 And we'll give both hand and heart
 To each other's keeping.

EXTRACT.

A mother true and pure as dew,
 And as an infant tender,—
 With blushing cheek and manners meek,—
 Our hearts could but surrender.

MRS. MATTIE L. BAILEY.

BORN: PEKIN, N. Y.

BORN within sound of Niagara Falls and educated in Adrian, Mich., Mrs. Bailey removed to Kansas in 1871. Her first poem appeared in 1879, since which time she has written both prose and verse for the leading periodicals of America, including the Kansas City Journal, New York Tribune, Chicago Inter-Ocean and



MRS. MATTIE L. BAILEY.

the local press of Michigan, Indiana and Kansas. A woman of decidedly quiet domestic tastes and habits, Mrs. Bailey has written mainly for relief and pleasure of expression. She has had three children, one of whom is now living — Robert Victor, a bright child, of nine years of age, who is gifted with remarkable oratorical powers.

MARA.

Out from the depths I cry to Thee,
Wild are the winds that 'round me blow,
High roll the waves that buffet me,
Why, Lord, why is it so?
My dearest earthly wish denied,
My days devoid of all delight,
My life barque stranded where the tide
Goes out in darkest night.
The phantoms of my dead hopes rise,
I stretch my longing arms in vain;
They, mocking, echo back the cries
Which ill relieve my pain.

So varied were the woes I felt,
So dark the future looked to be,
I marvelled why the Lord had dealt,
So bitterly with me.
And as I sadly mused, came then
These words, so sweet yet strangely clear,
As music o'er the waters when
All is still — "Be of good cheer." —
"He chastens whom he loves" — am I
For this distinction fit? Oh Lord,
I proudly claim the honor high
Thus granted in thy word.
O glorious truth to hearts sore tried
By sorrows here! Who suffers most,
Whate'er of bitter grief betide,
May of God's favor boast.
And closer kinship feel with One
Who knelt in dark Gethsemane;
Who agonized till all was done —
A sin-bound world set free.
O, Love divine! O, thorn-crowned head,
O, radiant cross upraised for me;
O, precious blood on Calvary shed,
Up from the depths, I fly to thee.

BIRDIE.

Are there no children there? No dear child
faces.
Blooming with fadeless beauty in that bliss-
ful air;
Nor prattle sweet with winsome baby-graces,
Making our homemore fair?
Will she my spotless one, who has this life
outgrown,
Be changed to womanhood, ere I again can
know,
The loving, gentle, soul that grew unto my
own?
O, poet, say not so!
Our Savior when on earth the little children
blest,
And said: "Of such the kingdom is;" cannot
it be,
That he may take my baby to his loving
breast,
And keep her thus for me?
For one bright year she led me with her tiny
hand,
Dull care was banished, while joy crowned
each hour,
As I watched the leaflets of my bud expand,
To form the perfect flower.
A radiant vision of these hours, I see —
A fair and smiling face, with soul-lit eyes of
blue;
Sweet lips, whose kisses deeper rapture gave
to me,
Than lover ever knew. [again,
The golden head is nestled on my breast;

With love's mute eloquence, those wistful
eyes fill mine,
With happy tears. . O, sacred joy akin to pain,
An ecstasy divine!

Too soon the vision fades; how would it still
this wild,

Impassioned longing for what I held most
dear,

To know that some glad morning I may clasp
my child,

Just as I had her here.

To know that in the glorified hereafter,
E'en as when here — her arms outstretched in
glee,

Her lovely face all dumdled o'er with laughter
Thus may she welcome me.

Peace, eager heart! Faith doth no questions
ask; but when

My ransomed soul finds home, then shall be
gratified.

Its hungry yearnings all, in sweet content;
For then,

"I shall be satisfied."

MRS. LISA A. FLETCHER.

BORN: ASHBY, MASS., DEC. 27, 1844.

MRS. FLETCHER is an invalid, and has really
never known a well day in her life. Yet
beauty in every form appeals to her and she
finds much sweetness and joy from couch and
pillows in writing, painting and reading. Dur-
ing the past few years she has written many
beautiful poems, of which a few are here
given.

AT SUNSET.

Beyond the sunset gleaming bright,
Beyond the day's last lingering light,
What would be of heavenly sight,
If through the gates we looked to-night?

Beyond the sum of life's brief day,
Beyond earth's skies so cold and gray,
What would be if when we pray
Heaven opened out its shining way?

If aided by angel staff and rod,
Beyond that silvery path we trod,
Ah! what would meet our vision broad,
Far o'er those billowy seas of God?

SWEET JUNE.

Buttercups and daisies, golden and white,
Springing to meet and gladden our sight,
Tall waving grasses bending low,
O sweet June days, move slow, move slow!
Wild roses blooming by wayside and hedge,
Columbines nodding o'er rocky ledge,
Little birds singing, or high or a — low,
O sweet June days, move slow, move slow!

Beautiful laurel, stately and tall,
Bending adown o'er mossy wall,
Tiny lobelia fragile and low,
O sweet June days, move slow, move slow!

Fair fleur-de-lis, queen of the flowers,
Lifting her face to sunshine and showers,
And even the voice of the brooklet's flow,
O sweet June days, move slow, move slow!

Gentle breezes and beautiful skies
Where white the fleeting clouds arise,
Nature her great heart lending so,
O sweet June days, move slow, move slow!

FULFILLMENT.

The hope to which we fondly cling,
And call our own,
Is oft the swiftest to take wing,
And soonest flown!

The wish for which we long and sigh,
And pray and yearn,
May be but a bitter draught to drink,
Which we should spurn.

The evil which we fear and dread,
And dare not face,
God may give the strength to bear,
And needed grace.

The good for which we scarce have hoped,
Nor all perceive,
May be sweetest in its fulfillment,
When we receive.

The joys for which we seek and strive,
And follow fast,
When we call them ours, may be
With dark o'ercast.

The trials which we fain would shun,
And cast away,
Like precious pearls may show to us
Some hidden ray.

SLEEP.

Weird, shadowy sleep,
By which we leap
From night to morn;—
Sweet, silent dreams,
Glad, golden gleams,
Where hope is born:

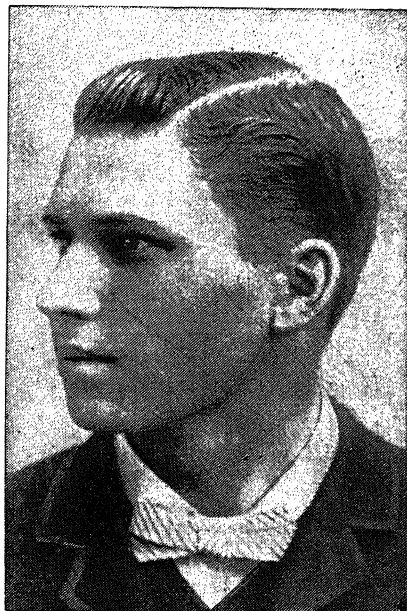
Tired, fitful sleep
When slowly creep
The hours away:—
Sad making thought
With pain inwrought
Till breaks the day:

Sweet, painless sleep
Peaceful and deep
For hearts oppressed,
Quick, fleeting hours
'Midst dreamland bowers,
By angels blessed!

IRVING J. A. MILLER.

BORN: WORCESTER, O., OCT. 14, 1866.

IN 1876 Irving's parents removed to Marshalltown, Iowa, where he enjoyed a thorough course in the grammar school, and in which town he now resides. About 1884 he commenced to court the muse, and ever since that time has contributed quite freely to some of the most worthy and widely quoted periodicals of America. He is at present assistant editor of the Marshalltown Electric



IRVING J. A. MILLER.

Light. During the fall of 1887 he issued a book entitled Fireside Poems, which met with a ready sale. In 1888 he took editorial charge of the Star, in Union, Iowa, which position he filled for about one year. Mr. Miller was married in 1888. He is a practical printer by trade, and in person is a little above the average height, with brown hair and eyes. Mr. Miller has also issued a book of campaign songs, which was heartily received by all.

THE HERO OF CONEMAUGH.

Down through a valley of love and repose,
Where the roses once bloomed and the Cone-
maugh flows
O'er hillock and crevice, o'er dyke, bridge and
stone,
Inspired by his duty and trav'ling alone,

Rode a hero, unknown, with his warning to
all,
But the number who harkened and listened
was small.
Came the rushing of waters — their thunder-
ing roar,
As they hastened, with fury, to pillage and
gore,
And the trees and the houses gave way, like a
straw,
In the hurricane tide of the wild Conemaugh.
On! On! with that courage a patriot thrills,
Shouting: "Run for your lives! Run for the
hills!"
He dashed like a war-maddened Chippewa
brave,
For his was a duty to rescue and save;
Nor looked he about for the demon behind,
Pursuing his trail like a hurricane wind,
But loudly and clear (for he knew no despair
His summons rang out on the evening air
As the terrible waves grasped their forms
like s straw,
In the hurricane tide of the wild Conemaugh.
O, God, it was fearful, for so it is said;
When the waters receded and gave up their
dead,
'Mid the thousands of bodies that lay on the
ground
Not a trace of the steed or his rider was
found;
For a stranger he was, but his heroic deed
Finds a place in the minds of the sufferers
freed.
In the years to come, and the time to be,
Like a phantom 'twill pass through our mem-
ory,
And we'll see, like a ghost of the buried past,
On his steed this courier riding fast,
And we'll hear, like an echo, his warning cry
Where the Conemaugh dashed in its fury by.

AXIOMS.

A noble deed; an action wrought;
A nation mov'd to solemn thought.
A skillful hand; a drop of ink;
The mass is mov'd to weep or think.
A pensive mind; a noble strain;
A pow'r is held o'er this domain.
A chaste desire; a purer cause;
A nation hails with wide applause.
A modest girl; a manly boy;
A father's pet; a mother's joy.
A cheerful home; a household kind;
Will breed no grief, leave none behind.
A loyal wife; a husband true;
As one will pass life's journey through.
When friendship dies, and love has fled,
Forevermore the heart is dead.

NELLIE E. ADAMS.

BORN: EXETER, N. H., JULY 12, 1864.

MISS ADAMS graduated with honors from the Robinson Seminary at Exeter, and later from the normal department of the same school. She has written both poetry and prose, but is



NELLIE E. ADAMS.

most noted for her verse. In 1885 she published a little volume entitled Blossoms, a collection which met with a ready sale and received very favorable comment from the press generally. Miss Adams was the class poet at her graduation. She is still a resident of the place of her nativity, where she is very popular.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew,
Knew at all times and all places,
What was right,
Knew and did what was accepted
In His sight,
Held the good of others only
Up to view,
Comfort-bearers each one might be,
If we knew.

If we knew,
Knew the dear ones we love better
Far than life,
For us bearing heavy burdens
In the strife,
Often wearied when the pathways

Darker grew,
Would we not their lives make brighter?
If we knew.

If we knew,
Knew the moments swiftly gliding
Of to-day,
That its morning, and its evening,
Gold or gray
Were the last that e'er would vanish
From our view,
Would we not improve them better?
If we knew.

If we knew,
How our words and deeds were telling
Day by day,
On the lives of all who meet us
On the way,
If our influence was clearer
To our view,
Oh, we all, would aim higher,
If we knew.

THE TWO WRECKS.

The sea moaned, surging heavily
Under a gloomy sky,
While the seething, white-capped breakers
Tossed their briny foam on high.

And the ship, that sailed at daybreak
Out from the harbor bar,
Beneath the sunny heaven,
Floating proudly stripe and star,

Was being widely driven,
Like a bird before the gale.
Her anchor lost in the sea flood,
And torn each snowy sail,

Before the arching rainbow,
Told that the storm was o'er,
She sank beneath the billows,
To rise, to rise no more.

Out in the gathering darkness,
Out in the wind and the sleet,
With face upturned to a pitiless sky,
Lay a body in the street.

The wreck of a once proud manhood,
Of a life that promised fair,
Of loves, and hopes, and ambitions,
The end of all lay there.

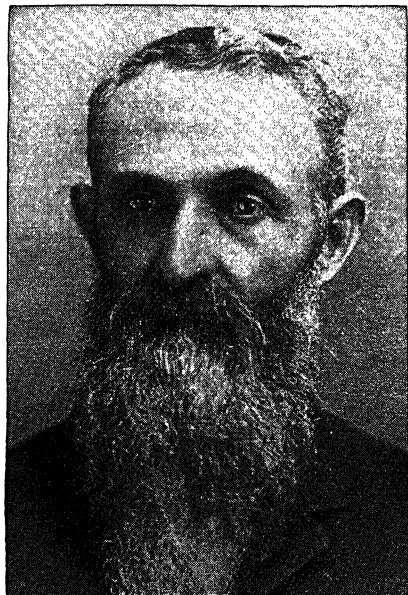
Somebody kissed that bloated face,
When it was young and fair,
Some one curled 'round a baby head
Those ringlets of sunny hair.

Somebody thought of the comfort and pride
He would be in the after years,
Somebody sank into the grave
In bitter woe and tears.

JOHN LANDOR KRYDER.

BORN: NEW BERLIN, OHIO, DEC. 22, 1833.

By self-study, application and observation, Mr. Kryder gathered the rudiments of his education, and at the age of nineteen taught his first school. For several years thereafter he was engaged in teaching and studying medicine. In 1858 he commenced the practice of medicine, and has been engaged thereat



JOHN LANDOR KRYDER.

until the present time. He has written considerable poetry from time to time, more as a recreation when not engaged in the more arduous duties of his profession; these poems have appeared in many leading newspapers and magazines. Dr. Kryder is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and now resides at Cedarville, Ind.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

I think to-night of drifted years,
Lying behind in the grave of care,
Of life's pages, written in tears,
Torn and scattered, sometime, somewhere.

I hear the night-wind's mournful sob,
Like spirit whisp'rings in the air,
And think me, will this heart's wild thro' b
Cease soon, and rest, sometime, somewhere.

Low murm'rous voices speak to me,
As my thoughts go hither and there

O'er blurr'd past, and wonder if we,
Shall meet again sometime, somewhere.

Will rough places all be made smooth,
All leveled and even and fair;
All envies and crosses forsooth,
Be banished, sometime, somewhere.

And all the vows, that have betray'd
The ears and hearts of brave and fair.
And all the wrecks, that they have made
Restored again, sometime, somewhere.

And wild humors, of idle hours,
That filled the eye with castled air,
And painted rainbows, thro' the showers,
Unfold again, sometime, somewhere.

Will broken loves, and severed ties,
That strew dead seas, with wild despair.
In realms of peace, 'neath azure skies —
Be reconciled, sometime, somewhere.

Fair hope inspires; the eye of faith
Invites the wish, and builds the pray'r,
Love, there shall rule, instead of wrath,
Sighs change to smiles, sometime, some-
where.

Yes, on the verge where two worlds meet,
All things will be made even there:
Serf and King, Priest and Clown, will greet,
On equal terms, sometime, somewhere.

And that far shore of prophetic dreams
With all its myst'ries grand and fair,
Will be disclosed, when best it seems,
In God's good will, sometime, somewhere.

BY-PAST TIMES.

There are treasures in mem'rys urn;
Embalmed with the loves of the past,
And we have lived, to know and learn,
Their joys were too fragile to last:
Yet while affection's ties remain,
Those by-past times come back again.

Forever o'er the sea of thought,
Like gentle swells of peaceful waves
That hide the wreck and ruin wrought,
By tempest when it fiercest raves,
A heart-calm to unrest and pain,
Comes some sweet by-past time again.

Wonderful sea, Oh! changing tide,
Forever freighted with weal or woe;
Joyous sunbeams dance and ride,
Thy billows crest, or cradle low.

And o'er thy bosom now and then
Floats some sweet by-past time again.

Some idle song in sweet low trills,
That waltz along the shaded years;
Soft as the purl of meeting rills,
Endearing hopes, dissolving fears,

Awakes from its dream Lethæan,
And echo's by-past times again.

Alas! it seems so passing strange,
That from the censer of those days,
The incense should so widely range;
And their perfume, thro' distant maze,
Wake in each heart the mellow chimes,
And fragrance of the by-past times.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Tenderly strew over each grave to-day,
The perfumed blossoms of balmy May.
And the "nameless mounds" by stream or
lake,
Bedeck them for mother's or sister's sake.

What matters it now whether friend or foe,
Lies mould'ring to dust in the tomb below.
Spread sweet charity's mantle o'er the brave
And cover with flowers each hero's grave.

Known or unknown, Oh! how many to-day,
Grieving, are wond'ring where their loved
ones lay;

Weeping and wond'ring, they gladly would
know,

If tribute to their's, some hand will bestow.

Time and its changes should soften the heart,
And sympathy lessen pale sorrow's dart,
And tears should refresh the green on each
grave;

Bright flowers shed their fragrance o'er the
brave,

Think, some sad heart, that is far, far away;
In gratitude deep would gladly repay,
For the drop of a sigh, a bud or a tear,
On the grave "unknown" to some one so
dear.

Think Mercy's Angel will hasten away,
With message to friend, of the Blue or the
Gray.

How it would solace the sorrow of years,
And lessen the grief, that's hallowed with
tears.

A JUNE DAY DREAM.

This sweet June day
I drift away,

Where care cannot my peace betray;
From toil and heat,
And dust retreat,
Where fairer scenes my senses greet.

My footsteps seek
The highest peak,
O'er looking lake and crystal creek;
Like vine-clad wall,
Of castled hall,
Hill-sides abloom, arise and fall.

So clear and free
There comes to me,
Soft cadence of past melody;
As 'neath the trees,
I lie at ease,
And listen to the whispering breeze.

Each regal note,
From silver throat,
Of song-birds reach, near and remote;
Their happy mood
Seek to intrude,
And lend joy to this solitude.

Not far away
The new mown hay,
Sends forth richest, royal bouquet;
And glim'ring sheen,
O'er velvet green,
Makes restful this enchanting scene.

While here and there
Sail cloud-ships fair,
Sailing, sail by on waves of air,
Until they greet
The anchored fleet,
Where azure skies and landscapes meet,

There vines o'er creep
Willows that weep,
On island rising from the deep;
On either hand
Its pearly sand,
Lies sparkling in the sunlight grand.

O! calm, sweet June,
Thou hast o'er strewn,
The earth with garland and festoon;
No discord here,
To mar the ear,
Intrudes with form, or creed, or fear.

This temple grand,
The Artist's hand,
Perfection shows, at his command;
Oh! who would miss
A day like this?
Sweet prelude of Elysian bliss.

Drink in, my soul,
The sweets that roll,
From heaven's free, o'erflowing bowl;
Oh! heart of mine,
At Nature's shrine,
Pay homage to the hand divine.

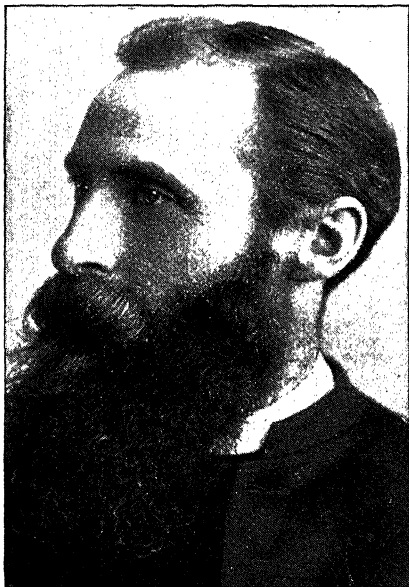
EXTRACT.

Again the days are growing long,
And the dew rests on the flowers,
Winged minstrels never tire of song,
To charm and cheer the passing hours;
Hours, that seem to me passing slow,
While a wakeful memory strays
To you, and scenes of long ago,
Recalling other summer days.

REV JOSEPH D. HERRON.

BORN: KIRTLAND, O., NOV. 4, 1853.

MR. HERRON has a love for music, and Spring Song he set to music, which has been rendered by choruses of children in New York and



JOSEPH D. HERRON.

other cities. He has held but two positions in the ten years of his ministry—assistant minister in Trinity Parish, New York; and Rector of Trinity church, New Castle.

SPRING.

Hail, hail, all hail!
 'Tis the halcyon month of May,
 Hail, hail, all hail!
 'Tis nature's gala day,
 Ye nymphs of the mountain,
 Ye sprites of the fountain,
 That dance 'mid the leaflets green:
 Come out from your bowers,
 With garlands of flowers,
 And welcome your fairy queen.
 Hail! fairy of spring!
 Scatter thy flowers o'er hill and dale,
 While the breezes o'er them blow,
 And soft be thy touch in the woodland vale,
 Where the leafy tendrils of myrtle trail,
 And the sparkling fountains flow.
 Hail! beautiful queen!
 Deck with thy blossoms the branches bare,
 And thy golden smiles bestow;

Paint with thy pencil the flowers fair,
 The royal fuchsias and roses rare,
 And the violets bending low.
 Short is thy stay, O lovely queen,
 For the summer is coming soon;
 E'en now is the way of thy exit seen,
 In the golden month of June.
 But while thou art queen thy reign is sweet,
 For thy sceptre is covered with flowers;
 And before thy grotto the fairies meet,
 And the elfins dance with glittering feet,
 Beneath the jessamine bowers.

Then spring, bright spring we bid thee hail,
 But soon we will say good-bye;
 For thy brightest beams e'er long will pale,
 When the violets droop in the woodland vale,
 And withering, fade and die,
 For the golden harvest-time will come,
 And the reapers with sickles keen,
 Will bring to the flowers their only doom,
 And lay them low in their earthy tomb,
 The mouldering sod between.

But after the winter snows are past,
 And gone are the sleet and rain;
 When the dreary days no longer last,
 And bright spring comes again,
 We will shout aloud as we did of yore,
 All hail fair spring to thee;
 Scatter thy flowers the woodlands o'er,
 Till the air is sweeter than ever before,
 As it blows through each leafy tree.

TWO PICTURES.

FIRST.

Oh! the winds of Annandale!
 The bracing winds of Annandale,
 Blowing and sweeping o'er hill and plain,
 Piling snow drifts in road and lane,
 Cracking the trees that are covered with ice,
 Till bending and swaying they snap in a
 trice.

Cold are the winds of Annandale;
 But never a cheek is blanched and pale,
 That out of the house is wont to tarry,
 And brave the wind of January.
 January's bitter cold;
 But sprightly youth will scarce grow old,
 And pine away before its time,
 If, committing the so-called crime
 Of lingering out in the ice and snow,
 We make the days of the winter go.

Oh! the hills of Annandale!
 The snow-clad hills of Annandale;
 Glittering white in the sun's bright rays,
 That shimmer and dance like a troop of fays;
 Placing a gem on each feathery flake,
 Till they look like stars on a frozen lake,
 Soon is heard on the frosty air,
 The shout of the coaster—Oh! sport most
 rare!

Little we heed how the buttons go,
 Little we heed how the blinding snow
 Flies in our eyes and fills our ears,
 Till our bosom throbs with fleeting fears;
 But flowing over with jubilant bliss,
 We vow that nothing can equal this.

O ye, that sit in the halls of state,
 That rule our country strong and great,
 Give ye no thought to those halcyon days,
 That ye spent in a thousand whimsical ways —
 Ways that only youth may know,
 To conjure joy and to banish woe?
 Give ye no thought — alas too oft,
 Your minds are soaring too far aloft,
 To give one glance at childhood's day,
 But are wont to sneer at its foolish play.
 Know ye then, men with minds so great,
 That stand at the helm of the ship of state,
 Know ye that these same jubilant boys,
 That rend the air with their mirthful noise,
 And slide down hill with their nose to the
 ground,

In the halls of the nation may yet be found.

Then hip, hurrah! for King Winter cold,
 With his shaggy beard so gray and old,
 Long may he sit on his icy throne,
 And rule the realm he now doth own;
 Glassing the river with sheets of ice,
 Where by a throw of fortune's dice,
 The youth and the maiden perchance do
 meet,

And fly o'er the ice with the wind so fleet,
 The wind that causes a ruddy glow
 On cheek and lip as they swiftly go.
 O rudest wind! to be so bold,
 As to kiss those lips with a touch so cold;
 But perhaps there would be no fault to find,
 If the only culprit were the wind.
 Then hurrah! once more for the Winter King,
 Who moans and whistles and tries to sing,
 And plays a prelude queer and odd,
 On the creaking limbs that sway and nod.
 And then with a shriek he leaves the vale,
 And mounts to the hills of Annandale,
 There with a whirry add flurry he stops,
 And dances a horn-pipe to limber his chops;
 And if a stray cat by chance he spies,
 He nips her tail till she blinks her eyes,
 And rends the air with yowls and cries.

O Winter King what a royal sway,
 Thou holdest ever from day to day.
 But the time will come when thy throne will
 melt,

And no longer thy chilling breath be felt;
 And thou wilt sleep in the vast unknown,
 While the golden summer reigns alone.

SECOND.

Oh! the groves of Annandale!
 The balmy groves of Annandale;
 Through whose trees with a whisper low,

The summer winds so wearily blow,
 And fan our cheeks till we fall asleep,
 While the hum-birds play at a wild bo-peep,
 The bees croon drowsily in the clover,
 The squirrel chirps like a rollicking rover;
 And sweet to the soul beyond all price,
 Nature foreshadows Paradise,
 Hand in hand through the shady grove,
 The youth and the maiden slowly move.
 Her cheeks are red, but not with cold,
 As when once they were kissed by the wind so
 bold.

They set them down by a running stream,
 And think they are living a fairy dream.
 He scans her face with a loving eye,
 Then looks to see if there's any one nigh,
 — But here let me say, when they flew apace
 Over the ice, she slapped his face,
 When he tried to follow the wind's example;
 Of womanly spirit a worthy ample. —
 But now when the summer breezes blow,
 And the rippling streamlets freely flow,
 And the blue-bird warbles a love song sweet,
 A languor steals o'er their mossy seat,
 And there, in the light of a summer's sun,
 A precious heart is wooed and won.

Oh! the summer of Annandale!
 The golden summer of Annandale.
 Happiest hours of all the year,
 Happy indeed to the maiden dear,
 Who laughed at love when the Winter King
 Held his sway over everything.
 Now, no more howls the chilling blast,
 No more the snow falls thick and fast
 Over the field and over the plain,
 Till we look for a fence or a road in vain.
 No more is heard the coaster's song,
 As it swelled into melody loud and long.
 The hills are green, and the flowers wave,
 And lift their heads to the sky's blue nave;
 And seem to whisper as they nod:
 All that is lovely belongs to God.

DECEMBER.

Child of the grand old winter,
 December floateth by;
 And the ground without is bare and white
 As the moon in the cloudless sky.
 The wind blows cold and dreary.
 Across the whitened plain;
 And we see the oaks with their branches bare,
 Through the frost on the window pane.
 But within where the yule-log's burning,
 Each heart is happy and gay;
 For the loving Prince of earth and Heaven,
 Was born on Christmas day.
 Then hail! grand old December,
 We welcome you once more!
 For the memory sweet of a night you bring,
 That came in the days of yore.

MARY TURNER BEECH.

BORN: HOMER, N. Y.

IN her childhood her parents removed to Fairfield, Ohio, where she was educated, spending an additional year in the academy at Elyria in the same state. She early evinced a taste for literary pursuits, and wrote essays and short stories that received publication. She was married to her first husband, Jenson Beers, in 1855; in 1879 Mr. Beers died of a disease contracted while in the service of his country.



MARY TURNER BEECH.

In 1885 the subject of this sketch was married to Richard Beech, of Beechville, Ill. Mrs. Beech resides a part of her time at her old home in Stanton, Mich., and the rest she spends at her husband's home on the banks of the Mississippi river. She has two living children—a son, Ray, born in 1869; and a daughter, Jennie Augusta, who is now the wife of T. E. Powell, the publisher of the Montcalm Herald.

TO THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

One simple flower — what joy it brings,
How welcome to the sight,
We wildly press the voiceless thing
That brings such true delight.

One simple flower what fragrance yields,
It whisper's hope and peace;
Its tender thoughts, like buds concealed,
Love's sweetest incense breathes.

One simple flower the past is here
With all its varied train,
The bliss we've known, the silent fear
Comes strangely back again.
One simple flower, oh what so fair,
So tender as thy leaf,
In nature's rank is found no where,
A life so pure, so brief.
Fair simple flower — long may you cheer
The toiling sons of earth;
Who heeds thy gentle teaching here,
Secures a gem of worth.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

OF DR. J. B. SULLIVAN.

Some simple word,
My heart has stirred,
And thought in fancy strays —
So while we meet,
In converse sweet,
Accept this meed of praise.

In language well
I've heard him tell
While mem'ry bells were ringing
How oft at night
By fireside light
And his mother sweetly singing —
He tried to make,
His marks so straight,
While the fire his head was burning;
Little thought he,
How hard 'twould be,
The line to keep amid life's turning.
Is there one here
With marks so clear
Written in life's copy-book
But would erase
From out its place
Here a curve, and there a crook?

We find alloy,
Mixed with our joy,
Grief and care must come to all —
To-day its cash,
To-morrow trash,
Up we go, and down we fall.
Shadows of care
May silver the hair,
The sunshine of youth may depart,
But the twilight of age
Holds many a page
Which brings joy and peace to the heart.

Its not too late
To celebrate
The golden years gone by,
To thank the Lord
For all the good
Bestowed us from on high.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

BORN: LOWVILLE, N. Y., JAN. 18, 1860.

MISS O'DONNELL has published a volume of poems entitled *Heart Lyrics*, and now follows the profession of literature. Her poems have



JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

appeared in a number of the leading American periodicals. In person she is very slight, and now resides in her native town.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

The indolent four o'clock ladies

Had waked from their long, dreamy rest,
But the sun-flower's golden-lashed blossoms

Had turned their brown eyes to the west,
And the lilies grown suddenly weary,

Lay hushed on the river's cold breast.

The blue-bells began a soft tinkle,

The primroses opened their eyes;

And the grasses waved low where the fairies

Had stolen the violets' disguise;

And above, through the angels' vast gardens,
The stars blossomed out in the skies.

A voice from the lily-bells calling,

Rang out on the even air clear:

"O ye blossoms! awake, in the gardens!

The Lord of the flowers cometh near!

O awake! in the field and the woodland;

The Maker of blossoms is here!"

The poppy just murmured: "I'm sleepy!"

And nodded her round drowsy head; [ters

And the tulips had closed their bright shut-

"Against the night dew-drops," they said;
And the little green balls of the daisies
Never stirred in their soft, grassy bed.

But sweetly the tall, fragrant lily
Uplifted her chalice of light,
And the roses threw open their bosoms
And gladdened the fair summer night,
And the stars of the jasmine blossoms
Leaned down from the trellises' height.

The Lord, walking slow through the garden,
Smiled back at the roses' perfume,
Caressing the lily's pale petals,
Or shaking the hyacinth's perfume,
Till He came where the Cereus slumbered,
Close hiding her beautiful bloom.

She thrilled at the heavenly presence,
And slowly uncovered her face,
And swinging the pearl of her censor,
With reverent, ineffable grace,
Stood revealed in her magical beauty,
The soul of that wonderful place.

Spell-bound at the white growing vision,
The Lord watched the flower unfold,
Till away from the quivering stamens
The last snowy petal had rolled,
Then he bent o'er the weird, witching blossom,
Left a kiss on its bosom of gold.

All tremulous with the keen rapture,
And rich with the Master's breath,
"Not one lesser touch shall defile me!"
The Night-Blooming Cereus saith;
And gathering her garments about her,
She yielded her sweetness to death.

Wherever a Cereus blossoms,
'Tis said that the Master is nigh;
That he watches the glorious flower
Uncurl the gold stamens that lie
In the petals that tremble with rapture,
And shut round his kiss when they die.

EXTRACTS.

Oh, the wondrous, glistening Easter,
Shining in the morning light!
Silently the world had blossomed
Like a white rose in the night;
Softly smiled the winter landscape
To the sunbeams' glances bright.

And who can blame the woman that she chose
Life's warmth and color, ere her first love
burned

To ashes? Hearts need hearts. And, oh!
God knows

Dear love is sweet although but half returned.

Can you measure a bluebird's quivering
flight?

Or the speed of a homesick swallow?

JOHN WILLIAM EVERETT.

BORN: CEDAR GROVE, LA., DEC. 13, 1869.

In his youth his parents removed their place of abode several times, finally settling in Lake Charles, La. when the subject of this sketch was sixteen years of age. His father is editor of *The American* in that town, and young Everett also resides there. While still



JOHN WILLIAM EVERETT.

in the university at Waco, Texas, he contributed several poems to the local press. He next attended the Mississippi college at Clinton, where he continued his studies as a theological student, a profession he intends to follow. Besides his poetic writings, he has contributed prose to various publications; and he has published a musical composition.

REFLECTIONS.

ON THE BANKS OF THE AMITE RIVER.

'Tis late; the sun is sinking in the west;
The wind moans lonesome through the
waving trees;
The twit'ring birds have hushed to seek their
rest;
The swallow's wing beats homeward on the
breeze.
The river moans and ripples as it flows;
The moon is rising now upon the scene;
The stars are stealing slowly from their close,
And adding pleasure to the thought serene.

Upon this bank I have stood in days gone by;
In youth's bright, happy hours I've wander-
ed here,

With one who now is sleeping silently
Beneath the sod, whose voice I'll never
hear!

Ah, yes! Upon this bank of rocks and sand,
Beneath the shady trees that bow above,
I've kissed her cheeks, and pressed her little
hand,

And spoke to her in tender words of love.

How often has she knelt to write her name
Upon the ground upon the river's strand,
And stood and watched the wavelets as they
came,

And washed the writing from the glittering
sand!

She knew not then while standing by my side,
And gazing at her name as't disappeared,
That her own life, so lovely — and my pride —
Was pictured there in emblems she had
reared!

Ah, life is short! But oh, how beautiful
Is her's to me while memory draws it nigh!
How gentle! Oh, how mild and dutiful
Was she, who — lovely, darling girl — should
die!

Yes, time has borne her from this sacred
place;

No longer meet we by the river's shore,
No more shall I behold her lovely face,
And her sweet voice shall greet me, never
more!

EVENING ON THE CALCASIEU.

The day is done;

The setting sun,

Growing red, sinks out of view;

The lowing herds

And twitt'ring birds —

I hear them on the Calcasieu.

The old saw mill

As death is still,

Save sundry hissings now and then;

'Neath the sky blue

Gathers the dew,

Glittering in the sunlight's sheen.

The Calcasieu

Reflects the blue

And beauteous sky that bows above,

And from afar

A little star

Reflected, seems to speak of love.

What is that? Hush!

I hear a slush!

I look; I see a little boat;

A maiden fair

With golden hair,

Sweetly, softly sings, aloft!

MRS. E. B. BISANT-DELANY.

BORN: MUSKINGUM CO., O., MARCH 18, 1844.

SINCE 1856 this lady has contributed quite extensively to the Zanesville Journal and the periodical press generally. She now resides



MRS. EURA BROOKE BISANT-DELANY.

on the Old Homestead near Zanesville, where she has become very popular. Personally this lady is of the average height with gold brown hair and blue gray eyes.

INTRODUCTION.

Petals of poetic passion —
 Yellow, crimson, variegated,—
 Briar-rose, thorn-spear be-mettled!
 Is thy warsome mood e'er sated?
 Muse of Satire? Flee this moment!
 Seek the desert of distress;
 Mortal woman is not faultless,
 Fallen angel! — nothing less!
 Charity? We'll kiss thy forehead;
 Pity, holds the helm of ship,
 Ere the life-boat leaves the vessel,
 Mercy kneels with quiv'ring lip.
 Hope — o'er sanguine — wields the anchor,
 Read finale in her eyes!
 Saved! Pale waves in foam-spray rancor,
 Ocean's anthem greets the skies.

YOUR LILY.

'Mong animate blossoms,
 A florist of taste,

Will choose a fair Lily—
 An emblem so chaste,
 When the meadow is grac'd
 By the lithe golden-rod,
 The zephyrs a-quiver,
 All glorify God.
 Pretty pansy attuned
 To blithe notes of the harp,
 Might to sweet violets,
 Tone of envy impart.
 When the tube-rose's soul
 Caught the hot breath of June,
 The lily grew pale
 'Neath the blush of the moon.
 So chaste is the Lily
 Of rarified soul,
 That all passionfied tides
 Must obey her control.
 Then cherish the Lily!
 Mind-petals of trust
 Are soul-nooks ethereal,
 That gather no dust.
 A song for the Lily!
 A sonnet of love!
 As soulful and tender
 As cooing of dove,
 When her mates in the gloaming,
 And buttercups nod
 To the blaze of the planets
 That glorify God.

LITTLE MARIAM KING.

Wee namesake of thy grandma's,
 Thou daughter of a King;
 Fair child of many graces,
 Of thee the muses sing,—
 Sweet bud zephyr kiss'd,
 Bud beguiling mist,
 Song nymphs proclaim thee
 Child of delight!
 Thy mother — a poetess courting the stars,
 Threw kisses at Venus, and frowned on old
 Mars,
 Whose face grew so red with the cruel war
 glow—
 Reflection lent blush to a crystal of snow.
 O sweet little Mariam;
 God shield thee from harm!
 There's a spirit keeps vigil,
 At sign of alarm
 All the planets will rush,
 Set creation ajar,—
 Thy guardian is grandma,
 In Fair-Land, afar.
 Sweet bud zephyr kiss'd,
 Bud beguiling mist;
 Song nymphs proclaim thee—
 Child of delight!

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, OCT. 7, 1857.

EDUCATED at Pennington seminary, New Jersey and university of the city of New York, he was married in 1878 to Sue Rockhill, daughter of Capt. Z. Rockhill of New Jersey. For past eight years has been on the editorial staff of New York Tribune. Mr. Johnson has lectured frequently and made many other public addresses. He is the author of several books



WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

and scores of poems which have had wide circulation in the periodical press of America and England. In person he is slightly under average size, but robust and athletic in a notable degree, with hair and eyes nearly black. Mr. Johnson in winter lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in summer divides his time between mountains and sea-shore.

THE VICTOR.

In the old world, when I was dead,
I followed where my fortune led;

O tyrant Fate!

All senseless, soulless, save to be
Slave of capricious destiny.

O cruel tyrant Fate!

Then dawned my birthday, and to life
I sprang, and unto doomful strife;

O foeman Fate!

And fought my way, ere set of sun,

To this new world, the victory won.
O hated foeman Fate!

Now all is sense, and life, and love,
And footsteps unrestrained rove;
O baffled Fate!

And where I lead, Fate follows me,
Myself my lord of destiny.

O baffled, vanquished fate!

NAMES.

'Neath the Natural Bridge's dizzy arch

A youth once carved his name;

And when above the yawning chasm,

He hung, as if with life's last spasm,

He struck his knife into the flint,

Dreaming each rude and ragged dint

Through the coming years' unceasing march

Would herald his deathless fame.

But the name was only read

By eagles in their flight,

And within the year the lichens grew

And buried it out of sight.

In careless leisure my name I trace

On a perishable page;

And I know the ink may quickly fade,

Or the leaf be torn, or the book mislaid,

Or fire may burn, or flood despoil —

In a thousand ways my pen's poor toil

May come to naught, and a vacant place

Alone wait the coming age.

But my name, I trust, shall live,

Safe kept in memory's shrine;

Full many a year after ruthless fate

Shall have faded this fleeting line.

AUTUMN.

The aster glows the falling leaves beneath,

The goldenrod gleams by the hedgerow
brown,

As tho' the dying summer in the frost king's
teeth

Had hurled her gauntlet down.

So when the shades of solemn silence sink

Upon us, and we reach life's latest breath,

The soul exultant bids, e'en on the grave's
black brink,

Defiance unto death!

We perish not. The mounting spirit towers

In conscious immortality sublime,

And gains beyond death's feeble, fleeting,
winter hours

Eternal summer time.

IN BOHEMIA.

I am rich; who says me nay?

I have bread to eat each day,

Water from the mountain rill,

Woman's lips to kiss at will,

Russet garb, and couch of moss,
Treasures free from rust or loss —
Why should not my life be gay?
I am rich; who says me nay?

I am rich; who says me nay?
Friends have I in long array —
Sun, and rain, and cloud and dew,
Fields of green and skies of blue;
Pictures drawn by nature's hand;
Books the soul may understand,
And a life-long holiday —
I am rich; who says me nay?

I am rich; who says me nay?
Whom have I to envy, pray?
Crown encumbered king? or sage
Poring o'er the midnight page?
Midas starving with his gold?
Better far, a thousand fold,
Is Bohemia than Cathay!
I am rich; who says me nay?

ENVOY.

Prince, thy bounty I decline!
Quaff with me this rustic wine!
Equals thou and I to-day —
I am rich; who says me nay?

BOOKS AND BINDINGS.

On my study shelves they stand,
Well-known all to eye and hand,
Bound in gorgeous cloth of gold,
In morocco rich and old,
Some in paper, plain and cheap,
Some in muslin, calf and sheep;
Volumes great and volumes small
Ranged along my study wall;
But their contents are past finding
By their size or by their binding.

There is one with gold a gleam,
Like the Sangreal in a dream,
Back and boards in every part
Triumph of the binder's art;
Costing more, 't is well believed,
Then the author e'er received.
But its contents? Idle tales,
Flapping of a shallop's sails!
In the treasury of learning
Scarcely worth a penny's turning.

Here's a tome in paper plain,
Soiled and torn and marred with stain,
Cowering from each statelier book
In the darkest, dustiest nook.
Take it down, and lo! each page
Breathes the wisdom of a sage!
Weighed a thousand times in gold,
Half its worth would not be told,
For all truth of ancient story
Crowns each line with deathless glory.

On my study shelves they stand;
But my study walls expand,

As mind's pinions are unfurled,
Till they compass all the world.
Endless files go marching by,
Men of lowly rank and high,
Some in broadcloth, gem-adorned,
Some in homespun, fortune-scorned;
But God's scales that all are weighed in
Heed not what each man's arrayed in.

THE STONES OF MANHATTAN.

I tread the stones of Manhattan; I, who have
journeyed far
From the meadow-sward and the moss bank,
and the streamlet's pebbly bar;
I, who have wandered hither, allured by the
tales they told
Of how the stones of Manhattan were reeking
with ruddy gold.

I tread the stones of Manhattan, the stones
that are hard to my feet,—
As hard as the hearts around me, as hard as
the faces I meet.
Hot is their breath in summer, with fever of
selfish greed,
Cold is their touch in winter, as hearts to the
hand of need.
My heel strikes fire from the flint, but the
spark is dead ere it burns,—
Strikes fire in my angry striding, but is bruised
by the stone it spurns,—
And echo scorns with a stony voice the cry of
a soul's despair
Breathed out on the thunderous throbbings of
the city's desert air.

Oh! faithless stones of Manhattan, that tempt-
ed my boyish feet
Away from the clover-meadow, from the wind-
woven waves of wheat!
I thought ye a golden highway; I find ye the
path of shame,
Where souls are sold for silver, and gold is the
price of fame!
But my weary feet must tread ye, as slaves on
the quarry floor,
And my aching brain must suffer your pit-
iless uproar,
Till the raving tide shall sweep above, and
careless feet shall tread
On the fatal stones of Manhattan, over my
dreamless bed!

POETS UNKNOWN TO FAME.

Who questions if a brazen trumpet sound,
Or silver clarion, or pipe of reed,
When echoes linger 'mid the Switzer hills?
Who seeks the poet's name or native bound,
So but his song be melody indeed,
And his inspired word the spirit thrills?

LOUIS N. CRILL.

BORN: SPRAGUEVILLE, IOWA, JUNE 3, 1867.

LOUIS engaged in the mercantile business in 1882, and is the proprietor of a general merchandise store in Richland, Dakota, where he now resides with his wife, whom he married in 1888. He has but recently commenced to court the muse, yet his writings have in a



LOUIS N. CRILL.

comparatively short time appeared extensively in many prominent publications, including the New York Truth Seeker, Sturdy Oak, and the American Nonconformist. In person Mr. Crill is five feet ten inches in height, weighs 175 pounds, and has dark hair and eyes. A volume of his poems will soon be published.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

When you grow up, my darling boy,
To manhood, good and true,
You'll find your sister don't enjoy
The rights by justice due;
You'll find it true that custom gives,
To man the higher place;
That woman only strives, and lives
To perish in the race.

When you grow up, my darling boy,
Admit the truth so plain,
That woman's rights are to employ
The products of her brain;
To feast in banquet halls of fame,
Beside her brother, man;

To show the world in deed and name
That woman's in the van.

When you grow up, my darling boy,
Stand firm for truth and right;
Disdain the fact that mother's joy
Is tinged with one sad blight.
Endeavor with your strength sincere
To abrogate the laws
That make a woman's life appear
A slave to any cause.
When you grow up, my darling boy,
In justice always scorn,
And ev'ry wrong try to destroy,
Until a good is born.
Remember that in future needs
Posterity may call
Upon the men whose earnest deeds
Gave equal rights to all.

BORDER ECHOES.

Ripples of laughter will echo, in a valley of
anguish and pain;
Carols of birds rent the air, when with sorrow
the sky is aflame.
Nations are boasting in luxury, while its
sovereigns are living in need;
Liberty sits on its pedal, while the millions in
serfdom do bleed.
Musical strains are vibrating, while the notes
of distress reek the air;
Sunshine is sending its blessing, and the
shadows of trouble are there.
Great are the names of the wealthy, but hum-
ble the tiller of soil;
Pinioned are angels of fortune, but wingless
the daughters of toil.
Gilded the rainbow of hope, that bows o'er a
life of despair;
Sweet are the songs of the birds that warble
in seasons of care.
Gay are the symbols of fashion, in a city of
mis'ry and pain;
Grand the cathedrals of state, while the poor
live in hovels of shame.
Rosy the tint of the sunset, that is domed in
the sky of the west;
Drifted away by the breezes are the clouds of
dismay and distress.
Noble the man of the present, that is free
from illusion and guile;
Soothing the proffer of kindness, in an hour
of misfortune and trial.
Robed in the mantle of glory, is the goddess of
justice and right;
Chased by the light of the morning, is the
darkness and gloom of the night.
Onward humanity struggles, through the
mist and the storm do they glide;
Tossed on the waves of the ocean, and then
drifted ashore by the tide.

WE HAVE A LITTLE BABY.

We have a little baby
 To cheer our hearth and home,
 To fill our hearts with gladness,
 And cause us not to roam.
 Its eyes do glitter fondly —
 In sweet affection shine;
 We see the image plainly
 Of beauty most divine.
 They hold a hidden magic
 In every look and stare,
 Compelling pure devotion,
 Unceasing love and care.

We have a little baby
 Our leisure to employ;
 It drives away all sorrow
 And fills our lives with joy.
 The clouds have southly drifted,
 The sky is bright and clear,
 Then comes the tiny tendrill
 To draw our hearts so near;
 And like the gentle zephyr
 That woos the morning sun,
 It brings to us the emblem
 Of heaven here begun.

We have a little baby
 So sweet, so pure, so fair,
 To bear our name and fortune,
 To drive away dull care.
 It is a little fairy,
 Bedewed with winsome smiles,
 And 'neath its little dimples
 We see its gleeful wiles.
 Just like the morning roses,
 Just like the morning dove,
 It is a little blessing
 To link our lives in love.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh fast the years are fleeting
 My youthful days are gone,
 A childish heart's fond beating
 Is past the gray of dawn.
 Bring back those years of pleasure
 So free from toil and care;
 Those years that gave full measure
 To every joy full share;
 Bring back the golden beaming
 Of childhood's hopes and fears,
 Bring back the silver gleaming
 Of early gleeful years.
 Resound those notes of laughter
 That echoed through the air,
 Bring back these long years after
 The joys that now are rare;
 Bring back the eager yearning
 For river dale and hill,
 Where childish hope was burning

With joy its cup to fill.
 Those springtide spells of beauty
 That filled our hearts with joy,
 Are changed to hours of duty
 Our earnest thoughts employ.

The thrill of bush and wildwood
 Where youthful fancy played;
 The flowery paths of childhood
 That led through dells of shade
 Were changed to paths when lovers
 In fondest passion dream,
 Of secret joys that hovers
 Where love doth reign supreme,
 Recall the fondest token
 By early childhood earned —
 The spell of years is broken
 The sweets of knowledge learned.

SUNSET.

I have gazed on the morning of life,
 On the rose tinted flush of the scene,
 When the fancy of youth was still rife
 And the beauty of springtide was green.
 When the future was shining with splendor,
 Not a cloud in the dome of the sky;
 And the pathway of youth was made tender
 Though the driftwinds of sorrow were nigh.

I have gazed on the moontide of life,
 On the midday of withering heat;
 On the mingling of trouble and strife
 And the feverish brow of defeat.
 I have gazed on the heights of ambition
 That ascend to the zenith of fame,
 I have heard the pulsebeat of Life's mission
 And I know that true Bliss is the aim.

I have gazed on the ev'ning of life,
 On the sweetness of calm and repose;
 On the surcease of sorrow and strife
 And the grandeur that living bestows.
 I have seen the gray shadows fast falling
 'Round the tottering frame of old age,
 And the echoes of night are fast calling —
 Mother Nature has turned the last page.

I have gazed on the sunset at last,
 On the vision of crimson and gold —
 When the shade tints of ev'ning are past,
 Then the beauties of Dawn will unfold.
 I have gazed on the casket containing
 The remains of a dear one who's gone,
 And the symphonies sweet are refraining,
 On the flight to the beauties beyond.

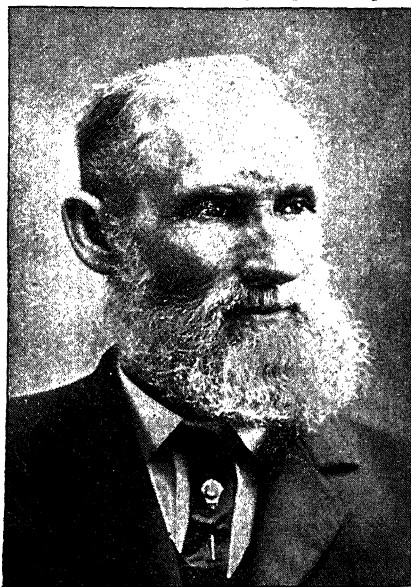
EXTRACT.

Charming the maiden that snatches a rose
 To pin on a lover's breast;
 Grand is the passion the heart only knows
 When love is by love caressed.

HUBBARD M. SMITH, M. D.

BORN: WINCHESTER, KY., SEPT. 6, 1820.

EARLY in life young Hubbard apprenticed himself to a saddler, and worked at that business until about twenty-one years of age. About this time he commenced the study of medicine, but did not practice until 1844. Two years later Mr. Smith married a friend of his youth; settling in Vincennes, Indiana, in 1849, where he has since resided. He has ever since been engaged in the practice of his profession, excepting about ten years in which he was engaged either in editing and publishing the Vincennes Gazette or acting as postmaster. Mr. Smith has filled many important posi-



HUBBARD M. SMITH, M. D.

tions—including U. S. Pension Surgeon for twelve years; and now fills the office of trustee to the Presbyterian church and the university. His poetical compositions have been published in the leading periodicals of America. Mr. Smith is a member of several medical societies, and has contributed prose to the medical press and associations. He became one of the charter members of the Western Writers' association of Indiana, and has read several poems before that body. His sons have become well known as men of ability—one as a United States Consul; another as a musical composer; a third son as a commercial traveler; and the fourth son is successfully practicing law in Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Smith also has two daughters living at the old homestead. The Doctor is still actively engaged in the practice of medicine, being now the oldest of his confreres at Vincennes.

SONNETS—CUPID'S PLEA.

Are matches made in heaven? Ah! no, not all;

For circumstance, and art, and mammon do

Much of the pairing of the world, they who Mark not the fact are deaf to Cupid's call,

Yet, when, contrariwise, some people seek

The course of nature's plan to overthrow,

Success may follow for awhile; but woe

And sorrow afterward dire vengeance wreak.

A monitor presides within the breast

Of every mortal, as a living soul,

Restless, and vigilant, and e'er in quest

Of some congenial spirit to console

The aching heart, and give its longings rest,

And nothing else its cravings will control.

To farthest verge marked by the night and day,

Ere blighting sin the human race had cursed,

The heavenly orbs their courses run, as first Through space they started in their trackless way.

So, in accord with laws divinely made,

When left to freely choose, all creatures mate,

And not by accident, which some call fate, And thus, through love, is Nature's voice obeyed.

Are laws which seem to govern earth and heaven,

Not made for man? Can he set them aside, When they for all creation's sum were given?

Can he, through station, pomp or wealth,

or pride,

Or fame, atone for pure affection riven, That on Love's altar once was deified?

The wedding bells with silver tongues may ring

Their merry chimes, the ear to charm and please,

And riches bring with them luxurious ease;

But, ah, too oft they leave a poignant sting Where naught but joy seemed only due; for love

Cannot be bought with gold; respect, at best,

Is all that mammon gains by rich behest—

Affection pure it cannot buy or move. Society, with artful charms may win

With dazzling rays, but all its glamor soon

Wears off, as pleasures fade from gilded sin; And even Fame the heart cannot attune,

When mated not by love, for naught within
One answering chord sends back to proffered boon.

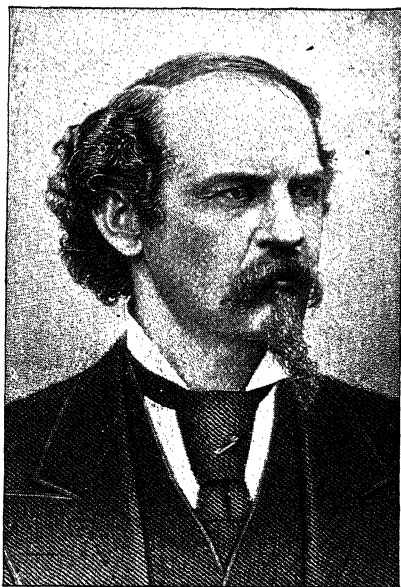
THE BLACKSMITH.

With an arm of might,
At the dawn of light,
The blacksmith hies to his shop away
To labor till
The whippoorwill
At evening sings his vesper lay.
The bellows blow,
And the coals soon glow,
Like the dazzling rays of the noon-day sun;
The huge sledge swings,
And the anvil rings
For the daily task is now begun.
The sparks as bright,
As the meteor's light,
From the vivid metal swiftly fly;
Whilst wreaths of smoke,
From the burning coke,
In beauteous columns rise on high.
List! list, the peal,
As on the steel
The hammers swiftly fall with might,
Like clashing swords,
When army hordes
Contending meet in deadly fight.
Though on his brow
The sweat stands now,
He heeds it not but toils away,
Since Heaven has said,
Man's daily bread
By labor shall be gained each day.
The world may sneer
And cast a leer,
At the sooty smith, whilst passing by;
But what cares he,
With a heart as free
As the curling smoke ascending high.
'Tis not the shade
Of man, or trade,
Which he labors at, that gives him worth;
But heart and mind,
Which stand behind,
That give him greatness on the earth.
No specters grim
Appear to him,
At night to mar his sweet repose;
For in his mind
Sweet peace is shrined,
And on his cheeks health's hue e'er glows.
As thus he toils,
Life's sad turmoils
Are things to him as light as air;
For no thoughts rest
Within his breast,
But those which hope and love bring there.

MATTHEW H. PETERS.

BORN: RHENISH BAVARIA, JUNE 6, 1843.

M. H. PETERS, the author of the following thoroughly American sentiment is by birth a German; was brought to this country when a babe and has grown up thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our institutions. He served



MATTHEW H. PETERS.

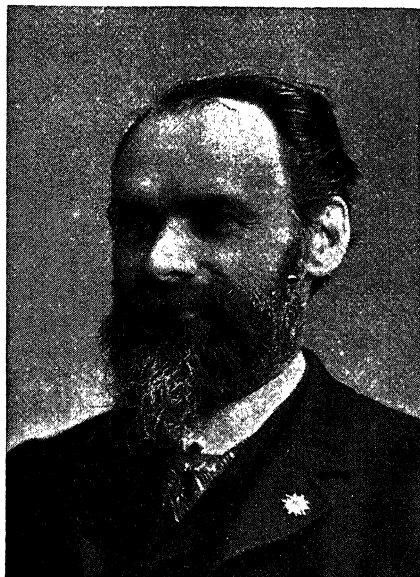
four years as a union soldier during the war of the rebellion, and was twice severely wounded, rising from the rank of a private to the rank of Major in his regiment—the 74th Ohio. He has served one term in the Illinois legislature, and was mayor of Watseka four years. In 1872 he started the Iroquois County Times.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

I ask not for myself a right
Which I to others would deny;
With all mankind I'd share the light
Nor would I rule by force of might,
But on the Golden Rule rely.
All men have their paternity
In common with their fellow men;
Equality, fraternity,
Should rule the heart and guide the pen.
And when this hallowed rule prevail
Tyrants, crowns and kings shall fail,
And man and woman equal born
Shall stand erect that glorious morn
And recognize the right of each
To liberty of thought and speech.

JUAN F. CAHILL.

THE life and labors of Mr. Cahill have been directed unswervingly to the development of more extensive commercial relation between the United States and all the other countries of the American continent. His



JUAN F. CAHILL.

writings are better known throughout Span-America than at home, particularly through his editorials which have appeared in *El Comercio del Valle*, published at St. Louis, Mo., and of which he has been editor and proprietor for the past fifteen years. Mr. Cahill has written extensively for the periodical press, and the poem, *Mexico's National Anthem*, of which he is the author, has already become very popular indeed.

TO THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THINKERS
AND WORKERS.

Congenial spirits born in every clime!
Fettered by no creed, unhallowed by no crime!
You of magnetic power,—Kings of earth!
Endowed with prescience 'mid surrounding gloom,
You roll the stone from mind's obstructed tomb:
Beget new thoughts and better systems plan;
Iconoclastic Sampsons, leading brother man!
Evolved from spheres and ages hoar with rime,
Your footfalls lead Progression's march and prime:

Your psychic light, concealed in human form,
Pierces the clouds and calms the angry storm.

Nor age nor sex your mighty powers confine;
For light supernal through your spirits shine.
The controversial power, that peace withholds,
Grows less and weaker as your light unfolds.
Your strifes of mind, to realize God's plan
Of peace on earth and brotherhood for man,
Will soon the crown of brilliant victory wear
And full fruition to the nations bear.
This Great Republic's mission you will fill;
And, by your force of soul and wealth of skill,
Unite the waters on which commerce flows
From lake Itasca to the Barbadoes.

From northern Yellowstone to the Uruguay
Your Ocean-River craft will freely ply,
Upon the shallow waters come and go
And trend the Gulf of neighboring Mexico;
The Mississippi's mighty banks explore,
And cleave the waters of Colombia's shore;
And from each country bring the precious freight

From far Alaska to Magellan's Strait;
And homeward bear, across the ocean's breast,
Rich tropic treasures to our Potent West;
When thus exchanged the products of each rone,

The North and South will bless this Eulophone

TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

A union of hearts and a union of hands,
A union no Kingcraft can sever
Is the union of sovereign Republican lands—
May it prosper, 'mid blessings forever!

Let war and its horrors forevermore cease
Where God-like intelligence reigns;
Where Washington waged every battle for peace

And Lincoln broke slavery's chains!

Where Andean heroes with Bolivar bled
In defense of the same holy cause—

Where Hidalgo and Morazan victory led
'Gainst Spanish oppression and laws!

Where Liberty dwells on the seas and the lands

And her martyrs with glory are crowned;—
Be there union of hearts and union of hands
Where American Republics are found!

A NOBLE NAME ENSHRINED.

Kind, curious reader, can you find,
Say I to those who thirst for fame,
Letters here so linked, combined,
If read aright, will spell a name;
Remember, you must be well skilled,
And sacrifice some of your time
To this anomalous labor which, fulfilled,
Will lend new prestige to my rhyme.
Why so? You ask — A name has here a shrine
Of grander merit than Golconda's mine.

IN MEMORIAM:

Death's blighting blast
 Came cold and fast,
 Engulfing in its gloom
 Love, Worth and Youth,
 But this soul of truth
 Finds life beyond the tomb.
 Immortal fame
 Illumes this name
 Now numbered with the dead;
 And clouds of woe,
 Fair Mexico,
 o'erhang thy chieftain's head.
 Reflect! Look back,
 Proud Anahuac,
 To the deed by Diaz done!
 Each bitter strife
 For the nation's life
 Gave glory to her son!
 And his noble wife,
 When fear was rife,
 Devoutly knelt in prayer;
 Each battle fought,
 With anguish fraught,
 Delfina's thoughts were there,
 In the land above
 Where peace and love
 Abide with all the blest,
 Zealous and true,
 'Mid the chosen few,
 God called her home to rest.

MEXICO'S NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Bind, oh my country! thy brow with the olive
 Of peace, for Archangels thy future foretold;
 And heav'n decreed it when time was an infant
 The hand of Jehovah thy life would unfold.
 Should daring monarchs attempt to invade
 thee,
 Profaning thy soil with unhallowed tread,
 Remember, dear country, that kind heaven
 gave thee [dead!
 In each son a soldier, unconquered, though
 CRO.—Mexican men, to the tocsin of war,
 Make ready the charger and steel,
 Let earth vibrate to its center and far
 With the cannon's sonorous appeal!
 In war's fiercest combats thou often hast seen
 them, [thy name,
 Their hearts nerved with courage and love for
 Braving death and destruction, as heroes,
 serenely, [fame.
 Who seek, as their guerdon, the death-bed of
 If all deeds and all exploits of glory,
 Of thy brave sons in battle, were told,
 How thy records would glow with the story
 Stamped in letters of crimson and gold!
 As the oak by the lightning is shattered
 And hurled to the torrents below,
 So discord, domestic, is banished
 By thy Angel of Peace, Mexico!

No more shall the blood of thy children
 Be shed in internecine strife,
 Nor the steel by their hands be uplifted —
 Save to guard thy fair honor and life.
 The sword of Zempoala's great hero
 Shall defend thee with vigorous blow;
 And thy glorious, tri-colored banner
 Shall sustain his strong arm 'gainst thy foe.
 In war and in peace will this chieftain
 Lead the Mexican standard to fame;
 For he 'twas who circled with glory
 And chaplets of laurel thy name!
 War! war! without truce, to the invader
 Who dares our land's honor to stain!
 War! war! — Let our country's flag reddened
 In the waves of the blood of the slain!
 War! war! — in the mountain — the valley, —
 Let the loud-sounding cannon proclaim,
 And the echoes, sonorous, resound it
 In Union and Liberty's name!
 Rather than yield in submission
 And weaponless bend to the foe,
 Let the blood of thy sons steep the meadows
 And their footprints the glory work show! —
 Let thy palaces, temples and towers
 Be given to ashes and flame!
 And their ruins alone bear this record: —
 Here Anahuac's heroes were slain!
 If the war trump should call you to battle,
 Iturbide's loved flag to uphold, —
 Press forward, brave sons of Mexitli,
 And forget not your heroes of old!
 Let the enemy's ensigns be trampled;
 Let them carpet the field of the dead!
 Where your war-horses dash on in triumph,
 By their riders to victory led!
 When thy soldiers return to the hearthstone,
 Wearing proudly the garlands of fame
 That in battle, with honor, they wrested
 Defending their country's fair name,
 Their laurels, ensanguined, they part with,
 Exchanged for the myrtle and rose,
 While their fond wives and daughters rejoicing
 Strew with jasmine the couch of repose.
 He who in battle for country
 Shall amid the fierce contest succumb,
 Must obtain a rich chaplet of glory,
 And of hero and soldier the torab.
 Let the cross o'er the grave that's erected
 Be the sword that he valiantly bore,
 Enwrapped with Iguala's loved banner
 And crowned with the laurels he wore.
 Free country! thy children are plighted,
 Their last breath for thee to exhale,
 If Bellona's shrill trump should invoke them,
 The enemy's hosts to assail —
 For thee are the garlands of olive!
 For them are the records of fame!
 For thee is bright victory's laurel!
 For them — is a tomb and a name!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN: CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEB. 22, 1819.

THIS poet, essayist and critic graduated at Harvard, and for more than twenty years was professor of belles-lettres in that college. In 1877 he was appointed minister of Spain, and



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

three years later he was transferred to the English court.

Mr. Lowell's best poems are: The Present Crisis, Sir Launfal, A Glance Behind the Curtain, Under the Willows, A Fable of Critics, Commemoration Ode, Longing and The Changing. His chief prose works are: Among My Books, and My Study Windows.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose.
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.
Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the Longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

EXTRACTS.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes
ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would
keep abreast of truth.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tell him what to do,
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

And I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to
think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong
or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob
has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or
lower.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

NOTE.—The following extract is the prelude to Part First of The Vision of Sir Launfal, one of the best of Lowell's efforts as a poet. The poem appeared in 1848, and it has done much to establish the reputation of its author as one of the most scholarly of American poets.

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.

Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,

First guessed by faint aural flusbed sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie.
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives

The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedictio;

And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and thrives
us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross cost its ounce of gold:
For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice;
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are
green.

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing.

The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are
flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing;
And hark! how clear bold Chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burned-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

MRS. MARIA B. LINDESAY.

BORN IN ENGLAND, JAN. 1, 1862.

MRS. LINDESAY is known more as a Christian poet, and her poems have appeared in the



MRS. MARIA B. LINDESAY.

Chicago Living Church and other prominent periodicals. She now resides with her husband in Asheville, N. C.

THE SCULPTOR'S TEST.

Within his studio, one bright day,
A massive block of marble lay,
So wondrous pure, so spotless white
It seemed to fill the room with light,
And woo his genius to dare
And try to form a Being there.

Spurr'd by the one inspiring thought,
From day to day he patient wrought,
From week to week, from year to year
Till fourteen of them pictured there,
And he all doubt if 'twas his best,
And trembling much, applied the test.
He called a child, a little child
All innocent and undefiled,
And pointing to the figure there,
In its pure beauty grand and fair,
He bade her mark it long and well,
And who she thought it was to tell.

He watched her with a beating heart,
Nor could he check a fearsome start,
When the bright eyes had wandered o'er
His work, and viewed it yet once more,

She spoke, as though of holy things,
" 'Tis some good angel, — without wings."

He turned him to his work again
With more of pleasure than of pain,
And labored on, with hopes and fears,
For seven more long weary years;
And feeling he had done his best,
He once again applied the test.
The child he called unto him now,
Looked on it once with thoughtful brow,
And worshiping with reverent face
The beauty of its wondrous grace,
Bent all abashed, her infant head,
And, "It is Jesus Christ," she said.

CHRIST'S HUMANITY.

O! Babe upon thy mother's breast,
In our weak garb of suffering drest,
So lowly, yet so wondrous high
That angels might not pass thee by,
And wise men came from distant lands,
With kingly offerings in their hands;
What dreams prophetic, strange and old
Thy heritage and work foretold!
O! Child within the temple's court,
Where priest and prophet wisdom sought,
And thy young lips first ope' to tell
The message that they knew so well;
O! Man upon the upward way
Beneath the heat and toil of day,
With weary feet and tender frame,
Yet ever, always, just the same:
Mighty to heal, lowly and mild,
Yet grand in justice, undefiled,
And blending with a god-like love
Thy life work with Thy place above!
O! Savior at the awful close,
Forsook by friends, beset by foes —
Before the vengeful bar arraign'd
With brow and garments crimson-stained,
Amidst the mob, whose only cry,
In thirsty voice was, 'Crucify!'

LIFE.

How beautiful is Life! When the first streak
Touches the sunrise hills, [of dawning
And all the glint and glow of early morning
The wide east fills.

How beautiful is life! At noontide's hour
When, glowing like the sun,
Man's widening pathway lit with wondrous
Is mapped and run. [power,

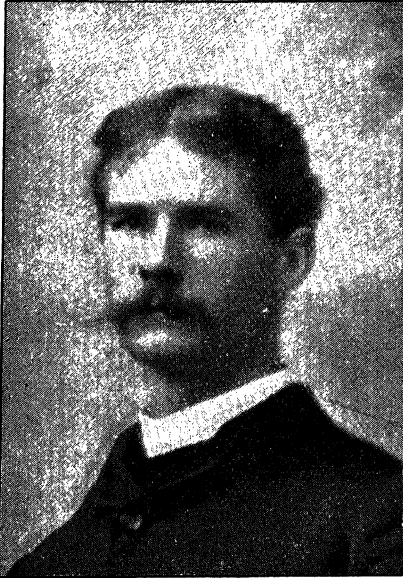
How beautiful is life! When eventide
Steals softly on,
And sunset's gates are flinging open wide
Till day is done.

How beautiful is life! When mystic night
Disrobes her starry breast,
Gleaming with other world's far distant light,
And man must rest.

WILLIAM PEBERDY.

BORN: ENGLAND, JULY 13, 1860.

MR. PEBERDY is now a resident of Middletown Conn., where he follows the occupation of an



WILLIAM PEBERDY.

engineer. His poems have appeared in the press since his youth. He was married in 1884 to Miss Belle M. Patrick, of Gorham, Me.

AN AGED MAN,

Old man, of hoary years and age,
Late falling of its bloom,
Thy history marks the warrior's page
And shares its honored doom.
Thy traveling days are nearly o'er,
And far advanced the day
When thou shalt be to work to more;
But silent death shall say,
Come lay thee down, thou weary one,
My shoulders broad and square
Shall bear thee off, thy duties done,
Thy days should end in prayer. [life
The part ye have chose from the chalice of
Hath carried thee well to the last;
Hard frozen and frosty, thy season of strife,
Now bleak blows its wintry blast, [head,
Such numbers of seasons hath changed thine
Ne'er again shall we see its bright glow;
All fairness has gone, and all traces have fled
And left it as white as the snow.
Those long deep lines across thy brow,
Designs of anxious care,
Bespeaks that it hath made a blow,

Which left impression there,
Thy tottering steps old age proclaims
She's master of her will,
And toward the tomb she guides her reins,
Where death shall make thee still.
Then laid at last within the tomb,
That churchyard's quiet bed,
Where leaves will drop and daises bloom
As though thou were not dead.
And all the world will still pursue
Every motion as before,
Feeling not the loss of you,
Because thou art not with us more.
Prepare, or yet the breeze of June,
Or one bright ray from that great zone
May mark the mantle of our tomb,
Or glance upon a new laid stone
That bears thy name or scores our years.
The nightly shades which o'er us waves,
Unnerves the stranger, breeds his fears;
Such lonely sentinels of our graves.

THE FOREST GLADE.

Warble, dear bird, with thy notes to the sky,
This place is a home for thy kind;
Thy songs are so cheery. Oh, where were ye
taught?
Is thy teacher still living? Can thy lessons be
bought?
Or is it a song of thy mind?
I know not a place that is lovely as this,
On my memory impress it with love;
Oh, find me the builder, and say when his
birth,
Are there any more places so like this on
earth?
Or a scene that has fell from above.
What photo could picture, what artist can
paint,
With impressions that make such a bliss;
Oh, could I but model thy looks with a pen,
What art would exceed or price buy such a
gem,
With them there are no low nor high,
Now may it preach or rather teach
appeared in the leading periodicals. He was
one of the founders of the Theta-Delta-Chi.
Th sun is now setting low down in the west,
Each plant in itself doth exclaim;
To separate one from its friend I could ne'er,
Yet each one to my heart I will cherish as
dear,
I must them, for want of a name.
Does it not in itself quite proclaim what it is?
The Nightingale's song I can hear,
Its soft silvery voice re-echoes the hill,
And then in a moment, again it is still,—
My footsteps hath filled it with fear.
Such salubrious air with a soft balmy breeze,
That silently glides through the dell, [glade,
So the stream with a swiftmess adds life to the

MILLIE E. NOECKER.

BORN: KENDALLVILLE, IND., SEPT. 14, 1862.

MISS NOECKER has written for some of the leading periodicals for the past ten years; among which might be mentioned the Methodist Advocate, Fort Wayne News and the



MILLIE E. NOECKER.

Brakeman's Journal. In person she is a little below the medium height. Millie is a great admirer of poetry, and takes great pleasure in her literary work.

FORGIVE.

We hear them saying, here and there,
I can ne'er forgive a wrong!
Think well each one, before you speak,
Does all blame on one belong!
You think a sin you can't forgive!
Who is free from every sin?
The day will come, when you think not,
Then you'll say, "what might have been."
And when beside your bed you kneel,
Asking Jesus to forgive,
Do you expect his tender love,
When a wrong you'd not forgive?
Loving hearts oft drift asunder,
By these words, "I'll not forgive,"
When by loving words and reason,
You in sweetest joy might live.
Soon beside the unforgiven
You will stand in deepest grief,

You will try to ease your conscience,
And to lull your Soul to sleep.
But "too late," will be your answer,
You refused their last request,
But to make amends to conscience,
You will then forgive in death.
What is love, when life is ended?
What's forgiveness in death!
Arms that clasped thee once are folded,
Lips of smiles for e'er bereft!

FORGOTTEN.

Oh! how soon we are forgotten,
In this busy world of ours,
If our paths were only strewn,
Not with thorns, but sweetest flowers.
All our life long, we'd be happy,
We would never more be sad,
Scores of friends would then surround us,
Friends by thousands we would have.
But when thorns thus sorely wound us;
And the pains thus pierce our hearts,
Quickly those proclaiming friendship,
Hasten from us to depart.
Oft we see the truest friendship,
Fade like dewdrops from our view,
For alas! this world soon wearies
Of the old friends, and wants new.
But how sweet in deepest sorrow,
Is a tried, true, loyal friend;
Tho' the world would scorn, condemn us,
Faithful they'd be to the end.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A leap in the dark, oh! what's beyond,
The matrimonial brink?
Will the paths to tread be rocks of love!
Or sands in which to sink?
Will there be a sun of Love to shine,
Along life's weary way!
Or the Sun of Love, forever set,
On our wedding day?
Ah! who can see o'er the brink of time
And tell us, what is there?
It may be joy, or it may be pain,
Be comfort or despair!
If a Bride was sure her Lover would
Crown her queen of his heart,
She'd gladly place her hand in his, and
Take the leap in the dark.
Tho' you try, you can't forget me,
Strive as hard as e'er you might,
For remember after twilight
Comes the dark'ning of the night;
Yes, a night so dark and dreary,
E'en the stars cannot shine through;
Then with mingled joy and sorrow,
You'll think of her who loved you true.

RAY RICHMOND.

RAY RICHMOND is hardly more than a school girl, and is at present finishing in music and painting at the Boston N. E. conservatory.



RAY RICHMOND.

She has already edited the juvenile department of two monthly publications, and is a paid contributor of short stories for two or three other publications.

MORNING.

The purple mists of morning
Float o'er the sunlit space
With white smoke interwoven
Like filmy, frost-work lace.

The dark clouds on the river
Rise up and disappear,
The pearly beams of sunlight
All greet the morning here.

DAWN.

Blushing morning is at hand;
Rosy tints light up the land.

Distant hills against the gray —
Silent watch they for the day.

Dreaming cities lie in sleep
Close beside the murmuring deep,

On whose breast the mists still play
Waiting for the coming day.

A REVERIE.

Faintly, softly fades the light
Of the chill November day,
Slowly, surely creeps the night
O'er the hill-tops far away.

Grayer, darker grow the clouds,
O'er the brown hills, lowering
With the first snow of the year,
Sullen, dismal, glowering.

All, at last, dies from the sight
And the darkness, falling
Ushers out another day
Ever past recalling.

IN ANSWER.

A little message comes to me
From o'er the distant rolling sea:
A message, sweet, that gladdens me.

My kindest friend has sailed away,
Beyond the wide and glistening bay,
To distant lands, far, far away.

His going leaves me saddened, too,
For fear I dangers on the blue,
Yet sailor lads are brave and true.

But light of heart I'll strive to be,
And send my thoughts across the sea,
To him whose friend I hope to be.

A SONNET.

As the sweet warm days of summer,
Heavy-laden with fragrant air,
Bade farewell to spring's bright sunshine
Met I, Love most wondrous fair.
She was tripping thro' the meadow;
I was fishing by the brook;
I gazed long, and long upon her
She gave back a startled look.

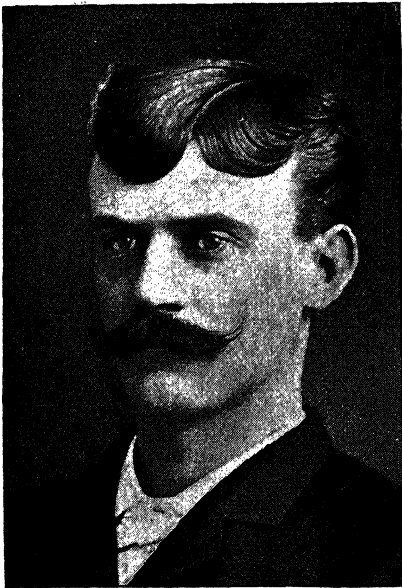
Afterward we met together,
And our looks said more than aye.
Deep into her heart I gazed, 'till
Blushing red, she turned away.

May perhaps, my looks meant nothing,
May perhaps, she smiled for naught;
What care I, if people prattle?
Would I change for their's, my lot?
For I love her and she knows it;
And she loves me, I can tell,
Not by words of adoration
But by looks I know so well.

If our love is hot or scorching
Who about us need complain?
Perfect love is never freezing;
Ever will our love remain,
Warm and pleasant, as the summer,
Never chilled by autumn air,
How I love my darling sweetheart,
Who is always wondrous fair.

BUTLER S. SMISER.

BORN: OLDHAM CO., KY., JULY 6, 1882.

MR. SMISER is now engaged in publishing the
Indian Citizen at Atoka, Indian Territory.

BUTLER S. SMISER.

He has been reading law for the past few years, and intends to follow that profession.

TO THE MEMORY OF A RUSTIC.

Dear old rustic, famous rustic,
Oft I've on thy lap reclined
While I read the works of Dickens—
Copperfield and Old Hard Times;
Many a peaceful hour I've lingered
With thee, 'neath the cooling shade
Of that old grape vine, so precious,
When its fruit red-ripe is made.
Day by day I've kept thee company,
Heeding not the flight of time;
Hour by hour I lingered with thee,
Musing o'er some pleasant rhyme.
Heat and sun were all forgotten,
'Neath thy cool and balmy shades
As the downy breeze came rustling
Through thy green inviting blades.
How I grieve to know that early
You and I are doomed to part,
But I'll always cherish fondly
Sweetest memories in my heart.
Other friends will hover 'round thee,
Seek thy shade with calm delight,

While I court another's shadow,
Lingering 'neath its folds 'till night.
Then it is I'll fondly cherish
Sweetest thoughts of olden times
Spent in calm communion with thee
And some poet's pleasant rhymes.
Lovers fondly seek thy shelter,
Seal their vows beneath thy shade;
For no one will ever shun thee
'Till thy vines are all decayed.
Now, I leave thee, lovely rustic,
To thy future friends and fates
But I'll ne'er forget thy friendship,
Though I roam in other states.
Time may leave its marks upon me,
Turn my locks to aged white,
But I'll never cease to love thee
While my eyes have earthly sight.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

I love to sit on a calm, clear night,
When the moon is hid and the stars are
bright;
And ponder the depth and power of love
That prompted the God of nature above
To fashion this world by his wondrous might,
And give it such gems of peace and light.
Till I see in the east the nightly Queen
As slowly she rises, so calm and serene;
And ghostly shadows of peering height
Are made by the flickering, misty light.
All nature is clothed in peace, profound;
Made more sublime by the distant sound.
Of a bugle song, on some neighboring hill;
Or the gurgling eddy of a rippling rill;
Or the mournful howl of a lonely hound
That echoes back from the hills around.
My soul seems to rise and float with the wind,
While to tangible things my vision is blind.
On, on through eternity's ages I roll.
As I follow the steps of my wandering soul.

MAY DAY.

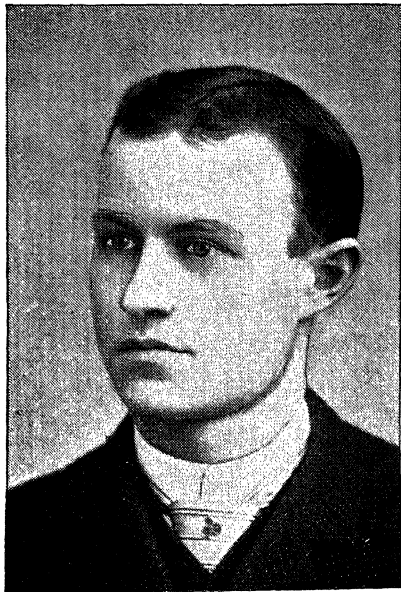
Oh! the chattering children, with faces so
bright; [delight!
How they frolic and ramble, with childish
The time has seemed ages, as day after day,
They looked for the coming of the merry
spring May.

The mind and the heart are the soul of a man,
Which reckes not of sin in its beautiful plan;
But the body is human, and wars with the
soul;
As it passes through time to eternity's goal.
We dream of the future, we dream of the past;
The one we have blasted, the other we blast.
We hope while we live if we die in despair,
And trust all the future to mercy, through
prayer.

PHIL HOFFMANN.

BORN: OSKALOOSA, IOWA, AUG. 16, 1868.

IN 1885 Phil Hoffmann entered the field of journalism; he also about this time tended the Penn college for several terms. In 1887-8 he acted as correspondent of the Oskaloosa Daily Herald, during the session of the legislature at Des Moines. So thoroughly pleased were the proprietors of the Herald that he was installed upon the editorial staff, a position he still retains with merit. He is a fre-



PHIL HOFFMANN.

quent contributor to numerous periodicals, including the Chicago Herald and Burlington Hawkeye, and is one of the editorial staff of the Midland Monthly. His prospects for a bright future are very encouraging, considering the fact that he has only just attained his majority. Mr. Hoffmann is orderly sergeant of the military company of his native city, and in business and social circles he is a general favorite.

A MR.'S NOT ALWAYS A MAN.

As I sat in my room one bright afternoon
 With the shades of my window thrown high,
 And watched far below midst the dust and the din
 The crowd as it hurried fast by,
 I caught from the breeze that silently stole
 On angelic wings o'er the throng,

These words from the lips of a poor ballad boy,

As he poured out his heart in a song:

"To honor in life your neighbor and friend
 You may struggle the best that you can,
 Yet you'll find in the hour of trouble and need

A Mr.'s not always a man."

Though years have sped by since that afternoon,

And time wrought her changes below,
 Yet somehow those words still ring in my ears
 And court me wherever I go.

But why should I marvel if into my mind
 Those phrases should oftentimes rise?
 For truth like the sea can never be stilled,
 And error is all that e'er dies.

"To honor in life your neighbor and friend,
 You may struggle the best that you can,
 Yet you'll find in the hour of trouble and need

A Mr.'s not always a man."

IN REVERENCE.

Last night in the beautiful moonlight,
 I sat by my window alone,
 And peered with an awful pleasure,
 Far into the great unknown.

And each little constellation,
 With its thousand, thousand skies,
 Seemed bursting with laughter in basking
 Before my wistful eyes.

While Venus, the star of the evening,
 That beautiful gem of gems,
 Seemed singing in tones that resounded
 Through all the heavenly realm.

And I thought of He who created
 This wonderful universe,
 With movements so silent, so perfect,
 With beauties so grand and diverse.

Of He who masters creation
 With a gentle and lenient hand
 Who was, ere time was unfolded,
 And will be after its end.

He who upon worlds without number
 For his credits of reverence calls —
 Yet who sees and tenderly cares for,
 Each poor little sparrow that falls.

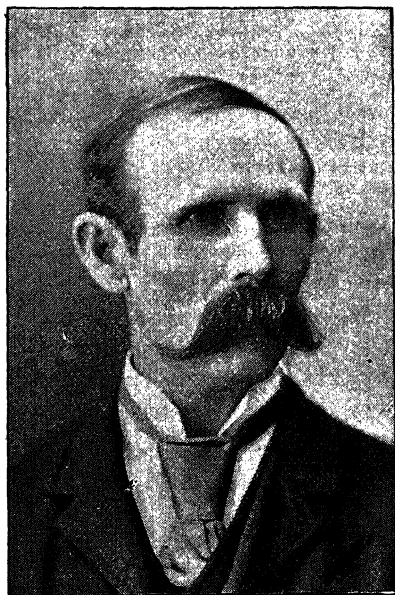
Ah! Sweet were the visions that thrilled me,

Each atom seemed laden with joy!
 As loudly I cried in my musings
 With a feeling that knew no alloy.

Vain spirit of mortal polluted
 Look up at the heavens above
 And tell me, Oh! how canst thou battle,
 Against yon fountain of love?

RUFUS J. CHILDRESS.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He



RUFUS J. CHILDRESS.

is a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, where he has a wide circle of friends and admirers.

MY HEART.

'My heart is like the lonely shell,
That trembles on the beach,
Within when e'er its billows swell
The ocean's reach.

The dawn hath kissed with rose its lips,
And they no grief should know;
Yet from the mournful tide it dips
Some kindred woe.

And though the tide dies down again,
Caught from its sombre stave,
The shell still breathes a mystic strain—
One with the wave.

So this poor shell-like heart of mine
Echoes a kindred mite
Caught from the realms of song divine
And infinite!

The tides that stir within my soul
Swell upward wild and strong,
Unfathomed through my spirit roll
Such floods of song!

I cry aloud for fitting speech
That through me earth might hear,

For oh! my glad heart in their reach
Feels Heaven is near!

But on my lips their music dies,
Too great the rapture given;
God suffers few to pierce the skies
And leap in Heaven!

And so, though like the voice of June,
My soul glad anthems fill,
My heart at length must tire and swoon
Of longing still.

And I, though stirred by passion strong,
But for this feeble strain,
Stand looking toward the skies of song—
In vain! in vain!

Yet, mourn on, touched with grief sublime,
O heart, for joys that flee!
Still breathe unheard thy lowly rhyme
One with the sea!

Mourn on! For soon the glowing skies
Will break their seals of blue,
When like a lark my soul shall rise
And flutter through!

No more then in that golden noon,
Of song and sorrow's might;
No more my heart will tire and swoon—
No more of night!

MUSIC.

I love thee when the leaves are brown,
When bending skies with tempests frown.
When gleaming snows the hill-tops crown,
At morn or noon,
Or when the happy day dies down
In joyous June.

I love thy sweet, inspiring powers,
Love thee on art's harmonious towers,
Love thee amongst the dewy flowers
In throat of bird,
Or flooding earth's enchanted bowers
Wherever heard.

When brooding shadows o'er me fly,
And all the stars seem large and nigh,
I love the strange aerial sigh
That softly falls,
Like some sweet whisper breathed on high,
O'er sky-built walls.

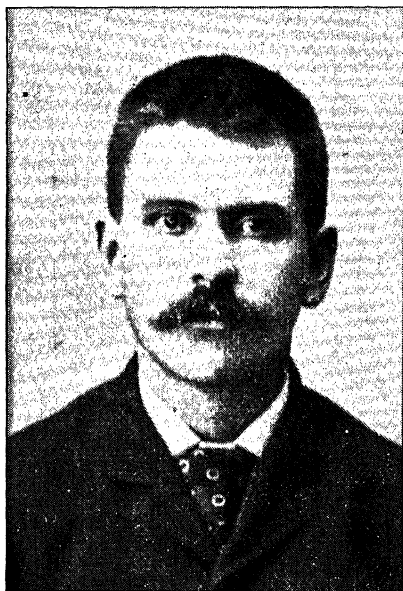
I love thee—love thy lightest form
In throats with mirth and laughter warm,
Love thy loud voice in night and storm—
And strangely feel,
But pleasure in the dire alarm
Of thunder's peal.

But love thee most 'mid yellow glooms
Which many a vestal star illumines,
Where floodest thou cathedral rooms
From floor to dome,
With echoes blown like scented blooms
From glory's home.

WILLIAM ROBERT FISHER.

BORN: JEFFERSON CO., IOWA, JULY 12, 1865.

WILLIAM commenced writing poetry at the age of sixteen, and two years later published a volume of poems in pamphlet form. At the age of twenty he wrote a poem of one thou-



WILLIAM ROBERT FISHER.

sand lines, and has written ten times as much more since that time, of which there are a number of translations from German, Danish and Norwegian authors. Mr. Fisher has high aspirations, and his literary career has yet but just begun.

EQUALITY.

Our fathers told us long ago,
And pledged to die for what we know,
That all are equal born;
Among the nations let it fly,
And shout that message to the sky
Till earth hath learned to scorn.

To scorn the despot on his throne,
But not the royal born alone,
The usurer as well;
The triumpher o'er innocence,
Ill-gotten, blood-bought eminence,
And all that speaks of hell.

With them there are no low nor high,
And we are brothers, you and I,
And brothers of the king,

Though lessened is his manhood's claim,
For being duped with notions tame
Of "blood right" — such a thing.

His "blood right" and man's only one,
Is right to live as man has done
In fellowship with man;
To have his dangers, hopes and fears,
With him rejoice, with him shed tears,
Win honor if he can.

But not alone we scorn the base,
For love hath claims upon the race,
That love called charity,
Which earth must have ere that bright day
When knowledge hath eternal sway
And all mankind are free.

SIGHT.

The eyelids cannot dim the sight, —
Nay when they're closed 'tis far more
bright,

Both in day dreams and dreams of night.

In dreams of day mine eyes may see,
A castle and an icy tree,
Glossed by the sun all gorgeously.

In dreams of night a thousand things,
Wondrous as Saturn with his rings,
O'ershadow me with condor wings.

TOO LATE.

O mock me not with glorious eye,
Too late, too late;
Nor pity to a soul deny
Accursed of fate.

Thou'rt victor, let thy love forbid
Thou be elate,
I cannot hope as once I did,
Too late, too late.

THE SONG OF YOUTH AND AGE.

There's potency in youthful dreams,
As Keats, and White, and Drake attest,
Who dared to touch immortal themes
Ere their frail beings sank to rest.

Yet highest glory is for him
Who like old Milton sings with power,
The song which Meditation grim,
Has given in life's silver hour.

THE DWELLING PLACE.

Where would you dwell my love? said I,
Your dwelling place where would it be?
In mansion on a mountain high,
Or in a cottage by the sea?

"A dwelling place," my love replied,
"On mountain or by ocean blue,
Would be the same if by your side;
If living there, my love, with you."

MRS. ANNIE MARIA CLARK.

BORN: STILL RIVER, MASS., SEPT. 21, 1835.

MRS. CLARK has written two volumes of prose—Light from the Cross and Olive Loring's Mission, both of which have been highly praised. Her poems have appeared in many prominent periodicals. She now resides in the beautiful and historic old town of Lancaster, Mass.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

"A kiss for your thoughts, Sister Alice,"

I heard little Charlie say,
As we sat 'mid the twilight in silence
At the close of a busy day.

And Alice said, speaking softly,
"My fancies have wandered afar,
To Bethlehem, where the wise men came,
Led on by that wonderful star.

"To-morrow, you know, is Christmas,
And close to my heart to-night,
Came thoughts of the watching shepherds
And the glorious, beautiful sight.

"When the angels stood all around them
In the midnight, calm and still,
Singing 'Glory to God in the Highest,
On earth peace and to men good will.'

"And sweeter than all, dearest Charlie,
Was the thought that came to me then,
Of how much the Lord must have loved us,
To have come as a child among men.

"To live here and labor to save us,
If we will but love and obey,
And striving to keep his commandments,
Seek to walk in the heavenly way."

"And it almost seemed that an angel
Whispered close to my heart, soft and clear,
Fear not, for I bring you good tidings, my
child,

Greatest joy to bless and to cheer.

"And, Charlie, I think that to-morrow
Will be bright with a clearer light,
And I hope I shall do more to make you glad,
For the thoughts that have blest me to-
night."

JOHN LAWRENCE CLARK.

BORN: STILL RIVER, MASS., NOV. 30, 1871.

THE subject of this sketch is the son of Mrs. Annie Clark, whose name appears on this same page. Although quite a young man, John has written several poems of merit that have received publication.

BALLAD OF ST. VALENTINE.

In early times there lived a saint,
None better in the almanac,

Who used to kiss the pretty maids,
Of whom in Rome there was no lack.

At length the pagans did destroy
This somewhat amatory bishop,
And, as he perished at the stake,
He sent a very pious wish up, —

That he might reach a paradise
Where there were girls in goodly host.
Then, with this very saintly prayer,
The holy man gave up the ghost.

'Tis told, when by such cruelty
The sweet St. Valentine was dying,
That every little maid in Rome
Did make her black eyes red with cry-
ing.

On second month and fourteenth day
This good saint's martyrdom befell.
And since that year the day has been
A sentimental festival.

BRIDGET.

A pleasant friend to me
It little Bridget Nee,
Though her grandpa came from Erin
long ago;

But in her pretty face
There never is a trace
But a true New England blossom she
did blow.

The ancestors, may be,
Of pretty Bridget Nee
Were barons very grand and very harsh;
I really hope 'tis so,
For 'twould pain me much to know
They were ordinary trotters of the marsh.

The Yankee girls can say
Whatever things they may,
And laugh and sneer at pretty Bridget
Nee;

That's but another reason
Why in this summer season
She is a friend very pleasant unto me.
Should you be cast awhile
On the shore of Erin's Isle,
Young ladies of a certain high-toned
school,

And the people looked askance
With a very scornful glance,
Would you say those people kept the
Golden Rule.

But I will moralize,
Which is something I despise,
Though of course 'tis appropriate at
times;

And now I'll have to close,
And go to writing prose,
Which is not as interesting as these
rhymes.

JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON.

BORN: PLANTSVILLE, O., JAN. 30, 1869.

RECEIVING the degree of A. B. at the age of eighteen, Arthur then went to Michigan, where he became associate editor of a state historical and biographical encyclopedia, with headquarters at Kalamazoo; and later was managing editor of the Evening Herald



JAMES ARTHUR EDGERTON.

at the same place. In 1888 he became connected with the Marietta Register of Ohio, with which he is still at work. His first publication of poems was made in 1889, which is a work that has been liberally noticed by the American press, and has received a fair circulation.

BIRTH OF A DAY.

Once, when over the north
A wealth of grass and flowers,
A music in the air
Proclaimed that it was June,
A beautiful day was born,
That with an unheard step,
Led by the kindly Sun,
Sped round the sleeping earth.

She was the youngest babe
Born unto passing time,
From out the sable folds,
That cling about the night—

Night's spotless, gemmed skirts,
Her roseate face peeped forth.

The jeweled stars looked down
Upon her ruddy glow
And paling shrank, abashed.
The moon's white face grew dark,
Her dreamy flood of light,
As neath an ashen veil,
Was buried in the sky.

The night grew old and died.
A blush spread o'er and far
Along the somber dome.
And as over the sky
The smile of day grew bright,
Breaking upon the earth,
From off the flowery fields,
The still earth answering smiled.

Supreme as any King
That ruled in days of Eld,
Upon a shifting throne
Whose feet stood on the hills,
The young queen ruled alone.
The ancient Sun rose up
And crowned the new-born day.
With dark-hued light and deep
He gilded as he rose
All the wood-crowned heights;
And with a softer glow
The verdured, grass-clad slopes.

With kindly eye he looked,
From out his morning home,
Far in the blushing east,
Looked down on Nature's face
And straightway she grew glad;
Upon the tinkling brook
That laughed its answer back;
Upon the drooping flowers
That hid from sterner night,
That raised their jeweled heads
And ope'd their wondering eyes;
Upon the meadows, strewn
With tear-drops that were shed,
By elfs that live in air,
For the departed night,
And thousand glinting gems
Sparkled with shimmering light.

The moving shadows crept
Long-drawn across the fields;
The scattered herds rose up
To crop the dewy grass;
The glad-voiced birds sang out
The melodies of morn;
And o'er the outstretched fields
Of sunrise far and wide,
Where busy haunts of men
Dotted and blotched their face,
The sound of wakened life
Resumed its echoing sway.

MRS. SARAH A. THOMAS.

BORN: HOULTON, MAINE.

REARED in an atmosphere of literature, it has been the ruling passion of her life. Her father was a man of high mental culture, brilliant in conversation, and a fine reader of prose and poetry. She commenced to write poetry at the age of ten, and shortly afterward several short stories, which were never published. In 1872 Mrs. Thomas contributed to a New York Magazine entitled *For Everybody*; since then she has contributed to the leading periodicals of America, including the *Waverly*



MRS. SARAH H. THOMAS.

Magazine, *Ballou's Magazine*, *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Chicago Ledger*. Mrs. Thomas has about twelve hundred pages of unpublished manuscript that she intends to issue at some future time. She has written for publication under the noms de plume Rena Snow, Blanche Raymond, Mary F. Schuyler, and Josephus. Mrs. W. H. Thomas now resides in a beautiful little home near the city of El Dorado, Kansas, where she numbers amongst her friends many ardent and enthusiastic admirers.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Twelve years of sunshine, and of storms
Since first our lives were joined in one;

But, had the sky no threatening clouds,
We would forget to prize the sun.
And, gliding down life's quiet stream,
With life one joyous summer day,
We would not note our rapid flight
Were there no landmarks by the way.

I would not call to memory now
The sorrows of those vanished years:
Our steps led through affliction's path,
Bordered by bitter falling tears.
But I would have you think to-day
Of all that made life seem most dear,
Of hopes that tint with pleasing ray
The prospects of the coming year.

It seems that those who love are doomed
Affliction's bitterest cup to drain,
As if they with their mutual strength
Were better formed to bear the pain.
Or it may be, had fortune smiled,
Our love with years had colder grown:
Yours might have followed fancy's paths,
And I have doubted e'en my own.

Perhaps that Fate has been more kind
Then we, dear heart, shall ever know:
The purest gem may worthless seem
If scanned by firelight's fitful glow.
Then at our lot we'll not repine,
Though cold and dreary seem the way,
But journey on, heart joined to heart,
Until we find the perfect day.

A DREAM.

In the gathering twilight calm and gray,
My thoughts take wings and fly away,
To a wooded glen where the fallen leaves
Lie yellow as grain in its golden sheaves;
But even there no rest I find,
For rest is not for me.

Then I fly to a fair, Elysian land
With sparkling waters and golden sand,
Where perfumed breezes lightly blow,
And the orange and palm together grow,
And the air is music's soft refrain,
Yet they do not soothe my pain,
For rest is not for me.

I rise on the wings of the silent night
And soar through realms of starry light,
To a land whose streets are paved with gold,
(Oh! half its beauty has ne'er been told,)
Where a thousand years shall be as one,
And songs of joy are never done,
Ah! here is rest for me.

I awake to find it only a dream;
But this one thought is a joy supreme,
That I, when my mission here is o'er,
Shall reach that land and weep no more;
For though life's cares may dim the light,
There's One who will guide my steps aright,
To that rest which waits for me.

A QUESTION.

"What's a sigh, infant?" an old man said
 As he placed his hand on the curly head;
 The child glanced up, in mild surprise,
 With a question in its laughing eyes:
 "Oh, man of learning hast thou never read
 'Tis an effort to strengthen life's slender
 thread?"

"What's a sigh, school-boy?" the sage then
 asked,
 As the little fellow whistling passed;
 "Know you not — you, who, once like me,
 Thought only of days that are to be?
 Have you never felt the rapturous thrill
 Of climbing a little higher still?"

"What's a sigh, maiden?" she paused in the
 dance,
 With her winning smile and sparkling glance;
 "'Tis the coquette's shield, 'mid the gay
 throng —
 The lover's plea in his plaintive song;
 Fate has been kind, for my heart is free;
 Neither lovers nor sighs ever trouble me."

"What's a sigh, mother?" she leaned o'er her
 child,
 A tear in her eye — the infant smiled,
 "'Tis a whispered prayer — a hope — a fear
 For the absent one, or the darling near,
 And no earthly sound can reach as high
 As a mother's prayer — a mother's sigh!"

LINES TO MY FRIEND:

MRS. N. W. FOWLER, MEADVILLE, PA.

I know that we shall meet again, somewhere;
 It may be when we both are growing old,
 And youth has lost its bloom — we shall not
 care.
 Our hearts need not have in that time grown
 cold.
 Yes, in some other clime — some other
 land.
 I know that I shall clasp your warm, true
 hand.
 Perhaps 'twill be in spring time, when the
 earth
 Gives kindly welcome to the sun's bright
 rays —
 In springing grass and modest violets.
 With robins trilling forth their pure, sweet,
 lays.
 I would not hope to meet you in the strife
 Of worldly cares, which mar the joys of
 life.
 And we may meet in summer, when the fields
 Are rich with golden grain, when blooming
 flowers
 And ripening fruits shed fragrance on the
 air;

Æolann breezes speed the swift-winged
 hours.

Our time of meeting may be far away,
 But still, I know that we shall meet some
 day.

It may be in the autumn, when the trees
 Have changed their airy hues for gold and
 brown,
 And earth, robbed of its verdure, seems to
 plead
 For every faded leaf slow fluttering down.
 But though the autumn winds may sadly
 sigh,
 We may not meet in sorrow, you and I.

Or we may meet in winter when the earth
 Is robed in fleecy folds of purest white;
 With crystal gems on house top, tree and
 tower,
 Reflecting beauteous rays of changing light.
 We may have reached the winter of our
 age,
 With teardrops blotting life's close-writ-
 ten page.

Or we may meet in that bright world above,
 Beyond death's valley, in that Aidenn
 where
 Lost joys are all regained; loved ones re-
 stored;
 No restless yearnings — no unanswered
 prayer.
 Ah! yes, dear friend, I know we shall
 meet there,
 And we may meet on earth, some day,
 somewhere.

YEARNINGS.

Only to lay my poor, weary head
 On some faithful breast and whisper my
 pain,
 Only to know that life holds for me
 Some pledge that I have not lived in vain.

Only to glance at the mystical page
 Of the future and read my own dreary lot,
 Only to know one heart beats for me —
 That I in my loneliness am not forgot.

Only to drink from Lethe's still stream
 And feel its sweet calm o'er my worn senses
 creep;

Only to lie with cold folded hands,
 Never again to wake or to weep.

Only to know that heaven will be mine
 After life's tiresome journey is done —
 Only to know though the storm-clouds be
 dark
 Behind them is hidden the bright shining
 sun.

ARNOLD HENRY ISLER.

BORN: SWITZERLAND, 1848.

At the age of five the subject of this sketch was brought to America. When nine years of age he ran away from home; and three years later, when the civil war broke out, he again ran away from the place he was then making his home, and became a member of the 23rd Ohio Infantry. He served through the war from beginning to the end, as a private, scout, spy, and color-bearer, and has often been written up as the youngest soldier of the war. After the war young Isler settled down in



ARNOLD HENRY ISLER.

Columbus, Ohio where he soon developed into a verse-writer and journalist. In 1872 he published a volume entitled *Wild Thoughts in Rhyme*, and the edition of twelve hundred copies was disposed of in less than six months; and for several years his verses appeared in the leading dailies and weeklies of America. Mr. Isler then wrote stories and humorous sketches, and started several newspapers with considerable success. In 1886 he was offered the position of exchange and literary editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, which he still fills. Mr. Isler is married, lives happily, and his hobby is making scrap-books and collecting rare pictures.

A LONGING.

O, sweet is the sleep of the dead!
Quiet their rest in the clay;

Unmoved by the strife and tread
Of humanity, day by day
Unmoved by the terrible sway
Of the masses fighting for bread.
Oh, sweet is the sleep of the dead!
Quiet their rest in the clay.

I'm weary; I would I were dead!
At rest in the cold dark clay.
I'm tired of the strife I've led,
Of the struggle day by day,
Just to live like a slave and say,
I drink, and I eat my own bread.
I'm weary; I would I were dead!
At rest in the cold dark clay.

PAINTER, PAINT A PICTURE.

Painter, paint a picture,
Of a maid most fair;
Make the colors richer
Than June roses are;
Give it all the sweetness
Of the song of birds,
Graced with the completeness
Of the poet's words.

Give the face the brightness
Of a summer day,
With a look of lightness
And a touch of play;
Give the mouth a splendor
Of the budding rose,
Tempting, soft and tender
In its sweet repose.

Give the eyes the fire
And passion of a soul
Strong in its desire
To break beyond control;
Give the hair the beauty
Of weird loveliness,
Truant in its duty
To its fair mistress.

Give the form the glory,
And the queenly mien,
Of her who lives in story—
Egypt's fairest queen;
Give it airy motion
Of a fairy sprite,
Claiming heart devotion
By a royal right.

Painter, paint a picture
Of a maid most fair;
Make the colors richer
Than June roses are;
Give it all the sweetness
Of the song of birds,
Graced with the completeness
Of the poet's words.

DO I LOVE THEE?

"Do I love thee?"
 Ask of the bee,
 If it loves not the flowers of Spring;
 Ask of the bird,
 If it loves not to fly and sing;
 The answer they return to thee—
 Is mine,
 And thine,
 Marie.

"Do I love thee?"
 Ask of the sea,
 If it loves not the wind's shrill hiss;
 Ask of the rose,
 If it loves not the dewdrop's kiss:
 The answer they return to thee—
 Is mine,
 And thine,
 Marie.

"Do I love thee?"
 Ask not of me,
 Look in my eyes and read love there:
 List to my heart,
 And hear it beat in sad despair;
 The answer they return to thee—
 Is mine,
 And thine,
 Marie.

THE MONTHS OF THE FLOWERS ARE
OVER.

The months of the flowers are over,
 The fair, sweet summer is dead;
 The perfume of the sweet-scented clover,
 With the soft, warm breezes has fled;
 The green woods, but yesterday ringing
 With the voices of glad birds singing,
 Are silent, yellow and red;
 Alas, for the soul of the rover,
 That on summer joys has fed!
 For the months of the flowers are over,
 The fair, sweet summer is dead.

The joys of the singer are over,
 The days of his youth have fled;
 No longer will fields of green clover,
 And flowers respond to his tread:
 The world, that was yesterday ringing
 With notes of a joyous youth's singing,
 To another gay songster is wed;
 Alas, for the soul of the rover,
 That on summer joys has fed!
 For the months of the flowers are over,
 The fair, sweet summer is dead.

THE KISS.

I met her one night
 O sweet little Miss!
 'Neath the stars so bright.

I met her one night,
 And to my delight
 She gave me a kiss!

Perhaps 'twas amiss
 In that fairy sprite
 To give me a kiss:
 Perhaps 'twas amiss—
 But oh! the sweet bliss
 I tasted that night.

'Neath the stars so bright,
 O sweet little Miss!
 With no one in sight,
 'Neath the stars so bright,
 To our hearts' delight
 We gave kiss for kiss.

O sweet little Miss!
 What intense delight—
 What infinite bliss—
 O sweet little Miss!
 Lies hid in a kiss,
 On a starlit night.

A GLANCE.

I caught but a glance of her eye,
 So tender, and blue as the sky,
 As she hurriedly passed me by.

Her face—more worthy than my praise,
 So sweet and so pure in its grace,
 I caught but a glimpse of her face.

Though she hurriedly passed me by,
 Her face, and the glance of her eye,
 Will haunt me until I die.

MY VALENTINE.

A girlish face with wondrous grace,
 With features passing fair;
 With mouth like rose in calm repose,
 As of Love's presence unaware.

Cheeks soft as plush and quick to blush
 When word or look surprise;
 And auburn hair—ah! I declare,
 None know how much her hair I prize.

Sad, blue gray eyes that ne'er disguise
 The soul from out the gray,
 A soul so good that womanhood
 Seems bettered by its magic sway.

A form of mold as fine as gold
 And graced with queenly air;
 A fairy step, by which she crept
 Into my heart and nestled there.

O sad, sweet face! in all this place,
 There is no love like thine.
 O heart so true! it is for you
 I pray—"God bless my Valentine."

EUGENIE E. CLARK.

BORN: PADUCAH, KY., DEC. 10, 1869.

THE young lady whose picture and name appear here is one of the quite accomplished young ladies of Paducah. Graduating from college, Miss Clark has devoted much of her time and her talent since to literary pursuits, mostly over the *nom de plume* of Geneva. Her writings on various subjects, both in prose and poetry, have won for her a very enviable reputation, both at home and abroad. Her first literary effort was at the age of ten, when she wrote a poem which promised her subsequent literary ability. She has lately



EUGENIE E. CLARK.

written an opera, which she is now setting to music, and which competent critics who have examined it pronounce a sure success, as the public will soon have a chance to verify. Miss Clark has also written a novel, which Eastern publishers have examined and declared full of power and great promise. As a contributor to the local literature of the city her articles have been most flatteringly criticised, and show a graceful and easy flow of language and thought. There is evidently quite a brilliant future before Miss Clark if she shall decide to utilize the talent she has for authorship. Her poems have been widely read and admired by lovers of the muse throughout the United States.

TO A ROSE. LA BRIDE.

Pale, perfect flower, to thy petals cling
A sweetness born of dew, of sun, of heaven;
An incense that upborne to paradise,
Meets wafts of angels' breath in downward
sighs

Swayed earthward, that to mortal souls it
bring

The dream of happiness that shall be given.

I gaze upon your leaves now curled and dry
And yellowed into pale and softened gold,
The days and weeks and months — a year has
past

Since he who gave thee sighed, when we at
last

Knew that the time had come to say good-bye
Till many moons should wave and buds un-
fold.

Thy faint breath whispers of one sunny hour
Passed where the trees and blossoms wove
their spell

Of trembling sweetness in the dappled shade;
The drowsy note of birds borne from the glade
Came on the truant breeze, that wooed the
flower

Then tossed her fragrant kisses o'er the fell.

In thy pure heart the subtle perfume lives,
As lives in mine the sweetness of that hour.
Whate'er betide, whate'er the years may bring,
The fragrance of a thought to thee will cling.
Though fame or place — whate'er the future
gives

To me, to thee I give all in my power —
A kiss, a tear, a sigh, pale, perfect flower.

PATIENCE.

Long and wearily I waited,
Waited Jamie for thy coming,
Listened for thy loved footsteps —
Tearful leaflets sighed: "He comes not."

Long and wearily I waited;
Pitying skies wept all day with me;
E'en the birds were silent, while I
Watched and waited, but you come not.

Shall I ever feel your hand-clasp
Warm my blood like wine, and tingle
Through my veins like drops of ichor?
Feel your warm lips' tender clinging?

Yes, I hear your solemn promise,
And a soothing peace falls o'er me
Like a heavenly benediction;
And my waiting heart hath patience.

EXTRACT.

Oh! golden moon, that sifts thy yellow dust
In gleaming mist o'er all the silent earth,
Tell me, dost look upon another face
So sad as mine, another heart so sad?

ANNA C. L. BOTTA.

BORN: BENNINGTON, VT., IN 1828.

THIS lady was educated in Albany, N. Y., and began early to write for literary periodicals. Mrs. Botta's style is musical, elegant and finished. Among her best poems are Paul at Athens, Webster Books, and Wasted Fountains. She has published in periodicals numerous stories, essays and criticisms, and has edited various works. A new edition of her poems appeared in 1884.

THE DUMB CREATION.

Deal kindly with those speechless ones,
That throng our gladsome earth;
Say not the bounteous gift of life
Alone is nothing worth.

What though with mournful memories
They sigh not for the past?
What though their ever joyous Now
No future overcast?

No aspirations fill their breast
With longings undefined:
They live, they love, and they are blest,
For what they seek they find.

They see no mystery in the stars,
No wonder in the plain;
And Life's enigma wakes in them
No questions dark and vain.

To them earth is a final home,
A bright and blest abode;
Their lives unconsciously flow on
In harmony with God.

To this fair world our human hearts
Their hopes and longings bring,
And o'er its beauty and its bloom
Their own dark shadows fling.

Between the future and the past
In wild unrest we stand:
And ever as our feet advance,
Retreats the promised land.

And though Love, Fame, and Wealth and
Power,
Bind in their gilded bond,
We pine to grasp the unattained,
The something still beyond.

And, beating on their prison bars,
Our spirits ask more room,
And with unanswered questionings,
They pierce beyond the tomb.

Then say thou not, oh doubtful heart,
There is no life to come:
That in some tearless, cloudless land,
Thou shalt not find thy home.

JOHN HAY.

BORN: SALEM, IND., OCT 8, 1838.

JOHN HAY practiced law in Illinois in 1861, but immediately after went to Washington as assistant secretary to President Lincoln, remaining with him, both as a secretary and a trusted friend, almost constantly till the death of Mr. Lincoln. He then served the government in various capacities. In 1870 he became an editorial writer on the New York Tribune, where he remained about five years. Pike County Ballads is his best book of verse. Col. Hay is supposed to be the author of Breadwinners.

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

Wall, no! I can't tell where he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you hav n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He were n't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funk'd, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knew how.

All boats had their day on the Mississipp
And her day came at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she would n't be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on the safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willar-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled
out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

BLANCHE HERMINE ADAMS.

BORN: VANCOUVER, WASH., OCT. 22, 1871.

MISS ADAMS is the daughter of Major Enoch George Adams, the poet, lecturer, journalist and soldier, who is fully represented elsewhere in this work. In 1885 she removed with her



BLANCHE HERMINE ADAMS.

mother to Berwick, Maine, and entered South Berwick Academy, where she will soon graduate. Miss Adams is editor-in chief of the Berwick Scholar, which is published in connection with the Academy.

ARBOR DAY POEM.

O'er castle old where wealth untold
In years long since gone by
Had held its sway for many a day,
Which now in ruins lie.

The ivy green how oft 'tis seen
By some observant guest!
To him the thought with truth well fraught
Comes with a sudden zest.

That wealth may flee on land and sea,
But we may safely hold
Close to the right with all our might,
As ivy ruins old.

Our ivy green that you have seen
Is planted here to-day,
Now may it preach or may teach
A lesson in its way.

And may our class as time shall pass
Forever to the right,
Aye cling with zeal, and always feel
We ev'ry wrong must fight.

When life shall fail with ache and ail,
And earthly hopes decline,
Then let us cling like ivy ring,
To higher things divine.

Aspire to heaven with sins forgiven,
As ivy climbs the steeple
And heavenward go from things below,
Alluring other people.

MT. HOOD.

In the far and glorious West,
Rearing aloft its snowy crest,
Stands a mountain lone and grand
Like a sentinel at hand.

Overlooking fir and pine,
Overlooking New World's Rhine,
Lordly stream of Oregon,
River poets boast upon

Hood in purity sublime,
Changeless still in lapse of time,
Show'st how great thy beauties are,
Nothing can thy whiteness mar.

'Gainst the azure hemisphere,
Standest thou without a peer.
Hard thy summit is to reach,
As the fame desired by each.
Only birds that strongest spring
Brush thy summit with their wing.

Though the seasons come and go,
Summer's heat and winter's snow,
Thou remain'st still the same,
Like unto the spotless name
Of some great soul that has fame
Left untarnished still and pure,
Name that ever will endure,

Through the ages long to come,
Till are all men summoned home.
Scorn by it is heeded not,
All mere trouble is forgot.

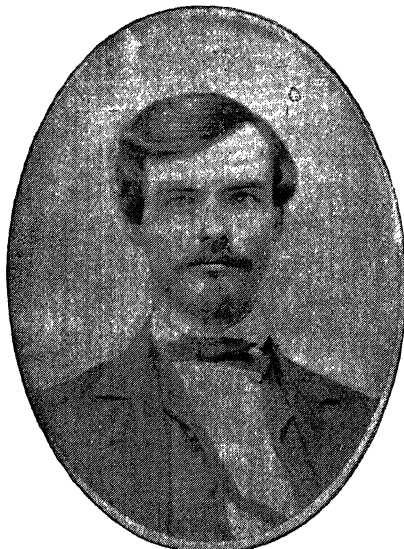
Towering above the ills of life
Beneath it sinks all din and strife,
Thus thou, monarch of Cascades,
Where beneath, o'er hills and glades,
Roar the streams and water falls,
Disregarding banks and walls.

Or when on a sultry day,
Through dry forest fires play,
Thou dost firm untainted stand,
Luring with a beckoning hand
Like a saint in saintly robe,
Grandest monarch on the globe,
I within thy shadow born,
Hail thee, glorious as the morn!

ALEXANDER J. FARROW.

BORN: ORANGEBURG, KY., JAN. 3, 1843.

THE poems of Mr. Farrow have appeared quite extensively in the local press. He was married in 1865 to Sarah C. Ramsay, and now



ALEXANDER JAMES FARROW.

resides on a farm in Putnam county, Ind. After graduating at a college in Missouri, Mr. Farrow taught school for some time in the city of St. Joseph and other places.

WOMAN.

Heavenly muse! my mind inspire,
And fill me with poetic fire;
Direct my hand the lyre to string,
Of lovely woman, goddess sing.
God made man in Eden's bowers,
To walk amid the fairest flowers;
But looking from His golden throne,
He saw that Adam was alone.
He laid him down in sweet repose,
And made his eyes in slumber close;
But when the drowsy god had fled,
He heard a light and fairy tread.
He started up, and looking 'round,
Beheld the sight that made the sound —
So lovely, pleasing was the sight,
He thought it was an angel bright.
There gentle Eve before him stood,
In all the grace of womanhood —
He saw her fair and faultless form,
And felt his breast with transport warm.
She turned to fly in wild affright, —
For man was terror to her sight;

But vain it was from him to part:
He clasped her to his beating heart.

Oh man! how good was God to send,
Fair Eve to be thy bosom friend!
To share thy joys, thy sorrows know,
To soothe thy soul in grief or woe.

Though mighty oceans, deep blue seas,
Towering mountains, waving trees,
Diversify this mundane sphere,
All would be drear, but thou art here.

The placid lake, the silver stream,
Where wandering poets love to dream;
The shady dell, the winding vale
Where fragrance sweet the flowers exhale;

The golden sands the streamlet laves,
Refulgent gems in ocean's caves,
Could only empty pleasure give,
If man were doomed alone to live.

O woman! gentle as the dove,
'Tis thee we honor, thee we love;
Our infant years have been thy care,
And at thy knees we knelt in prayer.

A mother! sacred be that name,
Far sweeter than the voice of fame;
Can her dear image e'er depart,
Long as life's current thrills the heart?

No! far within the heart's deep cells,
Her cherished image ever dwells;
Her guardian spirit hovers 'round,
When slumber holds all nature bound.

When death has thrown his flaming dart,
And stopped the current of her heart,
Her sacred memory lingers near
And claims the tribute of a tear.

A mother's love, how deep! how true!
Pure as the crystal drop of dew;
It penetrates the dungeon's gloom,
And fondly lingers 'round the tomb.

The wretch that on the scaffold stands
With human blood upon his hands,
Feels, while his fleeting life remains,
A mother's love he still retains.

No crime that stains fair nature's face,
No damning deed of dire disgrace
That cries aloud to heaven above,
Can alienate a mother's love.

When stretched upon his dying bed,
And death his flaming dart hath sped,
To lay the fond loved husband low,
Who can depict his consort's woe.

Away, ye senseless knaves! for shame,
Who speak so lightly of her name;
Her name should make your bosom thrill,
Till death your throbbing hearts shall still.

This world would be a gloomy place —
This life would be a dreary waste —
Yea, heaven itself would be a hell,
If woman ceased with us to dwell.

MRS. JESSIE W. MANNING.

BORN: MOUNT PLEASANT, IOWA, OCT. 26, 1855.

JESSIE made verses in her childhood; was fairly studious as a little girl; and music was a passion with her. Graduating in 1874, she became enthusiastic in science and literature. She made up her mind to adopt the lecture platform as a profession, and lectured throughout the western states on literary subjects and on temperance for five years, when she was married to Mr. Eli Manning, a



MRS. JESSIE W. MANNING.

merchant of Chariton. Mrs. Manning never regretted her abandonment of the platform, content in the seclusion of home with husband and children. She has written a long poem entitled *The Passion of Life*, which has earned her favorable notice. Mrs. Manning writes critical essays and reviews for the press. She also has another long poem completed, which will soon be published.

TO THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

Why art thou sobbing low —
Wherefore thy weary woe —
Whence comes this pain that through thy
fair life quivers?
Joy sits at thy right hand;
Love waits for thy command;
Carest thou that bitter wind rare blossoms
shivers?

See what a glory falls
Through the moon's fairy walls;
Now shows the pageant fair of the world's
splendor:
Ah! not thy fairest dream
Rarer than this could seem —
Life looking futureward, smiles sweet and
tender.

Why then, thy sad regret?
Why art thou weeping yet?
Why waiting desolate, gladness untasted?
Cease now thy wailing cry,
Hush now thy sobbing sigh —
Else might the sweetness of thy fate be
wasted.

Nay! nay! the secret comes
Which all the burden seems
Of the world's woe and tears, counted and
singled.

This the sad lesson taught —
This, with its dreams fraught,
Life's joy is bitter sweet, foul and fair
mingled.

THE GLAMOUR OF YOUTH.

What is so fair, so fair —
In all this world of care —
So fair as youth?
Youth with its rhyme and chime,
Faith in grand things sublime,
Hope for great deeds in time,
Yearnings for truth.

Ah, how the golden haze
Flushes the fleeting days!
Dreams and romance
Flood with a grace divine
All common things or fine;
Turn water into wine —
Walk into dance.

Nature's sweet grace is wrought
On every ardent thought,
Impulse and aim.

Not yet has caution chilled —
Not yet has passion thrilled —
Not yet despair has filled
Youth's heart of flame;

Pulsing with prescient beat
To the advancing feet
Of life's events;

Eager for strife to come —
Forecasting triumph's sun —
Knowing no fear to numb
Youth's sanguine sense.

All promise molded there,
Folded in youth so fair —
Youth in its purity.

What will the sequel tell?
Will it prove ill or well?
How will the promise swell
In the futurity?

ELLA A. GILES.

BORN IN WISCONSIN, FEB. 2, 1851.

MISS GILES has already written and published several works, including *Bachelor Ben*, *Out From the Shadows*, and *Maiden Rachel*. Her poems and sketches have appeared in the leading periodicals, and have been widely



ELLA A. GILES.

copied by the western local press. Miss Giles is rather tall, slender, and a decided brunette. She now resides in Madison, Wisconsin, with her father, engaged in housekeeping and literary work.

DEFEAT.

I know thee not! Alas for those
To whom thou canst thy form disclose.
Oft I discern fiend-shapes afar
In dim outlines, but lo, a star
Shines also from black space; a friend,
Disguised as foe, fierce storm-clouds send.
My will hath taught me how to gain
Profit from loss, pleasure from pain.
Will is supreme! Grim specters rise
No more when I have missed a prize.
I fear no foes but those within,
My soul dreads no defeat but sin.
And what sin is I can decide
For self alone, I am my guide.
Success in myself at any cost,
Attain I that and naught is lost.

BEGONE SUSPENSE.

Thou wretched, haggard, tottering dame!
Exile from Hades! without name
Save such as in thy changeful moods
Thou givest thyself; thy form obtrudes
Its ugly shape into the mind
And hungers there with looks unkind
When men dare dream of being blest
With Hope; that less exacting guest
Of whom thou jealous art whene'er
Thou see'st her timidly draw near.
Begone, Suspense, from hearts that ache
With dim forebodings! Better break
'Neath one fell blow of certainty
Than meet thy cruel, treacherous eye
Which nothing tells, yet doth suggest
Ills that elude the keenest quest.
Begone forever, evil hag!
When thou'rt away no more will lag
Life's weary hours; with swifter pace
Time's feet will run their destined race.

OH, YE BEAUTEIOUS HILLS OF
FRANKFORT.

Oh, ye beauteous hills of Frankfort,
Wist ye why to-day we sigh?
Gentle hills that sit and listen
To the tender, leaning sky;
Shadowed hills, enlaced with sunshine,
Mist-embosomed, silence-clad,—
Do ye feel our yearning homage;
Know why we no more are glad?
'Tis because, amid your forests,
In the hush of "Arnold's wold,"
Walks a bard who speaks your language,—
One to whom ye oft have told
Secrets of transcendent sadness,
Which so freely forth he breathes
That he low-rebukes our rapture,
And to us your sigh bequeaths.
Oh, wild-tangled wold, soul-wooing,
Stretched in smiling, careless grace
'Neath the arch of clouds far distant,
But for him, upon your face
We could only read a story
Fraught with radiant joy's deep thrills;
But he lives, and he your voice is,—
Your own voice, ye once-mute hills!
Griefs vicarious does he suffer,
Till your strength is the world's gain;
Happy hills? Nay, mounts transfigured
By the poet's steadfast pain.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgiveness is the fragrance, rare and sweet,
That flowers yield when trampled on by feet
That reckless tread the tender, teeming earth;
For blossoms crushed and bleeding yet give
birth
To pardon's perfume; from the stern decrees
Of unforgiveness, Nature ever flees.

HJALMER H. BOYESEN.

BORN IN NORWAY, SEPT. 23, 1848.

IN 1868 Mr. Boyesen came to America, and the following year he became editor of the *Fremad*, a Scandinavian paper published in Chicago. He has since been professor of German in Cornell and Columbia universities. The contributions of this author to the periodicals of the day soon attracted attention, and he became popular as a story-teller in prose and verse. He is one of the founders of the Author's club in New York City. Many of his books and short stories have been translated into German, Norwegian, and at least one of them into Russian.

EGIL SCALD'S LAMENT.

Strangely, son, thou starest;
And thy sight is sunken;
Still thou art and silent,
As with slumber drunken:
Lo, thy lips are livid;
Loud erewhile their laughter!
Shall I vainly listen
For thy voice hereafter?

Dumb thou art, and dampness
In dark drops descending
For thy brow is breaking,
With thy bright beard blending.
Foam-flakes fleck thy forehead;
Fixed thine eyes and frigid;
And thy mighty frame is
Faint with frost and rigid.

Swift spreads slumber's shadow!
Speak ere strength forsake thee!
Woe! my witless wailing
Never more will wake thee!
Dead thou art, my darling;
Long the night before thee.
Thou hast left thy father
Lonely to deplore thee.

Bodvar! best beloved!
Of bold sons the boldest!
In thy helpless hand my
Life's snapped thread thou holdest.
Swordless Death has sought thee
Mid the sea-weeds swelling;
Fain thy father follows
Thee to Heia's dwelling.

For thy birth's bright hour
Blessings bloomed around thee:
Fast about my heart-roots
Wound, each fresh year found thee;
On thy brave young boy-face
Glad my sight would linger,
As thou fed'st me lightly
With thy baby finger.

Of I stood in spirit,
By strong sons surrounded;
Whose sonorous saga
Through my soul resounded;
Saw their fearless phalanx
Fame and fortune gather,—
Safe within their shield burgh
I, their happy father!
Saw them swords unsheathing;
Heard their armors' rattle;
Saw them storming, shouting
With the joy of battle:
Bodvar foremost fighting,
Fair and fierce and glorious,
And his falchion flashing
In his path victorious.

IF THE ROSE COULD SPEAK.

Within the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,
And thought within its fervid breast to hear
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.
I heard its busy life-blood gently flow,
Now far away and now so strangely near.
Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame
Could be unsealed and fling into the air
Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim
Their warm intoxication of despair;—
Then would I give the rose into thy hand;
Thou couldst its voice, beloved, not withstand.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

BORN: MOUNT TABOR, VT., NOV. 11, 1836.

HENRY had a good collegiate education. In 1869 he became managing editor of Harper's Magazine. He is the author of the poem, *The Ancient Lady of Sorrow*; and, jointly with A. H. Guernsey, Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion, Mr. Guernsey writing the eastern campaigns and Mr. Alden the western.

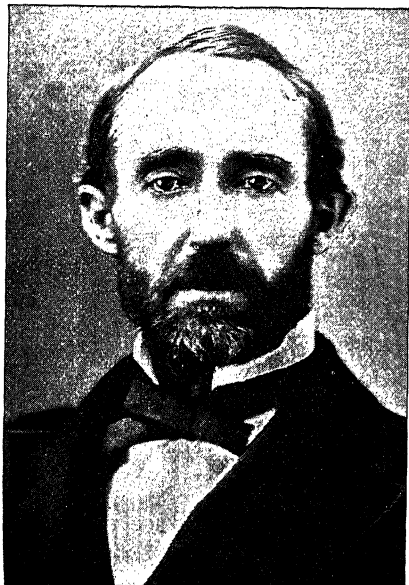
THE MAGIC MIRROR.

The magic mirror makes not nor unmakes;
Charms none to sleep, nor any from it wakes—
It only giveth back the thing it takes.
'Tis but the heart's own cheer that makes it glad,
And one's own bitterness will drive him mad:
It needeth not that other help be had.
Dame Fortune maketh none to rise or fall;
To him that hath not doth no portion call;
To him that hath is freely given all.
They see themselves who look in Fortune's face,
Unto the sad in sadness Heaven's grace;
And to the souls that love is love's embrace.

ABEL BEACH.

BORN: GROTON, N. Y., FEB. 7, 1829.

AFTER graduating in 1849, he taught Latin and Greek in the Iowa state university. He was admitted to the bar, but has never practiced law. Mr. Beach later on engaged in



ABEL BEACH.

mercantile business in the stationery trade, and is now insurance and pension attorney at Iowa City, where he resides. Mr. Beach was one of the seven original founders of Theta-Delta-Chi college fraternity organized in 1847.

FANCY AND FACT.

Last night in sweet transport of vision methought

I was happy at home with my loved and lost boys,

Who had come as of yore and endearingly sought

My time to beguile with their innocent joys.
Home heavenly joys!

Their past was with many dear memories crowned,

With many sweet charms and good deeds was bright;

Their present the halo of youth shone around,
Their future was lit with hopes heavenly light.

Resplendent the light!

O presence most dear! O sweet moment of bliss!

No rapture more hallowed could angels im-

To man from the mansions above than was this

Brief hour of delight to a fond father's heart.
O'erflowing my heart!

But, alas! the bright vision dispelled is soon made [gleam

To deepen the darkness where light seemed to
My boys in their silent beds long since were laid:— [Dream.

I wake but to find that my bliss was—a
Delusive the dream!

'Tis well that the future lies hid in the mist
When dreaming we need but to reach and receive.

The goal of ambition is often a tryst [ceive.
Where fortune and honor but gleam and dreams only deceive!

The ocean of life, to the young and the bold,—
With its beauteous expanse and its perfume of breeze,—

With Utopian isles hiding treasures untold,
Has a thousand alluring charms suited to please.

In prospect to please!

O how often at morn, under calm sunlit skies,
The gallant bark glides o'er the gem-crested wave

But to sink 'neath the mountainous billows
that rise [save!

In the lightning torn night when no effort can
Heaven only could save!

And now as I gaze on the wreck stricken
shore, [wind,

Or am tossed on the deep at the sport of the
My spirit in anguish cries out — "Nevermore
Will peace be my lot till the haven I find.

Shall finally find!"

IN FUTURO.

The day is short, the night is long,
And tediously I wait the dawn

Of rising sun upon my sky:
But its first ray says "by-and-by."

At my right hand I see a friend
Grasp golden treasures without end;
And then again I vow to try
For better fortunes "by-and-by."

I find but few have luck, 'tis not
Ordained, it seems to be my lot,
And if it deigns to e'er draw nigh
"Not yet," it says, "but by-and-by."

Like sea tossed mariner, at night
I see the luring stars shine bright
Which only speak of heights too high
To be in reach of "by-and-by."

And yet with compass true, and chart,
I'll aim for a still better mart
Where faithful work and worth may vie
With wealth for happy "by-and-by."

WILLIAM HENRY H. HINDS.

BORN: WEST MILAN, N. H., JAN. 20, 1821.

MR. HINDS is a dentist by profession; he has written Poems for over half a century, which have appeared in the leading periodicals of



WILLIAM HENRY H. HINDS.

the East. Capt. Hinds passed through the war of the rebellion. He has a family of three, and now resides in Kennebunkport, Maine.

WELCOME, SWEET BIRDS OF SPRING.

Welcome, sweet birds of spring,—
Again on tireless wing,—
Ye came your songs to sing,
And flowers and sunshine bring.

How we love your singing,—
To hear your sweet notes ringing,—
Which abroad you're flinging,
On the morning air.

In the tree-tops clinging,
On the green turf springing,
O'er the blue waves winging,
We hear you everywhere.

Welcome, blithesome, bluebird,
Your twitter first we heard,
And like some magic word,
Our inmost heart is stirred.

Far your lone flight winging,
First were you in bringing,

News of Nature's springing,
Into new life again.

We love your song out-pouring,
While northward you are soaring,
And Nature's God adoring,
In musical refrain.

Welcome, robin red-breast,—
In pretty crimson vest,
And coat of ash, you're dressed,—
Of all spring birds, loved best.

For 'twas dear "Cock Robin"
Set our young heart throbbing,
And our bosom sobbing,
As on parental knee,

We sat, and saw in sorrow,
The "cruel, cruel sparrow,
With bow and blood-stained arrow,"
And him dead, under the tree.

Welcome, sweet merry lark,
All Nature seems to hark,
For thy morning songs, that mark,
'Twixt the dawning and the dark.

Welcome, Bob o' Lincoln,
We hear you now, we think, on
Some quiet river's brink, on
A water-willow bow.

You're a jolly fellow,
Dressed in black and yellow,
And your voice's so mellow,
We seem to hear you now.

Yes, you're looking down,
With such a comical frown,
Now you're bobbing round
Just like a feathered clown.

Welcome, twittering swallow,
Scarce our eyes can follow,
As o'er hill and hollow,
You're fitting everywhere.

You are such happy creatures,
You seem like winged preachers,
Sent from Heaven, to teach us
Of God's loving care.

Then welcome, birds of spring,
Ye make our hearts to sing,
And praise our Heavenly King,
"Who giveth each good thing."

Ye bring us joy and gladness,
And drive away our sadness,
Ye free our hearts of badness,
With your innocence and song.

God bless you happy singers,
For while your sweet note lingers,
It still shall serve to bring us
To Heaven's happy throng.

THE WRECK OF THE ISADORE.

People still show,
When the tide is low,
Where that new ship went ashore,
On that fearful night,
Near no beacon light,
'Mid the breakers' crash and roar.

Forty-five years
The Heavenly spheres
Have sped on their shining way,
Since one day at noon,
When there was no moon,
She left the Kennebunk bay.

The captain said
As he went ahead,
His "ship must sail that day;
Tho' the winds and wave
Might storm and might rave,
His ship should be on her way."

"The clouds shut down
With a seeming frown,
That told of a coming storm;
And the south winds blew
As lost to their view,
Were their homes so snug and warm.

The wind shifts east
And the briny yeast
Is blown far on to the shore,
The ship with full sail
Is caught in the gale,
Her shrouds in ribbons it tore.

No one can go
For the blinding snow
Up aloft to reef the sail;
And the surging deep
Seems ever to leap
Into mountains in the gale.

In vain they shout
And try to "about"
Their ship in its mad career.
It is "pitchy dark"
And there's not a spark
To tell them which way to steer.

With sails all rent
The "Isadore" went
Straight on to the rocky reef,
Where no arm can save
From a watery grave,
And no life boat give relief.

O the anguish then
Of those fifteen men,
As they saw their horrible fate,
That they there must die
With kind friends so nigh,
All unconscious of their state.

At early dawn
On the coming morn

When their neighbors sought the shore,
They saw on the beach
Almost within reach
The wreck of the "Isadore."

And along the strand
On every hand
In death's cold and silent sleep,
Those sailors so true,
That Kennebunk crew
Were strewn by the angry deep.

Their spirits now free,
On a stormless sea
Are sailing forevermore;
And cables of love
Fast anchored above,
Still draw their friends to its shore.

WONDERFUL, BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Wonderful, beautiful world is this,
Tho' little understood;
Yet brimming full of joy and bliss
For each one's highest good.

O, wonderful, beautiful world,
How happy man will be
When all its wonders are unfurled
Their beauties he can see.

O, wonderful, beautiful world —
God speed the glorious day
When error from Truth's throne is hurled,
And Truth shall hold full sway.

When man himself shall understand —
His body and his mind;
"The proper study of mankind is man,"
The greatest good to find.

He is God's temple, where he dwells,
"A house not made with hands,"
And in his inmost heart there wells
A wish God understands.

A wish to know "whence, what and where,"
And all about his kind;
A wish to search earth, ocean, air,
Their unknown source to find.

To know the whence, the why and wherefore,
Of everything around —
To know of what had gone before
Man here on earth was found.

Of wonderful worlds on worlds still sought,
Beyond man's utmost ken;
Beyond man's utmost reach of thought,
His power of speech or pen.

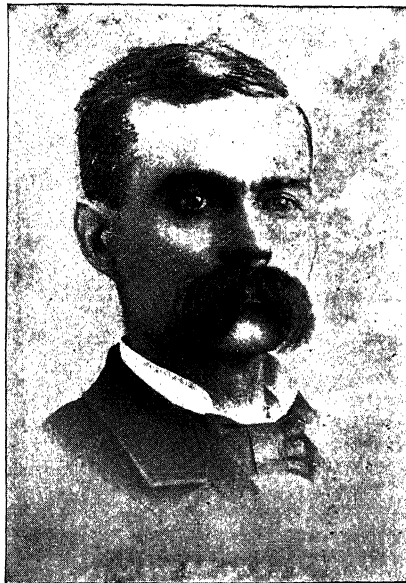
Of wonderful worlds, of beings, too,
Too small for human sight,
Except as they are brought to view
By microscopic light.

Wonderful, beautiful world is this,
Yet chills our blood to tell,
Tho' brimming full of joy and bliss,
Man makes himself the hell.

JACOB P. PRICKETT.

BORN: BENTON, IND., MAY 10, 1836.

MR. PRICKETT is editor of the Albion New Era of his native state. He has written for



JACOB P. PRICKETT.

the press for the past twenty-five years, and his poems have appeared from time to time in the leading periodicals.

THE PICTURE FANCY PAINTED.

An old man dreaming sits. His streaming locks

Are whiten'd by the flecks of foaming spray,
From off the crested waves of passing years,
That ebb and flow on Time's tempestuous sea,
Whose waters separate the Fairy Land
Of far-off Childhood from life's Sunset Land.
The murm'ring breezes softly whisper as
They gently blow from off that distant shore
Of life's sweet Springtime Land, and, blending with

The sad, sweet music of the murm'ring sea,
The long forgotten songs of childhood sing
In silv'ry cadence, soft, and sweet and low,
And lull, with golden symphonies from chords
Of mem'ries long forgot, the wearied brain,
And heart, and soul, to dreamland's sweet repose.

And by the rose-wing'd messengers of sleep,
And through the mystic mazes of dreamland,
He back transported was across the gulf

Of Time's relentless sea, to that sweet realm —
The Fairyland of childhood's happy days.

He, dreaming, sits upon the hilltop's once
Familiar brow, where stands the old log home;
To him a palace now, because it holds
Life's sweetest memories; and form so dear
Of a sweet mother, whose unchanging love,
Like golden sunbeam, gilded life's pathway
Through childhood's happy years. Before
him now,

He sees the old, loved scenes of years ago.
At foot of hill, and in its shadow deep,
At sunset's hour, there stands the silent mill,
And from it flows, o'er pebbly bottom bright,
The little streamlet, bearing on its breast,
A flood of old-time memories so dear.
Beyond it lies, like dimpled smile upon
The placid face of guileless innocence,
The little meadow with its nodding plumes
Of gold and purple flow'rs, and sweet per-
fume —

A gem of Nature's setting in the crown
Of the old home! Beyond the meadow's rim,
In shadow of the overhanging trees,
The more majestic river calmly flows —
A silv'ry framework for the picture dear,
In Mem'ry's chamber hanging, and which tide
Of passing years cannot deface nor dim.

And as he dreaming sits, and lives again
Amid the scenes to which the golden chain
Of mem'ry binds his heart and soul, a strange
Poetic fire and ardor sweetly thrill
His being, and the inspiration, felt
By artists who to canvas have transferred
Their golden glow'd conceptions rare and
Fills mind and soul, and he an artist is. [pure,
With rare conception — execution true —
The inspiration of his magic touch,
To spotless canvas the loved picture gives.
The rude, log home; the gently sloping hill;
The pebble-bottom'd brooklet at its base;
The flow'r-decked meadow with its gilded rim
Of silv'ry waters, and the grand old trees,
Deep in whose shadow's heard the river's flow.
Ah, sweet the picture, and so true complete,
'Twas Art with Nature vieing; but just then
The Master Artist of the Universe,
With rainbow tints, and sunsets' golden glow
And mellow'd hues, touch'd topmost branches
of

The grand old forest trees. Then with the
Of inspiration, quick the golden hues
To canvas were transferred. And as he gazed
Admiringly upon his work, a hand
Upon each shoulder then was gently laid;
Two soft and dimpled arms stole lovingly
About his neck, and bending o'er him then,
With face and form angelic and divine,
Was his soul's idol, who, with holy kiss, [true.
Sealed her pure heart's devotion deep and

MRS. CLARA D. DAVIDSON.

BORN: LACON, ILL., NOV. 30, 1851.

HAVING taught school about five years, Clara subsequently edited a woman's department in a number of Iowa publications. In 1870 she married George M. Davidson, who is a lawyer by profession. Mrs. Davidson has a



MRS. CLARA D. DAVIDSON.

son who has nearly reached manhood. She wrote and published verses at an early age, which have appeared from time to time in the *Yankee Blade*, *Waverly Magazine*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Woman's Journal*, and a score of other equally prominent journals.

ON THE DES MOINES.

A sweep of woodland on the shore,
A glow of moonshine on the bar;
A light-rimmed cloudlet leaning o'er
Waters that mirror every star.
O brightly, marvelously blue
The sky about the low-hung moon,
O weird the woodland ways, that grew
Dark 'neath the shadows of high moon!
A swish of waves against the boat,
Oars dipping gently, lifting strong,
An owl's wild, melancholy note,
A fisherman's exultant song.
These are the sounds that rise above
The flowing river's changeless chant.

I watch the light-kissed waters move,
I watch the shadows' even slant.

Below, the river seems to end
In a chaotic mass of sand;
Above, the sharp sweep of a bend
Gives us a vision of near land.

And so the river seems a lake
By a deceit of vision. So
Life seems a journey that we take,
Bounded by things we cannot know.

THE TEST.

Who dares not follow Truth where'er
Her footsteps lead,
But says, "O, guide not there, nor there,
I have not strength to follow where
My feet would bleed;
But show me worn ways trodden fair
By feet more brave,—"
Who fears to stand in Truth's broad glare,
What others dared not will not dare,
Is but a slave.

FOR ME.

Was it the wind that in prophetic mood,
Despite the ice, foretold the coming good,
Or had the timid Spring, so late uncrowned,
Burst from her wintry silence at a bound,
And, free at last and flushed with victory,
Come whispering low her happiness to me?
Or had the birds, far south but northward
bound,

Discovered some new subtlety in sound
And sent into my soul the thrill and stir
Harmony wakes in music's worshiper?

For O my heart beat lightly on that day,
Though shadows gathered close about my
way.

I said,— "Whatever gift fate has denied,
The trees are tall, the sky is blue and wide.

The sunshine glitters on the ice-bound brook
And sparkles on the snow-heights a I look;
And every sunbeam, every ice-hung tree,
And everything for beauty is for me.

For me—for all! O beauteous, bounteous
earth,

What new delights do ye each day bring
forth!

Not thine the blame if in these lives of ours
Our rising tears shut out the bloom of flowers.

WHAT IS ETERNITY?

An ever outward-stretching sea,
Shoreless and boundless, strong and free,
A vast, self-singing hymn;
Whose rhythm the circling ages keep,
Whose music, mighty, strong and deep
Husheth æons of time to sleep,
And, laying one away to rest
Cradles another on its breast.

EDNA JANE CAMPBELL.

BORN: ALAMO, IND., MARCH 17, 1855.

EDNA began teaching at the age of fifteen years, and the money she thus earned was applied to better her own education, until she



EDNA JANE CAMPBELL.

graduated in 1881. Miss Campbell's productions have chiefly appeared without her signature. She still resides in her native town.

THE OLD CHURCH.

Stands this old church from the town apart;
Old fashioned porch and half decayed,
Where the ivy new in early spring
Its leaves of green so kindly bring,
The faulty spots and chinks to hide,
Like charity pure for sins essayed.

A withered tree a century old,
That's bending 'neath the blade of time,
Spreads wide its boughs in christian grace,
Affords the weary a resting place.
The good, the bad, alike to shield,
From storm, and heat and lurid clime.

In this church 'neath the word of God,
Have met together the grave and gay,
The thoughtless too with hearts of joy,
By care unknown or times annoy,
And those bent low 'neath the chastening rod,
Buoy faith in holy ecstasy.

In this church so anxious stood,
With quivering breath the girlish bride;
A clinging mantle of snowy white

Half hides her shrinking form from sight
As from youth's mooring toward womanhood,
She launched her craft on an unknown tide.

The dead here too in frigid state
Lay waiting silent by friends bewept,
While the pastor old spoke words of peace
And comfort in the souls release,
Ere gentle hands had borne to rest
This clay, where many kindred slept.

Stands this old church almost forgot;
A monitor old of times defect,
No more the aisles resound with tread,
No more the grave nor honored dead,
No more the gay with buoyant step,
In prescribed shapes sit circumspect.

The change of time as earthly law,
Progression's stride, advancement's sway,
New thoughts, new hopes, and new designs,
Do now possess the present minds,
But like that church each one may tell
Of sunshine, storms, and wintry fray.

GLENDDORA.

Glendora, the mist and the shadow
Fall damp on the bare of my brow. [meadow,
The sunbeams of hope and the sweet of the
That have tucked their shy heads 'neath the
thick of the fallow, [vision now.
Bursts bright from the wold on my soul's

Glendora, mortality shrinks,
Because of my love which is true.
With heaven to lure me, on eternity's brinks,
From its beauty and rest and sunshine, me
I may turn in my love back to you. [thinks

Glendora, the hour draws near,
When Time relaxes his hold,
As the waters break chill, there slumbers no
fear [near,
Of Death, for he brought you in tenderness
To cheer my lone bark on the waters so cold.
Death has been holy, forsooth,
He brought me best joy of time,
You, the life, the soul of my youth,
And fastened the cord of faith and of truth
And tinged his pathway with treasures su-
blime.

My spirit may burst from on high,—
The soul's sanhedrim of tenderness true —
Your spirit awaken as the hour draws night,
As in earnestness great I pass through the
sky

And linger awhile in communion with you.
The clouds weep in tears to-night,
The wail of the wind whispers low, [light
That Death mourns his duty, at morning
Eternity's vision will burst on my sight,
And he'll snatch my lone spirit from you.
Glendora, my darling in death,
Torn apart in the wayfare of life,

The angel has come to shorten my breath;
And bear my lone spirit a heavenly waith
From you, and the landmarks of strife.

The beams of the sun as he sank
Kissed your brow so holy and white,
Then fell on my lips as I eagerly drank
The kiss. Welcome messenger harbinger
Your beauty for me ends to-night. [frank!

Life suffered the tie to be broken
That held your warm hands in mine,
And ne'er in his reign was there spoken
A word, nor he brought not a token,
But Death placed my hand here in thine.

Glendora, my constant of heart,
The holiest rapture Death brings to my bed,
The quiver of fear and of anguish depart,
In dreariness lone on the river so dark —
But I know you will watch when my spirit
is fled.

My spirit may weep on the waters of night,
When Death moves the boat from this desolate
shore, [light,
When he waves his dark banner and vanishes
And mortality's portals are shut from my
sight, [more.
When the waters recede and I see you no

The birds have all ceased to sing,
Nature locked up is staying his breath,
The angel of Death by the might of his wing
Will wipe out what's mortal, but the spirit
will cling [death.

To its idol and worship, o'er the slumbers of
The curtain of darkness has closed on my view,
Your face is shut out as I grope on the strand.
The storm god, fantastic, rides high; in lieu
Of billows that rage, that beat me from you;
As we part on the beach of mortality's land.

Glendora, farewell, life slips from my grasp,
The veil is loosened which darkens my eyes,
When life grows heavy as it glides from your
clasp,

When 'tis sabled with time and turbid at last,
With the angel of light come home to the skies.

THE ROSE.

Emblem of purity, spotless in chastity,
Safe on thy pedestal, symbol of truth.
No wind bath soiled you, unsullied, unruffled
you, [youth.

Thy food the moist dews which cherish thy
Queen in thy royalty, superb in thy rarity,
Head bowed to shield the blush on thy face.
Warmed by the sunbeam, kissed by the rain-
drop,

Etched by the hand of Time in delicate grace.
Soon will frost beset and wild winds beget,
Thy honey the wild bee in bounty replete.
Plucked away ruthlessly, borne away care-
Thy foholes scattered as requiem meet. [lessly,

LEROY STONER.

MR. STONER has written quite a few poems,
and herewith is given a few stanzas from
America, a poem from his pen that has been
published in pamphlet form.

AMERICA.

America, great domain,
Blest land of Liberty.
Praise to thy God, Great King,
Ruler of the Universe,
Who out of nothing made
The Earth, Sun, Moon, and Stars.

Bounteous Earth,
Garden and habitation of man
Of whom many families there be;
Some in darkness, some in light.
Those who live in the light receive
The richest blessings of the Great King.

America, fertile land,
Inhabited by a noble race of men;
Men of courage, and shrewd device.
Land of pretty women, queen of her sex.
Men and women chaste and refined —
Greatest nation on the Earth.

Nation, soul divine,
Born of an industrious and pious maid,
Who sought the wilderness to escape
The designs of evil minded men,
Who did seek to destroy
The bloom on her fair cheek.

Child of divine paternity,
Nursed in the wilderness by a mother
Who by patience and much toil,
Converted the wilderness into a garden
Laid out into thirteen plats
In which grew all manner of fruits.

The garden, beautiful and rare,
Was claimed by a certain lord and trader
Who owned a host of ships
That sailed, loaded with merchandise,
From the trader's mart and port
To all known ports on the Earth.

The lord, crafty and bold,
Denied the maid a choice of marts
Wherein her produce she might dispose;
Decreed that all her trading she should do
At his port or mart, and her exports
Must be carried in either his ship or cart.

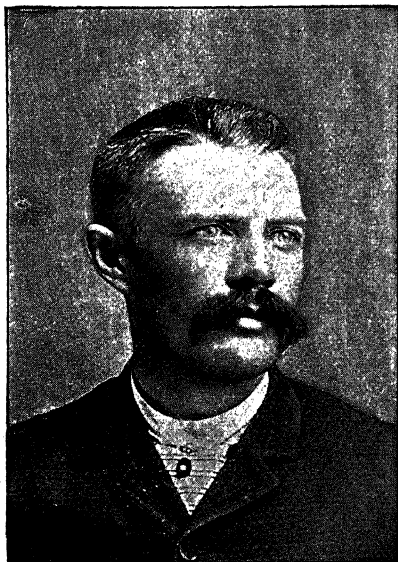
The maid, virtuous and just,
For his discovery of the land,
Allowed the claims of the lord so far
As to appoint governors in the garden,
One to preside over each plat
In the execution of civil law.

But liberty and justice
Claimed the maid of strong character,
Gave her the exclusive right

CHARLES C. ARNOLD.

BORN: MONROE CO., N. Y., JUNE 8, 1857.

ALTHOUGH but recently has Mr. Arnold commenced to court the muse, his poems are attracting universal admiration in the state of his adoption—Nebraska, where he now re-



CHARLES C. ARNOLD.

sides at Culbertson. He is a painter by profession. The range of his poetic subjects are remarkable, and the Culbertson Sun speaks highly of his poetical genius.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Falling so gently to the earth below,
In thy lovely garb on a mild March morn
To deck the earth in thy cloudless form,
Thou wert sent by the hand of an all-wise one,
Those numberless flakes falling one by one.
Thou beautiful form of spotless white
Falling to earth for our delight,
Thou makest us glad by thy presence here,
Which doubtless betokens a plentiful year;
The people all hail thy advent below,
Thou spotless form, this beautiful snow.

TO A PRETTY MAID.

Pretty maid with eyes so bright
That sparkle like the summer's night!
In whose orbs a beauty lies
That's likened unto summer skies,

And thou with silken nut brown hair
Crown of glory dost thou wear.

Form of which a god is proud,
And a brow without a cloud,
Lips which put a rose to shame,
And in whose eyes a brightness flame,
Standing in thy sweetness there
Forever be thou without care.

Pretty maid with neck like snow
One whose cheeks do ruddy grow,
Graceful form and step so light
And whose eyes are ever bright,
Like the stars of summer's night.

Pretty maid of pure desires
In whose heart as burns a fire,
Thou that always free from care,
Light as birds of summer air,
Happy art thou everywhere.

This thou art, and many more
Could be named by the score,
In whose orbs a beauty lies,
That's likened unto summer skies,
And thou with silken nut brown hair,
Crown of glory dost thou wear.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dear kind mother,
The fairest and sweetest of all.

She was taken peacefully away,
To the land of blissful rest,
And now is among the numbered
Who dwell in the land of blest.

She was a good kind mother,
That oft our hearts did cheer;
But now she reigns in glory,
Where heavenly beings appear.

This beautiful memory's picture,
Doth often haunt me still,
As when the spirit departed,
And death her brow did chill.
And to the days of childhood,
Does my memory often roam;
As we gathered round the fireside
In our far away eastern home.

THE CLASSIC FRENCHMAN.

Down the beautiful valley
Flows the classic Frenchman stream,
How its pretty waters glisten,
How its sparkling waters gleam.

They flow along so smoothly
And pass along so grand,
We think it the finest river
Out in this western land.

They wind about those waters pure
And glisten on their way,

They pass along through bridges,
How those sparkling waters play.

Was there ever such a river
As this classic Frenchman stream,
Mingling with the old Republican
Grand and beautiful they seem.

What a mighty power these waters
Which in combination flow,
Passing gently down the valley
And in the sunlight glow.

BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT.

Beautiful moonlight so starry and bright;
O! What rejoicing this lovely night —
Beautiful stars in the firmament shine:
You are held in space by one Divine.

Emeralds set in Heaven's crown so fair,
Sparkling like diamonds rich and rare;
Beautiful moonlight we love of thee to tell,
To express all thy glories we cannot well.

Thou comest at the close of day,
And of thy beauties what shall we say;
To mention the charms thy grandeur unfold,
Has not been accomplished by poets of old.

Thou has led the traveler on his way,
And by thy light he's not gone astray;
Thou hast turned the darkness into light
Thou beautiful emblem — the orb of night.

THOSE FLEECY AND SILVERY CLOUDS.

A sheen of clouds a silvery white
Were in the summer sky,
And marvelous beauty did appear
Unfolded to the eye.

'Twas tinged with silver purest white:
No refiner could compare
With those white and fleecy cloudlets
Up in the Heavens there.

They moved about in wondrous beauty;
They appeared a misty light
Pure as the snow immaculate —
Those fleecy clouds of white.

They unfolded their silvery outlines
With Heaven's background of blue,
Then vanished soon and sank away —
Those clouds of wondrous hue.

THE RIVER.

Thou beautiful river that flows along,
Bright thy waters and sweet thy song;
Low thy murmur, thy melody sweet,
That swiftly runs in thy channel so deep.

Beautiful river how thy waters gleam,
Broad is thy way and bright thy stream,
Onward thy course to the ocean flow
Bearing thy ships as the winds do blow.

Beautiful river that murmurs all day:
What is it that thy bright waters say,
Bunning along in thy channel so strong,
Pray, O, pray tell me what is thy song.

HON. THOMAS J. BUTLER.

BORN: BEDFORD, IND., FEB. 5, 1826.

THIS gentleman has filled the position of reporter, editor, etc., and wielded the pen more or less for the past thirty five years, his writings having appeared chiefly in local newspapers in California, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, and the western states generally. He was married in 1881 to Miss Carrie E. Blake, and now resides in Prescott, Arizona. Mr. Butler is now receiver of public moneys. In person he is of very large stature, being six feet and four inches in height, and weighs two hundred pounds. Mr. Butler is well known and highly respected in his adopted city as a man of great integrity and business ability.

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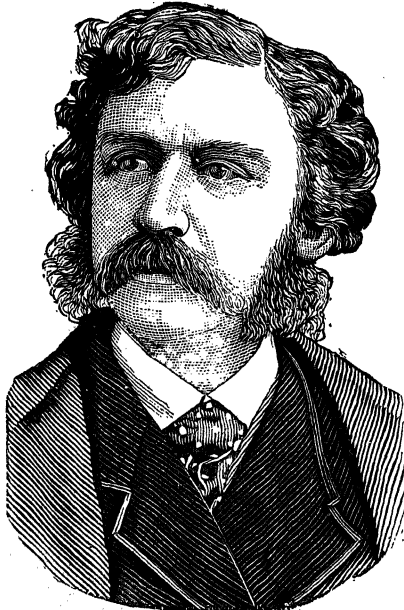
FROM FOURTH OF JULY POEM, 1886.

Of human progress, every age
Begets an impulse most sublime
That may be measured by a gauge
Peculiar to its day and time.
Cœur de Leon clad in steel,
The holy Sepulcher to gain,
An impulse of religious zeal
Impelled him and his faithful train.
Columbus bore the flag of Spain
Beyond the world, as wise men thought,
Adventurous impulse o'er the main
Impelled him to the goal he sought.
Extent of Empire o'er the world
Impelled the nations to these coasts,
And colonies, with flags unfurled,
Pressed on his track in mighty hosts.
They builded better than they knew
Those Kings and Queens of foreign lands:
The seeds of Liberty to strew
Was not a part of what they planned.
They hoped the fealty to retain
Of subjects born to be their slaves,
E'en though beyond the raging main,
The Atlantic's wild and stormy waves.
Divine the right of Kings had been
To reign and rule with high behest.
The subject deemed it mortal sin
To thwart the ruler God had blessed.
But now, three thousand miles across
The Ocean's heaving, billowy breast,
Freedom dared her mane to toss
And Liberty to raise her crest;
To own and till the virgin soil
New thoughts and new emotions bring;
The power that gave them leave to toil
They realized was King of Kings.
The spirit surging through each frame
Of self dominion wide and strong,
And boundless as the land they claim,
Would ne'er again submit to wrong.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

BORN: ALBANY, N. Y., 1839.

BRET HARTE is a thorough American poet, a man of brilliant wit, wide information and strong purposes. In 1854 he removed, with his parents, to California, where he became a compositor in a printing office, then he mined for himself, then became a school teacher, then an



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

express messenger. In 1857 he returned to the compositor's case on the Golden Era, where he was soon assigned a place in the literary department. All the works of Bret Harte show keen wit and pungency of expression, and his prose tales teem with noble thoughts.

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Bring the sot, alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred pesos down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine."

"JIM,"

Say, there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well — no offence;
Thar ain't no sense
In gettin' riled!
Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar;
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Looking for Jim.

Thank ye, sir! You
Ain't of that crew —
Blest if you are!
Money! — Not much;
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such,
Rum? — I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him? —
Jess about your size;
Same kind of cyes —
Well, that is strange;
Why, it's two year
Since he came here
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
Eh?

The h — you say!
Dead? —
That little cuss?
What makes you star —
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
A glass in yer shop
But you must r'ar?
It wouldn't take
D — much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor — little — Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben —
No-account men:
Then to take him!
Well, thar — Good-bye —
No more, sir — I —

Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it! — sho! —
No? Yes? By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Which I wish to remark,—
 And my language is plain,—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
 And quite soft was the skies;
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise;
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand:
 It was euchre. The same
 He did not understand;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve:
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinee,
 And the points that he made,
 Were quite frightful to see,—
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand;
 But the floor it was strewn
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs,—
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers,— that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, all that summer day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
 Yet, looking down the distant lane,
 She hoped the Judge would come again
 But when he came, with smile and bow,
 Maud only blushed, and stammered "Ha-ow?"
 And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether
 He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then
 Begged that the Judge would lend him "ten;"
 For trade was dull, and wages low,
 And the "craps" this year, was somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
 Sweet Maud became the Judge's bride.
 But, on the day that they were mated,
 Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated:
 And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
 Were very drunk at the Judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,
 The young bride bore him babies twain.
 And the Judge was blest, but thought it strange
 That bearing children made such a change:
 For Maud grew broad and red and stout!
 And the waist that his arm once clasped about
 Was more than he now could span. And he
 Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,
 How that which in Maud was native grace
 In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place;
 And thought of the twins, and wished that they
 Looked less like the man who raked the hay
 On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain
 Of the day he wandered down the lane

And, looking down that dreary track,
 He half regretted that he came back.
 For, had he waited, he might have wed
 Some maiden fair and thoroughbred;
 For there be women fair as she,
 Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden! alas for Judge!
 And the sentimental,—that's one-half "fudge."
 For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
 With all his learning and all his lore.
 And the Judge would have bartered Maud's
 fair face
 For more refinement and social grace.
 If, of all words of tongue and pen,
 The saddest are, "It might have been,"
 More sad are these we daily see:
 "It is, but hadn't ought to be."

JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, FEB. 20, 1862.

MISS LUDLUM has written for the leading periodicals of America, including Demorest's, Godey's Lady's Book, Ladies' Home Journal,



JENNIE KATE LUDLUM.

and other equally prominent journals. Her poems have received favorable notice from critics and the press generally, and have been widely copied. During 1890 three novels from the pen of this lady were given to the public.

HOW MY SHIP CAME IN.

I stood on the shore at sunset
And watched the tide flow by,
Mirroring clear on its restless breast
The crimson and gold of the sky.
The boats that had entered the harbor
Were anchored safe in the bay
Lazily rocking, with white wings set
At rest till another day.
Faint on the far horizon
Glimmered a lonely sail,
And I watched with eager, anxious eyes
To see if 'twould win or fail.
The wind was dead against it,
The tide flowed strong and still;
But steady and sure as the wind and tide,
And just as certain a will.
The sail grew large and larger,
Wavered and faded away,

Yet still I watched with anxious eyes
To see it re-enter the bay.

In the west the colors deepened,
And a golden sunset ray
Fell aslant the ocean and rested on
The ship that had entered the bay!

"My ship!" I cried out gladly,
Watching the shining sail
That was touched to a delicate, roseate hue
By that ray from the sunset pale.

"But how did it enter the harbor?"
I asked of a sailor hale.

"Why, child, it tacked 'gainst wind and tide,
And came in with glowing sail!"

"But the wind and tide o'ercame it,"
I said, "as 'twas entering the bay." ["yes,
"Yes," answered this gray-haired sailor,
But, child, it tacked, I say!"

"Tacked?" I repeated vaguely,
"Tacked? And what is that, please?"
"Why," laughed the sailor, "why, my child,
'Tis coming in 'gainst the breeze!"

"But how is it done?" I queried,
Watching the stately ship;
"Tis sailing hither and fro, my child,"
Said the sailor, with smiling lip,

"Till at last, with stern endeavor
Gaining against the tide—
Tho' that and the wind may both be strong—
Into port 'twill certainly ride;

"For, child, a patient waiting
O'ercomes the strongest ill!"
As the sailor paused, the ship hove to,
At rest beneath the hill.

"In life," the sailor continued,
"The winds and tides of fate [yield
Are strong and relentless for those who
To its swelling waves of hate;

"But, friend, there is One above us
Who watches with sleepless eyes,
Guiding the ship with loving hand
Thro' tides that are sweeping by.

"'Tis true He calls to us often
To tack, and tack again; [sail
But when harbor is entered with shining
We see 'twas not all in vain!"

The sunset colors faded,
The tide flowed steadily still,
Bearing away in its restless grasp
The seaweed and shells at will;

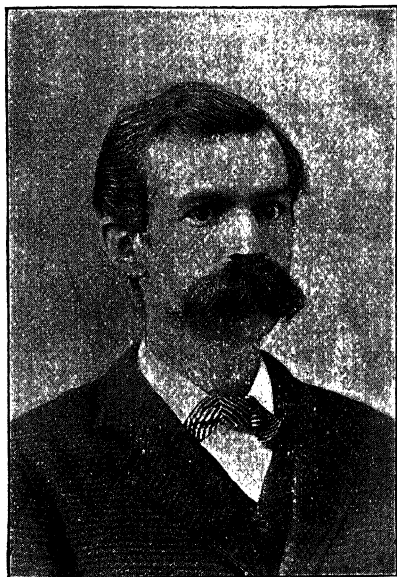
But the ship rode safe in the harbor,
Its white wings folded down; [the hills
While the strong, sweet breeze from over
Swept out thro' the quiet town.

No sail to be seen on the ocean—
All was peaceful and still;
But I'd learned a lesson grave and true
That evening under the hill!

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

BORN: DEERFIELD, N. H., OCT. 8, 1851.

At the age of twenty Mr. Browne commenced writing prose, of which he has written over one hundred serials and three hundred short stories that have received publication. In addition to these stories he has written numer-



GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

ous poetical productions, and has in preparation a book entitled *Lyrics and Legends*. In 1883 Mr. Browne assumed editorial charge of the *American Young Folks*, a position that he still retains.

THE KING OF KINGS.

The master sits behind his desk,
With a solemn mien and stern,
Declaring, "I'm the king of minds,
For the sons of men must learn."
The statesman sends abroad his word,
And the author plies his pen,
Each saying, "I'm the king of power,
For I shape the fates of men."
His bounteous store the husbandman
Gathers with pride, and then
He answers, "I'm the king of life,
For I feed the sons of men."
The pastor meek instructs his flock
To obey the commandments, ten,
While thinking, "I'm the king of light,
For I save the souls of men."

Alas! for scholar, sage and them
Of the saving prayer and pen;
The reaper Death spares none, but says:
"I conquer the kings of men."
The Lord of Hosts looks calmly down
On his subjects great and small,
And says in terms well understood,
"I'm the King of Kings o'er all."

THE WHITE STEED.

Like a meteor bright he flashed in sight
On the distant line of blue;
O'er the trackless green a rushing sheen,
Till in size and form he grew.
Swift as arrow sent from bow strong bent,
As the wild bird's airy flight,
As the ocean breeze from o'er the seas,
Came the matchless steed of white.
Then with nostrils glowing, mane outflowing,
And a restless, fearless eye,
With a proud-stepping grace, and tireless
pace,
Sped the white steed rushing by.
Let the bounding deer glance back with fear,
And the eagle gaze from yonder;
Never bird of wing nor fleeing thing
Can outmatch this prairie wonder!
From his unshod heel no ringing steel
Breaks the freedom of his glee;
While his footsteps airy, light as a fairy,
Leave no imprint on the lea.
Till a speck of white he fades from sight,
Where as one the bending blue
And the level green are dimly seen
On the far-sought western view.
Boast not of your steed with railroad speed,
Or your ships that plow the main;
Even swifter far than sail or car
Is the white steed of the plain!
Let the swift-footed deer live his career
And the eagle reach the sun;
While the earth we've span'd with an iron
band,
And the steam-king's reign is won.
Long my gallant steed with wondrous speed
May you roam your native plain;
And your arching neck ne'er feel the check
Of a master's cruel rein.

LOVE.

Distill the dew from roses,
Steal the starlight from above,
Bind with the breath of morning,
And you've imprisoned Love!
As fades the dew at daylight,
Flee the stars before the sun,
As yonder wings the zephyr,
So is Love's illusion done.

MRS. E. O. DANNELLY.

BORN: MONTICELLO, GA., JUNE 13, 1838.

THIS lady graduated from the Madison female college in 1855, afterward spending a year in New York City receiving instructions in oil painting. In 1862 she was married to Dr. F. Olin Dannelly, at that time a surgeon in the army. After the war she removed to Balti-



MRS. ELIZABETH OTIS DANNELLY.

more, and in 1870 to Waxahatchi, and is now left a widow. Mrs. Dannelly published in 1879 a volume of poems entitled *Cactus*, and in 1891 *Wayside Flowers*, from the press of the American Publishers' Association. The poems of Mrs. Dannelly have been well received, and have been favorably noticed in Hart's *American Literature* and the *Living Writers of the South*.

FIRST LOVE.

Love is not a fleeting passion,
Born to cheer us but a day,
'Tis not love that comes to vanish,
Like the transient dews of May.

Strange and mystic is this feeling,
Noblest that survives the fall;
Like the soul, it is immortal,
Something we can ne'er recall.

Think not then thy hopes are vanished,
Though long years have passed away,

Though the blooming cheeks have faded,
And the raven locks are gray;

Though another fondly loved her,
Though she knelt at Hymen's shrine,
If her heart was truly given,
Falter not, it still is thine.

Tell the same sweet story over,
Though together you've grown old,
And her heart 'twill touch and lighten,
E'en as when at first 'twas told.

Though the voice with age may tremble,
And the ear has duller grown.
If she loved thee when a maiden,
She will hear thy faintest tone.

For 'tis true that love's immortal,
And its essence is divine,
Though she may have drifted from thee,
Doubt no more her heart is thine.

Time, with all its cruel changes,
May have brought her care and grief,
Yet age yearns for love and pity,
In its sere and yellow leaf.

Widow's weeds her form may cover,
And her face, the mourner's vail,
Yet she'll listen, if thou'lt tell it,
To the same old lover's tale;

And methinks her eyes will brighten,
With the love-light as of old,
If, with half the zeal of boyhood,
It should be as sweetly told.

IF IN THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

If, in the voyage of life, dear Lord,
I've drifted far at sea,
Send gentle breezes, fraught with love,
To waft me back to Thee;
Let not my fragile bark go down
'Mid waters dark, and deep,
But gently turn the wayward sails
From where the dangers sleep.

If storms it takes to rescue me,
Then, Savior, let them come;
I'll soon forget the billows' roar
When anchored safe at home;
The blood-dyed streamers on my bark
Will float as glad and free,
As though in calmness they had waved
Above a placid sea.

If in the voyage of life, dear Lord,
Weights have beset my bark,
To sink her down with burdens great,
Beneath the ocean dark,
Cast over-board the gathered freight,
Reject the worthless lore;
But let her, though in emptiness,
Land on the other shore.

WEDDED TO ART.

Tell me true, O son of Genius,
 Devotee to ancient art,
 Hath it satisfied thy longings,
 Hath its pleasures filled thy heart?
 As you've looked with admiration
 On the sky's ethereal blue,
 Hath it e'er suggested to thee
 Love-lit eyes of brighter hue?
 Does the face of radiant beauty,
 Fair creation of thy brush,
 Bring to mind some fadeless vision
 Of a cheek with roseate blush?
 Does the life-like form before thee,
 Lacking but the human heart,
 In its silent, pulseless beauty,
 'Wake no yearnings, child of art?
 Hast thou met no kindred spirit,
 With its influence sweet, divine;
 Hath no heart, with fond emotions
 Beat in unison with thine?
 Tell me true, O son of Genius,
 Favored by the gods above,
 Hast thou ne'er, with such endowments,
 Felt the passion known as love?
 Does not something, all unbidden,
 Not the growth of human will, [ings,
 Though thou hush the whispered breath-
 Linger on and haunt thee still.
 Are there not some tones or glances
 That thy heart can ne'er forget;
 Do they not like distant music,
 Linger in thy memory yet?
 Tell me true, O son of Genius,
 Wedded, as you say, to art,
 Does this fair, long-worshiped goddess
 Always cheer and fill thy heart?
 Does she smile serenely on thee
 Through the long, long weary day?
 Does she drive away thy sadness?
 Art thou always bright and gay?
 Hath no fairer living mortal
 Rivald yet this ideal queen?
 Does she reign, the only sovereign,
 Strange and mystic, all unseen?
 Far o'er distant seas you've wandered,
 Where are daughters wondrous fair;
 Hath thy heart been proof against them?
 Have they made no impress there?
 Tell me true, O gifted Genius,
 With such wealth of mind and heart,
 Can no human charms enchain thee?
 Wilt thou cleave alone to art?

ALL THINGS.

O can it be that all these things,
 So fraught with mystery and woe,

These evils that beset my life,
 These seeming ills that grieve me so
 Must work for good to me!

That all these strange, these wondrous things,
 Wherein we can discern no good,
 Must one day wear another phase,
 Must one day all be understood,
 And deemed the best for me!

Yes, as the varied, scattered threads
 Within the weaver's hands, combine
 To form the fabric, slowly wrought,
 Into the beauteous, chaste design,
 From tangled, knotted floss.

So must these things together work,
 To form a grand, harmonious whole,
 Perfect our Maker's great design,
 And fit on earth the immortal soul
 For happiness and Heaven.

Beneath the chemist's skillful hand,
 'Tis known that biters sometimes meet,
 And, in a combination strange,
 Unite to form a substance sweet,
 And pleasant to the taste.

Then let me not refuse to drink
 The bitter wormwood and the gall,
 For e'en the dregs, were I compelled,
 In tears and grief, to drain them all,
 Must yet to sweetness turn.

For all things work for good to me,
 Not separate, they together meet,
 And strangely too, they each combine
 To make my life in Christ complete,
 And consummate His will.

Then let me never more repine,
 Or e'er indulge a vain regret,
 While God's eternal Word proclaims
 That all things whatsoever, yet,
 Must work for good to me.

A CURIOUS FACT.

When old and young, the rich and poor,
 In finery come out,
 It is a fact significant,
 They seem to grow devout;
 When all have spent their ready cash
 To purchase something new,
 You'll scarcely find in any church
 A single vacant pew.

But when the outfit's been displayed,
 The bonnet's wearing old,
 How strange it is as ribbons fade,
 Devotion, too, grows cold:
 How very strange when pretty clothes
 Appear no longer new,
 That those who still frequent the church
 Find worshippers so few.

MRS. CELESTE MAY.

BORN: LEE CO., IOWA, OCT. 20, 1850.

MRS. MAY has written and published a work entitled *Sounds of the Prairie*, which has received favorable notice from press and public. She occasionally lectures in the cause of tem-



MRS. CELESTE MAY.

perance, of which she is a staunch advocate. She was married and lived for a number of years in the state of Iowa, but now resides in Nelson, Nebraska.

THE LOST "NARRATIVE."

Letters I've written, long and short —
Letters of love and of retort;
Letters of friendship, and all sort;
Letters to South and letters to North;
Letters to East and letters to West —
But never, no never, 'mong all the rest,
Was accused of giving, to those I love best —
Not even to those I called but friend —
That part of my time you call the "tail-end."
Time flies! and, like Tam O'Shanter's mare,
Is tailless long ere one's aware,
Or reaches the running water, where
The witches of hurry and of care
Cease annoying us, and stare;
And there is only left us, there,
The bare escape; while, everywhere,
Duties unpleasant and duties fair,
Burdens heavy and hard to bear,

Others pleasing and light as air,
Crowd, unfinished, plucking Time's hair;
Till we, in utter and blank despair,
Wonder if ever, or anywhere,
Before was seen such a tailless mare
As the flying steed, so bald and bare,
Which the penniless writer rides with care.
So accuse me not of giving to you
The narrative to which I've lost all clue;
I've plucked from Time's forelock some
moments new —
In which I could write some sentiments true;
Though poorly expressed, I hope that a few
May revive my true image, in your heart,
anew.
That blessings on earth and in heaven accrue
To your share, is the wish of — adieu.

NOTHING "WORTH WHILE."

There is nothing worth while
Unless shared by another;
What is fortune's sweet smile
If it glads not our brother? —
It is nothing worth while.
The sweetest of song
The sirens can sing
Allures us not long,
Unless we can bring
Our best friend along.
The joy of beholding
A beauteous picture,
Loses half the unfolding
Of its soft-tinted feature,
To a lonely heart viewing.
And wisest tales known,
If they do not beguile
Other hearts than our own,
Are hardly worth while,
Though in bard's sweetest tone.
The choicest of food,
To the one who prepares it,
Is not half so good
If nobody shares it,
And in silence he brood.
What a bauble is fame,
If there is none
To speak our own name
As the dearest one!
Ah! life is tame.
So there's nothing worth while,
If enkindles no eye
With a thought or a smile
At the same glad sky —
O there's nothing worth while.
'Tis companionship sweet
The heart most craves;
Love's glances meet,
And the spirit laves
In a honeyed retreat.

MRS. JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

BORN: Troy, N.Y.

The girlhood of the subject of this sketch was passed in Scotland, and on her return to this country she was married to Horace E. Smith, LL.D., of Johnstown, N.Y., who for ten years was dean of the Albany law school. Mrs. Smith has two beautiful daughters. Her writ-



MRS. JEANIE OLIVER SMITH.

ings have appeared in nearly all of the first-class magazines and journals of the country, and in 1889 appeared Day Lilies, a magnificent volume of poems from the pen of this writer. Her versification is smooth, the rhymes good and strong, and the work has been favorably commented upon by competent critics

A MINOR SYMPHONY.

The winds have cadences at eventide,
That pulseless lie
Beneath the morning sky;
From realms of deepest mystery they glide.
Grave autumn hath a grand deep undertone
In anthem tunes,
Which laughing, leaf-crowned Junes
In all their choral wealth have never known.
When harps that we have loved through all
these years
In rhythmic flow
Sound oft the tremolo,
How broken our antiphony by tears!

When far from shore sounds some melodious
psalm

Which once most near
Entranced the listening ear, [calm!
How hushed we pray that wind and wave be
But far, oh, far the dark horizon line;—
Our comrades still,
To whom we call at will,
Held fast by love-chords from the sea's incline
And when the diapason swells at even,
Spell-bound we stand,
As by some border land
Where all the harmonies are caught from
heaven.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

"Ruler of men!" Whatever greatness lies
Wrapped in those three short words, 'tis born
of Mind.

No prowess stands for this. The brawny god
Of muscle and of limb may sometime sway
The gaping multitudes who court meanwhile
The bustle and the tumult and the fray,
The rushing, foaming, angry surface whirl
Of that great cauldron called Society;
But far below the troubled surface dwells,
Among space-deeps that only Mind can reach,
A pulsing heart that dominates the world!

SUNRISE FROM THE TOWER.

We breathe at times a purer air,
And taste the joys of nobler birth;
As if 'twere given again to earth
Its pristine, Eden charm to wear.
And such an hour is this. The morn,
In white robes o'er the Orient hills,
Hies blushing, while the welkin fills
With song, from myriad sources born.
The winds of night are hushed to rest,
The clouds have vanished, fold on fold.
This isle, "An emerald chased in gold,"
Lies fair and bright on ocean's breast.
Far out to sea white sails are seen,
Where sky with ocean seems to meet,
Ah, yonder weird and mystic fleet
From out the heaven has sailed, I ween.
They float far off through ether seas,
Like thoughts of peace, on wings of prayer;
Like doves that love's fond missives bear,—
Sail on, rich freighted argosies!

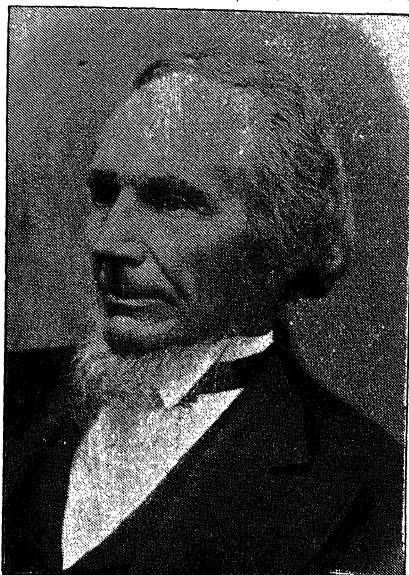
MY LASSIE.

Bonnie Blue een,
Like stars their sheen;
Stars in the heaven o' a lovely face,
That flash soul-light from their secret place,
From the fountain o' heavenly ruth, I ween;
None but a fiend could such light efface,
Or bring ae cloud to that brow serene.

STEDMAN A. CHAPLIN.

BORN: BALTIMORE, VT., JUNE 2, 1809.

In 1842 this gentleman was ordained a Baptist minister; and later joined the Church of God. All his life Mr. Chaplin has been a close student, and has attained a fair knowledge of languages, mathematics, the sciences and



STEADMAN A. CHAPLIN.

biblical lore. He has been a teacher, farmer, minister, and editor — occupying the editorial chair for thirteen years with marked ability; and as a pastor was greatly beloved. The poems of Mr. Chaplin have appeared quite extensively in the religious and secular press. He is now a resident of Plymouth, Ind.

FADING LEAVES.

Cold Boreas breathes and the shroud of white
rime
Wraps the death-stricken bloom at morn's
dawning prime,
From petals of bloom has faded the hue
That yesterday smiled to the sun in the
blue.
The ice bands with crystal the hem of the
reef,
The crimson and yellow, deep color the leaf;
Sad wailings of autumn, deep requiem's
sound
O'er the rose and the lily that mix with the
ground.
Like the leaf we all fade — we blast like the
bloom,

The form that is human, the chill from the
tomb

Blights as frost blights the verdure; the tem-
pest that wings

Its flight o'er our graves, our final dirge
sings.

How short is the summer for leaf on the
spray;

How short like the leaf-life, humanity's day;
Of the leaf — of the man — how soon it is told
That the frost-breath has come and both are
but mold.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

Sweet childhood hours — life's opening scenes
How fondly memory backward leans,
Toward its first dreams, and ardent prays,
Let me re-live those blissful days.

How gay was spring enrobed in bloom
And dewy pearls, when morn's perfume,
And bright aurora's crimson flush,
Were sweet as bridal beauty's blush.

'Neath summer's sun in sportive race,
I watched the light the shadows chase; —
Looked up to heaven's majestic blue,
That worlds of light were moving through, —
Then, in the streamlet's mirror glow,
Looked down on heavens that shone below,
How oft, before sins shadow black,
Had yet eclipsed life's shining track.

On mountain heights, I wondering stood,
In nature's awful solitude,
Before the painted foliage fell,
O'er rising peak, or sinking dell; —
E'er withering flowers were laid in death,
Cut down by winter's killing breath, —
And heard prophetic whispers say,
Youth's transient visions fleet away!

Those years are passed, — upon my brow,
The snows of time are falling now,
The school-house troops, with-whom I played,
Are slumbering 'neath the yew-tree's shade;
Parents, that saw my life-dawn day,
Are confined yonder in the clay;
Green mounds are heaved above the breast
Of sisters in their dreamless rest.

And graven marbles, give the date
When children passed the stream of fate;
And she I name my youthful bride
Is sleeping by these children's side.
And brothers, once beloved, are bound
In prison-house beneath the ground;
The grass has often grown above,
The saints, who taught me God to love.

And, while I wait the grave for me,
Is ready as once Job for thee,
For as I list with bated breath,
I hear thy steps, O coming death!

But Judah's seers foretell an hour,
When death shall lose his cruel power;
That one shall come with might to save
And break the bolts that bar the grave.

When that dear dust on which we tread,
In deathless shape shall leave that bed;
They say upon fate's farther shore.
No tempests beat, no billows roar,
That fadeless Paradise's bloom
Beyond the deserts and the tomb;
That on those shores, Jerusalem
Has golden streets and walls of gem.

No sorrows there, no grief, no sigh,
For tears are wiped from every eye;
That the eternal raptures there,
The pure, the good, the holy share;
That sin shall ne'er invade our home
In the delightful world to come!
Then Heavenly Father, me I pray
Give youth eternal in that day.

MRS. AMANDA J. SMART.

BORN: THORNTON, N. H., 1890.

At the age of twenty-one this lady was married to Lewis B. Smart. For nearly a year she lived in Kansas, but not liking the west,



MRS. AMANDA J. SMART.

she soon returned to her native state, where she has lived the greater part of her life. Mrs. Smart is now a resident of Danvers, Mass., where she expects to remain.

ODE TO BLACK MOUNTAIN.

O, wondrous Black Mountain,
Why such a dark name?
Why were you not christened
The Mountain of Fame?
Methinks this more fitting
A visage like thine,
Beneath which is hidden,
Perchance, a rich mine;
Though ruthlessly clambered
By lady and brave,
Than dark appellation
Your god-father gave.
Your colors, moreover,
Presented to view,
When kissed by the sunlight
Are red, white and blue.

OUR HERO.

U. S. and G.—initials three,—
Familiar over land and sea,
With U. S. A. will live for aye,
Though nations rise and melt away.
For royal sons—the martyred ones,
Our country sombre garment dons;
Then lo! apace, with rev'rent grace,
For dauntless hero veils her face.

From favored mount could he recount
The glories of the Living Fount;
Like Moses, too, his eye could view
The nearing heights of pastures new.

Brave conq'r'or he, amazed we see!
Henceforth his ruled spirit free;
No monarch's throne hath ever known,—
More overwhelming vict'ry shown.

Then U. S. A. forever may,
With loving pride her tribute pay;
And early plant, in world-wide haunt,
A laurel wreath for U. S. Grant.

TO MAD RIVER.

Who calls thee Mad, dear River,
Sees not thy smiling face
When summer sunbeams quiver,
Thy bosom to embrace:
Nor as gray twilight neareth,
Athwart thy waters glad,
Yon shad'wy arch appeareth,
Shall blindly call thee mad!
'Tis when dark summer showers
Down terraced hill-sides pour,
Or cloud of autumn lowers,
Till by the deaf'ning roar,
Of mad'ning waters swelling
Thy banks to overflow,
Thou teachest field and dwelling
Thy frantic name to know.

JACOB HUFF.

BORN: CHATHAM RUN, PA., JAN. 31, 1853.

JACOB HUFF's writings generally appear under the nom de plume of Faraway Moses. At an early age he was employed in the lumber woods of Pennsylvania. Mr. Huff has written numerous humorous sketches and serial



JACOB HUFF.

stories, in which he is at present engaged. Both his verse and prose have appeared from time to time in the Detroit Free Press, Pittsburgh Post, Henry George's Standard, and other equally prominent journals.

IF WE KNEW.

No one knows the secret sighing,—
Sobbing in a neighbor's heart;
No one knows the fond hopes dying —
No one knows the cruel smart.
No one knows the hungry yearning
Of a neighbor's cheerless soul;
No one knows how grief is burning
In the heart where love grows cold.
None but God knows each desire;
He alone knows griefs untold:
Ah, He sees the heart's slow fire
Dying out as love grows cold.
Ah, I see your neighbor sitting,
Often with a low bowed head;
And I know how grief is fitting
Through his heart, where hope is dead.

BALM OF LIFE.

The greatest thing in life —
A balm for its sorrows and strife —
And this one thing will prove
Better than all else to me:
'Tis merely to live and to be
With the people I love.
I love these bare, bald hills,
Where the song of the spring bird trills,
And I hear the coo of the dove;
But better than all to me,
Is to always live and be
Among the people I love.
Oh, what is wealth and fame?
Or, what is an honored name,
If from my friends I'm removed?
Give me my cot on the hill,
And the song of the whip-poor-will,
And the friends I have always loved.

THE WARNING.

Before the glass I stood this morning
Combing the hair of my frivolous head;
Then I beheld, oh, solemn warning!
A silvered strand of hirsute thread.
Firmly I grasp'd it with my fingers,
Pluck'd it out, but oh! the cold
Realization behind it lingers —
God in Heaven! I'm growing old!
Then I noticed the crow-foot wrinkles
Deeply indented around each eye, [twinkles
And tears of regret down my sad face.
While thinking how soon I must surely die.
I smooth out the wrinkles with careful
fingers, [grows cold;
And pluck out gray hair while my heart
For, oh! that terrible thought still lingers —
God in Heaven! I'm growing old!
Oh, this stern fiat of nature
Under which all mortals lie!
Suspended over every creature
Hangs this sentence — all must die!
Execution day draws nearer,
And each gray hair I behold
Speaks of death and graveyards dreary —
Oh! my God, I'm growing old!
Soon these hands will cease their labor,
And upon this bosom lay,
Down beside a silent neighbor,
Flesh and bone and heart decay.
What comes after? Ah, the mystery,
Half of which has ne'er been told;
For the dead send back no history
To poor mortals growing old.

EXTRACT.

Take away those little dresses,
Gently lay them out of sight;
I am sad, and it distresses
Me to look at them to-night.

JOHN J. MCGIRR.

BORN: YOUNGSTOWN, PA., MARCH 13, 1855.

THE principal work of Mr. McGirr is the Destruction of the World, a poem which was published in 1886. Although comparatively unknown as yet, he is a poet of no mean ability. His conceptions are lofty — his language



JOHN J. MCGIRR.

clear and musical. This work also contains various other shorter poems that have been well received. Mr. McGirr is a newspaper editor by profession, and now resides in McKeesport, Pa.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! the evening shadows fall;
Ave Maria! We pray thee guard us all.

Over the land and the sea the night is coming
on;

Ave Sanctissima! guard us till the dawn.

Star of life's stormy sea, hear our humble
prayer,

And when the tempests rise, save us from de-
spair.

Guide our wand'ring footsteps through this
world aright;

Safely through the darkness upward to the
light.

Ave Sanctissima! hear our earnest cry!
Ave Maria! draw near us when we die.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Sadly dies the autumn day,
In moaning winds and sunset gray;
The forest trees, with branches bare,
Upraise their arms as though in prayer,
While at their feet the dead leaves lie
Hushed and sad and silently.

The gray squirrel from his dizzy height
Perceives the fast approaching night,
And with quick and startled leap,
Scrambles to his nest and sleep,
While deep within the wood is heard
The plaintive cry of the midnight bird.

Now just above the western hills,
The gray clouds part, and sunlight fills
The forest, and the saddened scene
Is glorified in the golden sheen
Of the setting sun.

So, sweetly on my saddened life,
Dark with sickness and with strife,
There falls the sunlight of God's love,
With hope that in His home above,
When life and sorrow both be past,
My weary feet shall rest at last.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

EXTRACT.

And now the lightning, as a storm of rain
Pours from the heavens, making all things
plain:

The cowering millions kneeling on the ground,
The beasts and reptiles gathered close around;
The awful secrets of the mighty sea,
Which now are shown so plain and vividly;
The falling houses and the bursting rocks;
The trees uprooted, as by tempest shocks,—
All, all the horrors of this awful night
Stand out distinct before poor mankind's
sight.

Oh, God of mercy! listen to that cry,—
That cry of anguish unto Thee on high!
That thou would'st end the lives of those be-
low,

And thus cut short their agonies and woe.
As if in answer to that fearful cry,
The lightning streams the faster from the
sky.

The earth in places open in fissures deep,
Where man and beast sink in a writhing heap.
Then from th' abyss there come despairing
cries;

Then a faint moaning, which in silence dies.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

More powerful than the sword or pen,
More potent than the frowns of men,
More touching than a lover's sighs,
Are the tears that flow from woman's eyes.

MRS. CONSTANCE RUNCIE.

BORN: INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JAN. 15, 1836.

CONSTANCE studied in Germany for six years, and upon her return to America, at the age of twenty-five, she was married to the Rev. James Runcie, D. D. Mrs. Runcie has led a life of wonderful mental activity, and at an early age began to compose music. Her great-



MRS. CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

est success in prose literature was *Divinely Led*, a work which attained a wide popularity, and was repeatedly quoted from by press and pulpit. In 1888 *Poems Dramatic and Lyric* appeared, which met with still more gratifying success. In person Mrs. Constance Faunt LeRoy Runcie is very petite.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

My love came through the door, and lo!

Her very form and face,
So purely simple, seemed to glow
With new, peculiar grace.

Her dress was black, and made of gauze,
Which veiled but did not hide
Her perfect arms, so softly white,
They with the lily vied.

The crimson flowers at her throat
Were all the jewels worn,
Except her eyes, which shone above
With light that was love-born.

She held within her graceful hands
Her hat, which, hanging down,
Broke, with its strings of ribbon bright,
The dead black of her gown.

She was a picture standing there,
Altho' she did not know it,
My love, with earnest, truthful brow,
My dreamer and my poet.

I would have fallen at her feet,
I could have worshiped there,
So graceful in her flowing robes,
But that I did not dare.

I in my very soul and heart,
Would paint her if I could,
As coming through the door that night
We saw her as she stood.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

I send no greeting; I do not even feel
Your name forgotten when in prayer I kneel.
You came into my life and passed away,
A troubled dream which flies before the day.
You ask too much.

There comes, at last, an end
Of what one ought to suffer for a friend.
It then becomes ignoble — self-abase,—
Not sacrifice — pure — holy — full of grace.
I suffered much where now I cannot feel;
I do not still pretend a friendly zeal
In what you do — or are — or where you go;
A calm indifference is all I know.

I am not angry even, nor doth there burn
Resentment in my heart! — No!

You must learn
How wholly I forgive and can forget.
The sun, upon two friends,
Hath simply set.

THIS WOULD I DO.

If I were a rose,

This would I do:
I would lie upon the white neck of her I love,
And let my life go out upon the fragrance
Of her breath.

If I were a star,

This would I do:
I would look deep down into her eyes,
Into the eyes I love, and learn there
How to shine.

If I were a truth strong as the Eternal One,

This would I do:
I would live in her heart, in the heart
I know so well, and

Be at home.

If I were a sin,

This would I do:
I would fly far away, and tho' her soft hand
In pity was stretched out, I would not stay,
but fly,

And leave her pure!

JAMES H. ASHABRANNER.

BORN: NEW ALBANY, IND., DEC. 31, 1861.

BROUGHT up on a farm, at eighteen years of age James was apprenticed for one year to the blacksmith's trade, subsequently teaching school for about five years. He was then



JAMES H. ASHABRANNER.

elected assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and is now city librarian of the public library in his native town. His poems have appeared from time to time in the *Current*, *Toledo Blade*, and other periodicals.

MUTABILITY.

How soon the joys which we have known,
The treasures of our greener years,
Become with moss and rust o'ergrown,
Till scarce the sculptured name appears.

The relics of the past, though few,
Neglected lie within the heart;
The weeds of time conceal their hue,
Or but reveal the tints in part.

The plaything of the prattling boy
Is all the world to him to-day;
To-morrow brings another toy,
For which he flings the old away.

But not alone to infant mind
But to the gray-haired children too,
A toy appears of fair design,
Until replaced by something new.

And friends to whom we said, adieu,
And wept to clasp the parting hand
Fade from the memory, like the hue
Of words engraven on the sand.

The vows that made the parting sweet,
On memory's tablet yield their place
To words of love and smiles that meet
Reflection in a fairer face.

And love that we regard as true
Leaps into flame, and then expires,
Or bursts from other vents anew,
Relit by flames from other fires.

And yet I deem it well, that such
Is life and all that it contains;
For memory comes with softened touch
And brings to mind our lessened pains.

And oh, the past! the silent past!
What shudders seize the maddened brain,
When scarce we dare to think, at last
The past might come to light again.

For deeply buried in the dust,
Are secrets that we fain would keep.
Their tombs we guard with sacred trust
Till we, with them, lie down to sleep.

SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

The fields are bright with the golden grain,
That waves in the subtle breeze;
The partridge calls in his loud refrain,
To his mate from the apple-trees.

Sweet and low is the hum of bees,
And the hum of the reaper's tune,
As, one by one, they bind the sheaves
Beneath the skies of June.

Deep in the shade of the beechen grove,
Where the sun and the shadows play,
The oriole swings with his mated love,
And blends his tuneful lay.

Silent and grand with a lurid glow,
Behind the hills of the west,
The chariot of Sol is sinking low,
And bids the harvester rest.

AMOR FATUM VINCIT.

I witnessed, last night, in a vision,
Two pathways from opposite coves,
Converge in the regions elysian,
And wend through celestial groves.

As one single pathway they wandered,
Like rivers that flow to the main,
But while in my vision I pondered,
I saw them diverging again.

And widely asunder they tended,
As fashioned by destiny's might,
But in the dark valley they blended
And entered the realms of light.

Oh, loving hearts here disunited,
Look up through your anguish and tears,
For love now so cruelly blighted,
Will bloom through eternity's years.

NELLIE CORINNE BERGEN.

BORN: DELANCO, N. J., OCT. 14, 1868.

WHEN a child Nellie lived in Washington and Philadelphia, and at four years of age came to East Saginaw, where she has lived ever since. Graduating in 1887 from the high school, she continued her studies for one year



NELLIE CORINNE BERGEN.

at St. Clair, Michigan. Miss Bergen has made elocution one of her principal studies, and has appeared at several private concerts as Parthenia in Ingomar. Her poems have appeared in several prominent papers, and have received favorable mention from the press and public generally.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Fame! what, I pray is fame?

A thing to drive men mad!

And gold! 'tis but a curse,

To make our hearts more sad.

I'd rather a hundred times

Sit here and drub and write,

And have returned each poem

I send, than wear so bright

A crown, yet heavy, too,

As wealth puts on your head;

To drive you till you'd wish

You rested with the dead!

Why, man; it's awfully hard

To bear the burden Fame

Imposes. Better far,
To live, unknown by name,

Than be sought after, times
When you for rest most long,
For autograph, or theme,
On which to write a song!

Here do I sit all day,
And none so poor to seek
My hiding place secure.
Yes, here from week to week,

I sit, and none molest;
While if the magazines
Should take each poem I write,
What lively times and scenes!

This little room would be
Not large enough by far;
I'd have to move up-town,
And "run down" on the car.

Why Fame! it only means
No rest from morn to eve.
What's that — the postman's knock?

A check! I scarcely b'lieve.

'Tis I. It's for same name
Perhaps; but — here — what's this?
"Ten dollars for your poem —
A Rosebud for One Kiss."

Strange, strange indeed! It was
My very poorest one —
And yet, for me, it has
The best and noblest done!

Fame! man, it's glorious good!
The best born earth can give.
And money? That's good, too;
We must have that to live.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

The yellow rose, — I have it now;
The rose I sent my love!
The beauteous rose once wet with dew,
The rose I sent my love!

The petals fine were emblems true,
Oh love I bore to her,
The tender flower a token true,
Oh love I bore to her.

And here it is all faded now,
She sent it back to me;
And here it is all dead and sere;
She sent it back to me.

STELLA, MY STAR.

Oh Stella, my star, bright star,
Say where are you shining to-night?
If I, by my heart, could tell,
To you would I wing my flight.

ELLA S. JOHNSON.

THIS lady is a resident of Houston, Texas, where she is well and favorably known by her many admirers. She has written poetry quite extensively for the periodical press, and



ELLA S. JOHNSON.

is represented in *Gems From a Texas Quarry*. Her poems have been highly praised by the press, and have been copied extensively throughout the western states.

PERDITA IN DEO.

In a dim and haunted forest
By a dark and silent lake,
Where the coral-hued flamingos
Come at eve their thirst to slake;
Where the blue-bird prinks its feathers
In the silence and the dark,
And the vivid red-bird flutters
Through the branches like a spark.
Sleeps my child-wife wee Perdita,
Underneath the moss and ferns,
With the giant trees above her,
Where the wind at midnight yearns.
In the evening, in the dark night,
Evermore my heart returns
To this dim and mystic forest,
With its mosses and its ferns.
Hermit-like I rove its vastness,
From the twilight till the dawn,
There's a new face in the city —
From the sky a star is gone.

A DREAM POEM.

WHITE VIOLET.

Thou small, exquisite flower,
Dying on my heart,
Art thou of the universe
A spirit, or a part?
Thy fragrance is thy soul, —
O! breathe it into mine,
That thought may be divine.
Thy subtle odor thrills
Me with intense delight;
The day becomes a dream,
A memory the night.
Thou hast entranced me quite;
Thy sweet escaping soul
Hath mine in its control.
Now far, now near, it floats,
The voice that haunts my dreams,
Tender as winds that stir —
At midnight lonely streams;
All wildly, sadly sweet;
So fond and kind, so low,
And faint with happy woe.
My own, my own, it breathes,
And dies upon the air;
My pulses thrill to life —
Sweet is love's answered prayer —
O! most divinely sweet!
A spirit haunts the hour,
Thou wan, exquisite flower.

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

Upon the greenwood tree apart
I sang for thee my sweetest song;
Thy arrow almost struck my heart;
I fell the withered leaves among.
Why hast thou shot the little bird
That sang its sweetest song to thee?
Oh, when my heart by love was stirred,
That love burst forth in melody.
My little heart was full of love;
God's sunshine kept it strong and warm.
Oh, how couldst thou so cruel prove?
I never did thee any harm.
No more across the bright blue sky
With bounding heart I'll speed my way;
No more my little mate and I
Will watch the breaking of the day.
The speckled eggs within my nest —
Oh, long ere this are cold — stone cold.
More painful grows my wounded breast,
And blood is on my plumes of gold.
Is that my wild mate's note I hear
Within the leafy tree close by?
My cry it heard and has flown near
Only, alas! to see me die.
Why hast thou shot the little bird
That sang its sweetest song for thee?
Oh, when my heart by love was stirred?
That love burst into melody!

HELEN LEE CAREY.

BORN: IPSWICH, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1857.

At the age of twenty Miss Carey became a school teacher. The first poem of this lady appeared in the Cottage Hearth when she



HELEN LEE CAREY.

was eighteen years of age; and since that time they have appeared in the Boston Transcript, Youth's Companion and many other periodicals of equal prominence. Miss Carey is still a resident of her native state at Malden.

SLEIGHING.

Here are we nestled, warm and snug,
Within the cutter's perfumed rug,
And swiftly o'er the light road skim
Toward the hills that far and dim
Lie on the cold horizon's rim.

Away, away! the snow is white,
The air is clear, the moon is bright,
To backward glance the village spires,
Tipped with their pale up-pointing fires,
Fade as a holy thought expires.

Away! to-night our company
The spirits of the frost shall be;
We'll chase the flying bells whose play
On moonlit meadows far away
Is softened to a murmur gay.

Away through villages that lie
Like silver jewels, gliding by

The river's gleaming stream of steel,
Whose fringe of ice the waves conceal
That echo back our sleigh-bells' peal.

Here stands a quiet farm-house; there
A stretch of glistening fields lies bare;
Here thickets, robed in white array,
Climb the steep banks, and sharply lay
Dark shadows o'er our rapid way.

The shaken trees their crystals fling,
That shatter with an airy ring;
And hark! a mocking ripple swells
From where the covered streamlet wells
And tinkles through its icy cells.

Away again! yon pine-trees tall
Close round us a mysterious wall;
Through their great harps the solemn moan
Of winds is sweeping, long and lone,
In melancholy minor tone.

Away through spicy forests, hung
With mantles by the storm-winds flung,
From out whose solitude the sigh
Of breezes brings some weird, wild cry,
To scare us as we glimmer by.

Ah, see! the watch-fire on the lake,
Where merry skaters pleasure take!
Their voices, as we onward go,
Die to a light cadenza low,
As sounds through dreams of music flow.
The prospect widens; on before
Stretches the broad lake's dazzling floor;
And far, where pearly vapors rise,
Shine through a mist the peaceful skies
And azure hills of paradise.

The distance shuts like wings behind;
Before, it opens silver-lined;
The angel of the radiant night
Leads ever on before our flight,
And past us stream its robes of light.

EXOTICS.

Thou! I love thee! cool, dim green and carmine,

Creamy, pure white and frail pink deep-
ning down—

Rare mingling forms and perfumed colors
mingling—

O sweetest soundless music that can drown
All feelings save this longing thou dost wake
Toward—I know not what!—Art thou a
key

To ope the door of the mysterious Life
Whose fire leaps into my heart through thee?

Ah! now I know the secret of thy power!
Poem of Nature! the Promethean flame—
The infinite Thought breathes in thy perfect
beauty,

And writes on thee the glory of a name.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

BORN: DEERING, ME., JULY 18, 1853.

COMMENCING to teach school at the age of sixteen, Miss Eliza Morton taught constantly in the public schools of Maine until 1879, meanwhile writing quite a little poetry and prose for prominent periodicals. In 1879 she went to Michigan and taught for three years in the normal department of Battle Creek College, giving special attention to the sub-



ELIZA H. MORTON.

ject of geographical science; and as a result she published Potter's series of Geographies, which were enthusiastically received, and had a wide sale. In 1881 appeared a volume from the pen of this writer entitled *Still Waters*. The subject of this sketch is also well known as the author of *The Songs My Mother Sang*, *My Mission*, *I Glory in the Cross*, and many other hymns made popular in D. L. Moody's revival meetings. Poor health obliged Miss Morton to return to her native state, where she now resides in Portland.

WEAKNESS.

In weakness held by hands unseen
I struggle with the strong,
And vainly strive to rise, to work,
To mingle with the throng.
Life looks so bright, so full of joy
To those who daily feel

The glow of health within their veins,
Of strength to work with zeal.
The days and weeks and months below
Are slipping from life's string,
Like pearls, and gliding from my grasp
Like summer birds on wing.
Like ghosts my wasted years arise
And haunt each passing hour;
They lift to me their spectral hands
And boast of wasted power.
In weakness sick and faint I wait,
And calmly bide the day,
When like the mist upon the hills
My pain will pass away.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

Life is a song, tender and low —
Baby on breast —
Prelude of joy, thrilling the heart,
Lullaby, rest.
Life is a song, merry and wild,
Sung in a day;
Chorus of fun, innocent glee,
Laughter and play.
Life is a song, rhythmic and sweet,
Love is its tune;
Treble and base blended in one,
Perfect as June.
Life is a song, solemn and sad —
Music most slow!
Death plays the harp when it is eve,
Anthem of woe!
Life is a song; sing it with smiles,
Sing it with tears.
Earnestly sing, prayerfully sing,
Months, days and years.
Sing for the poor, sing for the sick,
Sing for the sad.
Sing till some heart, catching the tune,
Groweth more glad.
What if the song floateth away
Into the air?
What if the earth holds in its arms
All we deem fair?
Lips that are dust once more will sing,
"Praise ye the Lord!"
Jubilee songs once more will ring,
Glory to God!

WEARY.

Weary of self, weary of sin,
Weary of conflicts fierce within,
Weary of toil, weary of pain,
Weary of failure oft and again,
Weary of living, weary of life,
Weary of turmoil, noise and strife,
Weary of earth with all its woe,
Weary and homesick here below,
Weary of all but Him who died,
Weary of all but the Crucified.

MRS. SADIE LEWIS.

BORN: PLEASANT GAP, PA., FEB. 14, 1859.

SADIE commenced writing poems at an early age, many of which have appeared from time to time in the local daily and weekly newspa-



MRS. SADIE LEWIS.

pers of her native state. Mrs. Lewis was married in 1879, and now resides in Lock Haven, Pa.

IN THE FIELDS.

I've been out in the fields to-day,
The fields around my home;
I have gathered the fern and flowers gay,
And drank from the waters, 'neath Heaven's blue dome.

I have gazed on the golden beauty,
Of summer bravely dressed,
Heard the chorus of feathered songsters,
And the chatter of woodland guest.

I hear the drowsy humming bee,
And the rush of the waterfall;
But the distant sound of chiming bells,
Stern thoughts of life recall.

And a prayer ascends for strength and grace,

As I pass through the summer of life;
While the rustling leaves of autumn,
Foretell the winter's strife.

I stretch out my hand for guidance,
Through the darkness, mist and rain,
So that my heart and I'll find rest,
From our infinite sorrow and pain.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Let your life be a book of light,
Each page a glittering gem;
No frowning fate, or task so great,
But you will conquer them.

In thought and deed, if you succeed,
On record true and wise,
Some day will light the way,
To the gates of Paradise.

THE FIVE SENSES.

To see God's green earth with myriad flowers,
The whispering trees and climbing vines,
Churches, palaces, world-famed towers,
Compound a picture divine sublime.
The fields of waving grain, the hills,
The clear spring overflowing,
Thank God for sight—his law fulfills,
In nature bright and glowing.

To hear the song of singing birds,
The music of the mountain rills,
The humming noise of insect life,
The tramp of mighty western herds,
Machinery's rushing roar and sound,
Creates a din we love to hear,
It tells of progress the world around;
Thank God for hearing so much cheer.

To swell the perfumes God has given,
In countless flowers with dainty life,
The southwind's balmy sweetest breath,
Bring spices to our dwelling;
The fruit now ripe on tree and stalk,
Content in luscious strife,
Unwritten poems who can tell,
But I thank God for the sense of smelling.

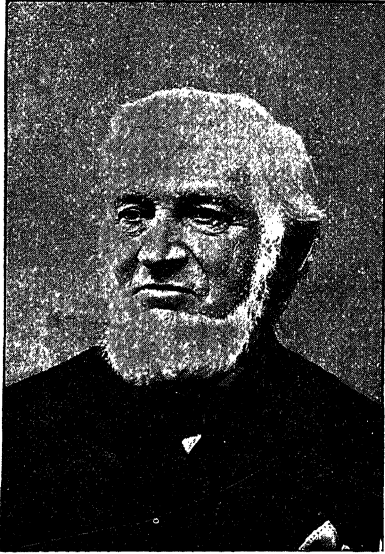
To touch the velvet petaled rose,
Or kiss the face of a little child,
Is a world of sweets in verse or prose,
Without a flaw or speck of guile.
To touch the silver hair of age,
In blessing kind with words of cheer,
Will reach the heart, God's eye engage,
Ah! yes the sense of touch is dear.

To taste the sweetest nectared wine,
Or feel the glow of beauty thrill you,
Or hear a witching, tender sound,
Or see the star-gemmed sky of blue.
Then let us keep these graces given,
Pure as all things in nature are,
Defile them not, Lord keep us clean,
That we may enter Heaven.

LEVI BEACH.

BORN: BASIN HARBOR, VT., FEB. 3, 1810.

THE poetical productions of Mr. Beach have been chiefly of a religious character, which have been largely copied by the local press. He has also contributed many campaign poems. The verses of Mr. Beach are varied in



LEVI BEACH.

character, and illustrative of his skill in depicting scenes and incidents. Living in Paola, Kansas, known as one of the Natural Gas towns, it is but natural that this fact should elicit a poem on that subject from his pen.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD DOG.

Will Pedro's voice be heard no more
To tell when rogues are at the door?
How oft we've left him all alone,
To guard the house, while we were gone.
How glad he was of our return
And proud to show what he had done;
His duties he did well perform,
And met us with affection warm.
He will no more come at our call
He'll fetch the cows no more at all,
His age has freed him from his cares
But still he doth our memory share.
'Twas in the field when all alone,
With no one near to hear his groans,
And no one knew where Pedro fell
Until the crows this fact did tell.

NATURAL GAS.

Deep in the earth, rich treasures lie,
Men reach them with a drill,
With force they come forth unto them,
Their homes with comfort fill.

The hidden treasures now are found
Which long have been secret;
They spring forth now a rich supply,
Our many wants to meet.

No wood nor coal, now do we need
'Tis gas that takes the lead;
We will dispense with ax and saw
Of them we have no need.

We have no kindling to bring in
Or wood that is too green;
We hold the match and turn the key—
Then what a fire is seen.

It is too fine for eyes to see,
Our ears can hear the sound;
It was a glorious day, indeed;
When this rich gift was found.

What wondrous changes I have seen
Since eighteen hundred ten,
What great discoveries there have been,
Since I that year began.

TO ROSA.

Thy name, dear Rose, cannot be beat,
Mid all the flowers, there's none so sweet.
Put all the flowers in one row,
There's none can with the Rosy show.

Buttercup, Tulip, Daffodil,
Or all that grows along the rill,
The rose still now doth take the lead,
And leaves the rest quite in the shade.

Now with the bunch still let her stay,
And beautify the whole bouquet.
Her fragrance will the whole perfume—
What odor then will fill the room.

Now when this Rose shall pass away,
There may she bloom in endless day;
Where frosts and death can never come,
But there to have eternal bloom.

TO ANNA.

Now eighteen years have passed away—
Like former years they do not stay;
Now on your nineteenth year you start,
May God's rich blessing now impart.

May all you do be to His praise,
Who kindly lengthens out your days;
What e'er He bids that may you do,
And ever to your God prove true.

Should you like me, see seventy-eight,
May peace and joy then be your fate;
And all your works in Him be wrought,
Who hath for us our pardon brought. . . .

MRS. ELLA GAY HULL.

BORN: FLINT, MICH., JULY 26, 1858.

WHEN but a few months old, Ella was left fatherless, and her mother took her to her mountain home in Vermont, where Ella remained until her twelfth year, when she was bereft of her mother. She was then kindly cared for by an uncle, George E. Pomeroy, living in Michigan. At the age of fifteen Miss Ella taught school, applying her earnings for her own education, graduating at the Michi-



MRS. ELLA GAY HULL.

gan State Normal in 1882, and taking special work at Albion college in the spring of 1886. In 1884 a volume of her poems entitled *A Score of Thoughts*, containing twenty selections, was published, which met with a ready sale. She was married to Dr. Philo Hull in 1887. The prose writings of Mrs. Ella Gay Hull have appeared under the nom de plume of Flossy. She now is engaged in literary work, and resides with her husband in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MOTHER.

Down through the vista of years,
Doth a beautiful memory stray,
Leaving each time in my heart,
When it goes, a golden ray.

'Tis the memory of one that I loved,
Yes, loved, in the long ago,

With a face as pure as the angels',
And white as the drifted snow;

With hair that was soft and brown,
And eyes of heaven's own blue;
And hands that were gentle and kind,
My mother, so loving and true.

Of times, in dreams, I am kneeling
Again by the side of her knee,
And softly breathing the prayer
She taught so early to me.

But she's nearer me now than ever,
For now she is at my heart;
She's my beautiful "angel-mother,"
With whom I shall never part.

THE WHITE CANOE.

As down to rest I dropped
One night, I had a dream;
Methought I stood beside
A quickly flowing stream;
And while I stood and gazed
Upon its rippling tide,
A tiny white canoe
Was anchored at my side.

The boatman's silvery tones
Rang out "I've come for thee;"
And then he stepped ashore,
And standing close by me,
He looked adown the stream,
Where clouds we hanging low,
And asked if I could trust
When all the light should go.

I breathed to God a prayer,
Then quickly gave my hand,
And in that white canoe
We floated down the strand;
The way was sometimes dark,
But joy slept in my soul —
And strains from far-off choirs
Upon the breezes stole.

I've often wondered since,
What might the meaning be —
And who, the boatman brave,
Who came that night for me;
But now I know 'twas Jesus
Who called me from the strand,
I've felt that same sweet peace
Since giving him my hand.

And down the strand of life,
I safely sail to-night,
With Jesus at the oars,
To realms of joy and light.
I know that clouds are near,
And many an angry wave,
But I have naught to fear,
With such an arm to save.

THE FOUNT OF LIFE.

Something of murmuring brooklets,
 Over green mosses and stones,
 Something of sunlight, and breezes
 Chauting in low, sweet tones,
 Fancy's mysterious web has now caught;
 How shall I, tell to me, bring you the thought?
 Words, oh! how little you carry!
 Depths there are you can not reach!
 Down within nature's own heart,
 Truth's lie that you can not teach;
 Out of the beautiful springtime, I pray,
 Weave me a poem, just one, if you may.
 Go to that silvery streamlet,
 Bring a sweet lesson of life —
 Paint me a beautiful picture,
 Sunlight, with beauty all rife;
 Give it, you may, just a touch of the shade,
 Perfect, without that it can not be made.
 Wander through long, winding footpaths
 Leading past woodlands so wild,
 Breathe, soft and low, some sweet secret,
 Known to nature's own child;
 Down in the heart of some gnarled old tree,
 Truths may be buried of value to thee.
 Drink from yon bubbling springlet,
 Bursting its prison-house wall,
 Up through the earth and the rocks,
 Leaping at nature's first call;
 Drink, and great truths shall be thine hour by
 hour, [power.
 Giving you life with their strange hidden
 Softly it tells of a well-spring,
 Clear and more wonderful still,
 Down in the depths of the spirit,
 Moved but by man at his will;
 Out of this curious spring may be brought,
 Power, affections, impulses and thought.
 Speak and its waters shall issue,
 Pure and yet purer shall be,—
 Check not a God-given feeling,
 Let them flow out full and free;
 Out of this mystical spring down within,
 Come at thy choice, either virtue or sin.
 Open thy heart to the sunlight,
 Purity comes with each ray;
 Nothing of sin need remain there,
 Jesus can take that away:
 Out of this spring in the soul's deep cell,
 Only the good and the pure should well.

FRIENDSHIP.

My friends: I find you everywhere,
 Warm hearts harmonious with my own;
 A sympathy so sweet and rare,
 That comes to make my life less lone.
 It matters not where'er I roam,
 Some loving heart gives me a home.
 You gather for me sweetest flowers,
 And strew them all along my way,

With brightness fill the darkest hours,
 And turn my longest night to day.
 This must be heaven-like, I know,
 A foretaste of those joys, below.
 O, precious ties of heavenly birth,
 Our Father gives them every one,
 More lasting than the things of earth,
 For they remain when life is done;
 And with the white-robed throng on high,
 These friendships may go on for aye.

OUR MAE.

Only a frail little bark;
 Adrift on the sea of life,
 Where rocks, and reefs and billows
 And dangers great are rife.
 Stretching her tiny sails,
 She struggled against the tide;
 Some times away up on the billows,
 Then down in the furrows wide.
 Until, one day, an angel,
 Low hanging o'er our world,
 Caught sight of the fairy vessel,
 With its snowy sails unfurled.
 And, wrapped in admiration,
 The angel lingered long —
 At length his face was saddened,
 And ceased his joyous song.
 For he saw a storm-cloud nearing,
 He had heard the breakers roar
 And he knew that just beyond
 Lay a rough and rocky shore.
 He snatched her from the water
 And he bore her far away;
 In the harbor up in Heaven,
 Floats our life-boat "Mae."
 And so we must not sorrow,
 Kind friends and loved ones dear,
 Although we long to have her,
 And memory brings a tear.
 For the waves of sin and sorrow,
 Might hold her evermore;
 And now, we trust, she waits us,
 Beside the "Golden Shore."

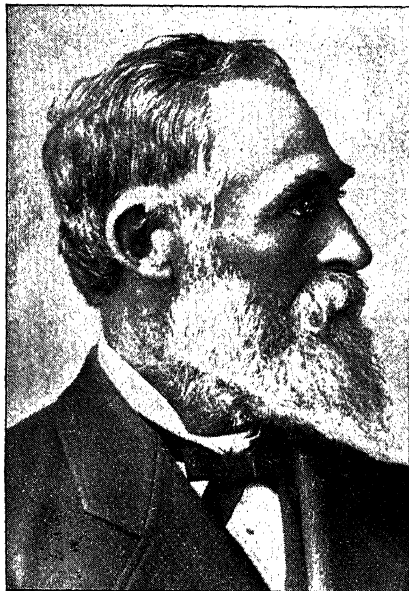
A LIFE BLOSSOM.

Down by the river of life,
 A beautiful flower grew —
 White, with a touch of red,
 And fresh as the evening dew;
 Each day it grew more fair,
 Each day became more rare.
 For a time it basked in the sun,
 Earth's storms it did not know,
 But one dark night they came,
 And fierce the winds did blow,—
 It drooped beneath the blast,
 And ere the storm was past
 Torn was that delicate robe,
 Scattered the calyx of gold. . . .

OLIVER W. BARNARD.

BORN: ECONOMY, IND., AUG. 4, 1828.

THE poems of Mr. Barnard have appeared from time to time, during the past decade, in many prominent newspapers, especially in



OLIVER W. BARNARD.

the states of New York and Illinois. He is at present engaged in farming at Manteno, Ill. Mr. Barnard is of large stature, and is a very pleasant and intellectual gentleman.

MOMENTS.

How the moments come and go!
Bright with joy, or black with woe,
Speeding on with tireless wing,
Life or death to all they bring —
To the wretched and the blest
Dark despair, or sweetest rest —
Through the sunshine, through the dark,
Moving like the lightning's spark —
Through the cottage of the poor —
Through the rich man's palace door;
To the living and the dying —
Swiftly on they're ever flying —
Here they plunge a soul in night,
There another's borne to light —
Here is born a household wonder,
There a household burst asunder —
Here they spread the earth with grain,
There their gift is want and pain —
Here they kiss the new-born child,
There they hiss with frenzy wild —

Here they cool the keen desire,
There they burn with fiercest fire —
Some they raise to a dizzy height —
Some they plunge in abysmal night,
Some they bear on beds of ease —
Some they scourge with dire disease,
Some they load with foulest shame —
Some they crown with glorious fame;
Some they hide in polar snows,
Some they soothe with sweet repose;
Some they rest on fruitful soil,
Some they curse with constant toil;
Some they bless with peaceful life;
Some they drive through ceaseless strife;
Thus their reign they ne'er give o'er —
Firm and steadfast evermore —
Thus through all the worlds of space,
Ever keeping time and pace —
Witness every act of man —
Every motion closely scan —
And forever in the past,
And while coming ages last,
All things thus are ever done
By the moments as they run.

MUSING.

I love to sit and muse upon the past,
When through the lighted chambers of my
soul [pure,
There come and go those gentle thoughts so
Like troops of fairy sprites with laughing eyes
That shine with love so full of lambent flame,
And through my soul diffuse their witching
power;
Then backward floating comes to me again
The spicy breath of childhood's happy dreams—
The golden hours when life was young and
fresh,
And all the world was like a morn in May,
So fresh and sweet with odors of the spring —
The beams of morn shone bright upon the
hills [hope,
And life's young day was glowing fresh with
Ere care had dulled the pulses of my heart.
Thence turning to the golden West, my gaze
I fix upon the setting sun of life —
Beholding now the grandeur that appears,
And casts a softer radiance o'er the scene;
The heat and burden now of midday past,
Ambition's flame has burned itself away,
And breezes cool from o'er the western seas
Pass calmly by and fan the faded cheek;
And when the sun has dropped into the sea,
And left a golden radiance on the sky;
Then hope, elate, doth fix his steadfast gaze
Intently on the far horizon's brim.
His wont to pierce the intervening space, [life,
Whence far has gone the source of light and
But no reward returns to bless the sight;
Yet, on the evening air is heard a voice
That falls upon the inner ear so sweet,

Across that bourne whence Avon's bard has
said,
Once passed, "No trav'ler yet has e'er re-
turned."

And soothes away the bitter pangs of doubt,
And satisfies the longing of the soul —
Then high upon the mountain top of life
It comes again far sweeter than at first,
Unfolding all the beauties that are found,
Wherein the hope of childhood fresh and
strong,

Combined with wisdom's golden ray, serene,
Gives life fruition, full for hopes deferred,
And like the rising sun gives light and
warmth

To all the world, awakened fresh from sleep;
And thus my soul's refreshed with hope su-
blime,

While calmly treading life's uneven way.

MRS. ANNA R. HENDERSON.

BORN: CHERAW, S. C., JULY 1, 1853.

AFTER leaving school Anna traveled with her
parents in South America, living over a year
on a coffee plantation near Rio Janeiro, Bra-
zil. After returning to the United States, sev-
eral years of her life were spent in Marietta,
Ohio; finally locating in Williamstown, W.
Va., she was there married in 1878, and is still
a resident of that place. Her poems have
found their way in various periodicals, and
for the past few years she has been a constant
contributor to *Wide Awake*, *Pansy*, *Little
Men and Women*, and others. In person she is
tall and slender with dark brown eyes and hair.

BLOSSOMS

When first the springtime's fair array

In Northern lands I saw around me,

An apple tree, a great bouquet,

With showers of blushing petals crowned me.

I shook them lightly from my brow;

"Your charms," I said, "can never please me,

Weary with winter's cold and snow,

No Northern pleasure can appease me.

I hardly see, I cannot prize

The beauty which each bloom discloses;

For, O, my heart is all in love

With orange flowers and Southern roses.

Yea more, methinks I shall not find

Room in my heart for Northern faces,

So closely are its tendrils twined

Round far-off friends with Southern graces."

Successive years 'neath Northern skies

Far absent from my native bowers,

Have weakened not those blessed ties

That bind me to the land of flowers.

Yet am I changed, when blossoms fall,

I greet them with as true a blessing,

As those which crowned me at the call,

Of coating South winds soft caressing.

My stubborn heart has larger grown,
And has a thousand sacred places,
Where Love shall evermore enthroned,
Most fondly cherished Northern faces.

With earnest love I gladly clasp

The palm where Northern firmness lingers,

But reach my other hand to grasp

The precious warmth of Southern fingers.

The songs I sing shall breathe a strain

In praise of Northern vales and mountains,

But evermore the sweet refrain

Shall be of Southern palms and fountains;

And for the flowers I love the most

Their beauty in my heart enshrining;

With apple blossoms of the North

Shall Southern orange blooms be twining.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

My dear little girl climbed up on my knee

In the dusk, in the summer weather;

And as happy as two who love can be,

We quietly talked together.

We had stories of bees, of the birds, and the
trees,

Of the moon and the stars of even, [these,
But the little one's thoughts went beyond all
And she wanted to talk of heaven.

"O, mamma, they say it is far away,

The land where there is no dying;

And I wonder so how we ever can go

When we have no wings for flying."

"My little dear, we never should fear;

Our Father will not forsake us;

And when he doth care to have us there,

He will find some way to take us."

Then the eyes of brown looked dreamily down

O'er the question a sage might ponder.

A little while, then there came a smile,

Which was more of delight than wonder.

"O, mamma dear, I've thought of a plan,

As good as you ever can teach me,

I'll climb on the fence just as high as I can,

And the Lord won't have far to reach me."

Perhaps I smiled at the thought of the child,

But there flashed through my heart a feel-
ing [ple word

That its depths should be stirred by each sim-
Such a lesson to me revealing.

How much I had dreamed of the good which
it seemed

The Father might give or teach me,

And yet my feet had never been fleet

In climbing to help him to reach me.

And the thought of the child, sweet and unde-
filed,

Lisped out on that summer even,

Sank down like a seed in a soil which had need
Of a growth for God and heaven.

MINNIE C. BALLARD.

BORN: TROY, PA., 1852.

THE first poem of this writer appeared in the New York Evening Post about 1873. Since that time she has contributed to the Philadelphia Times, Cincinnati Enquirer, Louis-



MINNIE C. BALLARD.

ville Courier-Journal, Godey's Lady's Book, Peterson's Magazine, St. Louis Magazine and numerous other periodicals of equal prominence. Miss Ballard still resides in her native city. In person she is a little below the average height, with light-brown hair and dark-blue eyes.

SO MANY SHIPS.

So many ships sail on the main,
So many ships come home again.
But one ship lost no more for me
Shall any ship sail on the sea.

With it lie buried all my pearls,
My stock of hope and joy and love.
No richer freight the seaweed curls,
Or waves of ocean dash above.

SANCTITY.

They say beneath the ocean's breast
There is a place of perfect calm,
Where winds and storms dare not molest
The sea-folks safe from harm.
They say within the rude cyclone
There is a place revolving not;

They say the fiercest flame must own
One cool, unburning spot.
So in the human heart should be
A place where cares may not intrude;
Where peace and love secure and free,
Maintain sweet solitude.

WHY I SING.

My dearest heart in all the world,
What praise is praise enough for thee?
What words enough express thy worth?
What value in this minstrelsy?
Yet as a bird unconscious sings,
Its own great love compelling song,
I must assuage my heart with this
Or do my surging spirit wrong.
O, love more great than I can show,
My orient sun in splendor decked!
I must expel my longing so
Or be like ship o'erweighted, wrecked.

THE ROYAL LOVER.

If some most royal lover,
Come kingly to his own,
Should in his own discover
Some littleness unknown,
He in his love would hide her
And with his worth atone
For all her faults, would guide her
To heights himself had known.
And thus the two together —
She raised by his true strength —
Should tread the broom and heather
In firm accord at length.

CONTRASTED FATES.

Safe in the harbor your ship's at rest,
While mine is afloat on a stormy sea;
All things sweet are by you possessed,
Only the bitter remains for me.
"To you the haven, to me the shoal,"
For soon shall the wreck of my ship go by;
One utterly lost, one gaining the goal.
And the same white stars aloft in the sky.

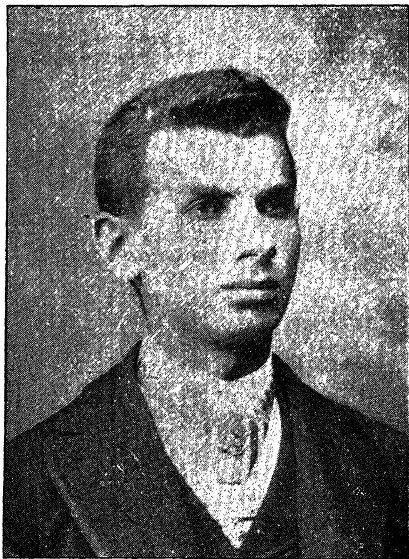
COULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?

Could I do without you, darling?
Earth could do without the sun.
Or the rosy clouds of morning
Heralding the day begun.
Could I do without you, darling?
Night could do without her stars,
Or the glorious moon adorning
All the atmospheric bars.
Could I do without you, darling?
I could live in endless dark;
For you shine my star of evening,
And the only sun I mark.

JACOB G. GROSSBERG.

BORN: RUSSIA, APRIL 10, 1870.

THE subject of this sketch emigrated with his parents to America in 1882, residing for a while in Cleveland and finally settled down in Chicago. Mr. Grossberg has received a good education, having studied Latin, French and



JACOB G. GROSSBERG.

German. In 1888 he entered the Chicago Union College of Law, and after graduating became one of the attorneys for the Bureau of Justice, in the city of Chicago. Ever since his youth he has written verse, and in 1889 published a pamphlet of Poems, which was favorably noticed by the press.

LOVE AND THE MUSE.

Now my pillow, tear-drenched nightly,
Is my throbbing temple's bath;
When a zephyr comes, that sprightly
Bears me off on scented path . . .
Green and fragrance balsam kindly
My heart's deep sore;—
Ne'er has mortal wandered blindly
In an Eden such before:

To the right each crystal glittered—
Every droplet of the lake;
To the left the chorus twittered,
Followed chanting in my wake;
Rainbow hues, more lovely tinted,
Of each flower-bed,

In best beauty vying, hinted
To my ease a couch soft-spread.

And a Nymph came to me smiling,
In all grace and beauty robed;
With me soft the hours beguiling,
My most tender passions probed.
Leading me through lawns sweet-scented
To her proud throne,
To me her domains presented—
Grandeurs, wonders, all her own!

At her bid spright fairies folded
Softest music on my soul,
'Fore my eyes mailed heroes molded,
Whose mien Virtue's graces stole.
Then smiled on me, sweet, benignly,
Of these the queen:
"All here lovely, all divinely,
Mayst thou share, if so I mean."

Then did seize me one desire:
This, to woo the royal maid;
And when rose my scorned fire,
I with tresses golden played,
And to eyes the stars out-beaming,
My heart laid bare;
That my hours with dreams set teeming,
For bright visions changed despair!

THE WEDDING SONG.

My sister! this thy wedding-day
To me is such sweet sorrow;
Though joyous, still my heart doth say,
I part with thee to-morrow.

Of faces first remembered dear
Thine 'tis I'm first to part with;
Of separations with those near,
'Tis thee I'm doomed to start with!

Ye players! pour some pensive strain,—
To me it is the sweetest;
For soothing my heart's passing pain,
Your sadder note's the meetest.

O, why must happiness be bought
With years of separation!
Is there not joy without the thought
It has a termination?

But since such must be human joy
Let not my gloom restrain it;
Rejoice, my soul! do not destroy
Such gladness, when I gain it.

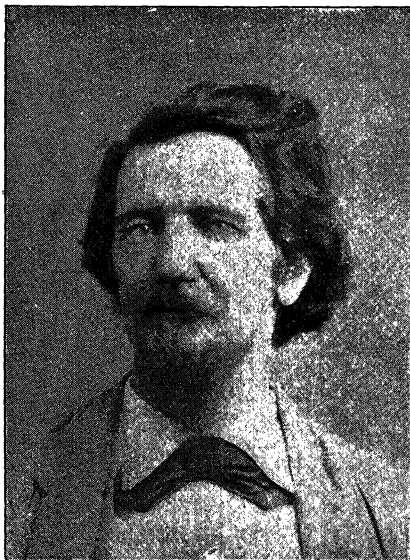
Forgive me, sister, pardon all,
This sadness of a moment!
Henceforth my spirits shall not fall
To gloom:—I have not so meant.

And though we part with aching heart,
'Tis for a happy future;—
Henceforward, though we're rent apart,
Still joined we're by love's suture.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

BORN: BLOOMINGTON, IND., JUNE 20, 1831.

FIVE years Mr. Harney taught school, meanwhile studying law and graduating in 1855. He next was principal of the Louisville high school, and for two years professor in the Kentucky normal school at Lexington. Mr. Harney was married in 1868, but lost his wife two years later. For nine years he was



WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

editor of the Louisville Democrat. In 1869 Mr. Harney removed to Florida, and now resides at Pinecastle, varying his agricultural activity with occasional literary work. In addition to his poetical productions, he has written several stories: *Who Won the Pretty Widow*, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The poems of Mr. Harney have appeared in the most prominent publications, and he is ranked among the best poets of America.

THE STAB.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled, and shifted his heavy load,—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone
Like a splinter of daylight downward
thrown,

And the moon went behind a cloud.
But the moon came out so broad and good
The barn cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the
wood
That a dead man lay in the road.

MIDNIGHT.

The rain floats off; a crescent moon
Holds in its cup a round of dusk,
Like palm buds, in the month of June,
Half breaking from its vernal husk;
While breathes a low, sweet undertone,
Like brooks that grieve through beds of
fern;
As if by curve and pebble stone
The moon had spilled her silver urn.
Night blooming agave's part the sheaf,
To catch the light distilled in showers,
Till overflowing cup and leaf
The cluster breaks in midnight flowers;
Like merchants breaking kids of nard
And jars of olives, desert born,
Pineapples burst a prickly shard,
And show the seeds of fragrant corn.
Like Hebrew maids, the citrons hold,
Their pitchers to the vapor spring,
And fill the hollow rind of gold,
With midnight's musky offering;
So once, I think, earth knew her Lord,
In lands like these of palm and vine,
When midnight knew the sweet accord
That turns the water into wine.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

In the dead of the night, the dead of the
night
There's a sound along the rails,
The creaking of a whirling crank
Like the flapping of iron flails.
With the long, low roll that heralds a storm,
Over sunburnt fields of grain;
With the sullen roar of rain in the wood
Comes the Invisible Train.
It stops nor stands by station or town,
But sweeps in its viewless flight
To a city whose beautiful walls are hewn
From splendid quarries of light.
Unseen from the silent land, it comes
Where the mist lies low and deep,
In the beating pulses like rolling drums,
While the passengers wake or sleep.
And dream till the morning white and cold
Comes out of the shining east,
And wakens the Lazarus sleep of night
With a touch, as of God's High Priest.

MILTON A. McRAE.

THIS gentleman has managed to spare a few moments from a busy life to court the muse, and poems from his pen have occasionally



MILTON A. McRAE.

appeared in the periodical press. Mr. McRae resides in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is well known among the journalists of that city.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Sleep on in peace, oh, honored dead,
While flowers we strew upon each bed;
Surviving comrades honor claim,
But thine the true, undying fame—
Who bore the burden of the day
And fell in strife of blue and gray,
Each patriot heart will cherish thee
While honor lives and men are free.
No booming gun, no screaming shell;
No thrilling cheer, no answering yell;
No charges, mingling with the foe;
No shouts of joy, no shrieks of woe.
Fair flowers of blue, and white, and red,
Now deck the warriors' verdant bed,
While 'neath the sod, their trials past,
They wait the last dread trumpet's blast.
Though centuries come and pass away,
On this, our Decoration Day,
While proud and grand the old flag waves,
We'll plant sweet flowers round thy graves.
We'll gather here from far and near,
While mournful music greets the ear,

And tread with awe the sacred ground,
And drop a tear on every mound.
Thy fame with us shall ever stand
In honored memory o'er our land;
Thy deeds in history shall remain,
Though countless ages wax and wane.

Sleep on, ye braves, while sad bells toll,
And anthems to your praises roll;
A myriad grateful hearts to-day
Combine to sound the lofty lay.

Rest till the last long roll shall sound
To call you from the hallowed ground,
Till then our flag in memory wave
In honor o'er each hero's grave.

ONLY A BEGGAR!

Down through the bustling, busy street,
With echoing sound of horses' feet,
Across the curbstone, stopping to gaze,
Pausing, bewildered, glancing both ways—

His gray hair streaming unkempt o'er his face,

Again he strives to quicken his pace; [crowd,
He stumbles, he falls, 'mid the hurrying
And lies in his agony, moaning aloud.

A crowd gathers round, the police help him rise,

There's a wistful look in his fast-glazing eyes.
He falls down again on the pavement so cold.
Ah me! small pity for one so old.

"Oh, he's only a beggar," the officer said,
He came to the station last night for some bread. [gray!

What? Starving! And hurt! So feeble and
That's nothing new here, Sir; occurs every day.

As over the road to the station they ride
He gasped out, "Dear Mary!" and turned on his side. [skill

Stand back, oh physician, no need for your
On that poor, broken body, so worn and so still.

In a small, cheerless room, both empty and cold,

Lies a woman alone so feeble and old.
She rises, she calls, as she struggles with pain; [again.

But she never will hear those loved accents
Then back on the couch the sufferer falls,
Her soul goes out from those cold, barren walls—

One gasp, all is quiet—the Father has come,
No suffering now; "Thy will be done."

They were only beggars, the old man and wife,
But still they were honest, in their hard cheerless life;

But when they passed to the golden shore
They had riches forever; were beggars no more.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

BORN: NATCHEZ, MISS.

HAVING lost her mother in infancy, Rosa was adopted by her maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, by whose name she was known. Miss Vertner was married at seventeen to Claude M. Johnson, Lexington. Although assuming at this youthful age the domestic and maternal cares of life, she wrote incessantly, and her poems were readily accepted by prominent periodicals. Her first volume appeared in 1859; Woodburn, a novel of southern life, was brought out just at the beginning of the civil war; this was followed by *Crimson*



MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Hand, Daisy Dare, with other shorter poems. Alexander Jeffrey, the present husband of the subject of this sketch, is a gentleman of Scotch descent, with whom she lives quietly at her home in Lexington. Through all the varied experiences of later life, not untouched by sorrow and suffering, she is gentle and patient; and George D. Prentice speaks none too highly of her, when he beautifully says: "And thou hast that strange gift — The gift of genius, high and proud and strong, At whose behest thoughts beautiful and swift Around thee throng."

GRECIAN POETRY vs. MODERN SCIENCE.

There dwelt a youth in ancient Thrace,
Whose voice and lyre entrancing
Bewitched with song the human race,
And set creation dancing.

The gods and goddesses above
Heard him in silent wonder;
Juno forgot to lecture Jove,
And Jove forgot to thunder;
The sea-snakes heard and wagged their tails,
The porpoise burst with pleasure,
The fishes weighed it on their scales,
And found a perfect measure;
The mermaids gathered round in flocks,
And strewed his path with corals;
The syrens heard, and from the rocks
Cast down their watery laurels;
The trees picked up their trunks and swayed
About in measures mazy;
The rocks rolled round and danced and played
In waltzes wild and crazy.
There comes a thrill down listening years
Throughout creation ringing,
Perchance the "music of the spheres"
Still echoes his sweet singing.
Now, Orpheus loved a maid who died
The day they were united;
He rushed below to seek his bride,
And Pluto's realm delighted
By striking soft his "golden shell."
I never have forgiven
This seeking for his love in hell
Before he searched through heaven.
'Twas like a man to go there first,
And scarcely worth remarking,
But Tantalus forgot his thirst
And Cerberus ceased barking.
Things without motion swayed about
While Ixion's wheel stopped turning;
The fire was stirred, but not put out,
And Orpheus left it burning.
The vulture even forgot to prey
While listening to that lyre:
Some creatures of the present day
Might show a like desire.
But truth must triumph. Lo! a glance
Our modern science merits,
She says no wonder rocks can dance
When they're possessed by spirits.
A savant gives mysterious hints
That modern quartz are leaking,
And that the fiery hearts of flints
With vinous streams are reeking.

Let modern humbug still increase:
I fling with fierce defiance
The gauntlet of poetic Greece
At prosy modern science.
I swear the strains of Orpheus' lyre
Did cause the stones to frolic,
And left them all with hearts of fire
And nature's alcoholic!
O shade of Bacchus! see with scorn
Thy purple glories flicker,
When mortals, drunk on rye and corn,
Press rocks for stronger liquor.

BABY POWER.

Six little feet to cover,
 Six little hands to fill,
 Tumbling out in the clover,
 Stumbling over the sill;
 Six little stockings ripping,
 Six little shoes half worn,
 Spite of that promised whipping,
 Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!
 Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
 Heedless of bites and stings,
 Walls and furniture scratching,
 Twisting off buttons and strings.
 Into the sugar and flour,
 Into the salt and meal,
 Their royal baby power,
 All through the house we feel!
 Behind the big stove creeping,
 To steal the kindling-wood;
 Into the cupboard peeping,
 To hunt for "somesin dood."
 The dogs they tease to snarling,
 The chickens know no rest,
 Yet the old nurse calls them "darling,"
 And loves each one "the best."

Smearing each other's faces
 With smut or blacking-brush,
 To forbidden things and places
 Always making a rush.
 Over a chair or table
 They'll fight, and kiss again
 When told of slaughtered Abel,
 Or cruel, wicked Cain.

All sorts of mischief trying,
 On sunny days in-doors,
 And then perversely crying
 To rush out when it pours.
 A raid on Grandma making,
 In spite her nice new cap,
 Its strings for bridles taking,
 While riding on her lap.

Three rose-bud mouths beguiling,
 Prattling the livelong day,
 Six sweet eyes on me smiling,
 Hazel, and blue, and gray,—
 Hazel with heart-light sparkling,
 Too happy, we trust, to fade—
 Blue 'neath long lashes darkling,
 Like violets in the shade.

Gray, full of earnest meaning,
 A dawning light so fair;
 Of woman's life beginning,
 We dread the noon-tide glare
 Of earthly strife and passion,
 May spoil its tender glow,
 Change its celestial fashion,
 As earth-stains change the snow!

Six little clasped hands lifted,
 Three white brows upward turned,

One prayer thrice heavenward drifted
 To Him who never spurned
 The lisp of lips, where laughter
 Fading away in prayer,
 Leaves holy twilight after
 A noon of gladness there.

Three little heads, all sunny,
 To pillow and bless at night,
 Riotous Alick and Dunnie,
 Jinnie, so bonnie and bright!
 Three souls immortal slumber,
 Crowned by that golden hair.
 When Christ his flock shall number,
 Will all my lambs be there?

Now with the stillness round me,
 I bow my head and pray,
 "Since this faint heart has found thee,
 Suffer them not to stray."
 Up to the shining portals,
 Over life's stormy tide,
 Treasures I bring — Immortal;
 Saviour, be thou my guide.

EMILY ELIZA HILDRETH.

BORN; CHELSEA, MASS., MAY 25, 1839.

MISS HILDRETH has been an invalid for a number of years, and is now living in the quiet country town of Harvard, Mass. Her poems have been published from time to time in many periodicals of prominence.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Hark, 'tis the chime of the midnight bell,
 Resounding far over hill and dell,
 Just to remind us, that to-day
 Has passed forever from us away.
 Nothing strange — yet each stroke brings
 So many thoughts of so many things;
 For the year is dying with the day,
 And the Past is gone,— forever and aye
 What does the year carry forth for me,
 To the wide embrace of Eternity?
 What does it take from my life away?
 — Not one thing, surely, that ought to stay.

Last year's green lies under the snow;—
 But the daisies are only waiting below.
 Ring on to the end, Sweet, Hallowed Chime!
 Thou art bringing to me a glad, new time;
 For my heart hears this answer to every
 doubt,—
 "The Father's arms leave none without!"

EXTRACT.

I ask of the stars their mystery,
 As they wink in the distant blue,
 And I could be content with all,
 If I but life's mystery knew.

MABEL CRONISE.

BORN: TIFFIN, O., JUNE 18, 1860.

WHEN nine years of age Mabel removed to Toledo, Ohio, her father having died in the same year. Ten years later she graduated, subsequently teaching Latin and universal history for several years. In 1887 Miss Cronise went to Europe, and wrote letters from there for various papers. She now is on the editor-



MABEL CRONISE.

ial staff of the Toledo Commercial. Her writings have appeared in the leading periodicals, including the Toledo Blade, Detroit Free Press, Chicago Interior, Arthur's Home Magazine, and many other equally prominent journals. In personal appearance Miss Cronise is rather tall and slender, with dark brown hair and eyes.

LENTEN DAYS.

Lenten days! supreme revelation
Of the human and Divine,
When the soul's grand thoughts awakened,
Glow like water changed to wine.
When, in resurrection garments,
Nature writes upon the sod,
On the grass blade and the lily,
The Apocalypse of God!
Days of quiet and contrition;
Days of peace and joy and rest!
Legacy of our Messiah!
Holy days. forever blest.

LEGEND OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.

Sweetest of all the traditions
Burgundian annals hold,
Is one of the royal banner,
With its lilies white and gold.

Burgundian monks and writers,
Still the legend quaint repeat,
Of Clovis dauntless and daring,
And Clotilda fair and sweet.

This prayer before her altar
Clotilda offered each day:
"Oh Christ, appear to my husband,
Show him the Truth and the Way!"

"He worships his heathen idols,
Is blind to Thy love divine;
On his darkened, inner vision
Let Thy endless goodness shine!"

Months grew into years, but Clovis
Still bowed to his idols cold,
Scorning the Monarch of nations,
Adoring his gods of gold!

One day in a fateful battle
The Huns made a deadly raid,
The King saw his forces scattered
And his martial glory fade!

His men were falling like snowflakes,
On ev'ry side was the foe
Retreat meant death and dishonor,
Advance meant ruin and woe!

In vain he cried to his idols,
In vain implored he their aid,
The jeweled Ishon was powerless
To check the terrible raid.

With despairing, hopeless courage
He rallied his troops that day,—
"Will you let our nation perish?
Charge on that savage array!"

Repulsed by myriad lances,
Forced back through heaps of the slain,
Wounded, defeated and helpless
He cried in his bitter pain:

"Oh Christ whom the greatest worship,
Oh Christ of mercy and love,
Declare Thy marvelous goodness,
Send aid to me from above!

"The human is weak and erring,
I have not seen Thee aright,
Grant to me a clearer vision,
Give to me the inner sight!

"I feel Thou art pure and holy,
Incarnate mercy and right.
Invisible pow'r and splendor,
Ruler of darkness and light!

"Avenge me of my aggressors,
Thy glance can put them to flight,
Speak! and their legions shall vanish
In the breath of Thy own might!"

Lo! as he breathed this petition,
Halted the Huns in affright
And Clovis with heav'n-lent valor
Dashed on with resistless might!

Thousands were conquered by hundreds,
For Christ nerved his hand that day,
And Burgundy's blood-stained banner
Waved high in the deadly array.

At night he knelt by Clotilda,—
"Oh wife, thy God shall be mine,
For He is able to succor,
He is mercy and love divine!

"The Son He sent to redeem us,
My brother and Priest shall be;
I know His boundless compassion,
His wondrous beauty I see.

"Oh Christ! by Burgundy's standard,
I pledge to Thee service true,
Omnipotence, might and grandeur,
Thy mercy falleth like dew!

"Long suffering, kind and patient,
Thy promise never shall fail,
Supremest homage I yield Thee,
My Sov'reign Divine I hail!"

His hand lightly grasped the standard
As he breathed his solemn vow,
But lo! a glory resplendent
Hath gilded that banner now!

A voice of surpassing sweetness
Speaks low to the startled king,
"To my brother won from idols
Good tidings of joy I bring!

"Your eyes once blind are now opened,
The truth eternal you see,
My peace that passeth all knowledge
On both of you henceforth be!

"Your standard shall bear my symbol
On its field of azure blue,
Celestial lilies I give you,
I bring you a banner new!

"Transcendently fair and holy,
Be pure as these flow'rs divine,
Be worthy to bear My emblem,
Be worthy too, to be Mine!"

A vision sweet and surprising
The astonished monarchs see:
The blood-stained banner grows spotless
And blossoms with fleur-de-lis.

Three lilies stately and noble,
Power and comfort and love,
Type of the Tri-une God-head,
The Father, the Son, the Dove!

In awe they knelt by the lilies
And worshiped the Christ of Love—
Who is king of all earth's nations,
And king of the worlds above!

Still over a tranquil nation
The beauteous lilies wave,
The symbol of Him, our Brother
Whose arm is mighty to save.

Sweet lilies, so fair and stately,
The pledge of old ye renew,
For Christ was the Rose of Sharon,
But the Valley's Lily too!

ROBERT D. DODGE.

BORN: WARREN CO., ILL., DEC. 16, 1838.

MR. DODGE has written poems for the press more or less for the past twenty-five years, many of which have received favorable mention. He now resides near Adel, Iowa, on a fruit and seed farm.

MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Dimly the languid planets glow,
Softly the dewy night winds blow,
Bearing perfume of leaf and flower
And dreamy sounds of midnight hour,
While over all like a mystic pall
The gath'ring shadows rise and fall;
Fantastic shapes before my sight
Come for a moment then take flight.
How sights and sounds of nature seem,
Now strangely mingling with my dream;
What mystic raptures do contend,
How earth and ether seem to blend,
When sounds of earth to dreamland soar
And faintly echo on the shore,
I hear them now, the watch-dog's moan,
The chicken's long-drawn plaintive tone,
The little night-bug's tuneful strain,
Like to fall of a gentle rain.
Going — not gone, I hear them still
Calling in turn from hill to hill;
The stars sink deeper in the sky,
The blending shadows hover nigh,
At last oblivion's veil is drawn,
And dog and bug and chicken gone.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

Now all aboard the Edison lightning train
Of flying cars that cleave the starry main.
We scorn the steam-car's crawling snail like
pace;
The storm cloud, too, makes such a sorry race,
It seems to turn and fly the other way,
As we pass by and swiftly onward stray.
Away we fly athwart the sky, and soon
We leave behind the failing earth and moon;
The affrighted sun darts from his proper
place,
The flaming stars fly backward into space;
At last when past the farthest world we fly,
We dash and flatten 'gainst th' all bounding
sky!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

BORN: JOHNSTOWN, WIS., ABOUT 1850.

WHEN thirteen years of age, Ella first began to write poetry, but it was many years before she received any financial return for these early efforts. Poems of *Passion* at once brought her into prominence, and she is now in receipt of a



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

good income. She is married, and resides in a beautiful home in the City of New York. In speaking of past events, she says: "I had ceased to expect any sudden success in literature when I published *Poems of Passion*. The intense excitement the book caused, the hue and cry against its alleged immorality, and the consequently remarkable sales, were all a stunning surprise to me." She has written a novel, and still writes poetry for the leading periodicals.

EXTRACTS.

Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid masonwork below.

Hearts are much the same;
The loves of men but vary in degree—
They find no new expressions for the flame.

But now I know that there is no killing
A thing like Love, for it laughs at Death.
There is no hushing, there is no stilling
That which is part of your life and breath.
You may bury it deep, and leave behind you
The land, the people that knew your slain;
It will push the sods from its grave, and find
you
On wastes of water or desert plain.

How poor that love that needeth word or message,
To banish doubt or nourish tenderness.

Days will grow cold, and moons wax old,
And then a heart that's true
Is better far than grace or gold—
And so my love, adieu!
I cannot wed with you.

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of immaculate conception.

Life is too short for any vain regretting;
Let dead delight bury its dead.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.

Rejoice, and men will seek you:
Grieve, and they turn and go.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile, to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

THE LEGEND OF THE STORKS AND BABIES.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland
The realm where the dear little darlings stay
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And O so tenderly bring them away?

The paths are winding, and past all finding
By all save the storks, who understand
The gates, and the highways, and the intricate
by-ways
That lead to Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland
Only the kind white storks know.
If they fly over mountains, or wade through
fountains.
No man sees them come or go.

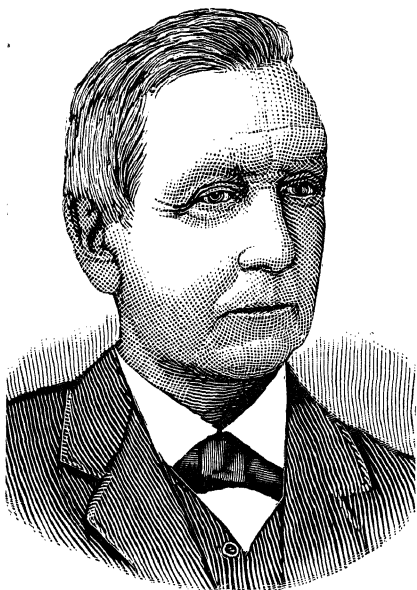
But an angel, maybe, who guards some baby,
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful
gateway
That leads to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss;
And under the ferns fair, and under the leaves
there
Lie little heads like spools of floss.

JOSEPH S. GITT.

BORN: ADAMS CO., PA., SEPT. 9, 1815.

FOR several years Mr. Gitt taught school and later was editor and proprietor of the Hanover Democrat, Planet and Weekly News. In 1841 he was married to Anna M. Bachman.



JOSEPH S. GITT.

and has two children now living. He has held prominent railroad positions. During his brief busy life Mr. Gitt has been a very successful man, and has now retired.

ODE TO PENNSYLVANIA.

Arouse, and with spirit,
 Frail Muse touch the string,
 Assist me the grandeur
 Of Nature to sing,
 Despel all thy sadness,
 Awake from thy dream,
 Let proud Pennsylvania
 Be marked as the theme.
 First under the boughs
 Of the aged elm tree,
 Thy founder in council
 Did barter for thee,
 In friendship the compact
 Was ordered and given,
 And sealed with a vow —
 Recorded in Heaven.
 The war-whoop's shrill echo,
 No more now is heard,
 But sleeps in thy valleys,
 Long, long since interred;

The scalp axe reposes
 Within the dark tomb —
 The calumet has given
 Its last lingering fume.
 The silence that hovered,
 In solitude dressed,
 And in thy cool arbors
 Young fancy caressed;
 Unbroken, except by
 The Savage's tread,
 Before the swift march of
 Improvement has fled.
 Thy mineral caverns,
 Supplied and well stored,
 Yield columns of riches,
 E'en faintly explored;
 Thy mellow-breezed climate,
 And rich fertile soil,
 Reward in great plenty,
 The husbandman's toil.
 A well-defined system
 Is strung through the land,
 By which education
 All dare command;
 Thy people have anchored
 Within its great sea,
 And cherished the motto,—
 Let knowledge be free.
 Philosophy, also,
 Has boldly appeared,
 And o'er thy wide vegas
 Its canopy reared,
 A Franklin has flourished,
 Whose much-honored name,
 Has long been thy passport
 To regions of fame.
 He rode on the tempest —
 Reserved — undismayed —
 When thunder and lightning
 Their terror displayed;
 And from earth's low bosom,
 Taught men to converse,
 In electrical signals
 With clouds in their course.
 And Poetry's lyre,
 With elegance strung,
 Already its ode of
 Ascription has sung;
 The timbrel has sounded,
 And who yet can tell,
 How far o'er thy confines
 Its echo may swell?
 God prosper the Keystone
 Of freedom's firm arch,
 And light her to glory
 By liberty's torch;
 I envy not scepters,
 Nor wealth's hollow fame;
 Content but to call thee
 "My dear native home."

HENRY RYDER-TAYLOR.

BORN IN ENGLAND, MAY 5, 1850.

WHEN a boy, Henry wrote a Poetical History of England. He was attached to the London Telegraph and All The Year Round, and at one time was amanuensis to Charles Dickens. He was subsequently employed by several prominent London and provincial papers, and wrote several able pamphlets, soon gaining a reputation as a forcible, witty, elegant and entertaining writer. Mr. Ryder-Taylor has edited various other publications



HENRY RYDER-TAYLOR.

of note; has filled several public offices; was for a time professor of English literature and elocution, and gave lectures on important subjects. In 1881 he came to the United States, settling in San Antonio, Texas, where he soon became an American citizen. He is now editor of the Texas World, and contributes to several prominent journals. Mr. Ryder-Taylor has a wife and a family of several children, of whom he is very proud.

THE BETTER BY AND BY.

As onward through the world we go,
We many trials see,
And troubles oft oppress us sore,
They seem so hard to be;
But when the heart is lone and sad,
Then hope to us is nigh,
And shows a happy prospect
In the better by and by.
The children think it very hard,
That elders bear the rule;
And harder still the lessons
They learn in life's great school.
Hope gives them courage as they think,—
It sparkles in the eye—

They'll soon grow big and alter things,
In the better by and by.

The lovers often quarrel,
And think each other hard,
As often they make up their tiffs,
And greater grows regard.
They think upon the future,
When bound by dearer tie,
And hope for wedded happiness,
In the better by and by.

When man and wife are parted,
As oft we see in life,
By cruel fate, or worse yet still,
Perhaps by cankerous strife:
If pure love in their hearts has burned,
This solace they apply,—
The hope of blessed reunion,
In the better by and by.

The widow, in her sore distress,
Is turned from her grief,
To her dear, loving little child,
And in it finds relief;
By want and care she is oppressed,
And under ban doth lie,
Yet waits in patience and in hope,
The better by and by.

The rich man's often envied,
By reasons of his wealth;
He trials has, vexations too,
And often bad his health.
Surrounded by his riches,
His heart has still its cry,
And even he looks forward
To the better by and by.

The poor man going forth at dawn
Toils very hard all day,
His wages small, his comforts few,
And very rough his way;
To make the most of humble means,
He and his wife doth try,
Encouraged by the goodly hope,
Of the better by and by.

The prisoner in his lonely cell,
As punished for crime,
Toils sadly on throughout the day,
And wears away his time:
He thinks of wife and loving friends,
And on them doth rely,
And longs for Freedom's happy hour,—
In the better by and by.

The sick man tossing on his bed,
Racked by the body's pain,
For him there seems but little hope
He may be well again;
But when folks come to see him,
How welcome the reply,
"You are doing very nicely—
You'll be better by and by."

But when we mourn our loved, our dead,

How bitter is the heart!

'Tis then we feel the force of love—

How hard it is to part!

But hope stands by to cheer us,

While we with fate comply,

And says that we shall meet again

In the better by and by.

Since all of us, both rich and poor,

Of trials have a share,

To each let's give a helping hand,

And have a friendly care;

Let's do our duty in this world,

And when we come to die,

We'll surely be rewarded,

In the better by and by.

THE SONG OF THE WEARY.

I am weary, oh! my darling,

Of this fell earthly strife,

That day by day I'm waging

Just to sustain our life

But I struggle on still hoping

That Time will right the wrong;

And yet my weary heart will sigh,

"How long, Oh! Lord, how long?"

I am weary, oh! my darling,

Of the sights I daily see,

Of vice in glorious splendor,

The poor in misery.

The gilded herd, with iron rule,

Oppress the common throng;

I'm patient, yet the heart will cry:

"How long, oh! Lord, how long?"

I am weary, oh! my darling,

Of the friendship that's not true,

And sigh that we no Demons find

To gild life's dreary hue.

I am weary of the love that comes

Just like a Syren's song;

And sadly does my heart repeat,

"How long, oh! Lord, how long?"

I am weary, oh! my darling,

Of the fashions of the time,

That only make dressed dummies

Of womanhood sublime,

That make of young men noodles,

Effeminate, not strong;

And, sickened, then I sadly cry,

"How long, oh! Lord, how long?"

I am weary, oh! my darling,

Of politic's shrewd game,

Where bosses rule in all things,

Defile the people's name;

Where the "sharp" and not the honest,

To power pass along;

And, heart-sick, I cry the louder,

"How long, oh! Lord, how long?"

I am weary, oh! my darling,

And I long to be at rest,

Where oppression cannot trouble,

In the haven of the blest.

I have fought the fight now fairly,

But I seem to be awrong

And waiting still I sadly cry,

"How long, oh! Lord, how long?"

MRS. JANE R. H. CARPENTER.

BORN: ROCKINGHAM, VT., JAN. 2, 1834.

THIS lady has written poems from time to time for the past quarter of a century, many of which have appeared in the local press. She was married in 1853 to Byron F. Carpenter; removed to Orient, Iowa, in 1874, where she now resides with her husband and family.

FANCY'S PICTURE.

Beautiful moonlight over me falling—

Dearly loved scenes to my mind thou'rt calling,

Scenes of my childhood, long gone though they be,

Thou bringest these back in bright mem'ries to me.

In the old home, nestled 'mong forest-crowned hills,

I list to the music of swift dancing rills,
And musical voices far sweeter than these
Are floating to me on the soft evening breeze.

Over my heart, long shaded in sadness,
Softly there falleth a feeling of gladness,
For the dear old days have come back to me,
When I was a child so careless and free.

Here in their prime I find Father and Mother;
Once more I frolic with sister and brother,
Building a playhouse in some pleasant nook,
Or romp in the orchard or down by the brook.

Sweet as the flowers that bloom in the wild-wood

Are the beautiful days of innocent childhood,
And like the fair flowers how short is their stay,

The swift passing years soon bear them away.

E'en as I gaze, fancy's picture is fading,
Realities, stern my pathway are shading,
Life's burdens and years have furrowed my brow,

And my loved ones dwell not in the old home now.

EXTRACT.

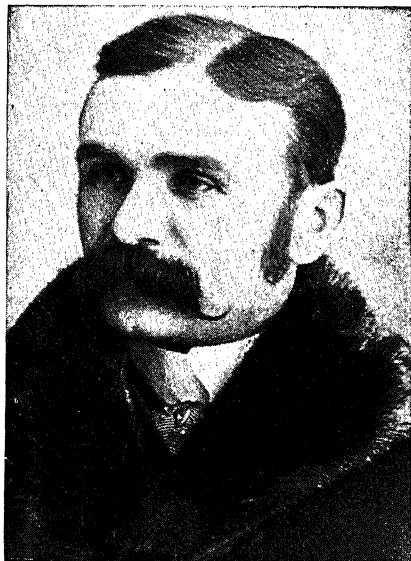
Many a time comes sorrow and care,
And trials the heart can scarcely bear.—
But seldom will come a measure of bliss,
In a world as cold and careless as this;
The strangest of things will sometimes befall
Yet the pleasures we know as the sweetest of all

May come but once in a lifetime.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

BORN IN CANADA IN 1855.

THIS gentleman has received a thorough education, having become proficient in Latin, French, German, and other languages, and is one of the rising litterateurs of the new world. In 1874 Mr. O'Hagan entered the profession of teaching, and during the succeeding nine years held positions of great prominence. Later on the degrees of B. A. and M. A. were conferred upon him.



THOMAS O'HAGAN.

The literary activity of the subject of this sketch has been incessant. His volume of poems entitled *A Gate of Flowers* has won for him an honored place among poets. Mr. O'Hagan has commenced the study of law, and hopes also to soon receive the course for the LL.B. degree; he will certainly win increased distinction in his new field. This gentleman is a voluminous contributor to the periodical press, and is now a resident of Duluth, Minn.

A DREAM OF ERIN.

I dreamt a dream, 'twas Ireland seen
In distant years beyond,
Enthron'd and crown'd, a beauteous gem,
Earth's idol, cherish'd fond,—
And nations pass'd before her,
And courtiers grac'd her halls,
And the song of Mirth and Freedom
Prov'd her battlement and walls.

The wounds and scars of olden days
Had left her maiden brow,
And manly hearts stood by her side,
And swords spoke of a vow —
That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Should forever more be free,
And her patriot sons in union
Drive the Saxon o'er the sea.

I saw the Shannon pour along
In joyous accents clear,
Its tide of music sweet and strong —
Each wave was filled with cheer;
And hast'ning on in proud acclaim
Swept Barrow Suir and Lee;
For a nation's heart was throbbing
In each wavelet to the sea.

O land of woe and sorrow,
When shall come this vision bright?
When shall beam a glad to-morrow?
When shall fade thy starless night?
I have watch'd and waited for thee,
I have hoped for thee in fear,
I have caught thy ray of sunshine
Through the ocean of a tear!

RIPENED FRUIT.

I know not what my heart hath lost,
I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength,
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost — the fruit remains
That ripen'd through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith that sheds its amber light,
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
O faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit —
Give to our morns an evening star!

MRS. MARGARET A. CROWL.

BORN: CANADA, SEPT. 14, 1849.

THIS lady was married in 1869 to Amos T. Crowl, and now resides at Merriam Park, Minn. Her poems have appeared in the Pio-



MRS. MARGARET A. CROWL.

neer, Tracy Trumpet, Republican and the local press generally. Personally Mrs. Crowl is about the average height, rather slender, with black hair and gray eyes.

NETTIE.

Just a score of happy summers
Have passed over your dear head;
And you've brought us naught but blessing
With the years that now have fled.
May the hand of time touch lightly,
As the seasons come and go,
Your dear brow; and may no sorrow
O'er your life its shadow throw.
May the coming years be freighted
With a love steadfast and true,
Health, and friends, and every blessing,
Without number, come to you.
And when calls the voice of duty,
May you thoughts of self lay down;
Knowing we must bear Life's crosses
If we'd wear the victor's crown.
May you hear that welcome plaudit,
When old age to you has come:
"Come ye blessed of my Father,
Welcome to your heavenly home."

SNOWFLAKES.

Oh! ye tiny little snowflakes
Falling softly to the ground,
Covering valley, hill and hamlet,
Yet not making any sound;
Ye remind me of the dewdrops
Falling in the silent night;
Watering this great earth-garden
Ere the dawning of the light.
Likewise sands of Time are falling
Through his hour-glass sure and slow,
Leaving not a trace of footprints
Of our pilgrimage below.
All are mighty! yet how gentle!
We can here a lesson find;
In the paths of love and duty,
Gently work with willing mind.
Work! until Life's sands have fallen
Through the hour-glass, the last time;
And our hearts has ceased its beating,
And the bell tolls its last chime.
Work until the gentle dewdrops
Water flowers above our dust;
And the Autumn winds are sighing
A low requiem over us.
Then may gently-falling snowflakes
Wrap us in their snowy sheen;
And our sleep be calm and peaceful
Till the "Morning" dawn serene.

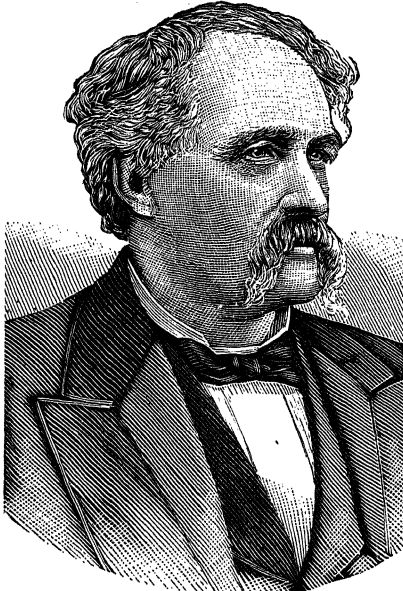
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

In a quiet village
Down among the hills,
Two hearts were united
To bear life's joys and ills.
It was in the Autumn,
And was cold enough to snow,
But we heeded not the weather,
For 'twas twenty years ago.
Then this happy couple
Settled down in life;
Will was a loving husband,
And Jean a faithful wife.
They worked from early morning
Until the sun was low,
For people had so much to do
Some twenty years ago.
Their cup of joy has oft been full,
And sometimes running o'er;
They've also drunk at sorrow's fount
Till hearts were tired and sore;
But we're told with every gloomy cloud
Some silvery linings go;
And they'll be happy as they were
Just twenty years ago.
And as the years fly swiftly by,
May they more trustful be;
Knowing a Heavenly Father's love,
Can all their troubles see.

SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

BORN: HUNTSBURG, O., MARCH 4, 1839.

AFTER being admitted to the bar in LaGrange county, Ind., Mr. Leland moved to Chicago in 1863, and thence to Aurora, Illinois. About this time he published a book of poems, which passed through two editions. In 1867 he went to Charles City, Iowa, where he prac-



SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

ticed law until 1880; thence he went to Europe for a year. Entering the lecture field in 1881, he still continues to follow that profession. Mr. Leland is in comfortable circumstances, happy and content with his wife and a host of friends, residing in Charles City in summer and in Chicago in the winter months.

WHERE?

They tell of a land where pain is unknown,
Where sorrow and grief have no name;
Where Eden flowers, when once they have
blown,

Bud, blossom eternal, the same; [burn,
Where no wild discontent in madness can
To pierce the proud heart to despair—
Where anguish on earth felt can never re-
turn—

O, where is that land? tell me where!
They tell of a time in the distant To Come—
An age born of Wisdom and Peace—
When the poor shall not beg of the rich man
the crumb,

That might hunger's keen pang release;
The many shall not bow to the tyrannous few,
But all men be treated as men! [ing sue—
When the poor for their lives shall not kneel—
O, when is that time? tell me when!

Yes, there is a land where the weary can rest,
A home for the grief-laden heart; [pressed,
A time when true manhood shall not be op-
Nor groan under poverty's smart; [come,
A clime where no grief and no sorrow can
Where riches all shall alike share!
To reach it, with Christ we must enter the
tomb;

With Him we must pass it,—'tis there.

POSTHUMOUS APPRECIATION.

There grew a plant, the legends tell,
While many years went by;
It held all fragrance, as a spell,
And mirrored earth and sky:
It garnered all the sweets of air,
From every wind that blew,
And in its life held treasured rare
Worth, more than wise men knew.
One day rough feet, with cruel tread
Had crushed it to the ground,
Lo! when 'twas crushed it fragrance shed,
And filled the air around.
Men marveled that to plant not fair
Such fragrance had been given;
Nor dreamed, till crushed, it was so rare
And held incense of Heaven.

GEORGE RUDELL.

BORN: UTICA, IND., APRIL 1, 1868.

REMOVING to Paola, Kansas, at an early age George was there educated, and later attended the Baker university at Baldwin City, passing examination in that institution two years later. About this time George commenced teaching school, which avocation he has since followed.

LIFE IS A RIVER.

We can fight a lively battle
To the end if we are true;
We can make our firearms rattle
And the enemy pursue.

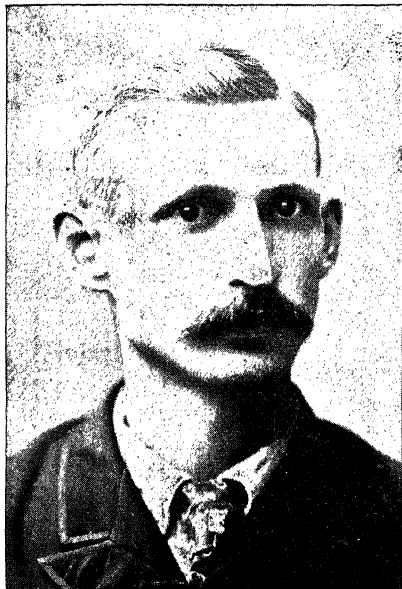
If our cause is what it should be
And we do what we think right,
We shall live a life as happy
As the noonday sun is bright.
Can't we fight the ever tempter
With a will and all our might,
For the joys the Savior's offer,
For the peace and truth and light?

We have but to push sin backward,
And our will then to control;
And we'll find our path clear'd homeward
There with Christ our Savior stroll.

WILL J. WEAVER.

BORN: MILL HALL, PA., DEC. 24, 1856.

At eighteen years of age Will taught school in the winter months, attending the normal school during the summer; he subsequently graduated at the state normal school in 1880. While attending the normal school Mr. Weaver was chosen editor of the Normal Gazette, which position he filled for several terms, his writings at that time appearing under the



WILL J. WEAVER.

nom de plume of Edgar A. Po-etic. At the annual meeting of the Alumni association in 1880 he was chosen poet for the meeting of 1881, which brought out his poem of Our Alma Mater. Mr. Weaver's productions have appeared from time to time in numerous publications, and have received favorable mention. He is at present engaged in teaching school in his native county.

PERPLEXITY.

TO MY FELLOW SHORTHAND STUDENTS.

Phonography's a lovely art,
Yet when I try to learn it,
I twist and squirm, for in a trice
I'm all mixed up; and "dern it"
Whene'er I try to study hard,
And fix in memory clearly, [my guard,
These "hooks" and "crooks," once off
I'm vexed, so that I'm nearly—

If not quite all broke up; but still
I reason thus, and ponder,
If "pigs in clover" baffle skill,
Lord! what does this, I wonder.
I start with "Pee," then "Ef" and
"Vee,"
And travel on to "Eshon;"
I tangle "Ray" with "Dee" and "Gay,"
Regardless of discretion.
I strive to get the word-signs fixed,
But something seems to blur them,
And all the "hooks" and "curves" get
mixed,
Whene'er I try to "Ster" them.
An "Iss" with "Tee" makes it a "Stee,"
It seems most like a fable,
"Yeh-lay" with "Bee" is "You-will-be,"
And "Bee" with "El-hook" "Able."
An "Em" means "me," "my," "him"
and "may,"
While "Em" with "Shon" means
"motion,"
"Pee" stands for "hope," "Pee-el" for
play."
And "Dee-Vee-Shon" "Devotion."
A sign that's halved adds "T" or "D,"
And lengthened "t-h-r-ther"—
So "Ef," which commonly means "far,"
Stretched out full length means
"farther."
"Em" widened adds a "P" or "B,"
As "Emb" with "Dee" "Embody,"
"Tee" shortened with the vowel "e"
Transforms it into "Toddy."
"Experience" we find in "Sprrens,"
"Kend-Shon" for "Condescension,"
Along with many other blends
Too numerous to mention.
At night, in troubled dreams I see,
This science so fantastic,
So that my rest is constantly,
Confused and rhinoplastic.
And shall I ever reach the goal?
Will hoping make me stronger?
While crying from my inmost soul,
How long, oh! how much longer!

EXTRACT.

While sojourning on this terrestrial ball,
With trials and troubles to grieve us:
May this maxim be firmly impressed upon all,
"Aspiramus Nobilissimus Rebus."
Like the swift flying clouds are our days
fleeting by—
Soon or later grim death will receive us;
Be not overcome, but this maxim apply,—
"Aspiramus Nobilissimus Rebus."

JOHN HILL LUTHER, D. D.

BORN: WARREN, R. I., JUNE 21, 1824.

THIS gentleman was the president of the Baylor Female College of Belton, Texas, which position he has held since 1879. Mr. Luther has had a great deal of experience as a preacher, teacher and editor. In 1885 he published a



JOHN HILL LUTHER, D. D.

little volume of his productions entitled My Verses, and since that time in another neat volume has appeared Souvenir Verses. Dr. Luther is small in stature, with a keen, bright eye, and dark hair sprinkled with silver gray. He is a most entertaining and scholarly gentleman, and is beloved and respected wherever he is known.

THOU KNOWEST.

Thou knowest all, O Teacher,
My future as well as my past;
The clouds may be drifting toward me,
The shadows gathering fast,
But with thee there is no danger:
Sunshine must come at last.

Thou knowest all, O Teacher,
How in weariness and fears
I have sought Thee, found Thee, heard Thee
Utter words that dried my tears,

O 'twere sin to doubt Thy goodness
After all the proofs of years.

Thou knowest all, O Teacher,
Better than my lips can tell,
How the world allures and mocks me,
And what foes within me dwell —
Knowest all; yet in my weakness
Comes the message, All is well.

Thou Knowest all, O Teacher;
Knowest when my weary feet
Shall reach the pearly gates on high;
When loved ones gone before shall greet
The chastened spirit, longing most
Thee, Oh my Prince, my Love, to meet.

Then I can wait, and waiting, watch,
And as I watch toil while I may;
For well I know He waits for me —
Nay, often meets me in the way,
Foreshadowing, as he passes by,
The glories of the latter day.

NOW — THEN.

I know not what may come, ere life
Runs to its close —
Defeat or triumph, 'mid the strife,
That brings repose.

Fresh burdens may await the heart,
Now faint and worn;
And honors, deemed mine own, depart,
By others borne.

A gentle hand is holding mine
By day — by night;
And paths, untrod before, now shine
With glorious light.

Oh soul, thy lot is princely now,
And ever more —
To toil, to wait, and then to know
Him gone before —

To watch and listen till He come,
To bear me where
The loved ones are, my Heaven, my home,
My Eden fair.

I only ask to share while here
The toil divine;
To crushed and wounded ones to bear
The oil and wine;

Then 'neath the cross to lay me down
To take sweet rest;
And wake to wear the promised crown,
Forever blest.

HELEN MAUD MERRILL.

BORN: BANGOR, ME., MAY 5, 1865.

DURING the last decade Helen Maud Merrill has contributed numerous poems to the St. Nicholas, Portland Transcript, and other



HELEN MAUD MERRILL.

equally prominent journals. In person she is a little below the medium height, with blue eyes and light-brown hair. She still resides in the city of Portland, engaged in painting and literary work.

ALL ALONE.

"Alone!" ah, well I know the word,
For I have sorrows of my own,
And in the broad highway of life
I, too, stand "all alone."

For who can tell the careless crowd,
How should they know or understand
That hidden underneath this mask
Lie aspirations, high and grand.

What matters it they pass me by,
Nor stay to offer comfort crude,
Since here alone, I silently
Hold converse with a multitude.

Why should I care for those who gaze
On me with cold, indifferent eye,
Since oft there comes a loving throng
Who never once have passed me by.

And yet, this human heart of mine
For human sympathy oft yearns;
Yet that in which deception lurks
My whole soul rises up and spurns.

For peace and truth and love are mine,
And wheresoe'er these powers are known
I walk serene, content to know
That I am never all alone.

But human eye a limit has
Which may not penetrate the heart;
And so I clasp my faith more close,
And patiently I walk apart.

For well I know there'll come a time
When I'll no longer walk alone,
For in the home that is to be
My heart shall know and claim its own.

THE ANGEL WIFE.

Death's mystery is hers at last.
Through mystic portals she has passed
Into the limitless unknown,—
The journey each must take — alone.

What was the secret dying brought?
How was that icy stillness wrought?
What were the visions, floating far,
That greeted her from the "gates ajar?"

For with that heavenly smile of peace,
When her pure spirit found release,
Bright angels in the azure dome
Were sent to guide her safely home.

Now to my waiting ear there seems
A voice to come, as in my dreams;
These are the words I seem to hear
From the beautiful soul that hovers near:

"Life in the spirit world is sweet,
But needs you, dear, to be complete;
Grieve not for that frail form of clay
Which mother earth enfolds to-day;

"Nor think that I am gone from you
To a far-off heaven, beyond the blue;
Thought cannot bind this world, so fair,
It's many mansions' are ev'rywhere.

"And do not think, because your sight
Is wrapped in earth's gray mist of night,
That I forget my promise, dear,
To come again your heart to cheer.

"With soul to soul, and mind to mind,
A closer union we shall find;
But lives on earth are lived alone,
But here we know as we are known!"

These are the words that come to me
From the beautiful soul I cannot see,
As I sit in the twilight shades alone,
To catch the sound of a seraph's tone.

ALONZO L. RICE.

BORN: LITTLE BLUE RIVER, IND., JUNE 12, '67.

THE poems of Mr. Rice have appeared in the *Yankee Blade*, *Indianapolis Journal*, and the periodical press generally. Mr. Rice is known



ALONZO L. RICE.

as the Shelby county poet, and his productions have attracted quite a little attention in the world of literature, and he is undoubtedly making a name for himself. He is still a resident of his native place.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

Deserted mansion, fallen to decay,
The marble lion on thy gateway sleeps
Serenely the hawk upon thy arras
sweeps

On never-weary pinions, and the prey
Is toiling upward, from the fields away,
In hope of vain escape; in tangled deeps
The weary, panting hound unchanging keeps
The wounded stag forevermore at bay.

All is unchanged, but never on the hills,
With dawning glimpses of the early morn,
Is seen Diana's god, as deep he fills
With rounded cheeks his loud and alien horn,
Nor evermore along the sunset rills,
Return the reapers with the sheaves of corn.

DEAR LOVE, COULD I HOPE.

Dear love, could I hope in the future to know,
The sun from the ocean of sorrow

Would rise in his splendor and pillow his glow
On the bosom of cloudless to-morrow:

The rim of the bubbles
Gives token of troubles,

And over the waste of the threatening sky,
The sabre of cranes on its former course
doubles,

Uncertain and doubtful as whither to fly.

The sun in his weakness has sunk in the sea,
With clouds are his tributes remaining;
The sheep are gone home, and the birds in the
tree,

The owl in the turret's complaining;

And, in the dark thicket,
Anear, the lone cricket,

Forever is chirping and singing his tune;
The sentry of sorrow, the citadel's picket,
Awaiting the orb of the rounded, red moon.

The day has departed and calm is the night,
The elfins speed by on their rambles;
The glow-worms their lanterns have hung to
the sight,

On points of the grasses and brambles;

On pinions of leather,
Alone and together,

The bats are now winging in revel and rout;
The owl in his bower sits wondering whether
To dream or to waken the vale with a shout.

The insects are harping, the dark colonnade
Of the forest resounds to the revel;

And, Dian's red orb for an hour delayed,
Now gleams o'er the meadow's low level:

And, thro' her dominions
On fluttering pinions,

The night-hawk is sailing in ominous dread,
And over the valleys and marshes the minions
Of darkness are trailing in mantles of red.

My heart and affection turns ever to thee,

And swerves like the needle's emotion;
Unknowning the place where the fairest can
be,

So fervent and deep the devotion:

A hope that abideth,
Whatever betideth,

Tho' dimmed like the glance of a glittering
star,

Is sought for the first, when the storm-cloud
divideth

Outshining the rest of the circle by far.

ADIEU.

Out o'er the ocean of the morning blue,
The white sail lessens in the misty haze;

And, on the headlands, weary watchers
raise

Their hands against the sun and peering thro'
The intervening vapors, cry: "Adieu

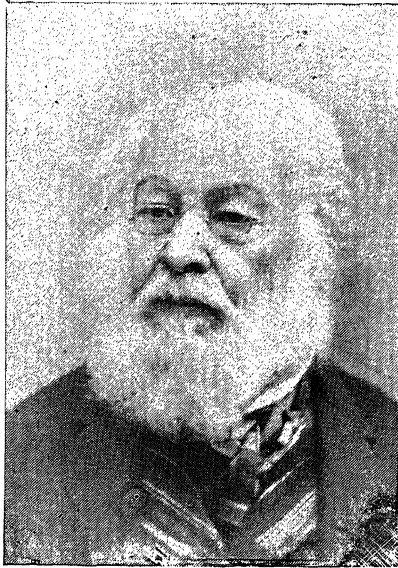
To thy delightful presence; 'mid the days

The mem'ry of thy being sweetly stays,
But grace and beauty fade away with you."

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

BORN: PORTLAND, ME., MAY 21, 1806.

SEVERAL volumes of poems have appeared from the pen of this writer. Three were published in Boston, entitled *Fall of the Indian*, *The Year*, and *Mount Auburn*. In 1886 he pub-



ISAAC MCLELLAN.

lished a neat volume of some two hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled *Poems of the Rod and Gun*, which has been well and favorably received. Mr. McLellan is now a resident of Long Island at Greenport.

SEA-GULL.

Sea-bird, skimmer of the waves,
Whither doth thy journey tend?
Is it to some southern shore,
Where the meadow-rushes bend,
Where the orange-blossoms blow,
Where the aloe and the palm
Flourish, and magnolias glow,
Filling all the air with balm?
Rather is thy pilgrim wing
Fleeting to some northern bar,
Where the rocky reef juts out,
And the sand-beach stretches far?
There in hot and silvery sand
All thy pearly eggs to lay,
There to teach thy little brood
O'er the tumbling surf to play.
Hap'ly sailing o'er the brine,
Painted 'gainst a lurid sky,

On the gray horizon's verge
Thou dost even now desery
Some lone bark with shatter'd mast,
Bulwarks swept, and ragged sail,
Fighting with the ocean-blast,
Lost in shipwreck and in gale.
Restless, roving, lonely bird,
Wanderer of the pathless seas,
Now where tropic woods are stirr'd,
Now where floating icebergs freeze;
Seldom doth the solid shore
See thy wings expand no more.

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

I wander daily by thy shore,
Thy rocky shore, Long Island Sound,
And in my little boat explore
The secrets of thy depths profound.
I trace the great brown rocks far down,
O'er which the salt tides ebb and flow,
Encrusted with their rugged shells,
Rocks where the ribbon'd seaweeds grow;
And there the glancing fish I view,
The weakfish and the dusky bass:
The bergalls and the blackfish schools,
And silvery porgees as they pass.
Fast-anchor'd in my swinging boat,
The welcome nibble to await,
I feel the sheepshead at the line,
The sea-bass tugging at their play;
And as I gaze across the wave
I see the shining sturgeon leap,
Springing in air with sudden flash,
Then splashing, plunging to the deep;
I see the porpoise schools sweep by,
In sportive gambolings at their play,
Puffing and snorting as they rise,
Wheeling and tumbling on their way:
And never wearied in my gaze
As o'er the blue expanse it roams,
Viewing the endless billows roll,
White-crested with the yeasty foams.

THE SHOT AT THE START.

The sun had tipped the horizon's edge,
Launching in air a shaft of gold,
Across the stream, athwart the sedge,
And where the rippling currents roll'd:
A boat was pushing from the shore,
A fowler's heart beat high with glee,
Yet ere the boatman touch'd an oar,
To reach the wooded island near,
An early flock, on rushing wing,
Flew o'er the stream's pellucid face;
When sudden report did ring,
And ceas'd a wild duck from the race.
The artist hath depicted well
Tha "Starting Shot," and what befell.

REV. DRYDEN WM. PHELPS.

BORN: NEW HAVEN, CONN.,

AFTER graduating at the Hopkins grammar school in his native city, Dryden passed one year in Yale college, and three in Brown university, graduating at the latter institution in 1877. The three years following he was assistant editor of the Christian Secretary, when he entered the Hartford theological seminary, in which he spent two years. In



REV. DRYDEN WM. PHELPS.

1887 he was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church in Wilmington, Vt., a position that terminated in 1889. The poems of the Rev. D. W. Phelps have appeared in the Christian Secretary, the World's Crisis, Vermont Phoenix, Our Home Guards, and other journals of prominence. In person he is a little above the average height, yet he weighs about 180 pounds, and is a very pleasant and intellectual gentleman.

THOUGHTS AT THE WATER-SIDE.

Look at the bright blue sea,
Think of thy Father's care;
Child of mortality,
O look to Him in prayer.
He calleth thee to-day,
"My son, give me thy heart."
How canst thou still delay?
Choose now the better part.

Then shalt thou joyful look
Upon the bright blue sea,
And read as in a book
Thy immortality.

TO THE MOURNER.

In hours of grief, oppressed with tribulation,
When storms beat sore within the troubled
breast,
How sweet to know the author of salvation
Said: "Come to me, and I will give you
rest."
Those words attend, O mourner sad and
lonely;
Our Lord on earth was often lone and sad.
When loved ones sleep, the thought of Jesus
only
Can dry our tears and bid the heart be glad.
The day draws nigh — how joyous the reflection! —
When Christ shall come, in glory from
above.
The Lord Himself, our life and resurrection,
Shall crown us His whom now unseen we
love.

THE LIGHTS OF THE EARTH.

Sun, thou king of day who sendest light to
our dwelling,
O how grand thou appearest at noon in fiery
splendor!
Who can stand thy glare? 'tis not poor earth-
holden mortals:
No, thy blinding gaze o'ercomes our short-
sighted vision.
Thou art a work of God, and manifestest His
splendor.
'Tis no wonder that people of old, not knowing
their Maker,
Should have worshiped thee, and paid their
devout adoration
Which belonged to God, to thee His horrible
emblem!
Moon, thou queen of the night, of the sun a
poor imitation,
Where would be thy light if the sun did not
freely bestow it?
Yet thou art gentler far than the hot burning
day-king who lights thee,
And we love thy beautiful gentleness, pride
of the evening!
Stars, ye jewels who deck the lovely expanse
of the heavens
When the moon has come to whisper of love
and the angels,
Yes, we love ye the best, O bright magnificent
gold drops!
And in ye the most can we praise the Eternal
Creator.

BIRCH ARNOLD.

BORN: DELAVAN, WIS.

BIRCH ARNOLD is the author of *Until the Day Break*, an essentially American novel, which has been very favorably received. Her poems have appeared in the leading periodicals of



BIRCH ARNOLD.

America. This lady is a gifted conversationalist, a graceful elocutionist, and ably renders selections from her writings in a very pleasing manner. She now resides in Armada, Michigan.

FORGETFULNESS.

If, in the viewless haunts of time,
Some gift of fortune, treasured there
In garnered fullness, might be mine,
In answer to entreating prayer,
I scarce could claim a boon to bless,
To equal thine — Forgetfulness!

A haunting shadow sups with me,
To greet the morning's glad surprise,
With only sense of misery
And bitter meaning in it's eyes;
Alas! I cannot seek redress
Except in thee — Forgetfulness!

The summer suns may rise and set,
And blossomed fragrance fill the air,
I see thro' tears, nor can forget
That ever hovering wraith of care;

Though sorrow makes the sunshine less,
They're one with thee, Forgetfulness!

Each heart must know its day of grief,
All earthly things must fade and die,
Remembrance brings perchance relief,
Or bitterness of tear and sigh:
For me, no other boon can bless
Alike to thee, — Forgetfulness!

THE ROUND OF BLUE.

Oh, Maude, sweet Maude, with your golden
hair,

Your witching eyes, and your winsome air —
Do you know the mischievous things you do,
Crocheting the endless round of blue?

I have watched your taper fingers, white —
Now in, now out, now left, now right,
As the glittering needle willing flew,
Crocheting the endless round of blue.

At first my eyes you sought to chain
To the tangled threads of your azureskein;
At length, I think, you bolder grew,
Crocheting the endless round of blue.

For over my heart that tangled thread,
Over my eyes, and over my head,
In a filmy chain, you deftly threw,
Crocheting the endless round of blue.

I do not ask, sweet Maude, to be
From the pretty prison e'er set free;
I know full well there are jailers few
Like the one crocheting the round of blue.

If the fairy chain is woven strong,
To hold me fast, and hold me long —
Then, Maude, weave on, if this be true;
Weave ever on the round of blue.

A WIND-BLOWN SOUL.

“The deepest pang of hell?

’Tis this remembering
In present griefs, the joys of yesterday.”

Aye, look upon me while I linger
Behind the prison bars of sin!
I can no longer bear in silence,
Or shut the burning truth within.

I saw it speak in eye and gesture,
Tho’ dead upon my lips it lay,
Until it burst its bonds asunder,
And found my soul the potter’s clay.

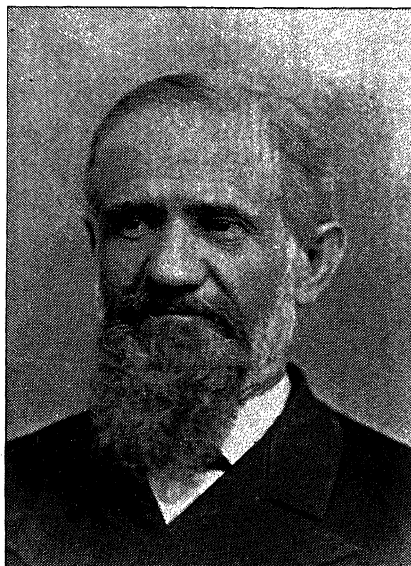
That kiss! Oh, angels in yon heaven,
Is yours a dearer joy than mine?
Upon my throbbing lips it lingers,
And maddens me with love’s strong wine.

And no remorse! Ah, Jesu! shrive me!
A dagger stroke my broken vow —
But deeper still lives unforgotten
The love I had and might have now.

REV. JOHN WESLEY ADAMS.

BORN: MAY 23, 1832.

THIS gentleman is a lineal descendant of the presidents of that name. In 1853 he joined the New Hampshire Conference of the M. E. church, and has held pastorates in Rye, Derry, So. Newmarket, No. Salem, E. Canaan,



REV. JOHN WESLEY ADAMS.

Winchester, Gt. Falls—High St., Tilton, Newport, Exeter, Keene, and in 1889 he took a year's rest at Chelsea, Mass., where he is still located. For several years Rev. J. W. Adams has been president of the trustees of the Conference Seminary and Female College.

OUR BABY.

Though babies count up by the million,
And all of them fit for the show,
Yet ours beats the sum total billion,
Because she is our baby, you know.

Her ringlets! O, their like never can be,
They all of them curl just so;
You ought not to smile at my fancy,
Because she's our baby, you know.

Her complexion out-rivals the fairest;
The cheeks have an angelic glow;
The dimples that fleck them the rarest,
Because she's our baby, you know.

Transcendent expression and lustre,
And clear as the waters that flow,

Are the eyes with which heaven hath blessed
her,
Because she's our baby, you know.

Her lips are like lilacs in blossom,
And the nectar with which they o'erflow
Is sweeter than hive-stores in autumn,
Because she's our baby, you know.

Her laughter is seraph-like music
Wafted through the dear home here below,
And her sayings more sage than the Delphic,
Because she's our baby, you know,

She's a darling, a picture, a pet,
A cherub from the crown to the toe;
She has ne'er found her equal as yet,
Because she's our baby, you know.

DEDICATION OF HEDDING CHAUTAUQUA HALL.

Chautauqua hall! The People's College,
Now offers to the million knowledge,
True Science, joined with classic lore,
For all doth open wide the door.
Chautauqua hall, all hail to thee,
The plebeian's university,
Where maid and matron, son and sire,
A broader culture may acquire!

To-day we enter and possess
This Temple in the wilderness.
Now with the sainted Hedding's name,
We humbly, solemnly proclaim
That it is herewith blest, baptized;
And thus may it be recognized.

Translated and regenerate,
This building we now dedicate
To God, for worship and for praise—
To man, that he may learn God's ways—
To science, as by God revealed—
To nature, now a book unsealed—
To preaching of the sacred Word—
To teaching what may be inferred
From all the Great Revealer writes,
Or by his Spirit's voice indites.

And may this good work so prevail
That its good fruit shall never fail!
'Tis not too much to hope and pray
That, when we all have passed away,
Our children's children here shall crown
This alma mater as their own.

From henceforth this shall be a shrine—
A Mecca, hallowed and divine—
A fount of light, and life, and love—
A helper to the heaven above,
God bless this place, this work, this day:
So mote it be, let all now say!

DEDICATION 2ND N. H. REG'T, GETTYS- BURG MONUMENT.

Ye martyred braves, in whom the flame
Of fervent patriotism glowed;
Who to avert your Nation's shame
Sincerity by valor showed,

If it is given you to see
What here transpired, if from
The hills of immortality,
To join our ranks, once more you've come;

As guests unseen, but ne'er forgot,
Chief honors we accord to you;
And bid you welcome to this spot,
To join in mem'ry's grand review.

If still a comrade's mundane voice
May vibrate on the spirit's ear,
Ye host invisible rejoice,
The cause you died for triumphed here.

The Nation's verdict is "Well done!"
The Union, Treason sought to sever,
Binds sixty millions into one,
And one they shall remain forever.

Your grateful country watches o'er
Your mold'ring forms which round us lie,
And bids each patriot adore
The names that were not born to die.

Among New Hampshire's rugged hills,
The old and young your deeds rehearse;
Your memory like dew distills,
And poets praise you in their verse.

In our enduring granite, we
Have symbolized your worthy fame;
And we shall teach posterity
To honor you the same.

A part of the old Granite State,
We bring this day and rear to you;
This comely shaft we dedicate
To those who died so brave and true.

Long as this monument shall stand.
And cold and heat and storm defy;
May it tell where your honored band,
The heroes of the Second lie.

And now ye braves, once more adieu!
Sleep on, ye torn and weary ones;
We'll meet you at the grand review;
Sleep on, New Hampshire's honored sons.

Ye sun, watch o'er them day by day:
Keep guard ye moon and stars by night:
Ye breath of morn and even play
Sweet requiems, where they won the fight.

Not for yourselves, ye lived and died;
Devotion so unselfish still

Inspires us with a patriot's pride,
Our own great mission to fulfill.

Once more, O Gettysburg, to thee
We bid a long and sad adieu;

Thou wast our great Thermopyle—
Thou wast our bloody Waterloo.

We sigh o'er what thy victory cost;
But since the oblation was to be;
We count the life and treasure lost,
As naught to Union, Liberty.

Adieu then Gettysburg again!
To all these scenes which we review—
This sacred hill, where lies the slain,
Sublime, historic field, adieu.

MEMORIAL DAY.

'Tis well to close the marts of trade,
To hush the din of bands and wheels;
In mournful columns to parade,
And speak the loss the nation feels.

Let the drum again be muffled,
And once more the dirge be chanted;
For in that long sleep unruffled,
Lie the loved and the lamented.

Clothe the flag with funeral emblems,
Toll the church bell softly, slowly,
Sweetly sing the solemn anthems,
Bend before your maker holy.

Daily o'er their quiet pillows,
May be heard the breezes sighing:
Morn and eve the dewy willows,
Wet the sod where they are lying.

O'er each unknown grave in glory,
Waves the flag they loved so well;
O'er each battle field so gory,
Each star walks a sentinel.

Let us then like worthy brothers,
Who were with them when they perished,
Show that while we love all others,
They are still most fondly cherished.

Bring for those in whom you trusted,
Spring-time's choicest, virgin flowers,
Plucked from the old cherished homestead,
Once to them familiar bowers.

Let their fragrance and their beauty,
Symbolize their noble vieing,
Virtuous in doing duty,
Virtuous in bravely dying.

Bring from God's conservatory,
Evergreens: Let wreaths and crosses
Tell again the wondrous story
Of Salvation, won by losses.

Pausing where the flags are found,
Lay them down, where rest the braves;
Let each grave each year be crowned
Decorate the soldiers' graves.

And may you forevermore,
Guard the jewels they have won,
Till freedom reaches every shore
That the sun now shines upon.

BELLA FRENCH SWISHER.

BORN IN GEORGIA.

In 1867-8 Bella was engaged in the literary department of Pomeroy's La Crosse Democrat. In 1869, with less than a hundred dollars capital, she leased a newspaper office at Brownsville, Minn., and there started the Western Progress. Two years later she accepted a position on the St. Paul Pioneer, since consolidated with the Press. Bella also edited and published the Busy West, the pioneer



MRS. BELLA F. SWISHER.

literary magazine of Minnesota. In 1874 she began issuing at La Crosse, The American Sketch Book, an illustrated historical magazine of eighty pages, which publication was removed to Texas in 1877, and was published regularly until the year 1883. Married in 1878 to Col. John M. Swisher, a well known Texan, she now has a beautiful home surrounded by every comfort. During 1889 two of her works were published: Rocks and Shoals, a story that shows fine ability, both in the carefully constructed plot and style of the romance; the other, Florecita, a poem-novel, is her master-piece, which is written as plainly as prose, yet having all the melody of true poetry. The short poems of Mrs. Bella F. Swisher, if published, would fill several volumes. She now resides with her husband in Austin, Texas, engaged in literary work. The career of Mrs. Swisher has been a very eventful one, in which she has shown great ability.

EXTRACTS.

FROM THE "SIN OF EDITH DEAN."

Though just above the hill-tops, shone the sun,

The farmer's day of toil was well begun.
Slow-stepping oxen, patient and sad-eyed,
Moved in obedience by their master's side,
While going forth to drag the heavy plow,
Preparing land for later crops; and now,
Released from barnyards, here and there, a cow

Went lowing down a path or lane to say,
To her companions, she was on her way
And soon would join them at the meadow brook.

But, each and all, without a backward look —
Though pausing, now and then, to nip the grass

Which offered tempting morsels, hard to pass
And touch not, trudged along, no thought in mind

Of any mate, that, lowing, came behind.

The smooth-plumed pigeons circled in the air,
With full intent to gain an ample share .
Of yellow grain which little Marguirite
Was scattering about for fowls to eat. . .

The glory of the spring was everywhere —
'Twas breathed forth in the sweetness of the air,

Reflected from the cloud-flecked skies of blue
And from the rippling water's deeper hue;
It glistened in the thorn's sweet, snowy flowers;

And in the May-blooms falling down in showers,

When stirred by gust of wind, that bore along
The blossoms' fragrance and the wild birds' song.

The scene was ever changing. Willows threw
Their shadows where the yellow cowslips grew

Beside the placid pools; and near to these,
Were less adventurous oaks and other trees:
And, here and there, were piles of maple keys;
The Dutchman's breeches bent above the rills;
The pink arbutus trailed adown the hills;
And modest violets, both white and blue,
Which everywhere in great abundance grew,
Their fragrance, to the balmy breezes, threw.

As sunset neared, the hills became more steep,

And the ravines proportionately deep.

A table-land was reached; from which high plain,

Was seen, beyond the fields of growing grain,
A winding river. On the other side,
Arose the houses of the village Clyde,
Which nestled in a valley; and away
Toward the west, a range of mountains lay.

WHAT WILL THE WEATHER BE TO-MORROW.

"What will the weather be to-morrow?"—
Soft southern breezes and a cloudless sky?—
Or will the sun, his beaming face, be hiding
While comes the storm-king rushing madly
by?

Or it may be the lightest clouds will gather,
And earth will be refreshed by gentle rain!
Ah! to this heart of mine may come to-morrow
A sweeter happiness or deeper pain.

"What will the weather be to-morrow?"—
If it be storm, we would not sit in fear,
Imagining a thousand nameless terrors,
Relentless and swift-winged, are drawing
near.

And if the sun of hope and joy is waiting
Another morning, on our path, to rise,
We would not ask for some clarvoyant vision
To rob the morrow of its glad surprise.

"What will the weather be to-morrow?"
Ah! it is well for us we do not know;
For life has many, many storms that gather
And, breaking, lay our dreamland temples
low!

And Hope would oft be crushed beneath the
ruins—
Since she had not the strength to fight her
way,

If burdened with to-morrow's storm and
darkness,
While struggling with the burdens of to-day.

"What will the weather be to-morrow?"
Why should we care at all to know?
Our Father's loving will hath planned it,
And be it sun or storm, 'tis better so.
While we are peering with our clouded vision
To find what each to-morrow has in store,
He, with a clearer sight our feet is guiding;
And knowing this, why should we wish for
more?

O, many are the dark clouds, passing
Between the earth and glorious sun;
And many are the doubts, obscuring
The light of the Eternal One.

THE YOUNGSTER WHO SURVIVED.

Off mothers speak and poets sing,
In tones of mournful pride,
Which to our eyes the teardrops bring,
Of "the little boy that died."
But far more real, though less sublime,
Will be the subject of this rhyme:—
The impish youngster who survived
And from his cradle grew and thrived.
He has more tricks than magic art;
More phases than the moon;
Has neither conscience nor a heart;

At work, an idle loon.
His stomach is of iron make,
Though, rubber like, it will not break;
And every mischief, yet contrived,
The youngster knows who has survived.

At sight of him dogs disappear
As though a cyclone came;
And kitty lifts her back, in fear,
At mention of his name.

E'en mamma oft is heard to sigh
And pant for breath when he is nigh;
For good resolves are all short-lived,
Made by the youngster who survived.
He worries, teases, snubs us all,
And, like a whirlwind, lays
Our hopes in ruins—great and small;
And, with our heart-strings, plays.
But answer this, all ye who can—
Who makes the darling duck of a man?
Why just the youngster who survived,
And from his cradle grew and thrived.

I've seen a plant, that might have raised
A form of grace the world had praised,
Encumbered by some foreign thing,
Until in reaching for the light,
Its shape became distorted, quite,
While meager was its blossoming.

I've seen a soul direct from God,
Encumbered thus, and downward trod
By cruel and un pitying feet,
Till it, as well, distorted grew,
And 'round it, little sweetness threw,
Before its ruin was complete.

EXTRACT FROM "FLORECITA."

CLAIRE TO PAUL.

"Paul, my Cousin:

"It is long
Since you sent a scratch of pen.
Fearing something may be wrong,
I now write to you again.

"We will have a wedding soon!
Do you by my words abide?
On the thirtieth of June,
Papa takes another bride!

"He has won a noble heart—
She is rich and young and fair!
Mine were not a daughter's part
Did my face no pleasure wear.

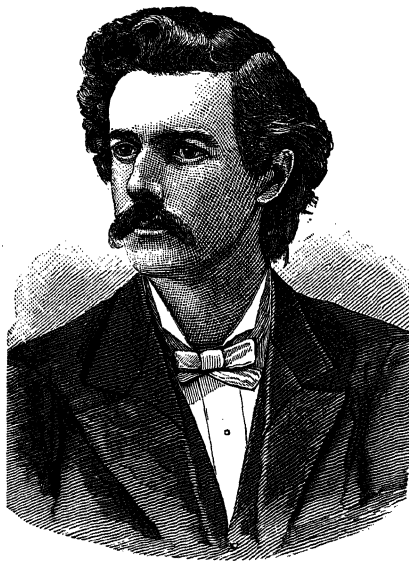
"They have bidden me invite
You to see their happiness;
And although with tears I write,
I would have it be no less.

"They are in each other lost—
They find sunshine everywhere!
I am lone and tempest-tossed,
Come—if but to comfort—Claire."

THOMAS J. MACMURRAY.

BORN IN SCOTLAND, JULY 23, 1832.

As minister, lawyer, printer, poet, author, editor, Mr. Macmurray has had somewhat of a varied career, considering that he is yet but comparatively a young man. He came to Canada when ten years of age, and was thoroughly educated, graduating at a theological college. He was connected with the Detroit conference in 1877, and four years later came



THOMAS J. MACMURRAY.

to the Wisconsin conference. In 1883 he was admitted to the Wisconsin bar. He has published several books, one of which is entitled *The Legend of Delaware Valley and Other Poems*, the titular poem being an intensely interesting one, and is beautifully told by this brilliant author. Many of his poems have received especial recognition. Mr. Macmurray has also lectured with great success. Personally this editor, author and lecturer is of good stature, with brown hair and eyes, and is withal a very pleasant gentleman.

LIFE'S PROBLEM.

A rosy morn and a cloudless sky;
 Hope in the heart;
 No teardrops start;
 Never a pain and never a sigh.
 A child's sweet laugh, and its little kiss
 Upon the cheek,
 And voices speak

In tend'rest tones, and there's naught but
 bliss.

Then come distress and corroding care;

The joy has gone,

The face is wan,

And there is an agonizing prayer.

Blue eyes are closed, and the child's sweet
 hymn

Is heard no more

On earth's dark shore,

And a mother weeps till her eyes are dim.

Then mem'ry calls back the long ago,

And hair grows gray,

While shadows play

Long after the autumn evening's glow.

Folded the hands, and ended the strife

Of weary years;

Dried are the tears;

Thus closes the scene; and such is life!

MANHOOD.

Be wise to-day. Folly drags down

Its votaries to vice and shame;

But wisdom gives to man a crown

Of honor and a noble name.

Let justice guide thee every hour;

Nor let one narrow prejudice

Rob thee of moral worth and power

And fill thy soul with selfishness.

Be tender and affectionate

In all thy intercourse with men;

Harbor no jealousy nor hate,

Nor manifest a proud disdain.

Look up in faith to God above,

In recognition of his care,

And thank him for his boundless love

That comes to soothe thee everywhere.

So, having wisdom, justice, love,

And simple faith in the unseen,

Thou shalt in manhood's beauty move,

With heavenward gaze and lofty mien.

EARNESTNESS.

Be earnest in this life; be true;

And whatsoe'er thou hast to do,

Perform it with thy zeal and might,

For soon will come death's solemn night.

Success depends on earnest work;

The men who daily duties shirk

Are cowards who will never rise;

For such there is no victor's prize.

Only the earnest, noble, brave,

Who battle with each wind and wave,

Nor ever heed misfortune's frown,

Attain the heights of fair renown.

This is no dreamland where we may

Slumber and dream the years away;

But 'tis the scene of active life—

The battle-field—the school of strife!

Here the contestants rise or fall,
They soar in thought, or else they crawl;
But earnest souls, whose hearts are pure,
Shall rise, and their reward is sure.

Be earnest, then, for time is brief,
And broken hearts sigh for relief;
Work zealously while shines the sun,
If thou would'st hear the words "Well
done!"

SEPARATION.

Slowly the years creep by,
Since thou art gone;
Around me shadows lie,
And I'm alone.

A fragment of a hymn —
A braid of hair —
A portrait old and dim —
A vacant chair —

Are all that speak to me
This lone midnight,
Telling their tale of thee,
Now out of sight.

Whisper thy love once more,
Nor silent be;
Send from that fadeless shore
Love's blessing free.

Come back, bright days, long dead —
Come back again!
Return, O joys that fled,
And ease my pain!

But why this anxious plea? —
'Tis vain indeed;
For by fate's stern decree
This heart must bleed.

JESSE T. CRAIG.

BORN: RAY CO., MO., OCT. 6, 1851.

MR. CRAIG is an editor and publisher by profession, and his writings, including a number of very fine poems, have appeared from time to time in his own publications and the local press generally. He is now editor of the Bee, published in Hunnewell, Mo.

A VISION.

The editor ate too much; the editor ate too long;
The turkey was fat and tender, the dressing was rich and strong.
He went, (the editor did), when the succulent feast was o'er,
And sat by the parlor stove, and thereafter began to snore.
And he dreamed this weird dream; it seemed that he was dead

And stood at the judgment place, and quaked with horror and dread.
The place was a lofty hall, and it did not allay his fear,

That it looked unpleasantly like a criminal court down here.

But the judge on the bench — Good luck!
What a strange uncanny sight? —
Was a turkey "gobbler" fierce, just a hundred feet in height;
And the jury in the box, sheriff, and state's attorney, — all
Were "gobblers" like the judge, and equally grim and tall.

He stood in the prisoner's dock (the editor did) and heard
The State's Attorney, a shrewd, a learned and eloquent bird,

Say: "If it please the court, it becomes my duty to read

The indictment as herein contained, after which the prisoner may plead.

Whereas, heretofore, to wit: in November of eighty-eight,

At the township of Jackson in Shelby, in the commonwealth, (otherwise state)

Of Missouri, the defendant, one Richard Roe, Whose proper appellation this affiant does not know)

"Then and there being, on the aforesaid day and date,

Maliciously, unlawfully, and feloniously killed and ate

One large adult male turkey, Johannes Doe by name,

Violently and by force of arms; the same

"Being directly and expressly against the statutes made

And provided in such cases; and beyond the slightest shade

Of doubt against the peace and dignity

Of the King of turkeys, His august and gracious majesty.

"And we further present and charge that the prisoner, Richard Roe,
Who committed this unholy crime was actuated thereunto

By a false and frivolous pretext that on this most cruel plan

He was returning thanks to Heaven for its manifold blessings to man."

His hair rose up (the editor's did) straight up on top of his head

For he saw the stern look of the jury and judge when this indictment was read.

"What is your plea?" said the judge to him, and his voice was harsh when he spoke.

The editor tried to speak and — trying to speak he — woke.

A. J. SCHAEFFER.

BORN: EDGERTON, OHIO, JUNE 26, 1864.

For a while he taught school, and in 1881 entered Oberlin college. About this time he contributed under the nom de plume of Horace Raven a number of poems and prose articles to the Detroit Free Press and Toledo Blade. His eyesight failing him he traveled



A. J. SCHAEFFER.

for awhile, and from 1884 to 1888 again taught school. He next became editor of The Earth, a literary paper published in his native town; then held a similar position on the Clyde Democrat; and in 1889 purchased the Spencerville Journal. The same year Mr. Schaeffer was married to Miss Flora Yackee.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Those beautiful eyes,
Their color vies
The tints of the sunset skies;
And purple and pearl,
And rainbow dyes,
All mildly mingle
In those sweet eyes,
And light their blue depth mellowly,
Like moonlight on a summer sea;
Or like the glow in northern night,
When wanes Aurora's mystic light.

At dawn's soft surprise,
I think of those eyes;
And the day never dies,
But I dream of those eyes —
Those luminous, lucid eyes —
Those beautiful violet eyes.

TO BERENICE.

Bright black eyes and raven hair;
Face so wonderfully fair;
Heart so pure and looks so free,
That the angels envy thee.

Berenice, ere we met,

I was free; but now I'm slave
To thy loveliness, and yet

I would not my freedom have.

'Tis a pleasure, not a pain,
With affliction's golden chain
To be bound to a soul like thine —
Soul that seemeth half divine.

Well might monarch give his throne,

To be lord of such a heart;
For the common heart is stone —
Hardened so by social art.

Thy sweet, seraph spirit
All the virtues did inherit;
All the passions thou wert given,
And yet chaste thou art as heaven.
Paradise hath not an hour
Half so lovely, I opine;
And never song or story
Told of nobler life than thine.

VICTOR HUGO.

Weep France! weep world! let every eye
Its tributes pay of tears
To him whose soul-inspiring words
Will echo down the years.

He's gone. The mighty brain of France
Has turned to worthless clay,
But thoughts that flowed from that great
brain
Will never pass away.

His name is deathless, and will live
Within the souls of men,
And from their hearts time cannot blot
The tracings of his pen.

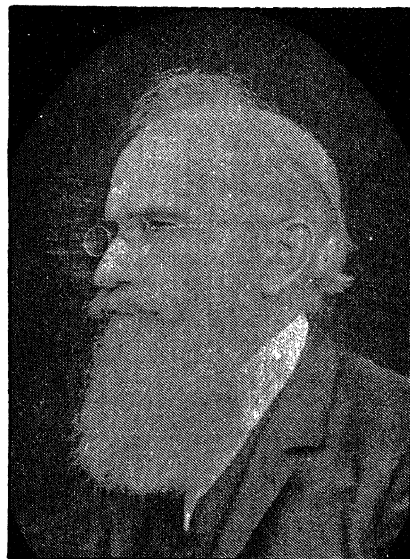
He lived to help his fellow men.
His task at last is done;
And years will wreath a crown for him
From laurels nobly won.

His requiem let angels sing,
While nations bow and weep
Their tears were never wept above
A nobler mortal's sleep.

COL. J. M. RICHARDSON.

BORN: SOUTH CAROLINA, MARCH 13, 1831.

AFTER graduating at Harvard in 1854 with the degree of B. S., Mr. Richardson engaged in teaching as a profession in Perry, Ga., in 1855; And in the same year he was married to Miss Lavinia E. King. Mr. Richardson



COL. JOHN M. RICHARDSON.

served in the confederate army and lost a leg at Winchester, Va., in 1864. After the war he returned to Georgia and resumed teaching; removed to Texas in 1876, where he also continued teaching. In 1887 Mr. Richardson lost his wife, who died in Daingerfield, Texas, where he now resides. In 1888 Col. Richardson engaged in the newspaper business in connection with his son. Col. Richardson is a polished scholar, and has written both prose and verse for the periodical press.

A WISHING WORD.

Some groups of merry girls and boys,
With laugh and shout and gleeful noise,
Were playing just before my gate
As home I came one evening late.

Please, Sir, one said — she held a book
Which gently from her hand I took —
Please, Sir, write me a wishing word!
So spake the winsome little bird.

I love Thee, Lord, so great, so mild!
I love Thy choicest gift, a child,

Of Him, O Child, be ever blest,
Of every rarest gift possessed!

May all thy life, as now, be pure!
Thy days, as now, from care secure!
And at its peaceful close, be thou
A child of God, beloved as now!

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

„ O Domine Deus
Speravi in Te!”

O Holy and Just God,

My hope is in Thee!

O Jesus, Thou Strong Rod,

I lean upon Thee!

My body with chains bound,

My spirit in pains found,

None love I but Thee!

Knees bending, eyes flending,

Sighs blending, heart rending,

Adoring,

Imploring,

O liberate me!

SOLDIER SOUTH TO SOLDIER NORTH.

O Soldier North, of thee no plaint;
Thou wast but man — no fiend, no saint,
I meet with thee without constraint.

And thou wast gen'rous, as all know,
At Appomattox to thy foe;
That meed thou hast, come weal, come woe.

Thy duty didst thou? I did mine,
Defeat my portion, vict'ry thine.
At thee nor fate, will I repine;

Far nobler is it to endure
What skill of man can never cure;
Reward, though slow, is large and sure.

A soldier's rage with combats done;
He sheathes his sword, peace is begun;
To help the fallen doth he run.

Not so the laggard, coward crew,
Who, safe, the battle would renew,
The prostrate rob, berate, pursue.

Those jaw-gun soldiers, I despise,
As, loaded down with hate and lies,
They'd strife renew in patriot guise.

Begone! As clouds that dim the sun,
Cut off its light, embane, then run,
As conscience smit, God's eye to shun;

So they would veil the people's hearts,
So they would plant empoisoned darts,
So they should flee to hellish parts.

But for the soldier whose brave heart
Would from defeat remove each smart,
My soul with love shall never part.

JOHN NILAND HIGHLAND.

BORN: IRELAND, 1831.

MR. HIGHLAND is now a lumber inspector in Galveston, Texas. He is very fond of literature and has written quite a few poems which



JOHN NILAND HIGHLAND.

have appeared in the local press. He was married in New Orleans to Miss Mary Daley in 1858, but is now a widower.

MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Give me back the sweet days of my childhood,
Where I oft with my schoolmates did roam
Among the green trees in the wildwood,
That bloomed near my dear happy home.
For there sung the thrushes and linnets,
And the larks warbled in the blue sky,
The hours seemed as short as the minutes,
For joyous were my schoolmates and I.

But alas! we were doomed soon to sever,
Never more in loved Erin to meet,
Some are gone to strange countries forever,
Where none of their friends will them greet,
And here far away as I ponder,
And hear the waves break on the shore,
My love for my schoolmates grows fonder,
For I know I will see them no more.

They are all gone away and forever,
Life's burdens with courage to bear.

And to meet them again I shall never,
They are gone and I cannot tell where.
In sorrow they left broken-hearted,
As they bade their beloved ones good-bye,
And forever and aye we have parted,
My fondly-loved schoolmates and I.

When at night in my peaceful slumbers,
I revisit past scenes in my dreams,
I play with my schoolmates in numbers,
And call them all 'round by their names.
And hear the sweet notes of the thrushes,
As of yore in the cool summer's breeze,
Among the wild flowers and bushes,
As we played neath the spreading beech
trees

ELIZA JANE M'GOWAN.

Fondly and remembered Eliza Jane,
Schoolmate of my early days,
Sweet thoughts of you I well retain,
And all our sports and plays.
It is a long time since we parted,
And crossed the ocean's foam,
With grief and sorrow broken-hearted
For loved ones left at home.

Farewell sweet days of childhood's pleasure,
When we were going to school,
Rehearsing our lessons at our leisure,
Or working out some rule.
And away amongst the pale primroses
That grew on Drumfin brae,
And o'er the fields gathering posies,
All in the hour to play.

Do you remember green fields of Cloonlur-
ragh,
Where all our flocks did graze,
Or the blooming heather in the curragh,
When blossomed in those days;
And that green, pleasing, rushy bottom,
That often we did cross,
I know you can't have yet forgotten,
Its soft, silky, curly moss.

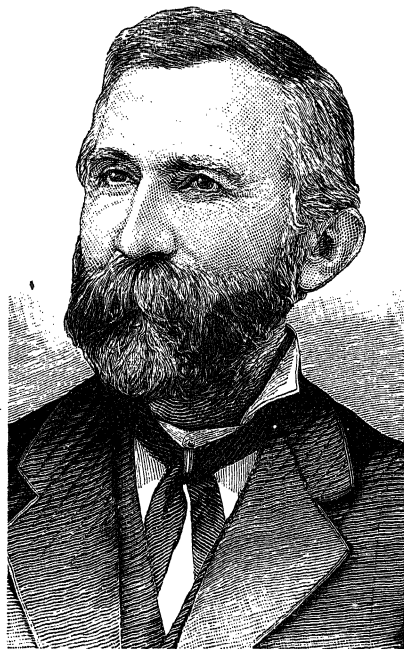
How sweetly grew the hawthorn bushes
In the lovely month of June,
And the loud whistling of the thrushes,
All 'round their rich perfume;
And the high soaring of the skylark,
With the notes of the cuckoo
Resounding through the groves of Newpark
And o'er the hills of Doo.

Do you think of the river meadows,
Where we many times did play,
Romping through the winding windrows
Made of the new mown hay.
And that whitened field with daisies
Where we first begun to spell,
In little books called Reading Made Easy,—
You must remember well.

GEORGE DUDLEY DODGE.

BORN: HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., MAY 4, 1836.

GRADUATING from the academy of his native village, George entered Brown university in 1853. He has always resided in his native place, with the exception of three years while in trade in the state of Georgia, just before and during the war. Since that time Mr. Dodge has been engaged in cotton manufacture, and as country merchant and postmaster, until compelled by ill-health to seek the larger liber-



GEORGE DUDLEY DODGE.

ty of farm life. In 1880 he was the nominee of the prohibition party for governor; afterward chairman of the state executive committee, and chosen a delegate to the national convention of that party in 1884. As a writer, Mr. Dodge is best known through his prose contributions to the press, although his poems have been widely copied and favorably commented upon. Mr. Dodge comes from old stock, dating back to the sixteenth century.

THE FADED LEAF.

Silently, softly, the faded leaf,
Downward flits to the earth beneath,
Or roughly whirled by wintry blast,
In far off nook alights at last.

Its duty done, its season past,
To earth it finds its way at last,
Soon to mingle in common dust,
As all below at some time must.
In living green it nourished well,
The lofty tree before it fell,
In gorgeous colors glowing bright,
Touched by the frost, enapt the sight.
Thus may we all our task perform,
In sunshine and in bitter storm,
And always show our beauty best,
When chill misfortune makes the test.

TEMPTED AND TRIED.

O kindest Father, friend and God,
O dear Redeemer, Brother, Lord,
O blessed Comforter divine,
O wond'rous three that one combine.

Let ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
But drive me to thy side more close,
Then Satan's arts shall not prevail,
That oft my trembling heart assail.

So let me watch and pray each hour,
As threatening clouds around me lower,
That quickened faith with help divine
Shall all my steps aright incline.

PEACE BE STILL.

Tempest tost on the billows of life,
Weary and worn with struggle and strife,
Upward I glance to heaven above,
And list to words of tender love,
Peace be still, O weeping soul,
I will all thy grief console.

Hope would vanish and the giant Despair,
Would drag my soul to his dreadful lair,
But for the voice of tender love,
Speaking to me from heaven above,
Peace be still, O trembling soul,
I will ev'ry foe control.

Let the tempest roar and the billows roll,
Naught shall disturb my peaceful soul,
While come to me from heaven above,
These cheering words of tender love,
Peace be still, O trusting soul,
I will ev'ry storm control.

God help poor souls on the voyage of life,
Weary and worn with struggle and strife,
Who hear no voice of tender love,
Speaking to them from heaven above,
Peace be still, O weary soul,
I will all thy grief console.

MAY QUEEN.

Hurrah, hurrah, long live the Queen,
Whom we to-night have crowned,
May health, and wealth and peace be hers,
And ev'ry joy abound.

REV. MILTON H. TIPTON.

BORN: BOONE CO., IND., IN 1852.

THE father of Milton enlisting into the union army when his son was but ten years of age, the subject of this sketch became the chief stay of his mother, and at the age of twelve cultivated thirty-five acres of corn in one season. Although he had little opportunity of securing an education, so persevering was he in educating himself that he became a teacher at the age of seventeen; later he studied



REV. MILTON H. TIPTON.

law in the office of his uncle, but before being admitted to the bar he united with the christian church, in which he was ordained minister in 1876. Rev. M. H. Tipton has had remarkable success in his educational temperance work, and has become extensively known and highly esteemed alike for his courteous bearing and his enterprise, especially in the direction of religious work. The poem of Rouse Ye Soldiers has been set to music. He is now president of a college in Excelsior, Minn.

ROUSE YE SOLDIERS!

Rouse, ye soldiers of the cross!
And put your armor on;
Bravely fight for truth and right
Till victory is won.

CHO.—Rouse ye! Rouse ye! Rouse ye, soldiers,
Brave and strong, (brave and strong,)
Boldly fight for the truth and right,
And win the victor's crown, (crown.)

Rouse, ye soldiers, brave and true!

Unfurl your banner high!

Boldly stand at Christ's command,

For, see, the foe is nigh!

Rouse, ye soldiers, to the charge!

Our Captain's gone before;

Grandly march with shout and song,

Until the war is o'er.

TO A DECEASED SISTER.

Dear Sister thou art gone to rest,

Thy earthly life is o'er;

Among the pleasant scenes of home,

We'll see thy face no more.

Those eyes from which thy soul hath looked,

No more will smile for me;

That soul itself, so pure and chaste,

Is from the flesh set free.

Is not thy spirit with the Lord?

And shall I meet thee there?

When this frail flesh is still in death,

Away from pain and care?

Will not this body now so cold

Be brought to life again?

And you and I each other know,

And with the Savior reign?

FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Keep thy heart with earnest care;

The issues of life are hidden there;

Bestow it alone on him who can

Give back the heart of a Noble Man.

HATTIE L. HORNER.

BORN: MUSCATINE, IOWA, FEB. 5, 1864.

THIS lady is undoubtedly one of Kansas' most gifted writers. She has published a neat little volume of some sixty poems, each a gem. In addition to this work she has published *Not at Home*, a book of travels, consisting of a compilation of bright, sparkling and intensely interesting letters written during her journeyings. The fine poem, *Kansas*, was well received in her adopted state, and has been recited before many of the choicest literary gatherings of the west, and is ever a favorite. Personally she is a little below the medium height, with brown eyes and luxuriant hair. She now resides at Whitewater, Kansas, engaged in literary work, and surrounded by a host of friends and ardent admirers.

KANSAS: 1874—1884.

1874—PER ASPERA.

Cheerless prairie stretching southward,

Barren prairie stretching north;

Not a green herb, fresh and sturdy,

From the hard earth springing forth.

Every tree bereft of foliage,
Every shrub devoid of life,
And the two great ills seemed blighting
All things in their wasting strife.

As the human heart, in anguish,
Sinks beneath the stroke of fate,
So at last, despairing, weary,
Bowed the great heart of our State.
She had seen her corn-blades wither
'Neath the hot wind's scorching breath;
She had seen the wheat-heads bending
To the sting of cruel death.

She had seen the plague descending
Thro' the darkened, stifling air,
And she bent her head in sorrow,
Breathing forth a fervent prayer.
And the fierce winds, growing fiercer,
Kissed to brown her forehead fair,
While the sun shone down un pitying
On the brownness of her hair.

Then she looked into the future,
Saw the winters, ruthless, bold,
Bringing her disheartened people
Only hunger, want and cold.
Looking, saw her barefoot children
Walk where snow-sprites shrink to tread;
Listening, heard their child-lips utter
Childish prayers for daily bread.

Low she bowed her head, still thinking
O'er her people's woes and weal,
And the ones anear her only
Heard the words of her appeal.
Send that faint cry onward, outward,
Swift as wire wings can bear,
"Sisters, help me or I perish—
Heaven pity my despair!"

1884 — AD ASTRA.

Verdant wheat-fields stretching southward,
Fruitful orchards east and west;
Not a spot in all the prairie
That the spring-time has not blessed.
Every field a smiling promise,
Every home an Eden fair,
And the angels, Peace and Plenty,
Strewing blessings everywhere.

As the heart of nature quivers
At the touch of spring-time fair,
So along the State's wide being
Thrilled the answer to her prayer.
She has seen her dauntless people
Ten times turn and sow the soil;
She has seen the same earth answere
Ten times to their faithful toil.

She has felt the ripe fruit falling
In her lap from bended limbs;
She has heard her happy children
Shouting their thanksgiving hymns.

She has seen ten golden harvests;
Now, with grateful joy complete,
She has poured the tenth, a guerdon,
At her benefactor's feet.

Thou canst not forget, O Kansas,
All thine own despair and woe;
Who hath long and keenly suffered
Can the tenderest pity show.
Not in vain the needy calleth—
Charity her own repays,
And thy bread, cast on the waters,
Will return ere many days.

Peace, thine angel, pointeth upward,
Where the gray clouds break away;
And athwart the azure heavens
Shineth forth Hope's placid ray.
Look to Heaven and to the future—
Grieve no longer o'er the past;
Through thy trials, God bless thee, Kansas—
See, the stars appear at last.

THOUGHTS ADRIFT.

I.

As some lone bird that o'er the desert sailing,
Beholds a spot of green with waters fair,
And heedless of its mission,—fainting, failing,
Descends to drink, to live, to linger there.

E'en so my soul while o'er life's desert flying,
Beheld the fount of love within your heart,
Forgetting fate it sank athirst and dying,
To live,—to love. Oh! will you say "Depart?"

II.

From his tiny nest aswing,
Sped the bird with southward wing,
Lingering there till fickle Spring
Returning, kept her vow;
Now he singeth soft and clear,
'Mong the apple blossoms near;
And our lilacs too are here,—
But where, O Love, art thou?

On his winter path astray,
E'en the sun sheds colder ray;
Long the storm his wrathful sway
The ocean sprites allow;
May draws nigh, o'er hilltops steep
Lo! the sunshine. On the deep.
Oh, the calm that bringeth sleep!
My loved one, where art thou?

III.

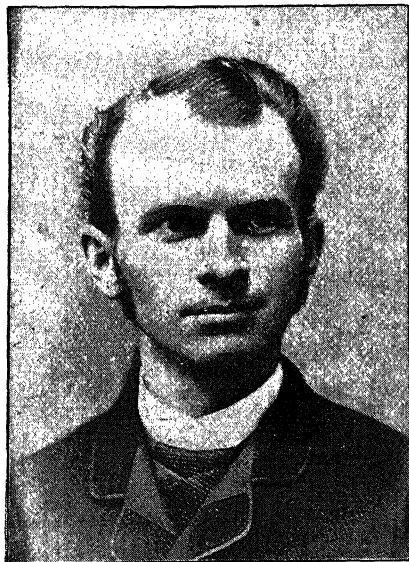
The diver has sailed on the boundless sea,
O'er its wrecks and its woes he doth weep,
But he'll brave it and ride again with glee
For the pearl that he finds in the deep.

Oh, life is a wide and an untried sea,
And I weep o'er its storms and its strife,
And yet I will dare it, defy it, for thee,
Thou Pearl of my love and my life!

CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

BORN: OSSIPEE, N.H., FEB. 21, 1859.

THE subject of this sketch evinced a taste for literature at a very early age, and at four-teen published for one year an amateur journal. In 1882 he was for a time city editor of the Saginaw Herald. Subsequently Mr. Pearson was admitted to the bar, and in 1883



CLARENCE H. PEARSON.

began the practice of his profession at Gladwin. In 1884 he was married to Miss Flora O. Biehn. Mr. Pearson has contributed to the Detroit Free Press, Drake's Magazine, Texas Siftings, and other prominent publications. Suffering much from rheumatism, Mr. Pearson removed to his old home at Laconia, N.H., where, as he has humorously remarked, he is dividing his time between law, literature and lumbago.

PENSEE.

They say the shades of those who pass
Death's mystic river o'er,
Anon return to scenes and friends
Beloved of them of yore.
They tell of wondrous secrets learned,
From those whose souls abide
In that dim, distant land that lies
Beyond the Stygian tide.
I listen unbelieving still,
For were thy spirit free
To leave Death's realm, I know that thou
Would'st sometime come to me:

And hold some friendly token up
To glad my yearning sight,
Or clasp the hand I sadly stretch
Into the empty night.

LIFE'S GAME.

We strolled across the moonlit fields,
The air was laden with perfume,
And all the earth seemed filled with mirth,
Moonlight and love and apple bloom;
She raised her eyes of azure hue
And all her soul was shining thro',
For hearts were trumps.

But ere the trees bore fruit there came
A rival suitor to her door
With jewels rare to deck her hair,
Of gold and silver muckle store.
She slew the love her lips confessed
And wore his gems upon her breast —
Diamonds were trumps.

Maddened with grief I rashly strove
To drown my woes in ruddy wine,
My worldly pelf, my hopes, myself
I sacrificed at Bacchus' shrine.
My days were dregs, my nights were foam,
And every club house was my home,
For clubs were trumps.

Old Time and I sit vis-a-vis;
Outside the winter's wind doth moan,
No friend is near to aid or cheer
And I must play my hand alone.
The cards are dealt, the trump is turned,
Grim reaper, thou the stake hast earned,
For spades are trumps.

LLORENTA.

Thou wert a blossom beautiful and sweet
That bloomed a space to glad our worldly
sight,
But envious angels thought it was not meet
That earth should wear a flower so pure and
bright
And bore thee hence on noiseless wing and
To deck the bosom of the Infinite.

MY AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph she begged the night
When first her beauty filled my sight;
Not just your name, you know, quoth she,
But something nice beside, maybe
A poem or a maxim trite.
I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes and did indite,
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.
She perches on my knee to-night,
And in her eyes so clear and bright
The old light dwells — ah, woe is me!
My check-book in her hand I see,
And once again she begs me write
My autograph.

R. G. SCOTT.

BORN: LE CLAIRE, IOWA, APRIL 7, 1846.

MR. SCOTT commenced literary work at an early age, and his poems have appeared from time to time in the Des Moines Register, Woman's Public Opinion, New York Graphic and other periodicals of equal prominence. He served in Company B, 24th Iowa, during the civil war; was a member of Gov. Kirkwood's staff, with rank of lieutenant-colonel; and subsequently Mr. Scott was twice a member of the Iowa legislature. For some time he was engaged in the real estate business. In 1889 Mr. Scott became one of the editors of a prominent Des Moines periodical, in which city he now resides.

EXTRACT FROM CHAUTAUQUA POEM.

Again on freedom's soil we stand
And greet with joy our native land;
Here English pride was made to feel
The shock of freedom's conquering steel.

'Twas here the "Cincinnatus of the west"
With freedom's heroes stood the test
Of battle's shock and war's recoil,
And planted deep in freedom's soil,
That starry flag, long may it wave,
O'er patriot hero's hallowed grave.

Yet not alone on sanguine field
Was British prowess forced to yield,
While Yankee heroes gained the day,
Yankee pluck and genius led the way.
And, in all the ranks of life and trade,
The grandest progress here was made:
And not alone was progress made
In gilded art and ranks of trade,
But men of letters paved the way
For higher life and grander day.
Here Cooper wove the legend strife
Of Indian war and border life;
While Whittier told of summer day,
Where "bare-foot maiden raked the hay;"
The "Psalm of Life" Longfellow gave;
And Bryant wrote of death and grave;
While Morris bade us "spare that tree;"
Bret Harte went for the "Heathen Chinee;"
While 'mid it all most sweetly rang the
rhythmic flow

Of "Raven" song and "Bells" of Poe.

Though rich in all of beauties best,
By nature's hand so grandly drest,
Yet, we boast not all in grove or glen—
Our richest heritage is men—
Men who not alone resolve,
But men who meet and solve
The problems grand and great
That mark the onward strides of church and
state;

And not alone in men is all our pride;

Our women, too, stand side by side
With men of rank and high renown,
And give to us a triple crown.
No brighter names on history's page,
In any land or any age
In all the past—does history give
Than marks the age in which we live.
Our hope is this, as season's roll,
And time shall write on honored scroll
In burnished words on tablet high,
Names that were not born to die,
Chautauquan ranks may have their share,
Of honored names emblazoned there.

BE A WOMAN.

Be a woman, 'tis thy mission,
Love's every labor you must fill;
Let the parlor, hall and kitchen
See the triumph of your skill.
For though duty call thee higher
Other spheres to grace and fill,
None the less will household duties
Claim your love and labor still.

PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

No fairy hand on magic loom
E'er wove for elfin bowers
A fabric fine as Nature spreads o'er west-
tern lands,
When decked with prairie flowers.
No poet's pen can e'er portray
The beauty of those wondrous bowers,
Where Nature paints in brilliant hues
Our western plains with prairie flowers.
No gilded hall by painter's hand
Can fill those hearts of ours,
With wonder and surprise like that,
When first we see those prairie flowers.
No sculptured work in bronze or stone,
In foreign land or ours,
Can so enchant our wondering gaze
As boundless fields of prairie flowers.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Is marriage a failure? Aye, no.
'Tis the one sweet tie to mortal given,
The essence of all earthly bliss,
The tie that links our earth to heaven.
Man may fail, and recreant prove
To all the ties of home and wife,
May sunder every golden band
That love entwines round wedded life.
Aye, lovely woman, too, recreant
To all her vows of love may prove,
May sunder every silver tie
That binds her heart to home and love.
And yet 'tis they who fail,
And not the heavenly rite
That in the bonds of perfect bliss
Two souls in mortal bonds unite.

LOUISE McCLOY.

BORN: RIDGEVILLE, OHIO, JUNE 15, 1868.

LOUISE graduated from the Elyria high school in 1888, and is now engaged as teacher in the public schools of Lorain, near Cleveland. Her



LOUISE McCLOY.

poems have appeared extensively in the local press, and have been favorably commented upon.

POST TENEBRAS LUX.

Through the valleys slowly wending,
Hope and doubt forever blending,
Prayer for guidance upward sending,

We await the dawning day.

Through the darkness piercing never,
Held by bonds we can not sever
Still out-reaching, striving ever,

We are guided on our way.

Woe and gladness mingled meet us,
Voice of foe and lover greet us,
Upward still the pathways lead us,
On to joy, and peace and rest.

Weary hands shall soon be light,
Mortal vision dim grow bright,
Waiting hearts shall see aright,
Freedom comes to souls opprest.

Though the pathway be but drear,
See! the hill-tops grow more clear,
Draweth now the dawning near,

Heart, look upward, onward press!
Still the beck'ning hand pursue;
Failing strength again renew;
Power will come to be and do;
Soon we'll wear immortal dress.

And, at last, the journey ending,
We, the mountain tops ascending,
View the daybreak glories blending
With the scat'ring shades of night.
Free from all the chains that bound us,
Free from all the shadows 'round us,
Soon the sunrise shall have found us,—
After darkness comes the light.

SUNSET.

We stood upon a bluff, out-jutting bold,
The turbid waters dashed and broke below,—
And watched the cloudless western sky o'er-
swept

By slowly bright'ning beauty, till it grew
A glorious, gleaming mass of color rolled
From all the Universe. The sun aglow,
Broad, brilliant, blinding, lower, lower steep;
The rolling lake caught on its face a hue
So marvelous our sight could grasp no more,
And tongue of power to speak it were bereft.
A dye as if the pulsing heart of Time
Eternity's relentless dart had cleft,
And let its blood gush out a sudden o'er
The heaving world, deep-stained with all its
crime.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Let us broaden our hearts, O Brothers;
Let love grow up in our souls
Till over the whole wide, suffering earth,
The tidal wave, Charity, rolls.

Let us scorn not humanity, Brothers,
Out of Nazareth cometh the Christ,
For the lowly, the sinful, the weary,
Were his glory and life sacrificed.

Let us rise above selfishness, Brothers;
'Round us heaven showers its store.
There are many of earth who have nothing;
Can their poverty be at our door?

Aye, many and many, my Brothers;
Born to suffering, wretchedness, shame.
O can we not reach them, and help them,
In His love and the power of His name?

"To the least of these," think, O my Brothers;
We living for self and for friend,
To our ears is the "Inasmuch" coming,
When life shall have rounded the end.

Then low at the feet of the Master,
In love and in shame let us bow;
"The world Thou hast died for, our Savior,
O, help us to live for it now."

DOSSIE C. FREEMAN.

BORN: BAINBRIDGE, OHIO, FEB. 24, 1872.

At an early age the parents of Dossie removed to the southern part of Kansas. Desiring to complete his education he was sent to the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Home which is located at Knightstown, Indiana, where he



DOSSIE C. FREEMAN.

graduated in the class of 1890. While at this home he has also been engaged in printing the Home Journal published at that institution. Considering the youth of Dossie, his poems are indeed very commendable.

SOMETHING FOR OUR GAIN.

All these years of waiting
 All these hours of pain,
 All the trials of this life,—
 Is something for our gain.
 We cannot see the reason,
 While we try to still sustain
 The many injuries we receive —
 It's something for our gain.
 While we wish for sunshine,
 Others long for rain,
 Tho' 'tis not what we wanted —
 It's something for our gain.
 When we forget our disappointments —
 From our temptations to abstain
 If we can only become the victor —
 It's something for our gain.

When we overcome some habit,
 And our uprightness maintain,
 When we win our contests over,—
 It's something for our gain.

There are overwhelming troubles,
 That makes us numb with pain,
 But in the end, if we are faithful,
 It will make us endless gain.

WANTED—A NEW SUBJECT.

If you would have me sing a tune
 Of my troubles, I'll begin right soon;
 Well then, to commence exactly square,
 I fain would praise "the moon so fair,"
 I could comment on the "blue vault,"
 Or the "bright and twinkling star" exalt,
 But when I come to think it o'er,
 It's all been done so well before.

I might write "the world at Eventide" serene,
 And talk of the many waters I have seen;
 I could probably sing of the "rose's blush,"
 And describe the linnet, blue bird or thrush,
 There are many subjects that are no more,
 Because, you see they've been written on be-
 fore.

I might turn moralist and to man explain,
 That everything in life is fraught with pain;
 I might write the virtues of the elixir of life,
 And discuss matrimony between man and
 wife.

Or, "could I write a book on vale and hill,
 And eloquently talk of rock or rill?"—
 Yes—I could, but it's such a bore
 It's all been done so well before.

"Cupid's Darts" I could tell anew,
 But rhymes for "love" are very few.
 "Could I write love-stories that take the cake,
 And such thrilling tragedies make?"—
 But—people's passions have been expressed,
 Yes, every one the very worst and best.
 Romances of old dukes—they are no more,
 But it's all been done so well before.

WILL THE EARTHLY PARTING BE FOR-
EVER?

Shall this earthly parting be forever,
 Will there be no future day,
 When our souls shall be united,
 In the bliss of the Eternal day?

Will the earthly parting be forever,
 Will there not come a time,
 When over that river of waters,
 Away from the earth and crime —

Will this earthly parting be forever,
 Can we not see that Day,
 When we once more meet the loved ones,
 That we lost along the way?

JANE MARIA READ.

BORN: BARNSTABLE, MASS., OCT. 4, 1853.

FOR many years the poems of Miss Read have appeared in the leading periodicals, and have been extensively copied by the local press. In 1887 she issued a neat volume of poems entitled *Between the Centuries and Other Poems*, which has gained for her many laurels. In person she is a little below the average height, with dark brown hair and eyes, and is at present engaged in literary pursuits and the study and practice of art. Miss Read resides at Coldbrook Springs, Mass., where her father, a baptist clergyman, has a pastoral charge.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

Out in the rain, the dripping rain,
A little robin sings
A song of love, a sweet refrain
As to the twig he clings.
He sings, "Good-night, I go to rest,
Good-night, good-night, I seek my nest,
Secure I sleep,
In darkness deep.
My wing above my crest,"
Out in the storm of care and pain,
My heart, O Father, sings
A pleading song, a sweet refrain,
And peace and trust it brings.
I sing, O Lord, I seek thy breast,
On thy sure promises I rest;
Thy power can keep,
In darkness deep,
And make that darkness blest.

WILFUL PEGASUS.

I hae a steed, wi' gleaming wings,
And mane as bricht as gold,
But oft, when I would take a ride,
He will na be controlled.
He comes to me, in storms that beat
Direct fra land of snaw;
And, neighing, shakes his coltish head;
And looks sae very brau,
I mind nor sleet nor biting wind,
But mounting at his ca',
Full many bitter rides I hae,
Led by this steed awa'.
Again, when owls are out at nicht,
Pegasus neighs to me;
And, at his will, I take my ride
Across yon moonlit lea.
Then, when the summer roses smile,
And woo the zephyrs sweet,
I ca' in turn, but strange to tell,
He lifts his golden feet,
And skims across the fields, indeed,
But leaves me far behind;

Ah! beautiful and winged steed,
I canna' make ye mind.

Then wonder not I sing sae oft
Of storms and driving snaw;
I tune my harp when, round my form,
The stinging tempests blaw
I fain would ride when suns are warm
And sing a gladsome song,
Until the mountains, far awa',
The echoed notes prolong.
I fain would ride in daylight brau,
But, since I canna' then,
Just when that pony wills to gae
I take my rides, ye ken.

IN WINTER.

When winter fields are white with snow,
And forest boughs are brown and sere,
How oft we think our earthly life
Is, like the prospect, cold and drear.
But soon the spring shall wake to life
The flowers that sleep beneath the ground,
And even now some tended flower
Within the window may be found.
So heaven shall bring eternal spring,
With joys that ne'er shall fade again:
And e'en our saddest hours may yield
The tended flower of hope in pain.

IN THE WOODBINE.

Two little sparrows are building a nest,
Busily building and singing;
Here and away flits a crimson crest;
Each sparrow a straw is bringing.
Two little sparrows have finished their nest;—
Beautiful leaves droop above it;—
Lined with soft down from a living breast,
We see how the birdies love it.
Four little mouths for the sparrows to feed,
Eight little wings that are growing;
Patient, the parents supply their need,
While June's mellow sunlight is glowing.
Gone are the birds from the empty nest,
Vainly I list for their singing,
Vainly I watch for a crimson crest;
No bird to the vine is clinging.
Summer again with its June may come;
Birds may around me be singing;
None will return to the empty home,
Up there in the woodbine swinging.

EXTRACT.

Throb on, O Sea, in solemn woe,
Throb on, while storms shall o'er thee blow;
Throb on, while suns shall on thee glow.
Deep hidden 'neath thy heaving breast,
There seems a longing after rest,
However rough thy tossing crest.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

BORN: FREEPORT, ME., JULY 1, 1860.

GRADUATING at the age of sixteen, Mr. Koopman has since supported himself chiefly with his pen. He has published several books of both prose and verse which have attained fair circulations. Mr. Koopman has been extensively engaged in library work. The Great Admiral; Woman's Will, a love play of five acts with other poems; and Orestes, a dramatic sketch with other poems, are among his principal published works. Mr. Koopman was united in wedlock in June, 1889, and now resides in Burlington, Vt.

THE DEATH OF GUINEVERE.

The tale the abbess told, she that had been
The little novice, maid to Guinevere.

It was the season when there falls no night,
But all the dusk, from sun to sun, is filled
With golden twilight deepening into dawn.
Then all the air is fragrance, all the earth
Fit carpeted for footstool of its King
With bloom and softness. Every hour is fair,
But fairest glows the even, when the west
Uplifts its gates of pearl, and over them
The roofs and towers and spires of ruby and
gold.

Then pious hearts think on the heavenly city,
And saintly eyes, wept dim o'er sins forgiven,
Now weep for rapture of the glory revealed.
But song of bird nor breath of blossom
touched

With any thrill the sick heart of the queen,
Upon her bed she lay. Around, her maids
Stood weeping, while her fevered dreams out-
brake:

"He loves me still, and now I go to him

To be his bride within the halls of light.
He loves me. But with earthly lips he spake,
Will he now love me in the spirit world,
Where hearts are undisguised, no beauty
shines

But of the soul, nor any charm allures,
Save only purity and holiness?
Are there not myriads in the world of bliss,
To be whose handmaid I were all unmeet?
Consorts he not with these, and how through
them

Should I win way to him? Far other thoughts
Than memory of me must fill his soul,
Who wronged him so and served him here so
ill.

He loves me; rather say he hates me not,
So at least unrebuked I may behold him.
Only to see him, this were joy enough,
My Arthur. Nay, but shall I be content
Only to see him? Was it but for this [on
My soul hath yearned and hoped and struggled

These weary years! Hath he no kiss for me?
May I not clasp his knees, and in my love
Have him again all mine, my own?

But what
If in that world the sight of me were pain.
Despite his love? As how should it not be,
Seeing that sin o'erlived is not undone,
Nor can forgiveness blot out memory?
Were sight of me to waken in his heart
Old woes, and quicken anguish of slain hopes,
Could it be love should lead me to his side?
Shall I buy joy again with pain to him?
Have I not wronged his love enough on earth,
But I must haunt him in the heavenly world,
And be his hindrance there? O Arthur, Ar-
thur,

Must I then see thee not? May nevermore
Thy kingly glance of love sink in my heart?
I love thee, love thee! All my penitence
Hath been made light by promise of thy love;
But do I love thee so that for love's sake
I will not see thee more; that for all years
Of all eternity I can deny
Myself thy face, to spare thee sight of mine,
My love, my hope, my strength, my life, my
king?

Yea for thy sake I will."

Here ceased the queen,
And on her face a deadly pallor fell,
The light sank from her eyes;— then leaped
again,
And in her cheek the rosy flush of youth
Flashed, and a smile like summer bent her
lips;
She cried again "O Arthur!" and the smile
Lingered, but she had gone to meet her king.
Through the bowed window came the breath
of morn,
And high in heaven the bright lark sang for
glee.

PRINCESS EYEBRIGHT.

Princess Eyebright's seventeen,
No more princess but a queen
Who would ever guess 'twas she
Used to sit upon my knee,
Bid me tell of sleeping Rip,
Culprit Fay and flying ship,
Or, from old-world bring her back
Puss-in-boots and climbing Jack;
Then, when I had said my say,
Pouted her bright lips for pay!
Though she's grown since then, somehow
Her lips are farther from me now.
Yet she lifts in olden wise
Dusky veiled, violet eyes;
But the look they wear is new,
Shy, and yet so trustful too,
That I swear the girl I miss
Charmed me never so as this.

WALT WHITMAN.

BORN: WEST HILLS, N. Y., MAY 31, 1819.

OF English origin, the Whitmans have lived three centuries in America. Walt, in one of his poems, says: "My tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this air. Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same." His youth was passed in New York and Brooklyn, receiv-



WALT WHITMAN.

ing but a common school education. When a young man he worked in a printing office. During the Rebellion he was a volunteer nurse without pay, supporting himself during this time by writing letters to various newspapers. It is said that during the course of the war he attended to the wants of a hundred thousand wounded soldiers, treating both confederates and federals alike. Walt Whitman's crowning poetical work is *Leaves of Grass*, a record of the author's thoughts, in song—solely of America and to-day. He has also written two volumes of prose: *Specimen Days and Collect*, and *November Boughs*.

WHAT AM I AFTER ALL.

What am I after all but a child, pleas'd with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over;
I stand apart to hear—it never tires me.

To you your name also;

Did you think there was nothing but two or three pronunciations in the sound in your name?

LOVE.

Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme,
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the setting,

Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,

The heart of man and woman all for love,
No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing love.

O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!

I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the flames that heat the world,
The glow, the blush, the breathing hearts of lovers,

So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark, and nigh to death:

Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time and space.

Love, that is day and night—love, that is sun and moon and stars,

Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,

No other words but words of love, no other thought but love.

THE WORLD BELOW THE BRINE.

The world below the brine,

Forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves,

Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds, the thick tangle, and pink turf,

Different colors, pale gray and green, purple, white, and gold, the play of white through the water.

Dumb swimmers there among the rocks, coral, gluten, grass, rushes, and the aliment of the swimmers,

Sluggish existences grazing there suspended, or slowly crawling close to the bottom,

The sperm-whale at the surface blowing air and spray, or disporting with his flukes,

The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray,

Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those ocean-depths, breathing that thick-breathing air, as so many do,

The change thence to the sight here, and to the subtle air breathed by beings like us who walk this sphere,

The change onward from ours to that of beings who walk other spheres.

LIFE.

The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great as we like,

Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

MARGARET M'RAE LACKEY.

BORN: COPIAH CO., MISS., OCT. 24, 1858.

THE poems of Miss Lackey have appeared in the New Orleans Picayune, Southern Cultivator and the periodical press generally.



MARGARET M'RAE LACKEY.

She follows the profession of teaching, and resides in her native state at Crystal Springs. Miss Lackey hopes soon to issue a volume.

EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY.

Of all the proverbs quaint and sweet,
That burdened souls so often greet,

As some wise voice from ancient clay,
There sure is none in whose belief,
The worn heart finds such sweet relief,
As "Even this will pass away!"

When weary hands from early dawn
Till lengthening eve must labor on,
And know not surcease day by day;

How gladly comes the sweet refrain,
That echoes o'er and o'er again,
"This, even this, will pass away."

When burdens that are hard to bear
Would sink the soul 'neath black despair,

And whitening lips refuse to pray;
Faith's lovely face e'en then will glow,
And sweet her voice that whispers low,
"But even this will pass away."

When earth to earth and dust to dust
Is read above our heart's best trust,

And we in anguish turn away:
The bitter cup less bitter seems,
When through its dregs the bright truth
gleams,

That even this will pass away.

Yea, even this! With hearts bowed down
We stand before the new-made mound,
And long to greet the coming day,
When weary feet have found a rest;
When hands are folded o'er the breast;
And all life's woes have passed away.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

When the sun goes down,
And lengthening shadows round me fall,
And night enwraps the world in its dark pall,
I wonder if I'll sit at close of day
And backward glance along the dreary way,
And count with blinding tears its anguished
woe, [blow
And mark the spots where adverse winds did
And storms did lash me ere the sun went
down.

When the sun goes down,
I wonder if I'll weep o'er graves we made,
O'er brightest hopes so dear within them laid;
O'er friends who left me e'en at morning's
dawn,
To bear the burden of the day alone,
O'er others who beside me fainting fell,
When naught could noontide's scorching heat
dispel, [down,
And sought the shade before the sun went

When the sun goes down,
And crimson glory floods the western skies,
And veils th' eternal hills in beauty's guise,
I wonder if this glad, entrancing light
Will fill my earth-worn soul with such delight,
That I'll forget the day was long and drear,
Forget each blasted hope, each idle fear,
That saddened life before the sun went down.

When the sun goes down,
I think I will not sigh because the day
Had more of Winter's chill than smiles of
May;

Because 'twas crowded full of weary toil,
And griefs that made the aching heart recoil;
Because so many blinding tears were shed,
Above low mounds which held my cherished
dead,

Who left me lonely ere the sun went down.

When the sun goes down,
I think the twilight rest will be so sweet,
Which greets the tired heart, the restless feet,
That I will gladly fold these weary hands,
And thinking naught of this past day's de-
mands, [morn,

Will gaze enraptured toward that coming
To which my longing soul shall soon be borne,
And his eternal sun shall ne'er go down.

LOTTIE CAMERON EFNOR.

BORN: LIVERPOOL, N. Y.

MRS. EFNOR is best known by her poems and letters published in the leading papers of Texas for the past twenty years, although she has contributed quite extensively to the east-



LOTTIE CAMERON EFNOR.

ern press. She will doubtless publish her entire works in book-form at an early date. Personally she is of medium height, with black hair and eyes.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.

Ah! joyously murmur of life's brightest side,
The side we deem nearest the sun;
A well-spring of joy they tell us we'll find,
If in earnest the search is begun.
Yea, it is true! there is a bright side of life
When little feet patter the floor,
And sweet, childish laughter out on the lawn
Comes "rollicking" in at the door.
But how can we say there is a bright side of
life
When these sunny echoes are o'er,
And little feet turning to mold in the grave
Will gladden these hauntings no more?
Can the mother well look on the bright side
of life —
Whose anguish and moanings are heard —
When her heart and arms are empty and bare
As winter's cold nest of a bird?

A lover will call it the bright side of life
When he looks in the eyes of his love,
And reads in their depths the return of his
hopes,
The truths that his happiness wove.
Her smiles like the moonbeams appeal to his
soul,
Her laughter, like ripples of pearls,
Keeps filling his heart with the rarest of gems,
As it playfully floats through her curls.
But his mind is all changed when the bright
side of life
Has turned the dark side to his view;
And eyes that looked up to his own manly
face
Will never be those that he knew
In days that are fled with the bright side of
life,
While leaving him only its pain; [own —
New lovers have taken the heart once his
The heart now no longer his fane.
A lord of the earth finds the bright side of life
In thousands that add to his store;
And his proud-stepping dame but adds to its
light,
While driving her carriage and four;
The masses throng by and each giving his hand
'Though many wear treachery's smile,
For him it is truly the bright side of life
His own heart is happy the while.
But changes have come to his bright side of
life,
Misfortunes have reached him at last;
The friends that so warmly extended a hand
Seem scarcely to know he has past:
His heart being tender, his pride being bowed,
He feels in his soul for the poor;
And wonders if follows the dark side of life,
The many once turned from his door.
Ah! Well may we deem it the bright side of
life
When all of life's blessings are near,
When beauty and wealth, like a glorious boon,
Shelter the eye from a frown or a tear.
The world is so bright when the laurel-crown-
ed brow
Grows calm and content with its rest;
When the fruitage of toil to the weary, worn
soul
Has anchored its hopes in the breast.
But when these have all sunk in life's dark-
ened sea,
And blessings gone down with the tide;
Or heartaches and sorrows assume their con-
trol,
And loving ones sickened and died;
'Tis then we look out on the dark side of life,
Well knowing its shadows are here;
And better it were to take burdens of life
With seldom a murmur or tear.

L. A. MARTIN.

BORN: FAYETTE CO., OHIO, JAN. 14, 1865.

AFTER receiving a good education, Mr. Martin entered the profession of a school teacher. In 1889 he was school commissioner of Livingston county, and also editor of the Teachers' Re-



L. A. MARTIN.

view, an educational journal published at Chillicothe, Mo. The poems of Mr. Martin have appeared from time to time in the periodical press.

THE WITHERED FLOWER.

I saw a withered flower,
On a low disheveled bower,
Fading fast;
For the north wind then did blow,
And the skies with clouds of snow
Were o'ercast.

But its leaves were folded quiet
On its tiny stem so light,
So resigned;
To await the Reaper's call,
As fate has for us all
So designed.

Oh, I almost shed a tear,
As I gazed upon the bier
Of that flower;

Though its leaves were sere and brown,
'Twas as sweet as when spring's down
Decked its bower.

And its humble dying smile
Seemed so calm and free from guile,
That its death

Showed signs of brightest hope,
Fulfilled when spring shall ope
Its sweet breath;

Oh, a lesson it me taught,
That with use is deeply fraught.

Oh, may I,
As that humble dying flower,
On its low, disheveled bower,
Live and die.

Let me e'er, as it, when spring
Verdant beauties o'er all fling,
Sweetly bloom.

And contented dwell alone
In my humble cottage home
With no gloom.

And when life's end is near,
And the frosts of death appear,
Let me hope

That bright again once more,
When the winter death is o'er
Spring will ope.

AMOUR PRIMUS.

O, evening long ago,
When first we love did know,
When first we told love's tale,
As over the dewy dale,

We passed along:

Sweet zephyr ceased to blow,
The blushing stars did glow,
And shone with crimson pale,
While hushed the nightingale
His gladdening song.

O, love that young hearts speak,
When first the crimsoned cheek
Bears plain the tell-tale hue
It is immortal true:

It never dies;

Though vain may be its flame,
Fond memories it reclaim;
And where fond treasured lie
The thoughts that cannot die,
It there doth reside.

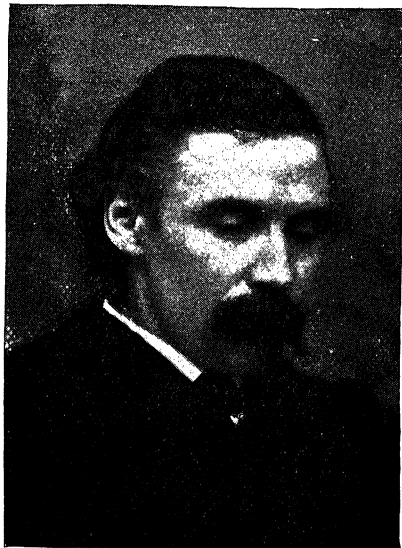
MEMORIAL.

We stand upon death's threshold,
With the olive wreath of peace,
As o'er the dear dead fallen,
Fond tributes of love increase;
And we lay the hero's laurel
Above each unmarbled grave,
While we sing love's burning anthems
In memorials of the brave.
The brave and the bold we honor,
We love the true and the tried,
And glory's green garlands blossom,
Where the heroes fought and died.

JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

BORN: DUBUQUE, IA., NOV. 14, 1842.

ALWAYS studious and fond of art, music and literature, Junius when a youth secured the blue ribbon two successive seasons at the St. Louis fair, and also two premium prizes of seventy-five and one hundred dollars for the best original statuettes in marble. Drifting into book-keeping, Mr. Hempstead has followed that profession until about 1886, since which



JUNIUS L. HEMPSTEAD.

time he has devoted himself entirely to literature. He has written five good serial stories, besides a number of short poems, reviews and scientific articles, all of which have received publication. He has now in preparation a novel, which he hopes to publish in 1890. His poems are certainly very fine, and show much genius and study in their composition.

CREDO.

I believe that should I die,
To lie within the earth's dull mold,
Every laughing breeze would sigh,
And every flower unfold
To fatten on decay.

I believe that should I die,
To mingle with the clay
Every changing shrub would vie,
And claim me for its pray
When I am dead.

I believe that should I die,
To dreamless melt in dust,
My mother earth will beautify
The autumn's tinted rust
Through me.

I believe that should I die,
This mortal part will bloom,
The quickening seed will vivify
Yet slumber in the tomb,
To blossom in the sky.

I believe that should I die,
To lie in earth's deep mold,
The chrysalis will sanctify
The Psyche's perfect mould.

A TEAR.

Was this a tear? ah! well,
A crystal drop that fell
From sorrow's trembling lid,
To soothe the aching spell
Where silent grief lay hid,
Beneath the desert's barren swell,
Where crumbling stone and pyramid
Their tear-stained stories tell.

Is this a tear? ah! me,
That trembles on my cheek;
'Tis not the sign of glee,
But woe too dumb to speak,
That finds on bended knee
A lonely heart too bleak
For other eyes to see.

Is this a tear? why! yes,
A crystal drop that wells
From healing springs to bless
The woe that hath a voiceless knell,
And with æolian strains to cheer
The heart whose bolted citadel
Is opened by a tear.

HOPE.

Hope is a sea, whose tideless unrest
Sweeps o'er the soul, with a zephyrs soft
balm,

An ocean of pleasure, where sirens becalm
The barks, that drift o'er its bright crested
breast.

Laden with wishes, beautiful dreams to be
blest,

Its waves may be kissed by sweet islands of
palm —

Beneficent isles, where our memories embalm,
Faded hopes we so fondly caressed.

The mystical shore of this boundless sea
Receding, retreating, and ever beyond,
Is strewn with the wrecks of the never to be.

But Hope is a slave, whose gold woven-bond
Is the dream of to-day, a quaint jubilee,

Where voices are singing, while spirits re-
spond [sea.

From out of the depths of the shimmering

PROCRASTINATION.

A startled gaze, and burning glance,
 Flashed from the deep-brimmed hat,
 His bloodless fingers, soft and fat,
 Were tightly clasped. The deathly trance
 Of agony chilled the warm blood, while the
 semblance

Of a rigid statue, grimly sat
 Upon the moveless form that
 Bended o'er the dial's sunlit utterance.
 The shadow swept the pillar'd mark,
 Where Time had called the turn,
 While Pleasure, in her gilded bark,
 Had frittered Life's sojourn,
 To kiss the specter of a dark
 Unwelcome guest, whose gift, a marble urn.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

I ride on the wings of the storm,
 I float in the soft summer air,
 I breathe, while I move without form,
 I smite and the reaper is there.
 In the midst of the battle so fell,
 In the leaden balls' shower of death,
 With the hissing of shot, and the bursting
 of shell,

I sweep them away with a breath.
 In the crash of the swift-coming train,
 That sinks thro' the bridge o'er the
 stream, [vain,
 The shrieks of the dying, each praying in
 And I count them by thousands again.

Old ocean with turbulent waves,
 Its billows of death sweeping o'er,
 Countless and drear are the graves,
 The dirge of my song ever more.

I kiss with a poisonous breath,
 High fever, dull stupor, and pain,
 The fair cheek of slumbering health,
 As I gloat o'er my victims again.

I lurk in the wine cup and smile,
 As each sip quickly steals to the brain,
 Young innocence thus I beguile,
 While they falter, but turn not again.

I darken the earth with a storm,
 I flash in the cloud-laden air,
 To strike from my pathway each form,
 As I bound from my desolate lair.

I rush in the roar of the river,
 While it sweeps from the craig to the sea,
 To strangle the wretch with a shiver,
 As he pays his last tribute to me.

All life is a harvest to claim,
 From the gnat to the sweet-scented flower,
 E'en the mammoth that sports in the main,
 Succumbs to my death-dealing power.

I live in the hope of despair,
 To crush, to slay and to kill,

To madden, till death seems so fair,
 To die, is to shorten the ill.
 A stranger to mercy and love,
 Compassion, tenderness, tears,
 My arrows of death from above,
 Mark the flight of the numberless years.

ART THOU A FRIEND.

Art thou a friend to me?
 Oh! no, it cannot be,
 Or did the heart grow cold
 With time's neglect. The mold
 Of years has in the buried past
 Grown greenly to break at last
 The ties that bound us then.
 Art thou a friend in need?
 'Tis not the summer shine we heed,
 Whose brightness shimmers all;
 And golden May day showers fall
 Upon the heart where fortune smiled,
 While fleet-wing'd pleasure time be-
 guiled,

The hours that then belonged to thee.

Art thou a friend indeed,
 To nourish warm and feed
 The hungry heart whose wintry tears
 Are rusted leaflets of the years,
 That have so quickly flown?
 Can you be true in woe, as weal,
 To bind our hearts with hooks of steel?

GREAT THOUGHTS CAN NEVER DIE.

Great thoughts are monuments upon the
 shores of time, [blime,
 To cast long shadows from their heights su-
 Their fadeless luster is the deathless cycle's
 roll, [fading scroll,—
 To light with vivid splendor the world's un-
 They live beyond the deeds with knightly val-
 or crowned, [nowned,
 The marbled bust by sculptor's hand re-
 The crumbling walls, the king's embattled
 tower, [ruthless power.
 The conquering squadrons and the tyrant's
 They live beyond the mitred churches' creed,
 Beyond the truth, from papal error freed,
 The earth does move, and grand Galileo dead,
 His thought is master though his soul has
 fled.

They live beyond the martyr's torturing death,
 The sacred ashes, and the fleeting breath,
 A crowned king, upon the globes empyrean
 throne,
 To gather untold harvests from the seed that
 thought has sown.

They live beyond the patriot's glorious grave,
 The rich libations, the willing blood he gave,
 That future years should halo living thought,
 And dim the stars with deeds such valor
 wrought.

MRS. L. R. BETHEL.

THIS lady has written both prose and verse extensively under the nom de plume of Monnie Moore. She is a member of the



MRS. L. R. BETHEL.

Western Authors' and Artists' Association, and is a regular contributor to several prominent newspapers and magazines.

A HEART'S SONG.

Oh! autumn rain, so gently falling,
Alike some spirit softly calling,

In measured tones of scenes that were,
My heart in unison, is now besting,
My thoughts the days now gone repeating,
Those happier days with love so fair.

Oh! life, why must ye change so grimly?
Or, will the future showing dimly,

Some sweeter recompense bestow?
Some solace for the heart-ache borne, love,
Some joys known in this life we live, love,
Ere to the seraph's land we go?

Soft falls the rain on dying leaves, dear,
Like a knell my aching heart must hear,
Of hopes that rest as dying leaves —
But as those leaves fair blooms may cover,
So may I through life's gloom discover
The joy for which my spirit grieves.

So may thine arms some day entwine me,
Thy very soul as mine, mine with thee

In heaven to be, if not while here;
For, though this life may part us ever,
The vows we pledged sweetheart can never
Be broken, we will hold them dear.

E'en as the rain out side is falling,
We may in future years recalling,
The days of gloom, our hearts have known,
Know that the sun somewhere was shining
Behind a cloud with silver lining,
And from each heart will grief have flown.

Know that this life holds much of gladness,
That sweetest joy is born of sadness,
As trodden blooms yield perfume sweet;
Know that our waiting found award here,
When heart with heart, may beat as one dear,
And souls in joyous union meet.

WITHIN MY FATHER'S CARE.

Within my Father's care
Have I bestowed one flower;
From off my loving breast
'Twas plucked one dreadful hour.
Rebellion thrilled my being then —
And grief, untold by voice, or pen.
At first I would not have it so;
Proud was my neck beneath its woe,
While flinching 'neath the rod.

She was my all; the first—
Sweet gift from heaven sent,
I murmured; "Why, dear Lord,
Was this sweet bud lent,
Until mine arms had twined around
Her baby form; and love profound—
Sweet mother-love my heart had filled?
Why was it, dearest Lord, thus willed,
And I must give her up?"

But time with soft'ning touch
Hath soothed, not healed, the wound;
In faith, a solace sweet,
My saddened heart hath found.
And, Oh! how sweet by trust to feel
She's safe with Christ, through woe or
weal,
'Tis thus I make no half-way gift,
Nor have within the lute one rift,
To mar its perfect tone.

So sweetly faith has taught
This boundless trust in God.
I cannot murmur now,
But bow beneath the rod;
Nor could a doubt of Him imply
To ask her spirit from on high.
So in my heart I hold her there,
Through days and years, a memory fair,—
A presence, sweet and dear.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

BORN: HANOVER, N. H., APRIL 4, 1810.

FROM 1833 till 1840 he was pastor of the Unitarian church in Louisville, Ky., also editing the Western Messenger during part of this time. He then returned to Boston, where in 1844 he founded the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for forty-five years. He has written about two score of different works of prose, and many fine poems have appeared from his pen.

HOW TO JUDGE.

Judge the people by their actions — 'tis a rule
you often get —
Judge the actions by their people is a wiser
maxim yet.
Have I known you, brother, sister? have I look-
ed into your heart?
Mingled with your thoughts my feelings, taken
of your life my part?
Now I hear of this wrong action — what is that
to you and me?
Sin within you may have done it — fruit not
nature to the tree.
Foreign graft has come to bearing — mistletoe
grows on your bough —
If I ever really knew you, then my friend I
know you now.

VINETA.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

Under ocean evening bells are swinging,
Muffled by the waters, faint and slow —
Telling by their wild, unearthly ringing
Of a strange old city down below.
Looking downward, mid the currents darkling,
Spires and towers and walls are dimly seen;
Radiance from their roofs of silver sparkling
Glitters upward through the waters green.
He, whose bark above that sunken city
Through the evening twilight once has gone,
Drawn henceforth by secret love and pity,
Steers forever to that mystery lone.
So within my heart the bells are swinging,
Faint and slow they sound on memory's
shore.
Ah! I hear their strange, unearthly ringing,
Telling of the Love which comes no more.
Dearest hopes therein are sunk forever,
Through the tide of time their memory
gleams;
Faith and Truth, whose glory faileth never,
Glitter through the current of my dreams.
And those dear illusive echoes falling
From an unseen world, so far apart,
Sound like angel-voices, ever calling
From that sunken city, in my heart.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

BORN: SALEM, MASS., FEB. 12, 1819.

GRADUATING at Harvard in 1838, and also at its law department two years later, he was admitted to the bar, and at once devoted himself in compiling and publishing law works. At the same time he contributed both prose and verse to the Boston Miscellany and other periodicals. His first volume of Poems was published in 1847. In 1848 his fondness for art led to his going to Italy, where he has since resided, devoting his attention chiefly to sculpture.

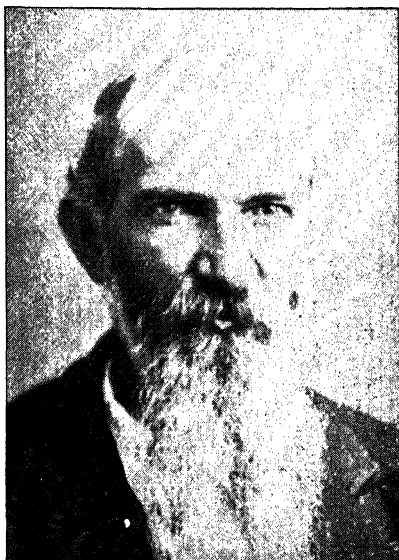
PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A thousand silent years ago,
The twilight faint and pale
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;
When from his work the sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done.
'Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much — how little! — from the range
Of death and destiny.
'Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay, —
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay.
'But there thy smiles for centuries
On marble lips shall live, —
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.
'Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!
'When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,
'This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.
'Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare
The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.
'And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.
'And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

ALEXANDER H. MORRISON.

BORN: JEFFERSON CO., O., AUG. 18, 1841.

THE poems of Mr. Morrison have appeared in the Steubenville Gazette, Herald, Ohio Press



ALEXANDER HENRY MORRISON.

and the local press generally. He was married in 1883 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Taylor, and now resides on a farm in Fayette Co., Pa.

THE EAGLE'S AND THE INDIAN'S GRAVES.

With sweeping wings, from the far gloomy ledges

Of cataract and pine—

Where Allegheny rears its broken ridges,
Beneath the cold sunshine—

From where those icy summits, rent and riven
Stand, ghost-like, clad in white—

Plunged midst the wrecked and stormy clouds
Of heaven,

The eagle wheels her flight.

Long has she lingered 'round those mountains
towering

On which their aeries rest,
Through wintry gloom and summer's storm-
cloud lowering;

For her mate's dauntless breast;
Till now, despairing of his e'er returning,

She mounts the snowy cloud,
And, with fierce anguish in her bosom burn-
ing,

Shrieks to the winds aloud.

Dashed on the tempest's breath, she does not
ponder

But wildly sweeps away — [yonder
Where dead pines' skeleton fingers point her
Toward the setting day.

She leaves their moldering aeries on the
mountains.

Their eaglet broods now grown to full estate,
And by Ohio's gold and silver fountains,

She comes to seek her mate —
O'er broad Ohio's frozen bosom sweeping,
Where many a pine its funeral branches waves
She seeks her mate, where he his grave is
keeping

Beside the Indian graves.

Like the red man of the forest,

The eagle's reign is o'er;

He is dying on the mountain,

And from the ship-haunted shore;

He plumed the Indian's quiver,

And he shared his woodland prey,

And from forest, plain and river

They have sternly past away.

And here this wandering eagle

Has sought her resting place,

By the green mounds and moldering bones
Of the lost Indian race.

Here let them sleep together,

And sacred be their rest!

The haughty Indian chieftain,

And the bird of haughty crest.

Their doom is like, and let them sleep

In peace in our great land;

Let the Great Spirit o'er them keep

His merciful strong hand.

Here lies the Indian and his mate,

Their arrows by them rust;

And the lonely Eagle, smote by fate,

Here joins her mate in dust.

Like the stern Indian chieftain

When all his tribe were gone,

Calmly and firmly waited he

Beside the desert throne.

Sadly, without a tear, he gazed

Upon their rounded graves,

Waiting for the Great Spirit

Who sends his death and saves.

Until at length, from rolling clouds,

He heard his voice in storms;

And in the sunny hunting grounds

He joined his fathers' forms.

Farewell! farewell! proud emblem

Of the mighty and the free,

There's many and many a human heart,

That's emblem'd well by thee.

For their hearts are buried in the graves

Of those who've gone before,

And they fly to meet them, o'er the earth,

Upon the "shining shore."

HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

BORN: CALAIS, ME, APRIL 3, 1835.

In her youth Harriet was taken by her parents to Newburyport, Mass., which has ever since been her home. She received a good education, and at an early age contributed to the story-papers of Boston, earning small pay with a great deal of labor. Her first notable hit was a sparkling story of Parisian life, which appeared in 1859 in the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of *In the Cellar*; and from that day she was a welcome contributor, of both poetry and prose, to the chief periodicals of the country. A volume of poems appeared in 1882, and *Ballads About Authors* in 1888, in addition to which she has written numerous prose works.

MOTHER MINE.

When by the ruddy fire I spelled
In one old volume and another,
Those ballads haunted by fair women,
One of them always seemed my mother.

In storied song she dwelt, where dwell
Strange things and sweet of eld and eerie,
The foam of Binnorie's bonny mill-dams,
The bowing birks, the wells o' Wearie.

All the Queen's Mares she did know,
The eldrutch knight, the sisters seven,
The lad that lay upon the Lomonds
And saw the perch play in Lochleven.

Burd Helen had those great gray eyes,
Their rays from shadowy lashes flinging;
That smile the winsome bride of Yarrow
Before her tears were set to singing.

That mouth was just the mouth that kissed
Sir Cradocke under the green wildwood;
Fair Rosamond was tall as she was
In those fixed fancies of my childhood.

And when she sang—ah, when she sang!
Birds are less sweet, and flutes not clearer—
In ancient halls I saw the minstrel,
And shapes long dead arose to hear her!

Darlings of song I've heard since then,
But no such voice as hers was, swelling
Like bell-notes on the winds of morning,
All angelhood about it dwelling.

No more within those regions dim
Of rich romance my thoughts would place her,
Her life itself is such a poem
She does not need old names to grace her.

Long years have fled, but left her charm
Smiling to see that years are fleeter,
Those ballads are as sweet as ever,
But she is infinitely sweeter.

For love, that shines through all her ways,
Hinders the stealthy hours from duty,
A soul divinely self-forgetful
Has come to blossom in her beauty.

While the low brow, the silver curl,
The twilight glance, the perfect features,
The rose upon a creamy pallor,
Make her the loveliest of creatures.

Now with the glow that on the face
Like moonlight on a flower has found her,
With the tone's thrill, a faint remoteness,
Half like a halo hangs around her.

Half like a halo? Nay, indeed,
I never saw a picture painted—
Such holy work the years have rendered—
So like a woman that is sainted.

COL. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

BORN: CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DEC. 22, 1823.

THIS great anti-slavist, minister, soldier, and author has had a varied career. He is an earnest advocate of woman suffrage and of the higher education for both sexes. He has contributed largely to current literature, and is the author of a score or more volumes of prose, besides editing several large and important works. Col. Higginson was also a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1880 and 1881, serving as chief of staff to the governor at the same time; and in 1881-83 was a member of the state board of education.

DECORATION.

MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS.

Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm;

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,
Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feign'd distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill,
Here lie buried; here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

LYDIA A. PLATT RICHARDS.

BORN: MALONE, N. Y., OCT. 5, 1844.

THE poems of this lady have been published in the Chicago Times, Tribune and Inter-Ocean, and other papers of equal prominence, from which they have been copied extensively by



LYDIA A. PLATT RICHARDS.

the local press. The lineage of Mrs. Platt Richards dates back to the English nobility, and her American ancestors were officers and prominent in all our wars. She is now a widow, and resides on her property in Momence, Ill.

THE OUTCAST.

She may have sinned I never knew,
There were reports — how false, or true,
I had no cause to ask, or know —
The world condemned, and made it so.

She may have sinned — the reckless child,
Or been deceived, mistaught, beguiled;
Judge not, — the measure which you mete,
You shall receive at Jesus' feet.

She may have sinned — is sinning yet,
These least, these low ones you forget,
Are God's own children, whom you spurn;
They sin no more than you who turn.

She may have sinned — there is no doubt,
Her sins have someway found her out;
Who has no sin — may cast a stone —
By sinless hands, no stones are thrown.

She may have sinned — O, womankind,
Are you so stupid — doubly blind —
To cast her out — is Satan's joy,
He would doom her — and you destroy.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

FIRST VOICE:

In pride and wrath I fled his side,
Yet loved him so; his promised bride —
For lying tongues had sown the seed
Of rank distrust, that venom'd weed,
From sea to sea; we dwell apart —
Though sundered far, yet near at heart,
He wed another, so did I —
Both learn too late, love will not die;
The years fly past; my hair is gray —
My one mad-love is young to-day.
Age does not reach the heart they say,
Nor love grow old or fade — decay,
While vengeful wrath will cool, subside,
And love, alone, remain, abide.
I feel his warm breath on my brow,
Past thirty years: it seems as now.
His strong arms, too; they haunt my waist,
Persistent, as his last embrace;
His soft, sweet tones, I hear them still,
And shall, till heart itself, grows chill.
Ah, saddest fate! I hopeless cry,
That woman's love can never die.

SECOND VOICE:

I wed my love of the tender tone,
Him that I loved, and loved alone,
His kisses now are few and cold,
His arms have ceased to clasp, enfold —
I saw him kiss my servant-maid,
And know that love was doomed — be-
trayed.

The vile saloon, the billiard hall,
The club and lodge, I hate them all,
Too late, I learn, the pure in heart
From vicious comrades stand apart.
Who flirts with vice, and sin and shame,
No wifely hand can e'er reclaim;
Divorce and courts are useless, vain;
Confiding love, no laws regain.
Rough, cruel words are often mine;
For tender tones I've ceased to pine;
While want, and taunts and even blows,
Have taught me much of wedded woes.
Deep, buried down from sneering eye,
Where human jackals dare not pry;
I shroud that old love, stark and dead,
And o'er its grave, lone tears are shed.
Ah, saddest fate! I mournful cry,
When woman lives, and love will die.

EXTRACT.

A noble purpose kept her strong,
While taint of labor seems so wrong.
As though her labor was a shame;

ALICE W. ROLLINS.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 12, 1847.

ALICE WELLINGTON was taught by her father, and completed her studies in Europe. She taught for several years in Boston, and in 1876 married Daniel M. Rollins of New York. The Ring of Amethyst is the title of her volume of poems. She has written several prose works.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Linger, O day!

Let not thy purple haze

Fade utterly away.

The Indian summer lays

Her tender touch upon the emerald hills,

Exquisite thrills

Of delicate gladness fill the blue-veined air.

More restful even than rest,

The passionate sweetness that is everywhere.

Soft splendors in the west

Touch with the charm of coming changefulness

The yielding hills.

O linger, day!

Let not the dear

Delicious languor of thy dreamfulness

Vanish away!

Serene and clear,

The brooding stillness of the delicate air,

Dreamier than the dreamiest depths of sleep

Fall softly everywhere.

Still let me keep

One little hour longer tryst with thee,

O day of days!

Lean down to me,

In tender beauty of thy amethyst haze

Upon the vine

Rich clinging clusters of the ripening grape

Hang silent in the sun,

But in each one [wine,

Beats with full throb the quickening purple

Whose pulse shall round the perfect fruit to shape.

Too dreamy even to dream.

I hear the murmuring bee and gliding stream;

The singing silence of the afternoon,

Lulling my yielding senses till they swoon

Into still deeper rest.

While soul released from sense,

Passionate and intense,

With quick exultant quiver in its wings,

Prophetic longing for diviner things,

Escapes the unthinking breast;

Pierces rejoicing through the shining mist,

But shrinks before the keen, cold ether, kissed

By burning stars; delirious foretaste

Of joys the soul — too eager in its haste

To grasp ere won by the diviner right [bear.

Of birth through death — is far too weak to

Bathed in earth's lesser light,

Slipping down slowly through the shining air,

Once more it steals into the dreaming breast,

Praying again to be its patient guest.

And as my senses wake,

The beautiful glad soul to take,

The twilight falls:

A lonely wood-thrush calls

The day away.

"Where hast thou been to-day,

O soul of mine?" I wondering question her.

She will not answer while the light winds stir

And rustle near to hear what she may say.

Thou needst not linger, day!

My soul and I

Would hold high converse of diviner things

Than blossom underneath thy tender sky.

Unfold thy wings;

Wrap softly round thyself thy delicate haze,

And gliding down the slowly darkening ways,

Vanish away!

JOHN BURROUGHS.

BORN: ROXBURY, N. Y., APRIL 3, 1837.

AFTER receiving an academic education, John taught school eight or nine years, and then became a journalist in New York. For ten years he was a clerk in the treasury department at Washington, and at the end of that time was appointed receiver of a national bank. In 1874 he settled on a farm in Esopus, N. Y., devoting his time to literature and fruit culture, except the months when his duties as bank-examiner called him away. He has issued several volumes of prose, and has contributed largely both prose and verse to periodicals.

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;

I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,

For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,

For what avails this eager pace?

I stand amid the eternal ways,

And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day

The friends I seek are seeking me:

No wind can drive my bark astray,

Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,

And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw

The brook that springs in yonder height;

So flows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky:

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,

Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN GOSSE FREEZE.

BORN: LYCOMING CO., PA., NOV. 4, 1825.

JOHN received a common school and academic education, including Latin and Greek, taught school for several years, studied law and was admitted to the bar of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, in 1848. Mr. Freeze has resided in Bloomsburg since that date, in the constant practice of his profession. This gentleman was married in 1854; has had five children, all of whom are dead. In person Mr. Freeze is about five feet nine inches in height, of spare build, weighing about 130 pounds, eyes of gray color, hair and beard dark in youth, but now gray. His life, the life of a lawyer, has been uneventful, and the reports of the supreme court of the state attest his standing in his profession. He has been register and recorder of his county, was elected a member of the Pennsylvania constitutional convention of 1872, from which body he resigned; is a member of the episcopal church, and chancellor of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania. He is the author of a History of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, and of a volume of verse entitled *A Royal Pastoral and Other Poems*.

SPIRIT MELODY.

The spirit said "Sing," as I wandered
Alone by the babbling brook,
Whose music welled up as I pondered,
Entranced o'er some magical book;
The days glided by me unheeded,
Their coming no pleasure could bring,
For the day and the night which succeeded
Unceasingly whispered me, "Sing."

That voice was the first in the morning,—
It came with the sun o'er the hill,
It seemed like a spirit-land warning
Mysteriously working its will;
The wind bore that voice to me often,
It came with the zephyrs of spring,
Low breathing, "The best way to soften
The harshness of life is to sing."

It came in the cool breeze of noontide,
While nature was musing at rest;
Though deep silence reigned o'er the hillside,
My ear with its music was blest;
The notes of the birds, as they wended
Away on the swift speeding wing,
With the hum of the bright insect blended,
And whispered me gently to "sing."

As comes a sweet love-tale at evening
To the heart, it thrillingly came,
Still, into my willing ear breathing
Its story of greatness and fame.
I listened with joy, though I trembled,—
It seemed the behest of a king:
I doubted no more, nor dissembled,
'Twas certain the voice bade me "sing."

When the stars in their beauty were pouring
A silvery sheen o'er the night,
My soul, with that spirit-voice soaring,
Was off in far regions of light:
Its music was in and around me,
Pervading each visible thing;
Like a low, distant echo it bound me,
Repeating that mystic word, "Sing."

The song of the syren subdued me,—
I boast no Ulyssean art,—
With all of itself it imbued me,
Enshrining itself in my heart;
With Fate I could struggle no longer,
The air seemed with music to ring,
Each moment the soft voice grew stronger,
Till it bade me, in thunder tones, "Sing."

I sang — but how lame was the metre!
I sang — but how common the theme!
Oh, teach me some strain that is sweeter,
And grant me pure poesy's dream.
Since now to thy mandate I bow me,
Deign o'er me thy mantle to fling;
With all of thy spirit endow me,—
Enable me truly to "sing."

TO MARGARET.

Have thou a care, most trustful Margaret,
Who comes a-wooing to thy garden gate;
Keep him a suppliant,
Nor grant a favor thou canst not recall.
It is enough that he in Eden walks,
And the sweet perfume of its shrubs inhales,
Nor let him cross the stream
That keeps the way twixt him and Paradise.

Oft shall he circle the forbidding walls,
Oft seek the breeze that wanted with thy hair,
Reach for thy absent self,
And think he sees thee though thou be not there.

Thou unessayed art ever fair and pure,
A kiss, a touch, a step may break the charm,
Then keep thee to thyself —
The sought for gem is ever prized the most.

While thus he stands an humble suppliant,
Thou art the mistress of his fate and thine;
Pass but the Rubicon,
He is the Cæsar, thou the fallen Rome.
Therefore beware, most trustful Margaret,
Who comes a wooing to thy garden gate;
While ignorance is bliss
The Tree of Knowledge grows in Paradise!

EXTRACT.

Why do I love thee? It is naught to me
That high estates are wanting unto thee,
That jewels flash not o'er thee brilliantly—
Mere dross are they! . . .

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

BORN: BORDENTOWN, N. J., FEB. 8, 1844.

BEGINNING life with a clerical engagement in a railroad office, he pushed on into the sanctum, and soon found his way into the editorial chair. Mr. Gilder succeeded Dr. Holland as editor-in-chief of the Century Magazine. All this time Mr. Gilder was singing the songs of a true poet. Mr. Gilder's life is indeed a success, and his happiness is crowned by a beautiful wife and four children, for an ideal American home is the next place to heaven.

AT NIGHT.

The sky is dark, and dark the bay below
Save where the midnight city's pallid glow
Lies like a lily white
On the black pool of night.

O rushing steamer, hurry on thy way
Across the swirling Kills and gusty bay,
To where the eddying tide
Strikes hard the city's side!

For there, between the river and the sea,
Beneath that glow,—the lily's heart to me,—
A sleeping mother mild,
And by her breast a child.

THE POET'S FAME.

Many the songs of power the poet wrought
To shake the hearts of men. Yea, he had caught
The inarticulate and murmuring sound
That comes at midnight from the darkened ground

When the earth sleeps; for this he framed a word

Of human speech, and heart were strangely stirred

That listened. And for him the evening dew
Fell with a sound of music, and the blue
Of the deep, starry sky he had the art
To put in language that did seem a part
Of the great scope and progeny of nature.
In woods, or waves, or winds, there was no creature

Mysterious to him. He was too wise
Either to fear, or follow, or despise
Whom men call Science,—for he knew full well

All she had told, or still might live to tell,
Was known to him before her very birth:
Yea, that there was no secret of the earth.
Nor of the waters under, nor the skies,
That had been hidden from the poet's eyes;
By him there was no ocean unexplored,
Nor any savage coast that had not roared
Its music in his ears.

He loved the town,—
Nor less he loved the ever-deepening brown

Of summer twilights on the enchanted hills;
Where he might listen to the starts and trails
Of birds that sang and rustled in the trees.
Or watch the footsteps of the wandering breeze
And the birds' shadows as they fluttered by
Or slowly wheeled across the unclouded sky.

All these were written on the poet's soul,—
But he knew, too, the utmost, distant goal
Of the human mind. His fiery thought did run
To Time's beginning, ere yon central sun
Had warmed to life the swarming broods of men.

In waking dreams his many-visioned ken
Clutched the large, final destiny of things.
He heard the starry music, and the wings
Of beings unfelt by others thrilled the air
About him. Yet the loud and angry blare
Of tempest found an echo in his verse,
And it was here that lovers did rehearse
The ditties they would sing when, not too soon,
Came the warm night,— shadows, and stars,
and moon.

Who heard his songs were filled with noble rage,

And wars took fire from his prophetic page:
Most righteous wars, wherein, 'midst blood and tears,

The world rushed onward through a thousand years.

And still he made the gentle sounds of peace
Heroic,—bade the nation's anger cease!
Bitter his songs of grief for those who fell—
And for all this the people loved him well.

They loved him well, and therefore, on a day,
They said with one accord: "Behold how gray
Our poet's head hath grown! Ere 'tis too late
Come, let us crown him in our Hall of State:
Ring loud the bells, give to the winds his praise,
And urge his fame to other lands and days!"

So was it done, and deep his joy therein.
But passing home at night, from out the din
Of the loud Hall, the poet, unaware,
Moved through a lonely and dim-lighted square
There was the smell of lilacs in the air
And then the sudden singing of a bird,
Startled by his slow tread. What memory stirred

Within his brain he told not. Yet this night—
Lone lingering when the eastern heavens were bright—

He wove a song of such immortal art
That there is not in all the world one heart—
One human heart unmoved by it. Long! long!
The laurel-crown has failed, but not that song
Born of the night and sorrow.

Where he lies
At rest beneath the ever-shifting skies,
Age after age, from far-off lands they come,
With tears and flowers, to seek the poet's tomb.

ELLA CHANDLER.

BORN: CHESTNUT LEVEL, PA.

THE poems of Miss Chandler have appeared in the Lancaster Intelligencer, Philadelphia Free



ELLA CHANDLER.

Press, and other papers of prominence. Miss Chandler is still a resident of her native place, where she has numerous friends and ardent admirers.

WIFE JENNIE.

Jennie we two are old and useless,
Wrinkled skin and sallow grown,
And to look at our seamed faces
With the crows' feet thickly sown;
Who would think we loved each other
With a love that lasts for aye?
Who would think I loved you better
Than upon our wedding day?

But our love has braved the billows
That would wreck a lighter craft;
Now we float in peaceful waters
And our pleasures cometh oft.
I've often thought that man's broad shoulders,

After all, were weak and small,
Compared with the patient toiling
Of those fingers for us all.

And in the evening, wife and mother,
With the babies on her knee,

Tells some quaint old Scottish story
Of a cottage by the Dee.
For my wife was a Scotch lassie,
And she loves old Scotland's hills —
Here and there a low-thatched cottage —
And its gently flowing rills.

And some day we'll wander there,
Bride and bridegroom, old and gray,
With our comic old-time costumes
That have seen a better day.
But what care we for things in fashion?
Jennie'll look so bright and glad
That I'll think I'm wooing the lassie
In her highland checkered plaid.

WAITING.

Only waiting for the evening
With its twilight soft and sweet,
Only waiting for the shadows
Till we meet at Jesus' feet.

Only waiting till the stars come
In their brightness, one by one,
Missing not the light of day time,
Or the rising of the sun.

Sweetest time for recollection
When the day draws to a close,
When the crickets sing their night song
And the bees forsake the rose.

Only waiting till the birdlings
In their tiny home of nest,
Find a shelter, helpless creatures,
Find a safe and grateful rest.

Waiting, what a time of waiting —
Will we ever cease to wait?
Will our Savior, to rebuke us,
Will he say, alas, too late?

'Twas the same in ancient ages
With the poet, priest and king,
And the vaults of rocky caverns,
With their echoes ever ring.

And the walls give back the echoes,
With their sound reverberate;
Pause not in life's journey waiting
Lest you be forever late.

MAN'S MOUSTACHE.

Wonderful! Mystical! Etherial creature,
From whence comest thou?
Didst thou spring from some medieval age?
Pray answerest now

Methinks a moss from the land of Utopia,
Soft as a damsel's eye-lash,
Has in some mysterious way come forth
To mold thy moustache.

MRS. SALLIE B. HARRIS

BORN: TODD CO., KY., 1840.

THE poems of this lady have appeared for the past quarter of a century in the papers of her native state. She has been an invalid for a



MRS. SALLIE B. HARRIS.

number of years, and whenever she wishes to admire the works of nature she is obliged to be moved in a rolling chair. Mrs. Harris is now a resident of Greenville, Kentucky.

COMMUNION WITH THE ROSES.

I sat 'neath a loved vine-clad bower,
 Inhaling the soft and balmy breath of May,
 Listening for a voice from the opening flowers
 To tell of pain of sorrow and decay,
 Of autumn winds, and wintry snows,
 That scatters the roses far, far, away.
 But alas! not a whispering voice e'er came,
 To tell of blighted breath, or faded leaves,
 Of summer's fleeting hours, that went away,
 Of November's winds that shook the leaves,
 And bore them from their parent stem,
 To wither, to molder, and cease to bloom.
 No, in their whispering the roses ne'er spake,
 Of bitter despair, of fading or dying;
 Their murmurings were of beauty and hope,
 Of cheerful greeting, and not of sighing;
 They came, their beauty and fragrance to
 bring,
 To linger for a short season, then leave.

They came with greeting to the morning air,
 Not to tell why summer roses fade,
 But peeping through pearls of dewdrops fair,
 That on the blushing rose cheeks lay,
 To quaff the fragrant early breath of May,
 And woo the sunshine to their feet.
 From earth's carpet of green they spring
 To deck the bower with roses rare and
 bright,
 And revel in the music the cat-bird trills,
 To sip from the chalice pure nectar of de-
 light,
 To wave o'er the graves of loved ones gone,
 And wreath fresh garlands for their tombs.

AN ODE.

The warm sweet month of June is near,
 The soft breathing zephyrs I now can hear;
 And nature spreads in bounty and gorgeous
 array
 Her beauteous tribute of blessings each day.
 'Tis morn, all nature seems lovely and fair;
 The leaves sip sweet nectar from the air,
 The rose, kissed by the sunbeams at play,
 Mingles its fragrance with fresh blooming
 hay.
 How lovely at eventide! doth nature seem,
 The trees all decked in foliage so green
 Reaching out their shadowy arms for light,
 And to catch the soft-falling dews of night.

FOR THE ECHO.

Vanished the gilded dreams of youth may be,
 And buried my many fond hopes, untold.
 The pleasures of other days I ne'er may see;
 But my heart shall never grow old.
 Tho the summer of life's now upon me,
 And the bliss of youth I'll feel no more;
 Tho the shade of life's winter is near me,
 My heart shall never, never, grow old.
 Tho the wings of time may onward sweep,
 And bend this form and its strength with
 hold,
 And leave a heart all torn, to bleed in grief;
 Yet my heart shall never grow old.
 The snow of age may fall upon me now,
 And silver my hair with its icy hold;
 And lines of sorrow enstamp my brow,
 But my heart shall never grow old.
 Friends may be scattered, and I left alone
 To drink from the chalice that's full of woe;
 With a heart all chilled from fate's stern
 frown,
 But it shall never, never, grow old.
 Tho' I'm tossed on misfortune's billowy bark,
 And am called through deep waters of woe;
 Or ruthlessly forced from loved ones to part,
 Yet my heart shall never, never, grow old.

THOMAS E. TATE.

BORN: SAINT TAMANY PARISH, LA.

THIS gentleman has written quite extensively for the periodical press, and has received three prizes for best poems. In person Mr. Tate is six feet in height, of fine stature, and resides in Osyka, Miss.

CHARITIES.

The charities and kindnesses
That flow from regal hands,
Are heralded both far and wide
And published in all lands.
While simple deeds of christian love
That every day are done,
Accomplished by the humble poor
Are rarely ever known.
We praise, we honor, we exalt
Small deeds by noble's done,
While noble deeds from humble hands
Are known to heaven alone.
Oh! may each virtuous action rest
On inner worth alone,
Alike let prince and peasant share
For all their kindness done.*

FARMER'S ODE.

The sun, great orb of beaming fire,
Dyes the horizon red,
And all Night's sable shades retire
Where'er his banners spread.
The grass appears
Like angel tears
Upon it had been hung,
Or fairy hands
From crystal lands
A pearly shower had flung.
The woodland songsters sport and sing
In every guy-green tree,
And soon the emerald forests ring
With bursts of minstrelsy.
Then farmers gay
At dawn of day
To grassy fields repair,
While maidens bright
At morning light
To milk the cows prepare.
Bright, laughing boys with happy looks
Drive in the lowing herds,
While little misses con their books,
Or watch the fleeting birds.
And some it suits
To gather fruits;
Some help to dust the house —
Some guide the reel
Or spinning wheel,
While some in play carouse.

And now the morning work all done,
The breakfast o'er at last,
Out to the fields the boys all run
To ply their daily task.
Beneath the sky
Of bright July
They toss the shining hoe,—
No idle hand
In all the band
Falls to keep up his row.
At length the dinner horn, glad sound,
Peals through the heated air,
The hoes are tossed upon the ground
And homeward all repair.
And many a jump
And many a bump
Our little worker takes,
While the old man
With steadier plan
A soberer journey makes.
The house now reached, the thirsty horde
Rush to the water shelf,
With life elixir filled, the gourd,
Dispenses living health.
No epicuré
I'm very sure
E'er quaffed his rich champagnis
With such a pride
As they imbibe
This nectar from earth's veins.
And now, in right old country style,
They take their frugal dinner,
Each face wears just that jovial smile
So ill becomes a sinner.
The meal now done
Away they run
To sport, to climb or swim,
While true pleasure
Without measure
Is found in every whim.
When these two blissful hours are spent,
Again they seek the field,—
Till darkness shrouds the continent
Their hoes they nimbly wield.
No cares annoy
The Farmer Boy
No troubles can depress,
Who toiling still
With iron will
Subdues a wilderness.
All honor to our Farmer Band,
Our nation's crown are they,
And when stern war assails our land
They proved that nation's stay.
To their lasses
Fill your glasses
To the foaming brim and drain,
Our toast shall be
Our Country Free,
And her noble Farmer Men.

MRS. JULIA A. A. WOOD.

BORN: NEW LONDON, N. H.

In 1849 this lady was married to William Wood, a lawyer and journalist. Two years later she removed to Sauk Rapids, Minn., where Mr. Wood was appointed U. S. receiver of public moneys. Her husband also here established



MRS. JULIA A. A. WOOD.

the Sauk Rapids New Era, the literary department of which was edited by Mrs. Wood. This writer is the author of several books, *The Heart of Myrrha Lake*, *Brown House of Duffield*, *Story of Annette and Basil*, and *Beatrice*.

TWO NIGHTS IN AUGUST.

The night is dark and full of storms,
Near thunders roll most deep and loud,
Fierce lightnings leap from cloud to cloud
Displaying strange and weirdly forms.

My soul is full of wild unrest;
True memory a gate doth ope,
Revealing down a shaded slope,
A scene that in my life is prest.

I had a noble, fair-haired boy;
Like every first-born did he grow,
The dearest idol earth can know,
A constant, precious, untold joy.

When darkened o'er the Heavens high,
With thunder-clouds all dark and stern,
And vivid lightning 'gan to burn
Its imagery in the frightened sky:

When all our smiles with fear were laid,
And whispers took of words the place,—
He lifted up his fair young face,
And said, "O, Willie's not afraid."

Four years ago, this sad, sad night,
The storm raged fierce and wild,
Within my heart more fierce and wild,
A bitterer storm put out the light.

My boy was stricken in an hour;
Convulsed with torture was his brain;
Our prayers, our tears, all, all were vain—
Death claimed my blossoming flower.

The thunder o'er us solemn stole—
I knelt beside his cold, white form,
And thought how never had the storm
Brought terror to his dauntless soul.

And that as his dear feet should near
The fearful waves of death's dark river,
His sweetest lips should know no quiver,
As said he, "Willie doth not fear."

Nor would he journey far alone,
But, loving, clasp the Savior's hand,
Till his pure soul should spotless stand,
And calm, before the great white Throne.

Thus Peace stole to me in that hour;
But O, how oft, how oft since then,
In doubt and agony and pain,
I miss and mourn my perished flower.

O, thou who read'st these lines of mine,
Forgive the tears that in them melt;
Perhaps it has been thine to have knelt
Before some broken, earthly shrine;

To have wept thine idol lying low;
O let us gather Hope and Faith,
That shall be stronger even than Death,
Triumphant over every woe.

BABY MAY.

My daughter one—my baby May!
What shall I say this natal day
Unto my darling Baby May?

With thoughts of thee I seem to see
As yesterday dear baby May,
A little girl; a golden curl,
Doth shade a face whose sunny grace
Is fair to see and sweet to me,
And beautiful as aught can be.

Her eye is blue, her smile is sweet,
Her mouth a rosebud fresh with dew,
And O, the music of her feet!

The little Elf, she keeps herself
Within my way, fair baby May,
A cheery sunbeam all the day.

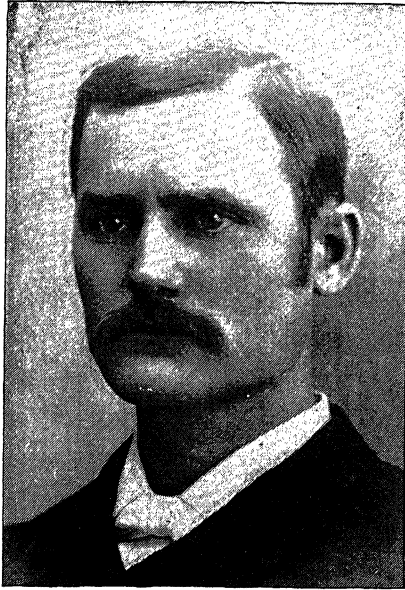
Thus doth it seem—ah me—I dream!
'Tis many a day since baby May
A sunbeam brightened all my way.

A woman now, of thoughtful brow,
In form a queen, in face serene,
Somebody's wife, ah, let me dream!

REV. JAMES W. D. ANDERSON.

BORN: COFFEY CO., KAN., MARCH 3, 1859.

REV. J. W. D. ANDERSON is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and is now engaged in his professional calling at Elk City, Kansas. His writings have appeared in the



REV. JAMES W. D. ANDERSON.

leading periodicals of America. Mr. Anderson is a lover of poetry, and has delivered extensively a popular lecture on Kansas Poets and Poetry. In 1890 he published a book entitled *The Kansas Methodist Pulpit*.

MORTUA.

They told me yesterday that she was dead,
And, at the word, the scalding, blinding tears
Gushed from their fount. Stricken I bowed
my head

While Memory brought again the by-gone
years.

When, at a distance, I had walked and loved,
But never dared to make my loving known,
So coldly looked she on me. Unreproved
Because unnoticed, worshiped I alone.

Gods, how I loved! As Eastern Devotee
Finds in Nirvana all his soul's desire,
So found I in her. Life she was to me,
And heavenly manna and celestial choir.
Soul, body, mind and spirit owned the thrall,
Found satisfaction where her presence shed
Its radiant glory. Yet, throughout it all,
I knew she loved me not; and she is dead.

And this is saddest: If the Priests say true,
Somewhere there lies a fairer land than this,
Where lovers meet, and skies bend ever blue,
And earthly sorrows end in heavenly bliss:
But in that world my soul will still make moan,
Nor know a hope, though ages shall have fled;
In life she gave to me no loving tone;
Eternity is powerless: She is dead!

BY THE RIVER.

We walked on the banks of a beautiful river,
And slowly and idly we loitered along;
Its musical murmurs made melody ever,
Harmoniously blending in low, rippling song.
We whispered of love as we walked by the
river,

Of love that found joy just in loving, alone,
And our hearts, as we spoke, throbbled with
tremulous quiver,

In unison throbbled with each gladdening
tone.

We sat on the banks and tossed flowers in the
river,
And said, as we watched them float lightly
away:

"So our lives will flow on, full of praise to
the Giver,
And crowned with bright flowers as we crown
thee to-day."

But the death angel carried her over a river
More dark than the one where I claimed her
as mine.

Spake she softly while crossing: "Death only
can sever

My soul but a moment, my darling, from
thine."

So, with heart full of longing, and eyes full of
weeping,

I look toward that river on whose farther
shore

My loved one is waiting. And life's shadows
creeping

Toward sunset give comfort: I soon will be
o'er.

MY IDEAL.

A being bright from Paradise,
So seems she to my vision,
Whose presence gladdens earth-dimmed
eyes,

And tempts to fields Elysian.

A stately form of perfect mold,
Yet often lowly bending,

A face whose beauty grows not old
Since passing years are lending
Charms ever new. Bright eyes that hold
A score of nymphs contending.

A mind that holds by conqueror's right
The wisdom of the ages,

Triumphant climbs the dazzling height
Where stand the world's great sages,
Yet in that book takes most delight
Where human hearts are pages.

A soul completely purged from sin
By God's all-cleansing fire,
That all its spacious courts within,
Holds not one base desire,
And fit, by innate worth, to win
A place in heavenly choir.

From Paradise, a being bright,
So seems my fair Ideal
Who sits beside me as I write,
A soul sufficing real.

THE MOUNT OF VISION.

Before us loomed the towering Mount of
Vision;

We stood together at the very base,
And, looking upward, made the firm decision
We'd test the rough ascent with even pace.
We saw the beetling crags and deep recesses
O'er which our way must lie, but we were told
That he who to the highest summit presses
Will see the gates to Elysian fields unfold.

Hand joined in hand, we climbed the lofty
mountain;

We passed the jutting crags and threatening
peaks;

No pleasant grove was there, nor cooling
fountain,

Nor rest, save that which high ambition seeks,
Yet sweet companionship made labor lighter,
And obstacles surmounted trained the feet
For fresh exertions, and the way grew brighter
Illumed by light that shone from Victory's
seat.

We stand together on the Mount of Vision,
And now we know the path our feet have trod
Has led to Duty's fields, not fields Elysian,
And far above us stretch the heights of God.
But toward those regions pure we turn our
faces,

Oh comrades! May our life-work, just begun,
Though other hopes the hand of Time erases,
Receive at last the crowning word: Well
done!

MARIA LOUISE EVE.

BORN: AUGUSTA, GA.

THE first literary success of Miss Eve was an essay entitled Thoughts About Talking, which received the prize of one hundred dollars offered by Scott's Monthly of Atlanta, and in 1879 the poem Conquered at Last received a prize. The short poem of A Brier Rose also received a prize in 1889 from the Augusta Chronicle. Miss Eve hopes soon to publish a complete book of her poems.

A BRIER ROSE.

Is this the boon desired so much,
This thorny rose we cannot touch,
But we are wounded for our pains,
Yet clasp it while the thorn remains?
For Love did once in Eden dwell,
Ere yet among the thorns it fell,
That now is but a brier rose
Amid the wilderness that grows.

No sweeter rose was ever seen;
But ah! her thorns, how sharp and keen,
How deep they pierce, how long abide,
How closely in her beauty hide,
For every rose a thorn, a tear —
Who wants a flower that costs so dear?
For Love is but a brier rose,
A thing of joy, beset with woes.

But ah! how rich and red and rare
Her roses are. Who would not dare
The wounding of her thorns to bear
This fairest earthly rose to wear!
For there is nothing sweeter here,
Tho' full of thorns and costing dear;
And it will bloom one day, be sure,
A brier rose no more, no more.

DADDY JIM.

"Daddy Jim? Daddy Jim! are you deaf and
blind?"

The boys are shouting it loud and clear;
But faintly it falls on the old man's ear,
Like a muffled bell, that we hardly mind.

Daddy Jim stood still, and he looked so good,
With his old hands crossed on his oaken staff,
That the boys all stopped and forgot to
laugh,

And gathered around where the old man stood.

"Nay, boys, I am not deaf," said Daddy Jim,
"Though very faint and far your voices
sound,

And I am not blind, though everything around
Is fading on my sight and getting dim.

"I have gone so far on the wide, wide river,
That the shores of earth are a melting view,
And the sounds that reach me are faint and
few;

They'll come to me soon no more forever.

"But neither deaf nor blind is Daddy Jim,
When his name is called from the nearer
shore,

Where the hearts that loved him are gone
before,
And their white hands beckon across to him.

"So I strain my eyes and ears no longer
For the sights and sounds of that fading
shore;

But I fix them full on the Land before,
And every day they are getting stronger."

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 29, 1819.

RECEIVING a good education he graduated in medicine in 1839, but after a short practice studied law in Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1842. In 1844 he edited a daily paper in New York, and the following year began the publication of a literary magazine, of which only a single number was issued. He is the author of several novels, and of more than twenty dramas. Ben Holt, the popular song, is from his pen. American Ballads appeared in 1882, and in 1886 Book of Battle Lyrics.

OUT IN THE STREETS.

The light is shining through the window-panes;
It is a laughing group that side the glass.
Within, all light; without, pitch-dark and rain,
I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass,
Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn;
There the light throws the shadow of a form—
A woman's, with a child—a man's, all gone!
They with each other. I am with the storm,
Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,
His day's toil over, with his pipe alight:
His wife leans o'er him with her tale began
Of the day's doings. I am with the night,
Out in the streets.

All these have homes, and hopes, and light, and cheer,

And those around who love them. Ah! for me
Who have no home, but wander sadly here,
Alone with storm, and night, and misery,
Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;

So let it. Curses on that cheery light!
There is no light with me and shame and sin;
I wander in the night and of the night,
Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,
Whose every touch, could thrill me through
and through,

When you first sought me did you think of this?
My curse—but why waste time in cursing
you,
Out in the streets?

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor
guile;

Foremost among the worthies of the land,
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,
Out in the streets,

You have a daughter, young and innocent;
You love her, doubtless. I was pure as she
Before my heart to be your lackey went.

God guard her! Never let her roam like me,
Out in the streets.

I was a father's darling long ago;
'Twas well he died before my babe was born;
And that's dead, too—some comfort in my
woe!

Wet, cold and hungered, homeless, sick, forlorn,

Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!
What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet
and chill,

I hear the little children singing hymns
In the village church—how peaceful now
and still

Out in the streets.

But why this vision of my early days?

Why comes the church-door in the public
way?

Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and
praise!

I have no cause to praise—I dare not pray
Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows
warm;

The air is fragrant as an infant's breath.
Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the
storm?

Now, God forgive my sins! This, this is death,
Out in the streets.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

BORN: NORRIDGEWOCK, ME., JUNE, 10, 1841.

EDUCATED at Bowdoin, he graduated at Bangor theological seminary in 1864, and became a congregational missionary in California. He has been pastor in several prominent churches, and now has charge of the Church of the Unity in Boston. In addition to his volume of poems published in 1882, he has written numerous volumes on religious subjects.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Beside the ocean, wandering on the shore,
I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me
I may not care to reason out their lore; [o'er
Among the mountains, whose bright summits
The flush of morning brightens, there
may be

Only a sense of might and mystery;
And yet, a thrill of infinite life they pour
Through all my being, and uplift me high
Above my little self and weary days.
So in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky,
While mountainous thoughts tower o'er
life's common ways,
And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

MRS. ELLA E. RANDALL.

BORN: MOMENCE, ILL., OCT. 5, 1853.

UNDER the nom de plume of Eglantine, this lady has written extensively for the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Ledger and the local press generally. She was married in 1875 to George M. Randall, who is now engaged in the loan and insurance business at Stockton, Kansas. As



MRS. ELLA E. RANDALL.

an editor's wife Mrs. Randall has been a type setter; as a postmaster's wife has assisted in the distribution of the mail; as a grocer's wife, at weighing out goods, and is at present occupied on a Remington typewriter. Mrs. Randall is a very close student, fond of literature, and hopes to attain some prominence as a writer.

AT BITTER COST.

There is something I miss from my happy life,

I can scarcely tell you its name;

There is nothing between us of scorn or of strife,

There is nowhere to lay the blame.

He promised to cherish and love me alway,

I complain of no broken vow;

Yet the life I once fancied a summer day,

Lieth oft in the shadows now.

I know that a husband has struggles fierce,
For the fortune which he must gain,
And he knoweth naught of the sorrows that pierce

My heart with a weary pain.

Where then is the blame? Where lieth the fault?

More can I ask? Perhaps I'm weak,
But my heart seems locked in an iron vault
And my life is a desert bleak.

I know that he loves me! Ah, yes, indeed!

His lips tell a love sincere:

His arms caress me; "What more do I need,
While of honor I have no fear?"

Ah! the arms about me but carelessly press,
The lips brush but lightly my own;
His heart is not in the careless caress —
The love is gone from his tone.

And so, as I answer, with tender smile,
The words with their meaning lost,
Do you wonder I cannot but think the while,
"Wealth comes at a bitter cost?"

REMEMBRANCE.

You ask if I remember —

Do you think I could e'er forget?

Each hour we have spent together

Is fresh in my memory yet.

Since the summer day I met you

You've held in my heart a place,

And the darkest days grow brighter

At the sight of your welcome face.

What our future hath in its trust,

Dear Alice, we cannot know;

It holds in merciful silence

Our portions of weal or woe;

But though leagues may lie between us,

In the years that come and go,

The flame of our holy friendship,

Tho' the wild chill winds may blow,

Shall burn but the brighter, clearer,

In brilliant and changeless ray;

For ours, was no girlish friendship

To spend its strength in a day,

But a meeting of hearts maturer

In a love which shall last for aye;

A love which shall scatter fragrance

Like roses along our way.

Though roses and thorns together

In the sheaves of our lives may be bound;

Tho' silence may fall between us,

The world's cares hedge around;

Though a narrow and beaten circle

Our stern earthly duties bound;

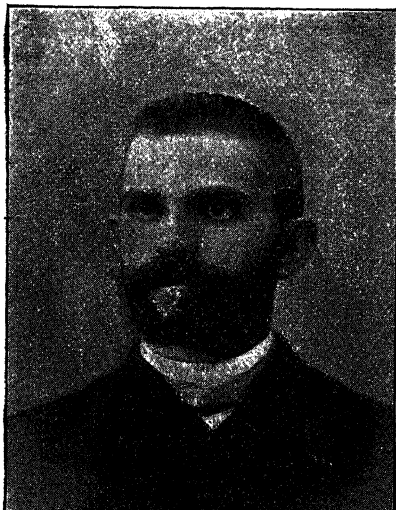
Still, deep in the hearts' recesses

Will sweet memory's bells resound.

JOHN A. WEBSTER.

BORN: PUTNAM CO., IND., JULY 9, 1863.

AFTER graduating at Central college, Danville, Indiana, Mr. Webster taught school for five years, and entered upon a journalistic career in 1887, first publishing the Gazette in Golden, Kansas. In the same year he pur-



JOHN A. WEBSTER.

chased the Eclipse in Johnson City, and in 1889 bought the World of the same place; both of the latter papers have been consolidated into the Journal, which he still publishes. Mr. Webster is also postmaster of the same town.

CLASS POEM.

Man's existence — the chain of life,
Is joined by links of precious worth;
Time ever onward in his strife,
Weaves each a chain while here on earth.

Our childhood days, so dear to all,
Our childish thoughts so innocent,
Pleasantly each of us recall
With many a happy incident.

Bright was the morn and fair the day—
The great, wide world glowed anew,
The blackbird chirped its merry lay
As from branch to branch it flew.

Thick by the roadside, blooming near,
Were the sweetest and gayest flowers,
The hum of the bee, still I can hear,
As it sped from bower to bower.

Little I knew of the Heaven above,
Little of the earth's wide sphere;

The stars to me were lamps of love,
The dewdrop one of God's tears.

The fair blue canopy above,
So inviting seemed to be,
And all nature, whose song is love,
Whispered wonderful things to me.

I sorrowed when any doubted this,
To me it all seemed plain,
The good would have eternal bliss,
And the wicked have endless pain.

Our childhood days are with the past,
Memory is all that's left us now,
We fondly hoped they'd longer last,
A vision is all time will allow.

Next came youth ever bright and gay,
With golden days without a tear;
Other fancies then led the way,
And life's pathway again was dear.

'Twas then the light of sunny days,
Brought brighter beauties to our view,
'Twas then our feet were wont to stray,
Where taller, gayer flowers grew.

The prize of life was then to win,
Our hearts and hands seemed strong,
And our ears caught the far off din,
Echoing low the welcome song.

But time has hurried us along,
To youth we bid a sad adieu,
We enter college firm and strong,
And other beauties we pursue.

Pleasant to us has been the work
Assigned by teachers dear;
"Ever Onward" is our motto — to shirk
We have long learned to fear.

Mathematics we've pondered hard,
Triangles right, obtuse, acute,
Have taught us e'er to be on guard
Their sides or angles to compute.

Next came Latin, hardest of all,
Illud, amabamus studere,
The wooden horse within the wall
Offered sacred to Minervæ.

Mistakes we have made, it is true,
Though these we always tried to shun;
Errors — mirabile dictu,
Were frequent, not always in fun.

The Sciences perfect, complete,
We've follow'd from flower to star,
The Heaven, like a silver sheet,
Its beauties to us has unbarred.

The pebble now in beauty abounds:
The flowers new beauties impart;
The world in harmony resounds
Its Maker, itself a counterpart.

How pleasant have been our school days

Within these dear and aged walls,
We'll think of them on our journeys
As future years around us fall.

Together we've walked life's pathway,
Culling flow'rs from Wisdom's garden fair,
The summons to part we must obey,
And with others our pleasures share

These cherished days are ended,
They are numbered with the past;
Time, in his ever onward tread,
Holds them forever in his grasp.

How oft we will think with pleasure
Of the school room — our friendly ties,
No clouds their luster can obscure,
They'll dearer grow as in our minds they
rise.

We've clambered gaily the hills of truth,
Hand in hand 'long the radiant way,
To teachers, kind guardians of our youth,
We bid a sad farewell to-day.

A hope is left us, a solace great,
To cheer our hearts of grief and pain,
'Tis this, as our pathways separate,
We part some time to meet again.

Glad in strength of new found youth,
Glad in the thought of other days,
We'll climb the coveted hills of truth,
And live again our happiest days.

Deeper will grow our love of faith,
In things we're unable to prove,
In a life that is free from death,
And a power that works by love.

The future is ours with hopes untold,
New fields of labor yet remain,
New beauties in nature we'll behold
If "Onward and Upward" is our aim.

Time will bring some shadows, too,
Cares and pleasures that'll never fade,
Life is a picture, old yet new,
A commingling of light and shade.

But while the thoughts of other times
So bright, so free, we wander o'er,
There comes a thought, in another clime
We'll meet again to part no more.

By and by in a world that's new,
In a life that is all untried,
We'll pluck with pleasure, glad and true,
Flowers eternal on the other side.

Teachers, friends, it is hard to leave
The place we have loved so well,
But the hour has come when we must
breathe
The parting words, farewell, farewell.

ROSA WYATT.

THIS lady has a prose work which she hopes soon to place upon the market. Her poems have appeared from time to time in the periodical press.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

An angel came from Heaven one day,
Down through the realms of space,
He sought a nearer view of earth,
It seemed a lovely place.

When he had reached the home of men
What anguish filled his heart!
He saw 'twas sorrow, guilt and sin
Kept Heaven and earth apart.

Where'er he turned a scene of woe
Fell on his wondering sight,
Of helpless ones as cowering slaves
Crushed 'neath the heel of might.

He saw the world in sorrow steeped,
He knew 'twas caused by sin;
The germs of Satan's vicious seeds
Sown in the hearts of men.

He saw the tempter weave a net,
A wily subtle snare;
And in its meshes saw entrapped
A maiden young and fair.

He saw him place a shimmering screen
Before the face of truth;
And in this filmy flattering guise
Presented it to youth.

At last, with pity, grief and love,
His angel heart o'erflowed;
The story of those wrongs he bore
To the great heart of God.

And that same hour in Heaven was born
A gem of purest light;
The child of virtue joined to Truth,
Its christening name was Right.

The watching angel saw with joy
Its glorious nature mold
The livening rays from out its heart,
Brighter than burnished gold.

Then to the one whose heart was touched,
With grief for sins of men,
Was given the message sweet to bring
Back to the earth again.

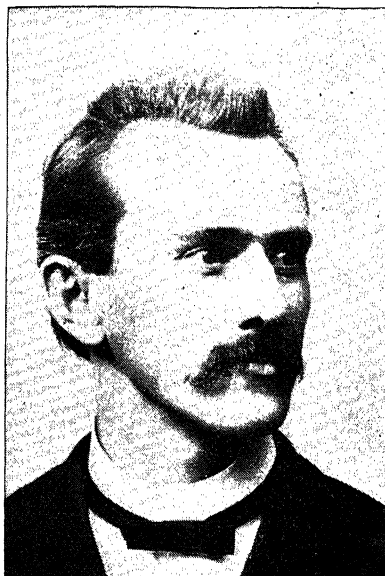
The loving angels gathered 'round —
They knew its priceless worth;
In Heaven all things are Right, they said,
Go bear it to the earth.

Then hold it up and hold it high,
And keep it e'er in sight;
An attribute from God's own heart,
The precious name of Right.

TOM MOORE.

BORN: PIKETON, OHIO, MARCH 1, 1861.

THE father of the subject of this sketch being an attorney and a man of refined and cultivated literary tastes, the son had not only the advantage of a good education, but also the advice and instruction of his gifted father. Mr. Moore, Jr., studied law, and was admitted to the practice of that profession at the age of



TOM MOORE.

twenty-two. He is still a member of the profession, and engaged with his father in active practice. The poems of this rising young barrister have been published from time to time in the local press, and have been favorably commented upon. He was married in 1881 to Mary L. Tripp, and now lives in Jackson, in his native state.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Far off or near, in woody copse or hedge,
The stately sumach's beacon flames
Defiance to the sun.
From fallow land where waves the tufted
sedge,
A myriad-tongued voice proclaims
The autumn days begun.
A dreamy haze enshrouds the landscape wide;
Tall golden-columned hickories gleam
On many a wooded steep.
On wand'ring winds, the wood-elves laughing
ride

Their oak-leaf steeds of russet sheen,
And down the air-tide sweep.

Where ivy tendrils bind yon mossy rail,
I see the pretty chipmunk flee
Trembling to her brood.
I hear the mellow whistle of the quail,
And list'ning Echo wakes for me
Her sylvan solitude.

The air is rich with smell of walnut trees,
And odorous balsam of the field
Its faint aroma shares.
Gay primrose ships sail o'er the pasture seas
And gold dust freight, reluctant yield
To rainbow-winged corsairs.

From distant sloping hillsides brown, I hear
A drowsy tinkling sound of bells,
'Tis silvery, low and sweet.
I see the white flocks sweeping o'er the sere
Expanse,— their plaintive voicing tells
Of rest and calm retreat.

Afar, the golden-rod bends to the breeze,
The aster lifts its modest face,
And Clematis spreads her sail;
I hear the sobbing plaint of forest trees,
Where in each distant woodland place,
The winds of autumn wail.

I feel the spirit of the changing year
Close by my side, his quiet tread
Responsive to my own;
I touch his icy hand, I have no fear,
For me he bears no fateful message dread,
Of autumn days to come.

THOUGHTS.

Who hath touched the stars with his hands,
And lighted their waving fires,
Who hath numbered the ocean sands,
And smote the mountain lyres?
Who planted the pillars of the sky,
And swung the earth in air,
Who limned yon boundless canopy
With colors rich and rare?
What high immortal hand controls
The dreamy cloudland bright,
What vast, stupendous power unrolls
The curtain of the night?

I wandered early yester morn,
Across the barren fields,
And lo! a thousand blades of corn
To-day the dark ground yields.
What potent power hath touched the earth,
With fairy finger light,
And caused the still, mysterious birth,
While I reposed at night?

A gentle mist hangs on the hills,
A thousand kine are lowing,
I hear from many falling rills,
The sound of waters flowing.
I drink the sweet music, but why do they flow

Down to the pathless sea?
 No more can I tell why the fierce winds blow
 Across the grassy lea.

I sit me down on the craggy shore,
 And vainly wring my hands,
 I watch the wan gulls hover and soar
 Above the gleaming sands.

The answer I crave, from the starry deep,
 Comes never — oh, never, to me!
 I question the winds, the visioned sleep,
 And waves of the throbbing sea;
 Silent the winds, silent the waves,
 Voiceless the realms of dream;
 Silent all as the dreary caves,
 By Lethe's rolling stream.

But as I ponder, a flash of light
 Gilds the bars of the golden east,
 As forth from its portals like spirit bright,
 Or flower-crowned maiden for bridal feast,
 The full moon mounts the sky.

And her echoless voice seems to breathe in
 my ear,
 As her radiance sleeps on the sea,
 Let your soul, troubled thinker, be free from
 care,
 For being, and music, and thought shall still
 be;

Their source, the Almighty,— most High,
 Truth rides in the train of the sailing moon,
 She sweeps with the whirling wind,
 She blazes in the torrid noon,
 And he who seeks shall find.

Loud o'er the boom of the sullen wave,
 Her trumpet notes resound,
 And deep in the heart of the gloomy grave,
 Are her guarded secrets found.

MORNING ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon a wooded hill
 'Mid ling'ring shadows dark and chill;
 The wan stars shed a fitful light
 Athwart the rim of circling night,
 When lo! a miracle, the dawn!
 O'er forest, field, and jeweled lawn,
 Aurora smiles; straightway retires
 The dark-robed night, and sylvan choirs
 Awake; their tuneful voices rise
 In rhythmic chorus to the skies.

Ah, never through cathedral aisle,
 Or lofty monumental pile,
 Was heard such music as the while
 In liquid notes,
 Swelled peal on peal, from out those
 wildwood throats.

And see, hard by in hazel bush
 The lithe-limbed squirrel, playful rush
 To gambol in the daisied grass,
 Or, bounding upward through the mass
 Of emerald shade, securely rest
 Within the shadow of his nest.

Ha! there amid the dewy leaves,

Her net, the patient spider weaves,
 While from yon distant mountain tree,
 A turtle moans her monody;
 And from the valleys far and near,
 Is heard the mead-larks chee-ar-cheer.

From glade and thicket, sweet and clear,
 The minstrelsy
 Of joy, tumultuous joy, is borne to me.

Around me high on every hand,
 The giant woodland monarchs stand.
 And now the sunbeams slowly creep
 To kiss the flow'rets as they sleep,
 And I, low kneeling on the sod,
 Lift up my heart to nature's God.

Oh, how I love the sweet wildwood,
 The bursting bloom, the brown quail's
 brood,
 The wren, the thrush, the saucy jay;
 What joy to hear the robin's lay,
 When from the snowy bough of thorn,
 He wakes the echoes of the morn!
 I love the sun-glint on the corn
 In far off fields,
 And feel, for me, these sweets sweet
 Nature yields.

Oh, who would not forsake the town,
 The busy mart, the student's gown,
 For morning on the wooded hills,
 For sylvan pipe and crystal rills,
 For whisp'ring grass and singing birds,
 The vital air, the voiceless words
 Which greet the ardent soul alone,
 As wind-kiss greets the rugged stone?
 Oh, bliss! to bathe in curling mist,
 Or wander freely where we list,
 Enchanted by the mystic spell
 That lingers o'er each silent fell,
 Each pulsing stream and shady dell!
 Then away, away!
 To the wood-nymph's arms in the forest
 gray.

ORPHEUS.

O bard divine!
 Thy ancient shrine,
 'Neath Thracian skies,
 Neglected lies.

No more thy music's soft sad swell
 May echo through the leafy dell,
 Or from cool grotto sounding,
 Charm the wild stag bounding,
 O son of Apollo!

Through broken strings,
 The night wind sings;
 Thy golden shell,
 Whose mystic spell,
 Did charm the wild beasts of the wood,
 And calm the rising of the flood,
 Moans by the falling fountain,
 Alone on the desolate mountain,
 O son of Apollo!

MRS. CLARA F. EASTLAND.

BORN: RUTLAND, VT., JUNE 16, 1835.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in Demorest's Monthly and other papers of equal prominence, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. In person



CLARA F. EASTLAND.

she is very small and frail, with auburn hair and hazel eyes. Mrs. Eastland is now a resident of Muscoda, Wisconsin, where she is well known and highly respected.

OLD SONGS, AND OLD FOLKS.

Come sit in the twilight with me my dear,
And I'll sing the old songs for you;
While curtains of night are drawing around,
And only the stars peeping through.
Bring a lamp? Oh no! For there soon will be
A night-lamp hung up in the sky;
Its soft light will blend with the old refrain,
Of "Lang Syne" and "Sweet By and By."
With the dear old songs comes the sweet perfume,
Ever born on mystical wings;
Of Mignonette, Pink and Sweet Brier Rose,
And groves where the Mourning Dove sings.
The wild apple blooms I gathered in youth,
And twined with the buds in my hair;
And thought, with a smile, a Queen might be glad
To be crowned with a chaplet so fair.

Do fragrance and beauty again take the form
They wore in the gardens below;
Are frost-flowers traced on the window pane,
Their pictures remodeled in snow?

In essence perhaps, they're a counterpart,
Of the beautiful flowers above;
Only sent to us here for a little while,
A token of Infinite Love.

My flowers are faded, but new ones are sweet,
And the old ones ever shall be,—
With old songs and old friends in memory
shrined

As I sing "Do they think of me?"

"Oft in the stilly night" then "Bonnie Doon,"
"Sweet Afton," and "Sweet Home" at last,
I'll sing nothing sad we're all going home,
And moments are flitting by fast.

Come in the twilight and join in the songs,
To you it will be something new;
Old songs, like old folks, are old-fashioned now,
And the songs that they sing are but few.

THE WORLD AS I'D HAVE IT.

Oh! this world is a beautiful world, I know,
And a blessing to all who will have it so;
It is just as I'd have it — only in life,
I would banish all discord, anger, and strife.

'Tis a beautiful world with its lofty hills,
Its valleys green and its rippling rills;
'Tis just as I'd have it if evil would cease,
And weapons of war become emblems of peace.

Oh! this world is a beautiful world to me,
From flowers of earth to the birds on the tree;
It is just as I'd have it — only I'd seek
To disarm the mighty, who injure the weak.

Oh! this world is a beautiful world and good
If "discord is harmony not understood;"
It is as I'd have it — except, if you please,
I'd banish all sorrow, discontent, and disease.

'Tis a beautiful world in spite of our fears,
Our gloomy foreboding, disorder and tears;
'Tis just as I'd have it — only leave out the
wrong,

Helping each to grow better, and all to be
strong.

'Tis a beautiful world and its glory appears
In flowers looking up through spring's gentle
tears,

In summer's full harvest of rich golden
sheaves,
In the bright tinted showers of autumn
leaves.

Oh! this world is a beautiful world to all,
Whose hearts are not deluged with wormwood
and gall;

It is just as I'd have it — only please "Do
As you would have others do unto you."

'Tis a beautiful world in spite of its jars,
Darkness only makes brighter the glimmering
stars;

'Tis just as I'd have it if all were at peace,
If virtue would prosper, and wickedness cease.

The merry stream sparkles in swift dashing
glee,
As she dances along to the restless sea;
Yet she speaks not a word in her wild free
grace,
Of the King she must meet, or the cold em-
brace

Which fetters her freedom and hushes her
voice;
Though silent awhile, with new strength she'll
rejoice,
When life the giving current retouches once
more
This beautiful earth from the hitherward
shore.

The bare earth was robed in net-work of
frost,
'Till spring's busy shuttle on the zephyr was
tossed;
Weaving of sunbeams some joy for each heart
Nature does her work well, it is only our part

Which hangs in the loom, soiled, rugged and
torn,
And wrings forth the cry, I am weary and
worn;"

'Tis just as I'd have it — if I could but feel
We all did our best with our knowledge and
zeal.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

My bark is out on life's dark sea,
The wild-winds murmur and rave;
The Storm-King threatens and revels free,
He whistles and dances in savage glee,
But I'm not alone on the wave.

Many sail on the same rough tide,
Sighing for glory and strife;
To wrong and oppression they're allied;
They sail without anchor, compass or
guide,
And sink in the combat of life.

Some embark in a night of gloom,
But hope with resistless sway
Bears them o'er deserts, beyond the tomb,
Where souls in immortal beauty bloom
In the light of Eternal day.

There is a light that guides me on,
And I will not pause to weep;
With a hopeful heart and cheerful song,
In the Battle of life I will be strong,
For I'm not alone on the deep.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

BORN: HENNIKER, N. H., OCT. 10, 1838.

SHE received her early education in Concord,
N. H., subsequently removing to Brooklyn, N.
Y., where she has since resided. Her volumes
of verse are *Poems*, and *A Russian Journey*.
She has contributed largely to periodicals.

MOSCOW BELLS.

That distant chime! As soft it swells,
What memories o'er me steal!

Again I hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland peal!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver-sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below.

They say that oft at Eastern dawn
When all the world is fair,
God's angels out of heaven are drawn
To list the music there.
And while the rose-clouds with the breeze
Drift onward,—like a dream,
High in the ether's pearly seas
Their radiant faces gleam.

O when some Merlin with his spells
A new delight would bring,
Say: I will hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland ring!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver-sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below!

FORWARD.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful,
drooping eyes,
Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day
that is done!
Climb the eastern mountains and welcome the
rosy skies —
Never yet was the setting so fair as the ris-
ing sun!

Dear is the past; its treasures we hold in our
hearts for aye;
Woe to the hand that would scatter one
wreath of its garnered flowers;
But larger blessing and honor will come with
the waking day —
Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yester-
day's ghostly hours!

Mark how the summers hasten through blos-
soming fields of June
To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of
golden corn;
"Splendors of life I lavish," runs nature's ex-
ultant rune,
"For myriads press to follow, and the rarest
are yet unborn."

GAY WATERS.

BORN: LONDON, ENG., 1856.

THE literary aspirations of Gay Waters, the western poet and lecturer, were first awakened by a boyish habit of rambling among the famous burial places of old English writers. During the past five years he has been chosen poet for Alumni societies, college commencements, decoration days and fourth of July celebrations. His works have the enviable distinction of having received more distinguished consideration from the crowned heads



GAY WATERS.

of Europe than any other western poet. He is of average height, rather slender, and in features somewhat resembles Bartley Campbell, the playwright. In addition to his two published books, *Wicota*, and *Alma*, which appeared in 1887 and 1888, another poetical work *The Love of Pocahontas and Other Poems*, is in preparation for the press. He is 33 years of age, and at this writing, in connection with his poetical work, his name appears on the editorial page of the *St. Louis Critic* as the humorist of that paper, for which periodical he is now supplying from four to six columns of humor weekly.

NEGRO OPTIMISM.

Woodpecker on de oak keeps on a tappin',
Sparrow-hawk flies a swoopin' 'nd drappin',
Yo' darkies don't 'eer 'em whinin'!

Brook still laughs when weathers' sneezin',
'Speets ter sing when things ez a freezin',
Zez de Brook, 'I-se gwine ter still keep
pleasin'

De sun 'll soon be a shinin'!

Yallarhammers clothed in gol'en yallar,
Snappin'-turtle coat looks kin' o' sallar,

Yo' darkies doan' 'eer 'em whinin'!

Field-mouse jumps from his nest a peepin',

Lizard takes all his care out in sleepin',

Black snake keeps on wrigglin' 'nd creepin',

De sun 'll soon be a shinin'!

Lilies sit in de streamlet dreamin',

Silver stars shinin' 'nd streamin',

Yo' darkies doan' 'eer 'em whinin'!

Robins' al'ays th' music bringin',

Cat-bird keeps on screechin' 'nd ringin',

Winter bells ez al'ays a singin',

De sun 'll soon be a shinin'!

Trouble is only part ob our growin',

Ole book zez dat when yo's hoein'

Yo' darkies shouldn't be whinin'!

Lijah wuz fed when he didn't have a dollar,

Prayed so loud de ravens 'eerd 'em holler,

Good Lawd lifted 'im out by de collar,

De sun 'll soon be a shinin'!

THE FALLS OE NIAGARA.

Savage, King and Sages,

Bronzed in winds that roared in music from

the Gates of Long Ago,

Gates of Long Ago,

Harkened to thy beck and calling!

At thy wave in thunder falling!

As the dews of Ancient Morning mingled with
thy mighty flow!

Mighty waters leaping

With a roar that breaks in foaming on the
ashes of a world!

Ashes of a world!

Sun, as maiden throwing

Passion red and glowing

On thy foam of wrath and glory where thy
majesty is hurled!

Hoarse majestic teacher,

Of the nations of the ages, as thy whilom wis-
dom pours,

Whilom wisdom pours;

Fame in shrieking hunger,

War in sanguine thunder,

Hath no voice to warn the ages like thy mil-
lioned-passioned roar!

Thy foamy breakers

Swirl on the moaning shores with deepening
cry

With deepening cry.

Clamorous and plashing,

Thundering and crashing,

As loom the singing worlds in pallid sky!

On booming ever!

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

BORN: OGDEN, N. Y., SEPT. 13, 1827.

At fourteen years of age, while at the plow, he began to make verses, and in the evening wrote them, down; two years later The Tomb of Napoleon appeared in the Rochester Republican. Farm work becoming distasteful to the rising young author, he entered a classical school at Lockport, where he began the study of Greek, and improved his French and Latin. After a while he returned to farming, and later became a schoolmaster. However, his heart being set on literature, at nineteen years of age he went to New York, where he supported himself by his pen. Mr. Trowbridge's work has been divided between verse and pure fiction.

PEWEE.

For so I found my forest bird,—
The pewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in these solitudes,
Which never robin's whistle stirred,
Where never bluebird's plume intrudes.
Quick darting through the dewy morn,
The redstart trilled his twittering horn,
And vanished in thick boughs: at even,
Like liquid pearls fresh showering from heaven
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Fall on the forest's holy hush:
But thou all day complainest here,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! perr!"

EXTRACTS.

AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

When to my haughty spirit I rehearse
My verse,
Faulty enough it seems; yet sometimes when
I measure it by that of other men,
Why, then —
I see how easily it might be worse.

WOMAN.

Women can do with us what they will:
'Twas only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

PATIENCE.

Learn patience from the lesson!
Though the night be drear and long,
To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,
A right to every wrong.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She loosed the rivets of the slave;
She likewise lifted woman,
And proved her right to share with man
All labors pure and human.

Women, they say, must yield, obey,
Rear children, dance cotillions:
While this one wrote, she cast the vote
Of unenfranchised millions!

TRUTH.

When all is lost, one refuge yet remains,
One sacred solace, after all our pains:
Go lay thy head and weep thy tears, O youth!
Upon the dear maternal breast of Truth.

CULTURE.

And men are polished, through act and speech,
Each by each,
As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach.

TRUTH.

Men call him crazed whose eyes are raised
To look beyond his times;
And they are learned, who too fast
Are anchored in the changeless past,
To seek Truth's newer climes!
Yet act thy part, heroic heart!
For only by the strong
Are great and noble deeds achieved;—
No truth was ever yet believed
That had not struggled long.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, IN 1838.

MARRIED early in life to William Dodge, a lawyer of high standing, she was soon left a widow with two sons. She wove her fireside stories, told to her boys, into the tales which have made her famous, and has been the editor of St. Nicholas from its first number. Much of her poetry has been gathered into two volumes: Rhymes and Jingles, for children; and Along the Way, for adult readers. Her prose works are much more voluminous.

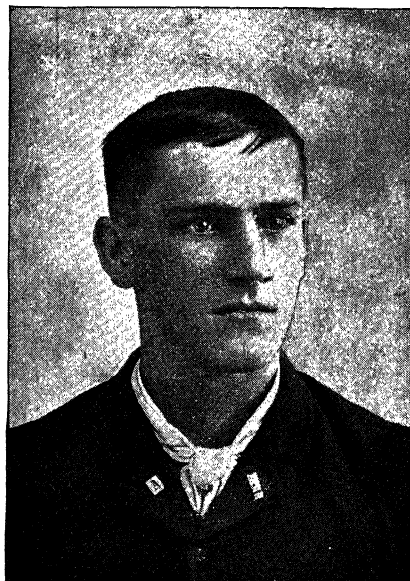
INVERTED.

Youth has its griefs, its disappointments keen,
Its baffled longings and its memories;
Its anguish in a joy that once hath been;
Its languid settling in a sinful ease.
And age has pleasures, rosy, fresh and warm,
And glad beguilements and expectancies;
Its heart of boldness for a threatened storm;
Its eager launching upon sunny seas.
Youth has its losses, sad and desolate;
Its wreck of precious freight where all was
sent;
Its blight of trust, its helpless heart of fate,
Its dreary knowledge of illusion spent.
For life is but a day; and, dawn or eve,
The shadows must be long when suns are low.
Old age may be surprised and loth to leave,
And youth may weary wait and long to go.

ALBERT BRACHT.

BORN IN MEXICO, OCT. 3, 1866.

THE poems of Mr. Bracht have appeared in the Rockport Transcript, and the periodical



ALBERT BRACHT.

press generally. He is a printer by trade, and is now in business at Rockport, Texas, where he is well known and highly respected.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

A happy jovial fishing party,
Went out their luck as fishermen to try,
When on the pier, long did they tarry
For a whale to catch they could not carry.
The whale — as with fear — did not appear,
Nor could the fish be charmed with music sweet,
And as they were not hungry, no bait would they eat,
But at last a cat-fish was hauled out on the pier.
Never heeding or minding the ill luck,
On this beautiful night over the waters dreary,
Excepting that one of the party, with a cat-fish fin, was stuck,
The lonely and only one treasured so dearly.
And with the ill luck home they went,
The party of fishermen and fisher girls seven
With lines all broke, and hooks all bent,
But all happy as angels in Heaven.

"Home, Sweet Home" the dearest place,
In the parlor they came to a halt,
And as Miss — to the piano paced
The walls resounded with music sweet.

GOSSIP.

Gossip, gossip the livelong day,
There is never an end to the lies you say,
From morning till night, 'tis every day,
In spite and deceit must have your way.
Gossip, gossips you know very well
That the people will listen to all you tell,
No matter who, and where they dwell,
In Heaven, on earth or in hell.
Gossip, gossips the day will come,
When nothing whatever will be left undone,
Your hard-earned share you'll surely get,
Never you mind you're somebody's pet.
Gossip, gossips an advice I give,
If you, a life long happiness want to live,
Listen to all, but never carry nor take,
Or else some day you'll make a mistake.

KIND FRIENDS.

A merry, merry Christmas,
To one and all of you
In this little city on the coast of Texas.
Happily spend the day, and kindness strew
On the poor and needy true,
To gladden their hearts on Xmas.
This night, a chance you'll see,
Whereby your kind nature can show;
A Christmas-ship there will be
At the Methodist church you know;
Those who a present from you will get
Will never forget, no matter how old they may grow.

Sweet music also there, will be
Orations, speeches, large and small;
Come all you good people it is free
And see the ship in holy hall.
She will arrive from the roaring sea
This eve, so say consignees and all.

CHARMING CREATURES.

Darling, charming little creatures,
In mischief are they smiling,
Which is seen in their "cute" features,
And their life with joy shining.
Their mischief is tremendous,
And the boys get fooled you bet
With their sweet stories enormous,
When they believe and do not forget.
Their smiles of mischief captures you,
When first you see without delay,
Like spiders, flies in cobwebs catch,
And with crippled wings you fly away.

WILLIAM J. DAVENPORT.

BORN IN 1834.

IN 1879 Mr. Davenport published a small volume of poems. He has been afflicted for many years with nervous depression of the brain, owing to injury of the spine. He has had a good education, and takes great interest in literature. Mr. Davenport hopes to publish a complete volume of his poems in the near future. He now resides in Bethany, in the state of Louisiana.

I AROSE.

I arose in my night-clothes, looked out on the night, [eye;
When there came unbidden, a tear to mine
Oh! what a sad world, in what a pitiful plight!
When the night-winds gave me a sigh for a sigh.

And does my love ride on the misty cold air?
With the warmth of an angel clothed is she?
Was that her that sighed, so sorrowful there?
And the night-winds gave me a sigh for a sigh,
I loved my love, as she whispering told me,
All yet will be well, in the land o'er the sea.
Ah! when will that rest, in its beauty enfold
me? [sigh.
When the night-winds gave me a sigh for a

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

The snow spirit whispered as he passed,
By the poppies that in the sunlight basked,
To an unco' spirit covered and masked,
You may ride your shining coal-black steed;
Though you spur and spur, spur and speed;
You cannot come, it can never be,
With the snow spirit over land and sea.
He alight where the red rose loveth shines,
Amid daffodils and jessamines,
Sweet-scented pinks and trellis vines:
This when spring nor summer was not;
You can never find that very spot;
You cannot come, it can never be,
With the snow spirit over land and sea.
The snow spirit tracked in the mountain height,
Where the angels did sometimes alight,
From missions of love in their starry flight;
Out of the snow they brought fire and wood,
Honey and cream, and sweet manna food:
You cannot come, it can never be,
With the snow spirit over land and sea.
You may leap the crag, the wild torrent;
Ride the air, till your force is spent,
With your red-beaded plume still unbent;
You may push and push your coal-black steed,
Till he shivers and quivers like any reed;
You cannot come, it can never be,
With the snow spirit over land and sea.

My garment is made of the rainbow gleams,
Of the ocean mist when morning beams,
Like a blood-red banner with golden seams;
It sparkles and shines the livelong day;
And as pretty at night with a milder ray:
You cannot come, it can never be,
With the snow spirit over land and sea.

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

O land of the south, what sweet, soul-stirring
visions
Arise at the call of love and of feeling;
Though mournful the strain of time's painful
incisions,
Sleep has its waking, and time has its healing.
O visions of rapture that in fancy are glowing,
Though time's cruel waves oft have covered
us quite;
We would come forth with birds when the
flowers are blowing,
And sing all elate in the new morning light.
We mourn not for glory that now is departed;
Of bright smiles and sweet faces laid in the
grave:
Though oft we've wandered almost broken
hearted;
When their spirits above us their laurels do
wave.
Thy land to my heart is wrapped in glory;
Thy fields, meads and flowers and smooth
rolling streams
With sweetest emotions are enameled in story
That break o'er the heart like life's young
morning dreams.
When time shall have failed us, and life is de-
parting,
A soft vision of thee would steal o'er my
frame;
My heart's last sigh, the last of its harping,
Would be that God's blessing on thee would
remain.

I WOULD I WERE.

I would I were a careless child
Unknown to wretched fame,
To roam along the woodland wild
In mind and heart the same.
To climb upon the rocky steep
And watch the dawning day,
To see the shadows softly creep
Along their sun-bright way.
The glow of life to burst upon
My cheerful happy heart,
The happy days should swift roll on
And never should depart.
Unless it were, O! happy thought,
Only in heaven to dwell,
Where love with bliss supreme is fraught
And hath no parting knell.

WILL CARLETON.

BORN: HUDSON, MICHIGAN, 1845.

WILL CARLETON is a master-hand in sounding the human heart-strings, and no one among the younger American poets is better known or more universally admired. It is a singular fact that the western poets seem always to strike a new vein of thought or feeling.

Brought up as farm boys usually are, his



WILL CARLETON.

desire for knowledge led him to walk five miles to the district school. In 1865 he entered college, graduating four years later. He then joined the editorial staff of a Chicago paper, and later became editor of the Detroit Weekly Tribune. In 1868 Will Carleton wrote his first poem, and three years later appeared his master work, *Betsey and I Are Out*. Then followed *Farm Ballads*, *Farm Legends*, *Farm Festivals*, etc., all of which are handsomely illustrated.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away:
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.

Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Crown in your heart those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

Underneath an apple-tree
Sat a maiden and her lover;
And the thoughts within her he
Yearned, in silence, to discover,
Round them danced the sunbeams bright,
Green the grass-lawn stretched before him;
While the apple blossoms white
Hung in rich profusion o'er them.

Naught within her eyes he read
That would tell her mind unto him;
Though their light, he after said,
Quivered swiftly through and through him;
Till at last his heart burst free
From the prayer with which 't was laden,
And he said, "When wilt thou be
Mine for evermore, fair maiden?"

"When," said she, "the breeze of May
With white flakes our heads shall cover,
I will be thy brideling gay—
Thou shalt be my husband-lover"
"How," said he, in sorrow bowed,
"Can I hope such hopeful weather?
Breeze of May and Winter's cloud
Do not often fly together."

Quickly as the words he said,
From the west a wind came sighing,
And on each uncovered head
Sent the apple-blossoms flying;
"Flakes of white!" thou'rt mine," said he,
"Sooner than thy wish or knowing!"
"Nay, I heard the breeze," quoth she,
"When in yonder forest blowing."

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em
good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey
and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man
and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our
nat'ral life.
"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's
hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by
very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever
can.
So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has
talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't
never agree:
Not that we've caught each other in any terri-
ble crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little
at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for
a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us
two apart:
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh
and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper
of her own.

* * * * *
And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey
has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't
never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is
mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it into the agreement, and take it
to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first
paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall
have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a
weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey
has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can
thrive and roam:
But women are skeery critters, unless they
have a home;
And I have always determined, and never fail-
ed to say,

That Betsey never should want a home if I
was taken away.
There is a little hard money that's drawin'
tol'able pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy
day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get
at;

Put in another clause there, and give her half
of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so
much;

Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock
in such!

True and fair I married her, when she was
blithe and young;

And Betsey was a'ays good to me, exceptin'
with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so
smart, perhaps,

For me she muzzled a lawyer, and several
other chaps;

And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken
down,

And I for a time was counted the luckiest man
in town.

Once when I had the fever—I won't forget it
soon—

I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a
loon;

Never an hour went by me when she was out
of sight—

She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to
me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitch-
en clean,

Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever
seen;

And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her
acts,

Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each
other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home
to-night,

And read the agreement to her, and see if it's
all right;

And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin'
man I know,

And kiss the child that was left to us, and out
in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to
me didn't occur:

That when I am dead at last she'll bring me
back to her:

And lay me under the maples I planted years
ago,

When she and I was happy before we quarreled
so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be
laid by me,

And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will
agree;

And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't
think it queer

If we loved each other the better because we
quarreled here.

The foregoing poem was soon followed by How
Betsey and I Made Up, from which is given
below an extract of two verses:

And after she'd read a little she give my arm
a touch,

And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her
too much;

But when she was through she went for me,
her face a-streaming with tears,

And kissed me for the first time in over twenty
years!

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't
come to inquire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it
in the fire;

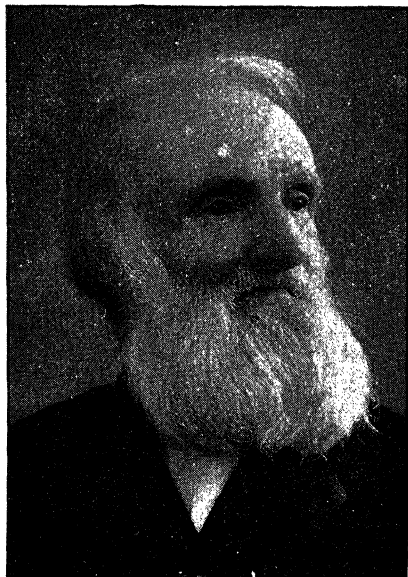
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside
of the cow;

And we struck an agreement never to have
another row.

WILLIAM CUNDILL.

BORN IN ENGLAND, JULY, 1816.

MR. CUNDILL, with his wife, emigrated to Clinton county, Iowa, in 1850, which at that time was considered the far west, and sparsely settled—in fact quite a wilderness. The poems of this gentleman have appeared from



WILLIAM CUNDILL.

time to time in the periodical press, and have been extensively copied and favorably commented upon. The city of Maquoketa has been the residence of Mr. Cundill since the year 1855.

BURT'S CAVE.

NEAR MAQUOKETA, IOWA.

Ages have roll'd the endless wheel of time,
Since first was heard the zephyr's whispering
chime

Among those rocks;
Nature has fashion'd in her rudest form,
In all the wildness of her wildest charm,
Those moss-grown blocks.

Some huge upheaval in long years gone by,
When this great world was in its infancy,

Ere order reign'd;
Those rocks, this arch, the chasm and the
stream,

While Nature yet was a chaotic dream,
All were design'd.

Seasons since then have pass'd and left their
trace

Of winter's frost and summer's verdant face,
By this lone grot;
And form'd a fit recluse for timid deer,
In quietude to drink those waters clear,
In this rude spot.

Save when the red man came with gun or bow,
Searching with stealthy tread both high and
low,

Those haunts to find;
Then with undaunted step from rock to rock,
The cunning footsteps of their foe they mock,
And leave behind.

Or when the trapper in this far-off west,
In whom no social harmony could rest—
Silent, alone—

Would wander 'mong those forest trees to
seek
Shelter from summer's sun or winter's bleak,
In moody tone.

Here could he rest in lonely quietude,
With naught to break the solemn solitude
By nature made;

Nor think of far-off homes, but set his snare,
To trap the otter, coon, or elk, or deer
That here had stray'd.

Such are the pictures that my thoughts im-
press,

While gazing on the charms of this recess,
So weird, serene;

While high above, amid the topmost trees,
The gentle sighing of the spring-time breeze
Add to the scene.

BURT'S CAVE REVISITED.

Changes have come across the march of time
Since first was heard the zephyr's whispering
chime

In this lone spot;
For now in joyful mirth and merry tune,
Along the flowery month of sunny June,

The sward we dot
With festive sport and spread the picnic fare,
In ringing shouts and laughter fill the air
With joy and glee, [rest,
The aged 'neath the shade trees take their
The young with dance and music do their best,
So merrily;

While quietly the lovers' footsteps stray
Where rill and rock mark out with devious way
Fresh scenes to find.

The zephyr's whispers blending with a charm
Of shady nooks love's untuned notes to roam
With accents kind. [roam,

Thus since the red man o'er this spot would
Or the lone trapper made his sheltering home
From wind or rain,

The march of modern wealth and beauty flings
A halo o'er the scenes, and nature brings
A majesty serene.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country spreads from east to west,
 A grand three thousand miles;
 Her wide-spread land is happ'ly blest
 With verdure's pleasant smiles.
 The laws throughout her wide domain
 Are made so just and wise,
 The poor can live in rich content
 And share industry's prize.
 Her wood-crowned hills, her prairies green,
 The springs and rivers great,
 Tell all who have our country seen
 How great can be her might.
 Her mineral wealth and rich deep soil,
 Her grains and fruits in store,
 Reward the poor for all their toil,
 And still there's room for more.
 Our country's laws do well provide
 For all who want a home,
 And all who on her lands reside
 Need never have to roam.
 And those who wish for liberty
 As freemen join our band,
 We all invite across the sea,
 To this, our wide-spread land.

BE A MONEY MAN.

There's some adore the goddess love,
 And some the god of wine,
 Some high sounding names approve,
 'Midst martial glory shine;
 But all agree with one acclaim,
 Whichever way you scan,
 The highest pinnacle of fame
 Is — be a money man.
 No matter if you're plebian stock —
 Big headed or pug nose —
 Thousands at your door will flock,
 Kid gloves and silken hose;
 They heed not if you're imbecile,
 And little tricks have done,
 They'll greet you with their sweetest smiles
 If you're a money man.
 So I advise you all to try —
 Remember this and me,
 No matter how you money buy,
 Nor heed not who you be;
 For all agree with one acclaim,
 How great or small your plan,
 The highest pinnacle of fame
 Is — be a money man.

SUNSET HOURS.

An old man sighed o'er moments gone,
 And wishing for one hour of joy —
 While thinking over pleasures flown,
 Would like to be again a boy,
 Sighing for childhood scenes to come,
 And strew his thorny path with flowers —
 He wished through youthful hours to roam,

And woo again in maiden bowers;
 And yet he wished to be a man,
 With husband's love and father's joy;
 Forgetting life's mysterious plan,
 Could youth and age the hours employ?
 And thus he sung his plaintive tune:
 "One youthful hour again I pray —
 Turn back the wheel and let the sun
 Give for one hour life's morning ray.
 Oh guardian angel fill the cup,
 Youth's blissful nectar let me quaff,
 And as with aged lips I sup,
 In flaxen boyhood let me laugh."
 Could youth and age for once agree,
 We, too, would wish in maiden's bower,
 To live in sinless ecstasy
 Of youthful love, one sunny hour;
 We, too, would live life's youthful hour,
 And see the rays of morning beam —
 And as the clouds of sunset lower,
 Would like to feel it all a dream.
 But youthful hours will pass away,
 And life is a reality.
 And when we lose life's morning ray,
 Our manhood hours, our life should be.
 So, dear old man, sing not your lay,
 Nor wish to be again a boy;
 But think the sun's last setting ray
 Can bring your heart its greatest joy.

WOODED AND WON.

He said to win me was his pride.
 I thought his love would ever be,
 While pledging him his lawful bride,
 A paradise on earth to me.
 Will Carleton says, "'Tis often best
 If you would know of heaven well,
 To give your heavenly love a zest,
 To live a little while in hell."
 Well, be it so! If such is true,
 I hope of heaven to have my share;
 But 'twill no pleasure be to know
 That men like mine will visit there.
 The "wee sma' hours" of night pass on
 Before he comes to home and me.
 His breath I try my best to shun;
 His wine-song look I loathe to see.
 My mother, in my girlhood, taught
 That marriage vows are pledged in
 heaven;
 And from on high the bonds are brought,
 Each other's love on earth to leaven.
 'Twas thus I gave myself as wife,
 And thus I thought he came to me.
 I gave my vows on earth through life,
 And onward through eternity.
 My husband gave his vows like mine,
 And breaks them to our God and me.
 And if in other realms I shine,
 I never hope his face to see.

TRESSIE E. MOSETTE.

BORN: MORRISON CO., MINN., JAN. 7, 1870.

COMMENCING to write at a very early age, the poems of Tressie have always been gladly received by the county papers. Memories of



TRESSIE E. MOSETTE.

Monterey was written on returning home after a winter's visit at that famous resort. Grand Forks I Love Thee Best was written when she was but eleven years of age.

MEMORIES OF MONTEREY, CAL.

While skies above all azure blue
Looked down on flowers bedecked with dew,
'Neath classic shades and sylvan bowers,
I wandered on through happy hours;
Beneath, on grassy turf I tread,
The graceful pines towered overhead,
While on my right broad hills arrayed—
Some in sunshine and some in shade,
And on my left below, cliff and sands
With foaming waves and tumult grand
The Pacific beat on its rock-bound coast
With many a ceaseless surge and boast;
The tide ebbing in from sea to bay
As it will till the old world wears away;
My path curves 'round the base of a hill,
Sloping e'en to the sea by nature's will,
And half way up in dark decay,
The Mexican fort in ruins lay.
Then further still on the summit's crown,

With whitewash'd walls and barracks brown,
The brave old forts of Fremont stand,
Frowning o'er harbor, foe and land,—
One dark mouth'd cannon covering still,
On the foemen's fort just down the hill,
Traces of days when brave men came
From o'er the Rockies and o'er the plain,
And bought through the trials of travel and
toil

In weary marching and war's turmoil,
And presented a title which long will stand
Allying this coast to our native land.
And now when the days of strife are past,
And peace reigns over our land at last;
There are grassy graves where the old fort
towers,

Where the foeman and stranger scatter
flowers,
And hand clasps hand where those brave ones
fell,

And the zephyrs whisper "All is well."
But as I emerge from the shades of the hill
Where those warriors brave lie so silent and
still,

A vision of beauty and life meets my glance;
'Tis a sunlighted vale on whose grassy expanse
The turrets and cots of abode still lay
In this quaintest of cities, famed Monterey.

As a vision of grandeur and power from the
past,
The gems of the ancient with modern are
cast.

The remains of broad homes built by sons
of fair Spain,—
Their proud walls the victims of weather and
rain,

The green moss still mantling their roofs
and decay
Fed by sea fog each morn all these years pass-
ed away,

And then grim and snow-capped guarding
the town
The Gabilan mountains majestically frown,
Surrounding this vale even down to the bay;
From their base to their summits tall pine
trees arrayed,
Shaking down their dry burrs as in scorn to
provoke
Their less fortunate brothers, gnarled and
bearded live-oaks.

To the left of the town at the foot of the hills
Rears a zenith of architectural skill,
Contrasting so strange with the quaint an-
cient town,
Is the hotel Del Monte, a resort of renown.

The goal of each tourist who far, far away,
Dreams of heavens of sunlight in fair Mon-
terey;

But e'en as I ponder, I see 'neath my feet,
As I walk o'er the foot-bridge which leads to
a street,

Bright mosses and shells from their ocean
bed torn,
And cast in this gulch which the high tide
has worn.

On a bank of the gulch just a step to my
right,
I see a plain cross standing lonely and white,
"June 3rd, 1770," painted I see
On its gaunt, stretching arms I know it to be,
That here Missionary Serra then came
And planted the cross and the standard of
Spain.

And now o'er my head as I walk up the
street
The blue gums are shedding aroma so sweet;
Commingle their scents with the blossoms
so rare

Of the rose and the fig tree, the almond and
pear,

While that rich southern beauty "flora fon-
da" so white

Nods her head to her brother, the pepper tree
bright,

While from one cottage roof with green moss
for a bed,

Hang three double roses, a pink, white and red,
And there 'round a house that has gone to
decay,

In a hedge row of callas in blooming array.

Then I walk past the wharf where scores of
small boats,

Tied strong by the fishermen, now idly float,
While far out on the bay the white sails of a
bark

And a Chinaman's fishing junk, clumsy and
dark;

To my right the old custom house left to its
fate,

Near a battered affair, first brick house in the
state.

Gem of antiquity, how dare my frail powers,
Attempt to describe thy sweet zephyrs and
flowers?

How can I portray the clear songs of thy
birds,

The grace of thy dark southern children in
words?

The first capitol building where wise men
once sate,

Dealt justice, passed sentence and framed
laws of state.

The strong iron bars of the grim jail of
stone, alone,

The spot where the convent stood wall'd in
And the crumbling walls of the old quartel,

Where the Mexican officers used to dwell,
With their swords and their armor in wait
for the fray,

And prayed for by maidens of Monterey.

Then beyond the town and a century old,
Its adobe walls in a cypress fold,

The San Carlos mission from evergreen
bower
Chimes forth from its turret the noontide
hour.

To the mariners far o'er the billows and
brine,

To the quiet townspeople sounds the chime;
It reaches the ears of society's throng,
Who at Del Monte Park idly wander along
Lagunita del Suenos, peaceful and calm,
Catches the echoes and wafts them along;
Out through the woodland and far, far away,
Methinks I can hear them in fair Monterey.

GRAND FORKS, I LOVE THEE BEST.

There's a town on the banks of Red River,
Far, far out in the west,
And of all the towns I know
I like Grand Forks the best.

There in summer the steamboats pass
On the river as smooth as glass;
As the cars come whistling in
And still go further west.

I came to this town in its infancy,
About three years ago,
And few thought at that time
This town would so rapidly grow;
And now where stands our depot neat
Was then a waving field of wheat.

Then for miles and miles around
Scarcely a farm house could be found,
But now go as far as you will
You will find farm houses still.
Of all the towns in the northwest
Dear Grand Forks, I love thee best.

The Black Hills may boast of its gold so
bright,

Fisher's Landing may boast of its flour so
white,

Turtle River may boast of its fertile ground;
But the equal of Grand Forks can't be
found.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

A long farewell, my friend,
We must utter the word at last;
For a few short hours our pathways blend
Moments that cannot last.

A few short hours in a lifetime,
They'll be only memories now,—
Only a stanza in life's rhyme
Neath whose sorrows or joys we bow.

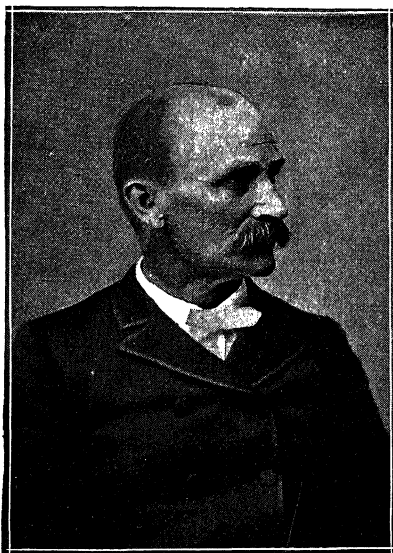
Only a mystic line or two
On the record of our fates;
A shadow of moonlight comes to view
O'er the ice where we used to skate.

A happy whirl in the mazy dance,
A fragment of music low, [glance
Will come to our minds in each backward
At the happy long ago.

JOHN B. KETCHUM.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, JULY 11, 1837.

IN the year of his birth John removed with his parents to Cayuga county, N. Y., where the first twelve years of his early life were passed, when the family again returned to New York City. In 1856-57 he worked as a reporter and writer on the staff of the New Yorker and New York Leader, and had the friendship of many literary young men of that day. In 1860 he proposed to read law, and was offered the freedom of the office of the late Hon. Wm. Noyes, but the outbreak of the war in 1861 aroused his latent patriotism and interrupted



JOHN B. KETCHUM.

his studies; and he became associated with various movements for the temporal welfare and religious benefit of union soldiers — serving, at the close of the war, with the late Vincent Colyer upon the staff of Governor R. E. Fenton in the reception and care of returning N. Y. state troops. In 1866 he aided in the formation of a new organization for the moral, religious and temporal welfare of the troops composing the regular army of the U. S., and it is in connection with this patriotic work that he is best known to his countrymen — having been corresponding secretary of the society for nearly a quarter of a century. Mr. Ketchum was married in 1858 to Miss Rachelle A. Terhune of New York. In 1879 he moved to the township of Ramapo, in his native state,

where he led a kind of pastoral life for nearly nine years; but in 1888 he became a resident of Brooklyn. The poetry of Mr. Ketchum is very tender and melodious, and will always be cherished by every lover of the true poet.

THE LAST GUEST.

Alone! — and have all gone from hence?
Those forms that gaily paced
These silent floors, these spacious halls,
But now so richly graced!
Gone! ah, my sad and lonely heart,
'Tis thine, at last, to know
That even here the steps of joy
Are tracked by those of woe.

Alone! no more I meet them now,
Where'er I turn my gaze —
Gone are the greetings and the smiles
That blest the earlier days!
Alone, low, sadly on my ear
Falls autumn's wailing song!
While 'round my steps the faded leaves
Of summer sadly throng.

Adieu, ye transient, fading forms,
We may not meet again;
Joy go with you, while memory haunts
My heart with tender pain!
Regret nor tears can aught avail
These dear scenes to renew,
To which my lonely, lingering heart
Must also breathe adieu!

OLD WOODEN CHURCH IN THE GROVE.

A song for the old wooden church in the grove,

And that hour of hallowed repose,
When the Spirit comes down within the old walls,

In the hush of the Sabbath-day's close;
When the sun sinks low in the far distant west
And the shadows of night are falling,
As the calm of the even steals over all,
And the bell is lovingly calling.

In fancy I sit in the pew by the wall,
And my spirit is pensive and grieves; —
And I hear the low prayers that trembled and rose

As the summer-wind sang thro' the eaves: —
I hear the same voices that chanted in tune
In the days of the long, long ago,
Yet singing those hymns as the eve closes in,
And the music comes sweetly and low.

Though absent and distant an exile I roam,
I will think of those hours and the time,
And memory keep green the little, old church,
And preserve it in story and rhyme: —
Let them bury me where the tones of the bell,
There my spirit forever will move, [praise,
Where the voice of worshiper riseth in
From the old wooden church in the grove.

A SERENADE.

Sleep, lady, sleep! it is the hour of rest;
The sun sinks deep a-down the distant west;
The night-winds rock the wild-bird's freighted
nest,—

Good-night, Good-night!

Sleep, lady, sleep! naught break thy soft re-
pose!

The whip-o-will proclaims the evening's close;
And nature over all her hush-hush throws,—
Good-night, Good-night!

Sleep, lady, sleep! thy love and sentinel
Will vigil keep;—and soothe thy slumber well
With mystic music from Apollo's shell,—
Good-night, Good-night!

SUNSET.

Softly underneath Hesperian curtains
Crimson-hued, with gold and purple fring'd,
Fades away the cloud of pleasant sunshine,
Leaving all the fair west ruby-tinged.

Sweetly from its white tent of June blossoms,
Shaking out their fragrance in the air,—
Swells the eve-hymn of the joyous wild-bird,
Chasing from the burdened heart its care.

Slowly in the silver-tinted heavens
Wakes the first star, faint with dazzling
light;

Growing stronger in the thick'ning shadows,
Settling fast before the closing night

Majestic— with sudden shimmer,
Comes the white moon out the Orient sea;
Scatt'ring blessings from the distant region —
Light and promise and full liberty.

When the sunlight of my life is sinking
O'er the Hesper hill of twilight time,—
May God's angel ever then be near me,
Leading where there is no sunset clime.

FOREVER THINE.

Forever thine, though hills and seas divide—
Though storms combine;

Though stars withdraw, or deserts part us
wide—
Forever thine.

Forever thine! In all the waste of years,
Love's Mecca-shrine!

When friends forsake—through sorrows, cares
and tears,
Still ever thine.

Forever thine! 'mid swell of worldly joys—
In pledge of wine!

Thou angel voice above earth's whir and
noise—
Thine, fondly thine.

Forever thine! unto high Heaven's control,
Thyself resign;

Point the worn spirit to its matchless goal—
Predestined thine.

WHERE?—IMPROMPTU.

How have these well-known scenes renewed
The thoughts and hopes of earlier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed
With fairest flowers?

Then life was young, and thou wert fair;
Now flowers are faded—joys are fled—
And youth and love are with the dead,—
And thou art—where?

THE SPELL OF SONG.

Sing on, sweet maid, thy witching strain, for
it hath joys for me;
And I would hear thy rich-toned voice utter
its melody;

Bringing to mind my boyhood's hours, when
in the woods we stray'd,
And life's pathway was strewn with flowers,
ere fate our hopes betray'd.

No power, or wealth, can ever buy a simple
strain like thine,

Yet both would I most willing give, if by-
gone days were mine;

And list'ning to that simple song, I feel my
bosom swell,

The warm blood leap within my veins, be-
neath the potent spell.

There's wondrous power in that sweet strain,
tho' simple is its art,
For it is tuned to reach the chords that vibrate
in the heart;

Its magic bursts the bright sun forth, illum-
ining my track,

And on the dial of my soul the shadow has
gone back.

OH, TAKE THE LUTE.

Oh, take the lute away,—no more I'll sing;—
The minstrel here must breathe his last
farewell!

Like winter's bird o'ertaken by the spring,
My lyre is silenced by a mystic spell.
These old, old songs that I have sung to-night,
In other days awoke the purest joy;
But time can give to fondest hope a blight,
And fill all raptures with a base alloy.

Youth's laurel-wreath lies sprinkled o'er with
dust;

Corroding cares have done the work of
years;

Vainly I watch with tender, ling'ring trust,—
No promise of lost youth or hope appears.

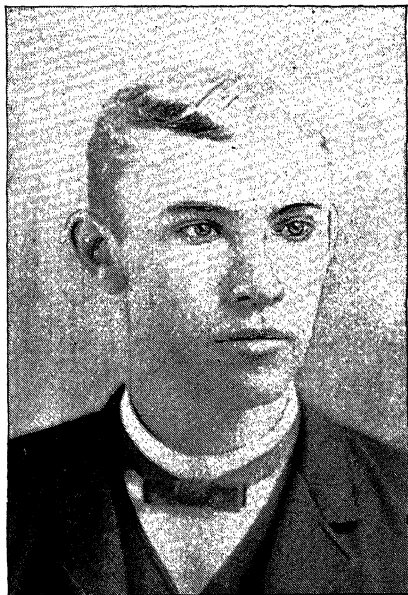
Fond memories of long vanish'd years return;
And visions sweet come to the failing sight:—
No more with song this bosom proud shall
burn,—

The fragile lute's unstrung for aye to-night.

JACOB C. JOHNSON.

BORN: PAMLICO CO., N. C., FEB. 20, 1865.

JACOB graduated in 1887 at the university of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, since which time he has been engaged in teaching and do-



JACOB C. JOHNSON.

ing newspaper work. Mr. Johnson's poems have appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer, and other local papers.

GROWTH.

A germ — a bud — a leaflet then,
A little flower and next a seed —
Then all as if it had not been
Save but a worthless weed.
But no, there will in some place be
A soil wherein the seed may grow,
And others will on some day see
A beauteous flower blow.

A shape, a vague intelligence,
A youth, a man, a mind, a bloom
Of human love, a higher sense —
And then the lifeless tomb.
But no, I wist a germ is there
Which, kissed by heavenly light,
Will be revived, and fair
Will bloom in beauty bright.

QUESTIONINGS.

If I should die to-night, my love,
If I should close my eyes,
If I should softly fold my hand

And in a few faint sighs
Breathe out my breath;
Would any one be sad, my love,
Would any tears be shed?
Would any friends come reverently
About my quiet bed
And weep at death?

I fear me very few would come,
I fear me very few,
But then I know that those, my love,
Are the truest of earth's true
And love me well.

Among them too a face would be
Half-marred by sorrow's stain,
And yet so beautiful and pure
It makes description vain—
Too sweet too tell.

And gazing on that one loved face
Would cozen death's dread sting,
And grasping that soft kindly hand
Would nearer heaven bring
My erring soul.

And those true eyes beaming on my own
With the haze of death all dim,
While on their crystal tides I see
Celestial blessings swim,
And joys unroll.

THAT LASS OF MINE.

My love she is a cunning lass —
She's past all comprehension;
Her wit it does my own surpass
By infinite extension.

To me she vows her kisses mine,
I never will dispute it;
If 'tis a fault I am too kind —
To her dear heart impute it.

But then they say that others too
Receive the same sweet favor,
And breezes which do lightly blow,
Bear much that cutting savor.

And so one day I made so bold
To ask about that rumor:
She flashed upon me her dark eyes
In sweet, coquettish humor.

"Oh, well," she said, "suppose I do—
You still have kisses plenty,
For every one I give to them
I save you one and twenty."

My love is such a cunning lass—
She always does out-do me,
For then the kisses that she owed
She promptly gave them to me.

Did I forgive? How could I else
When eyes so tender pleaded,
And lips gave kisses which by far
All other sweets exceeded?

MRS. MARY C. WOODWARD.

BORN: JERSEY SHORE, PA., JULY 3, 1833.

THIS lady takes great delight in everything that is beautiful in nature and art. She is passionately fond of flowers and of their culture, and in her collection she has forty-four



MRS. MARY C. WOODWARD.

varieties of the rose. Literature also occupies a great deal of her time, and the poems from her pen have been widely copied by the press.

RETROSPECT.

Another year my dear friend has flown,
Swallowed up in the boundless eternity,
And our feet still press these mundane sands,
Our bark is yet tossed on life's billowy sea.
How many have passed to the unseen shore,
And their tenantless forms lie cold and still;
They have entered the grander life beyond,
And others their vacant places fill.

The year that is dead and is gone, for aye,
To some has brought pleasures and calm delight,
While others have drank of the cup of woe,
And morning has vanished in deepest night.

How many in billows of smoke and flame,
In agony bitter, and anguish dire, [mained,
While naught but the blackened forms re-
Have yielded their lives to the demon fire.
Mid the foaming billows mad and wild,
In the shadowy depths of the ocean wave,

How many have sunk 'neath the waters cold,
And the forms unconfined have found a grave.

Destruction and death have been left behind,
In the storm-king's devastated path
The homes laid waste by his ruthless hand,
He has scattered wide in his furious wrath.
Farewell old year; to the stern behest
Of Infinite Power we all must bow;
Our paths are marked to life's furthest bound,
And Destiny's seal is on every brow.

He holds us all in his iron grasp,
Along each pathway lurks seeming ill;
But the end is good, let us calmly wait,
"Each cloud has a silver lining" still.
It must all be best, the hope deferred,
The wish unfulfilled, the vanished dream,
In the clearer light we shall sometime see,
That the shadows obscured the sunlight's gleam.

And sometime my friend, when the New Year comes,
We'll be anchored safe on the further shore.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

My youthful friend, now in life's glowing morn
Set careful watch and guard upon thy life,
For know that every wrongful act will leave
A stain indelible upon thy soul,
After the wound is healed, the scar remains —
The storm-king leaves his devastating track;
So ever wrongful action of our lives —
Howe'er regretted or repented of,
Will mar the spirit by its darkening shade.
O! if mankind but fully realized
This, Nature's holy truth, and all could feel
That every sin will stain and scar the soul,
How 'twould restrain from wrong; and there would be
Less grief in human hearts, and more of joy,
And earth would be a happier dwelling place.

FOR MY COUSIN'S ALBUM.

In the after years, dear Emma,
In the sometime far away,
When your cheek has lost its freshness
And your locks are tinged with gray;
When your children stand around you
In the strength of manhood's pride —
Strong in lofty aim and purpose
As adown life's stream they glide,
You may chance to turn these pages
And this earnest wish I'll trace:
That through all life's weary journey
As the years have flown apace, [ing —
You'll have walked with strength unfalter-
Nobly wrought in word and deed,
Have fought bravely life's great battles
And may claim the Victor's mead.

FRANKLIN F. PHILLIPS, A.M.

BORN: SEARSMONT, ME., DEC. 21, 1852.

WHEN Franklin was four years old his parents went to S. Montville, where he lived till 1871. He graduated from Nichols Latin school of Lewiston in 1873, and from Bate's college with high honors in 1877. After leaving college he was engaged in teaching for six years, five of them as principal of Rockland high school.



FRANKLIN F. PHILLIPS, A.M.

He was commissioned state assayer of Maine in 1880, and served in that capacity three years. Since 1883 he has been engaged in a very successful business, which has allowed him to gratify his taste for scientific investigation. He is by nature a poet, and has written an amount of spirited and graceful poetry that promises much for the future.

SNOW-FALL.

With crystal eyes
Ope'd in the skies,
With wings of sparry spangles,
In ghostly plight,
A habit light,
That loosely round me dangles,
I fill the air
With visions rare,
And blanch the sombre meadows;
My woolly feet
The cold earth meet
As noiselessly as shadows.

From frith and bay
And ocean's way
I climbed the sunbeams golden;
O'er mountain walls,
In castle halls,
By dewy hands was holden.
A pompous king
Bade menials bring
Me robes of downy feather;
Then called me snow,
And let me go,
To grace the winter weather.
O'er field and down
And road and town
I toy and twirl and flutter;
Fair cheeks I kiss
Of lad and miss,
But praises never utter.
The fen's meek crest,
The marsh-grass nest,
By waterfowl forsaken,
I cover o'er
With wrappings hoar,
Till spring their life shall waken.
Caressing now
The mountain's brow,
I court the spectral stillness;
From one lone bird
A note is heard
To trill the air in shrillness.
Through woods I wend,
The branches bend,
I make an arch and ceiling;
The pine's low boughs
Whisper their vows
'Mid incense heavenward stealing.
I nestle round
The grassy mound,
The sere blades stoop and shiver,
And sadly sigh
That life's fond tie
Is sundered by its Giver.
From turret gray,
At break of day,
The startled pigeon's cooing,
And sparrow's prate
Unto his mate
Proclaim my magic doing.
As night shades fall,
My silent call
Is made at every dwelling.
The plenty-blessed,
The want-oppressed,
Alike my steps repelling.
The cliff's dun verge
My feet would urge,
To meet the bounding billows:
I go to sleep
Within the deep,
On soft and foam-white pillows.

THE SILENCE AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.

Mute midnight the Mount is holding,
Forest, glade and fount enfolding,
Sentry-pace the stars are keeping,
Round the silent soldier, sleeping
On his country's bosom, throbbing
'Neath the low boughs' stifled sobbing.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent death and victory!

Think we on the world's commanders,
On the Cæsars, Alexanders,
On the Corsican's campaigning,
With ambition's glory waning.
Freedom, through the ripening ages,
Names of thine fill brightest pages,
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent Grant's great victory!

Battles fought and state-toil ended,
World-round our Ulysses wended.
Bane of lotus quick discerning,
Siren voices ever spurning,
Home the way he fain would single —
With our dust his ashes mingle.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent loving victory!

Lo! a blest transfiguration
Throws its halo round the nation!
Alienation, to devotion
Turning like the tide of ocean,
Sees above the pale corpse shrouded
Mighty virtues all unclouded.
Silent forest, silent fountain,
Silent midnight, silent mountain,
Silent stars, O witness ye,
Silent crowning victory!

BOREAS.

A hardy and brusque Titan, born
Of the sweet, rosy Goddess of morn,
From my wild, rock-ribbed cavern I go
To wantonly buffet the snow;

But I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff
O'erlooking the gray, salt sea
I have vexed uproariously.

My father, stern Astreaus, frowns,
When he ponders what kingdoms and crowns
Could be bought with the wealth I have strewn
In the ocean depths soundless and lone.

Then I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For the stubborn, gray, salt main
Will not give it back again.

My brothers — the fairest, I ween,
Have Auster and Zephyr e'er been —
And my sisters, loved stars in the sky,
Oft reproach me with look and with sigh;
And I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For, down the gray, salt strand
There's a blanched corpse on the sand.

The mariner knows my shrill voice,
Now cheering the way of his choice,
Now calling the storms on his path,
Provoking his fear and his wrath;
But I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
O'erlooking the gray, salt waves
That fashion my victim's graves.

Disdaining all guile and intrigue,
But regardless of treaty and league,
Many good ships and stores I've destroyed,
As with war's fitful fortunes I've toyed.

Still I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For round the gray, salt deep,
The slave and exile weep.

Though far from my dim, mountain home
On most mischievous missions I roam,
From the blest Hyperborean lands
I withhold my rough, riotous hands;
And I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
And gaze o'er the gray, salt way,
On their long and gladsome day.

EXTRACTS.

FROM "THE EAGLE AT LAKE GEORGE."

From some dim height may be thy glance
Oft runs the mazy water-way along,
At thought that yet again perchance,
In pomp, with bugle note and martial song,
Down forest ways, through lake and gorge,
Shall come the bannered host of George.

FROM "ODE TO HOPE."

Now is, glad Hope, thy way
Imbosomed in the fondness of the spring,
Cheered for the livelong day,
Thill eve's dull eyes behold night's spreading
wing,
And flowers unfold the dew,
To wait the morrow new.

FROM "MEMORIAL DAY."

O wilderness of bloom, O day
To loyal hearts an honored trust!
How fitly do ye meet and blend
Above the brave boys' silent dust
And ashes dull, that fell beneath
Fair Freedom's fervid altar flames,
While they, cheering the Union grand,
Went the star way with deathless names.

JULIA CARTER ALDRICH.

BORN: LIVERPOOL, OHIO, 1835.

COMMENCING to write prose and verse for the local papers in her youth, it was not long before the contributions of the subject of this sketch were gladly accepted by Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Magazine and other well known magazines. At seventeen years of age she taught school, and three years later was mar-



MRS. JULIA C. ALDRICH.

ried. Mrs. Aldrich is now engaged in preparing a volume of poems that will probably appear in 1890. She has three sons who have become prominent respectively as civil engineer, judge and minister. Maple Grove Home, the residence of this lady, is a beautiful rural retreat with spacious lawns, and groves with ferns and plants and flowers and vines.

RONDEAUX.

A brilliant thought leaps out and glows,
Or scatters fragrance like the rose,

Nor needs an artisan's design

To plan and shape to make it shine,—

Not all is brilliance in rondeaux.

The labored effort plainly shows

The mind has passed through mighty throes

To give the world with stamp divine

A brilliant thought.

That music wins which sweetly flows,
Not that which falls like stunning blows.

And ease and grace with sense combine
To clothe with elegance the line
Where genius gives, in verse or prose,
A brilliant thought.

YOSEMITE.

With humbled heart, subdued and awed I
look on thee, [rapt
Thou time-defying granite pile; with senses
I see thee, grand and world-renowned —
Yosemite —

Thy spray-enwreathing stream —
Thy rock-walled vale and sunset clouds, all
glory capped
With evanescent gleam.

Aye, see, and wondering gaze, until the cen-
turies swing

Their massive doors ajar, and glimpses give
when earth was young;

But farthest grasp of human thought but
weakling reasons bring

To solve thy problem vast; [hung
In vain we ask the voiceless silences that
Their mysteries o'er the past —

The far, dim past, that wrapped our sphere in
shoreless sea —

The mantling gloom, that swathed its infancy
in mist, [cree

While yet the sun did wait Omnipotent de-
To bless the world with light —

Ere Day's first smiling morn, with rosy beams
had kissed

Away the brooding night.

What engine wrought in Nature's great com-
pleting plan [deeps?

To ope for thee thy chasm's broad, abysmal
Was it the glacier's ponderous plow, that
smoothed for man

The verdant fertile plain,
Or, rolling waters, that through circling eons
wore thy steep

With solemn, sad refrain?

Or, from earth's central fires, did fierce vol-
canic throes

Expel, in molten mass, the elemental rock,
That o'er the wilds to mountain majesty arose,

And while yet warm with throbbing strain,
Did earthquake rend with pole-disturbing
shock

Thy mighty walls amain?

Oh, puny mind, be still and catch the chant
sublime,

Of Nature's psalm, that here is poured in
never-ending praise; [did raise

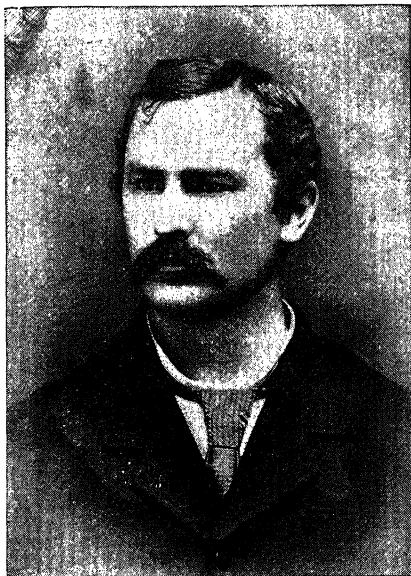
Accept the truth, that God by His right hand
These templed rocks, to stand through an
eternity of time,

An altar place of worship, where [lays
All nations come and every heart an offering
Of mingled praise and prayer.

GILBERT LORD WILSON.

BORN: CENTER POINT, IOWA, MARCH 4, 1856.

MR. WILSON was a close student, and has a good knowledge of Greek, Latin, German and Hebrew. For the past decade he has been a prolific writer, contributing to a number of the best publications of the United States. In 1877 Mr. Wilson was married to Miss Emma



GILBERT LORD WILSON.

Beaman; and in 1887 the union was blessed with a son. Mr. Wilson has taken numerous prizes in literary contests, and is now engaged on several works. He is a member of the American association of writers, and also of the Iowa state pharmaceutical association. Mr. Wilson still resides at the place of his birth.

A TIME THAT IS GOLDEN.

There's a time that is golden!
 A time of all times:
 When the wedding bells olden
 In annual chimes
 Ring fifty returns of the day;
 When the love that was plighted
 In days of the past
 Groweth stronger; not blighted
 By frost time has cast,
 Tho' our locks become silvery gray.
 When the moments are treasures
 More precious than gold,

Which the hand as it measures
 Is wont to withhold.
 As treasures are held 'neath the wave;
 When the love that's to brighten
 Our way never dims,
 Tho' our loads never lighten,
 And, trembling, our limbs
 Bear us, tottering, down to the grave.

There's a time that is golden
 More glittering, far,
 Than the brightest ones holden
 In early days are,—
 As ripens the fruitage of right;
 When we gather the blessings
 Of life's endless day,
 With the doubtings and guessings
 All vanished away,
 As darkness recedes from the light.

When the growth of the roses
 Each side of death's stream
 Interlaces and closes
 O'er death; — the thorns seem
 To flee at the wave of love's wand;
 While the shuttle, close wedging
 'Twixt threads that are gray,
 Form a silvery edging
 For life's golden day:
 The sunset is sunrise beyond.

AS A SUNBEAM DRAWS THE DEW.

'Mid the petals of the roses
 Trembling dewdrops hide apart,
 Till the morning soon discloses
 Sunbeams mirrored in each heart;

Till each heart is warmed and lightened
 And its sphere of action heightened;
 Ah, the heart of hearts doth woo
 As a sunbeam draws the dew.

Thou, my sunbeam, warming, gleaming,
 Art the someone of my heart;
 With thy heav'n alluring beaming
 Blessing of thy joy impart!

To thy somewhere heaven take me;
 What thou hopest of me make me;
 Lo! my hand and heart are thine;
 In my heart, too, thou art mine.

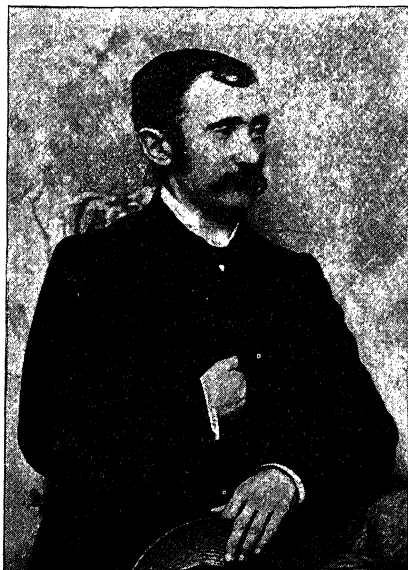
STANZA FROM SUBTRUDERE.

If I were a king in a kingdom,
 If I were a prince with a crown,
 If I were a duke in a dukedom,
 If I were a wit or a clown,
 If I were a poet or author,
 If I were a sawyer of wood,
 If I were a rich man or pauper,
 I'd simply do what I could.

HENRY F. O'BEIRNE.

BORN IN IRELAND, MAY 5, 1857.

At an early age Henry left his home to enlist in the Texas Rangers. He commenced his literary career in 1870, and at the same time was engaged by Chambers Journal to write up Texas. Four years later Mr. O'Beirne entered on the career of a plainsman in western Texas, for years followed the buffalo, and scouted for Uncle Sam. We next find him in Texas and New Mexico fighting Comanches and Apaches. In 1882 he took charge of the Choctaw and



HENRY F. O'BEIRNE.

Chickasaw national organ, published at Atoka, Indian Ter., which newspaper he ran successfully for four years. He then experienced a series of startling events in which he took part. Since 1890 H. F. O'Beirne has been connected with the American Publishers' Association of Chicago, being engaged in collecting material and data for a work entitled *The Leaders and Leading Men of the Indian Territory*. This work will comprise three volumes, the first volume of which has just been published. The greater number of the poems of this author have been published anonymously, but he has now a volume in preparation that will appear under his own signature.

BELLA STARR.

A cowboy hat, and underneath,
Two weapons flashing from a sheath
Of knitted brows — brows that are clear

Of storm and wrath p'rhaps once a year.
A woman she, and with such eyes
Like watch dogs kenneled in her brain.
Woe to the fool who gapes, likewise
To him who views her with disdain,
A queen self-crowned, by self-reliance,
The laws — she holds them in defiance.
Laughs long and loud at Sheriff's writ,
And somehow that's the last of it.
But who is she, so indiscreet,
Who overrides you on the street,
Not caring who the hell you are?
That's Bella Starr.

Brunette with raven hair is she,
And calls herself a Cherokee;
But who would dare dispute her claim,
Or even question whence she came?
The timid press reporter sneaks
Closer and closer to her gown,
She turns abruptly, seldom speaks,
But always checks him with a frown
Which plainly means, "down, Pompey down."
Arrest her, ah! you try that game;
In Dallas many years ago
The county sheriff tried the same;
One rapid shot — the rest you know.
Still Bella loves to air her name;
Please let me have your best cigar —
I'm Bella Starr.

We knew her when her fingers strayed
O'er ivory keys. How well she played
In Texas, nights long, long ago,
But things have changed since then you know.
Once, while we sought her out next day,
She laughed full fifty miles away,
At Dallas, fashions and the fools
Who followed after social rules.
To see her mounted and with speed
Ride far into the setting Sun,
Meant simply this — a daring deed
Scarce thought of ere the deed was done.
With lawless men the most at ease
She bets and gambles, but you'll please
Observe she never goes too far,
That's Bella Starr.

Who says she never loved — he lies.
A woman's heart in such disguise
Must surely be the wreck that bides
When love drifts outward with the tides.
Alas! for those who live to feel
The months and years around them reel
And crumble into space, with still
The same old yearning to fulfill.
Be merciful, condemn her not
By scornful word or evil thought,
For should you strike her mountain glen
Where only bide the roughest men,
And tap the door some stormy night,
A voice will bid you to alight;
"Come in, I care not who you are,
I'm Bella Starr."

SUNRISE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

From far gray ridges bald and bare
Bewildered darkness glides away;
The gaunt wolf shrinking to his lair,
Howls dismal in the face of day.

The Eagle from his misty height
Surveys the dawn with sanguine eye,
Beyond the distant shores of light
He sees the star of morning die;
He spreads his wings above the peak,
The smoky vapors round him curled,
And rising with exultant shriek
Defies the feathered world.

As hope disperses human care,
So morning clears the mist away;
There is a freshness in the air,
A vigor in the dawning day.
The clam'rous flocks beside the flood
Fly from the timid footed fawn;
The whirling wreck of drifted wood
Rolls, and the river rumbles on.
And whereso'er the eye may rest,
From North to South, from East to West,
Rock, river, lake and mountain height
Are wrapped in universal light.
Sublimest work of Master hand,
The sunrise in a lonely land
With naught that's human to impair
The luster, and the glory there.

King of the Choir — the mocking bird
Remote in shadowy cedars heard,
Tells to the breeze with swelling throat
The wonders of his varied note.

Ere first the shadows have reclined
On waters brisk with morning wind,
Before the sunbeam reaches there,
A thousand voices fill the air;
Yet, not a single bar is wrong
In all that wilderness of song.
What melody where every throat
Is gifted with a native note!
The very hawk on deadly trail
With stormy music fill the gale!
Whilst we, in voiceless wonder stand,
Dumb dreamers in a desert land.

The longing eyes — the lips compressed,
Do well betray the yearning breast;
Our naked thoughts like fledgeless birds
Still flutter for their winged words;
Yet ne'er to mortal doth belong
The art to reach the depth of song.
We live, and with sublime distress,
Behold and feel what none express.

The poet 'rapt in metric lore,
Is nature's mimic, nothing more;
Poor mote of heaven's central beam,
He reaches forth to grasp the dream
As though his very soul were drawn
Beyond the red expanding dawn.

OUR HOPES.

We nurse our hopes as mothers do
Their infants at the breast.
For they — the children of our dreams —
Were born to be caressed;

And as they grow we long to find
Fulfillment of their youth,
And laugh to see them loiter round
The blossom-fields of truth.

Devoted parents, while we watch
Their fast maturing powers,
The buoyant step, the brightening eye,
The love of Life is ours.

Not so — when sorry seasons come —
When smiles and tears are vain —
To lure the lovely truant ones
Back to the heart again.

Ah? then the light of life dies out,
The singing birds grow sad,
And neither hill, nor vale, nor sky,
Can ever make us glad.

They came to us as children come
To bless our lonely lives,
And blest is he who hath one hope
That all the rest survives.

For ah! the saddest gifts are they
That God did ever send,
When hopes that we have nourished long
Desert us in the end.

WE TWO ARE ONE.

Oh! let it never more be said
Our lives are far apart,
Despite the law we two are wed
Who claim a kindred heart.

By whom can we be dispossessed
On earth — in heaven above?
Can aught divide us — we who rest
Upon each other's love?

Thou gav'st thine all without regard
To self, nor gave amiss;
The love that seeketh no reward —
There is no love like this.

Thou art beloved, and from this hour
Let peace perch on thy brow,
Misfortune hath no subtle power
To separate us now.

Though far apart — we two are one,
Our hearts are ever near;
The sorrows thou hast wooed and won
But make thee doubly dear.

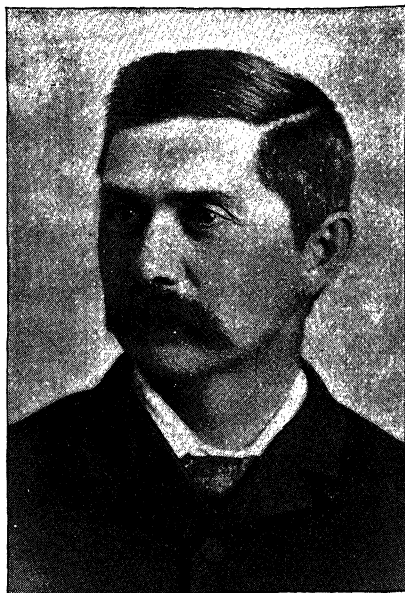
Living or dead, beneath — above —
By every right divine
That's based upon the laws of love
I hold that thou art mine.

I care not whose the prior claim,
Or in whose trust thou art;
No legal tie — no change of name
Can counterfeit a heart.

THOMAS ADDISON PUGH.

BORN: FAIRFIELD CO., OHIO, OCT. 8, 1853.

THIS gentleman has been a regular correspondent to the Lancaster Gazette since 1882, and has written various articles for that paper, and also the Normal Teacher and other journals on educational topics. Mr. Pugh has a fine



THOMAS ADDISON PUGH.

library; he is still engaged in teaching, and was married in 1879 to Marguerite Ann Kagay. Mr. Pugh is the possessor of a well and finely organized mind. The style of his poetry has a peculiar sweetness which lingers upon the memory like a half-forgotten dream.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

There are hours in the lives of all,
When recollections cluster thick,
Around our troubled minds they fall,
And gather till the heart is sick.

But after all 'tis joy to know
That such hours quickly pass away,
And bright sunshine fills the soul
With soothing penetrating ray.

I am reminded now of one,
With whom I used to play,
In pleasant fields and meadows green,
On almost every summer day.

Adown the foot-path by the stream,
We walked in silence, hand in hand,

The setting sun beyond the hills,
Had cast a halo o'er the land.

The green rich pastures, far and wide
In floods of mellow sunlight lay;
Before us on the steep hill-side
The shadows told the dying day.

A glorious picture — light and shade
And hill and vale and stream were there;
No artist's hand hath e'er portrayed
A scene so marvelously fair.

The cattle browsing on the hill,
Gazed on us with wide, dreamy eyes,
While from the tiny, murmuring rill
We watched the soft gray haze arise.

How fleetly passed those happy hours!
How far away their memory seems,
When she and I, amid the flowers,
Watched the last fading sunset gleams!

In silence and alone I pass
Along the footpath grown so dear;
That silent form beneath the grass
Hath lain in rest for many a year.

And still the shadows climb the hill,
And yet I hear the lowing kine,
Where now the fair horizon shows
In one unbroken, cloudless line.

Where first the happiness arose,
Born of the soft, calm summer eves,
Where still that little streamlet flows
Beneath the golden autumn leaves.

MRS. ROSA BUNKER.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the local press generally. She is now a resident of the town of Kirksville, in Missouri.

MEMORY'S MUSIC.

Memory plays upon my heart-strings
Melodies so sweet and low,
From her gentle finger touches
Chords of music softly flow.

Now she sings of happy childhood,
And in strains so glad and free,
Children's voices ever mingle,
Swelling loud the harmony.

Now the music joyful, joyful,
Rises high, and clear, and strong,
Telling all of love's sweet story,
And a merry bridal throng.

Now a cadence, sad and mournful,
Falls upon my listening ear,
Like a wail of suffering mortal,
When grim death is drawing near.

Memory chants in solemn measure,
And the hymn now speaks of rest,
Pointing forward to the future,
And a home among the blest.

JAMES EDWIN CAMPBELL.

BORN: POMEROY, OHIO, SEPT. 23, 1867.

GRADUATING in 1884 James soon after made his first political speech, and has since been actively engaged as a speaker during campaigns. He follows the profession of teaching and still resides in his native town. In 1887



JAMES EDWIN CAMPBELL.

the poems of Mr. Campbell were published in book-form under the title of *Driftings and Gleanings*. He has gained quite a reputation both as a speaker and as a writer, and his poems have appeared in some of the leading periodicals.

THE WARNING.

List! Did ye hear that dreadful sound,
That shook the earth with its awful roar,
Causing the heart to leap and bound?
'Twas the wind, and nothing more;
Only the wind, as it sighs
Through the trees, like the moan of some
sad heart,
Only the wind, that, ceasing, dies
Away, only to blow in some other part.
But it has ceased, and a perfect calm,
Like that which precedes the swift hurri-
cane;
So quiet and still that not even the palm
Moves a leaf, but motionless doth remain,
Like the hunter, who, eager for game,
Into dense thicket doth anxiously peer,

Or the frightened stag, which, when hearing
the same,

Stops like a statue ere flying with fear.

But hark! it rumbles again so earn,

More threatening than grind of the huge
avalanche,

When it bursts 'pon the ear of the Swiss moun-
taineer,

And causes his cheek with terror to blanch.
Ha! is it only the wind? More fearful still.

Is it an earthquake under our feet which
rolls? [fill

No, more dangerous far are the sounds which
The air like groans from damned souls.

Awful it is, when Enceladus old,

Doomed forever to lie 'neath Aëna's broad
side, [hold,

With a turn which naught on earth can with-
Pours destruction dire, both far and wide.

Awful it is when the fire fiend starts,

And consuming all, destroying and fierce,

Hurls fire-brands high, which, like fiery darts,
Seem the Heavens again and again to pierce.

Awful it is when the torrent breaks o'er,

The dam which, yielding, is swept away,

And the flood rushes out with the fearful
roar,

Of an angry bull when brought to bay.

And horses, and cattle and even man,

'Neath its seething, warring waves are
whirled;

And oaks which could the storm's might
stand.

Before its sweep are downward hurled.

But far more dreadful, when men oppressed

And ground 'neath tyranny's steel-clad
heel,

And wrongs which centuries go unredressed,
Arise and gird on glittering steel.

Then mad revenge spurns all control,

And Mercy, strangled, gasps and dies,

And Lust, and Hate, and Greed for gold,

To carnage rush with gleaming eyes.

And houses burning, in ruins fall,

And plantations rich with waving grain

Are 'stroyed by flames, which, like billows
tall,

Roll far and wide o'er southern plain.

O, men of the south! ye fools and blind!

Who of seasons can so wisely tell,

But scanning close yet will not find

The dangers which the times foretell.

The bull-whip and the tightening noose,

Murders most foul, outrages vile,

Night raids and sway of passions loose,

Corrupted courts, all means of guile.

The pistol-shot, the reeking knife,

Unequal laws and bitter hate,

Man slain before his pleading wife,

By all these you your malice sate.

LEONA ANNIE KNIGHT.

BORN: ASCENSION PARISH, LA., APRIL 30, 1859.
 UNDER the nom de plume of the Bay Leaf
 Miss Knight has contributed quite extensively
 to the periodical press. In 1882 she published



LEONA ANNIE KNIGHT.

a neat volume of poems entitled *Gems of Thought*. Miss Knight has written two novels and has another volume of poems ready for the press, entitled *Ferns of Fancy*, which will shortly appear.

A SKETCH OF BEAUTY.

What a silent hush is brooding
 Over the busy world so still,
 While in pensive meditation
 Thoughts come and go at will;
 The surroundings I will try to paint,
 Though my sketch be dim and faint.
 Quietly seated on a lonely bit
 Of shaded river bank all green,
 Facing me a languid flow
 Of clear, brown water in a stream,
 Where minnows play and mottled frogs
 Proclaim they are happy as young lords.
 The long grass flags rustle their leaves
 In echo to the wind's long sigh,
 And bend protectingly to shield
 The white-cupped lilies blooming by,
 Whose heart is wooed by the honey bee,
 In buzzing notes of loud flattery.
 Above me looms a giant old elm
 With dark-green plumes and mosses gray,

Fanned by a gentle summer breeze,
 Quivering through the uppermost sprays,
 Sounding like the whispered notes of song
 Repeated in the days long gone.

MYRA.

There is a simple, rustic cross
 Heading a grave in the churchyard near,
 'Tis decorated with old, gray moss,
 Inscribed with the simple name, "Myra:"
 Some kind hand carved it years ago,—
 The inscription tells a tale of woe.
 Perhaps she was a frail young bride,
 That some one loved and early wed;
 A mother's joy or fond father's pride,
 That death stole for this lonely bed,
 Where gentle breezes softly steal,
 As if the tale they would reveal.
 A few bright flowers and daffodils,
 With purple cups and golden hearts
 The air with perfume sweetly fills,
 With the blossom of one forget-me-not
 Recently pruned with taste and care,
 As if the mourner still lingered there.
 One sweet bay tree, with broad, fresh leaves,
 Where the wild winds are mournfully sigh-
 ing
 Through the branches emblematical,
 That never change but in dying,
 In bleak winter or young spring,
 Like grief to memory ever green.

FANCY'S RAMBLE.

Night has thrown her sable mantle
 Over the earth, while nature sleeps;
 Fancy steals those hours to ramble
 O'er memory's hidden retreats;
 First, it seeks the glen of childhood,
 Careless in its happy glee,
 Roving over fields and wildwoods,
 Resting 'neath some shady tree.
 Then we reach girlhood so joyous,
 Garlanded with hope's rainbow fair,
 Like a promise spread around us,
 Hallowing this season rare.
 Here we pause to think, then listen
 To some voice of former years,
 While the pearly teardrops glisten,
 Reviving memory with tears.
 Then we look in Time's large mirror,
 At a patient, pensive face;
 Surely I make no error,
 Girlish blushes still are traced.
 Though the cheeks still bloom with roses,
 And the eyes are liquid bright,
 Those pale lips never exposes
 A heart somber as the night.
 Then we lift the veil and gaze afar,
 Down the long vista of future years,

On the horizon beams Faith's star,
 A beacon light, its softened rays;
 Back to the present we retire,
 To find in thought the night far spent,
 The embers dead of a glowing fire,
 The ashes left in warm content.

ON THE BANKS OF BAYOU LONG.

The dusky shadows of evening
 Are gathering soft and dim,
 The rippling waves of the water
 Are chanting a low requiem.

The landscape, clothed in grandeur
 By Nature's lavish hand,
 Has built an Eden, to be found
 On the banks of Bayou Long.

A white cottage is built by the shore,
 Around it the harvest is green,
 But the faces and voices, light before,
 Wear a look that is laden with pain.

There is a face missed from the circle,
 A footstep youthful and light,
 That will echo with musical laughter
 No more 'midst the circle at night.

There is a hush in the holy quiet
 Of the oak with its outstretched arms,
 That is hung with heavy, trailing moss,
 That's braved the winds and storms.

A wall of the watch-dogs' howling
 Is borne on the stilly breeze,
 As the boat comes not with their master,
 Who raised them here 'mid the trees.

Each wind that sweeps through the wood-
 Murmurs a sigh as it whistles along, [land
 The night birds singing their vespers
 Recalls his favorite notes of song.

Oh, beautiful isle of fair Eden,
 From the busy world I fled to thee;
 But sorrow, draped in sable mantle,
 To these haunts have followed me.

Fairest hopes, like summer roses,
 Crushed my heart that withering lies,
 Dreams of joy have all departed,
 Alike the day in silence dies.

Darkness shades the earth with gloom,
 Like death that left my youth o'ershadow-
 ed,

And on the banks of Bayou Long
 Would that I could dwell forever.

Here no eyes can note my sorrow,
 But would blend their grief with mine;
 And the world that worships fashion
 Will not intrude on Bayou Long.

WOULD THAT I WERE WITH THEE.

Would that I were with thee,
 And none were near,
 Thy flute-like voice
 Fall on no ear

But mine, that drinks in every word,
 Like chords of rich music that fall,
 Miserly each note I treasure up,
 Through love I hold them all.

Would that I were with thee,
 In this holy, silent hour,
 Yet when I behold thee,
 Mute-like I feel the power
 That thou has cast upon my heart,
 Unconscious of the spell
 That love can bind with magic art.
 While sweet influence around me
 dwells.

Yes, would that I were with thee,
 And tender thoughts that burn
 Within this love-lit soul of mine
 Thou would'st not coldly spurn:
 Thy presence would be so dear to me,
 I would hourly worship at thy shrine,
 From all else earthly would I flee,
 Oh, would'st that thou were mine!

THE KISSES OF NATURE.

The sunset is kissing the mountain adieu,
 Ere it sinks for slumber to-night,
 The zephyrs are softly fanning the fountain,
 To kiss the opening flowers at twilight;
 The pearly dewdrop is seeking the rose,
 On her downy bosom of fragrance to rest,
 The birdsing as homeward they fly
 To their mates snugly housed in the nest.
 The moon meets the anxious old ocean,
 Impatiently awaiting her dreamy light,
 And it kisses the frowns of that ruffle,
 The billows all crested with white;
 The stars twinkle out in their beauty,
 Their light kisses the bosom of the lake—
 While all Nature is silently wooing,
 The stealthy steps of Time take flight.

MATILDA A. ANDERS.

BORN: PLYMOUTH, IOWA, SEPT. 9, 1871.

THE poems of Miss Anders have appeared in the Northwood Anchor, Indiana Observer and other local papers. She is still a resident of her native place.

BARLEY LOAVES.

Five barley loaves, three fishes small,—
 And shall I offer these poor gifts
 To Christ, the Lord of all?
 To Christ who stills the angry wave,
 And who controls the storm;
 Surely he hath no need of me,
 And these, my gifts, He'll scorn!
 Yes! He hath need of thee!
 Come, bring thy loaves of bread;
 Behold! With them, when Jesus speaks,
 The multitude is fed.

HENRY A. LAVELY.

BORN: PITTSBURG, PA., JAN. 16, 1831.

THE poems of Mr. Lavery have appeared in Our Continent and other well known magazines. The Heart's Choice, a volume from his pen, has been highly praised by press and public. Mr. Lavery is now the manager of the Ætna Life insurance company at Pittsburgh, where he is well known and highly respected.

UNFULFILLED.

The sweetest songs are never sung;
The fairest pictures never hung;
The fondest hopes are never told,—
They are the heart's most cherished gold:
For in the empire of the heart,
There is a realm from this apart,
Whose pictures are too pure for earth,
Whose language is of heavenly birth.

ATTAINED.

We may not sing a song so soft
As angel voices sing,
Nor catch the notes of love which they
On golden harps do bring.
We may not write the burning thoughts
Which through our being roll,
Nor thrill with rapture pure and sweet
Another longing soul.
We may not take a brush and paint
The pictures of the mind,
Nor touch with rainbow hues the hopes
Which round the heart are twined.
But to the weary ones of earth
We words of cheer may give,
Which in their hearts shall brightly burn,
And there forever live.

THE HEART'S CHOICE.

A Painter quickly seized his brush,
And on the canvas wrought
The sweetest image of his soul,—
His heart's most secret thought.
A Minstrel gently struck his lyre,
And wondrous notes I heard,
Which burned and thrilled and soothed by
turns,
And all my being stirred.
A Singer sang a simple song,—
An echo of his soul;
It vibrates still through all my life,
And lifts me to its goal.
A Poet took his pen and wrote
A line of Hope and Love;
It was a heaven-born thought, and breathed
Of purest joys above.

A man of God, what time my heart
Was weighed with sorrow down,
Spoke golden words of Faith and Trust,
And they became my crown.
I see the Painter's picture still;
I hear the Minstrel's lyre,
The Singer's song, the Poet's thought
Still glow with sacred fire;
But in my heart's most hallowed realm
The good man's words do live,
And through my life a perfume breathe
That naught of earth can give.

OCTOBER.

Into its lap the treasures of the year
Are gladly thrown. The royal golden-rod,
Fresh from the kind and gracious hand of
God,
Puts on a brighter garb. And far and near
The wonders of the autumn hues appear.
The balmy air with ecstasy is rife;
All nature grows in plentitude of life,
And breathes deep with the bounties of good
cheer.
The morning clouds are full of beauty, too,
And dash their richest crimson o'er the
scene,
While in the range of sunset's purple view
There glows the glory of its changing sheen—
The tints of earth and sky forever new;
The grandeur which forever rolls between !

THE THREE STAGES.

The scent of apple blossoms filled
The balmy evening air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand,—
A trusting, happy pair.
The scent of golden apples filled
The dreamy autumn air,
As Sue and I walked hand in hand,—
A wedded, happy pair.
The scent of apple-butter filled
The cosy dining-room,
As Sue and I danced hand to hand,
Around the kitchen broom !

UNATTAINED.

I saw a child one summer day,
Pursue, with eager feet,
A butterfly. The gorgeous thing,
On golden wing so fleet,
Flew from his grasp, till down he sat
And wept, because he failed
To catch the treasure, which away
In the glad sunshine sailed.
So when the faithful child of song
Would catch some truant strain,
Behold ! 't is gone ! and sad he sits
And weeps in bitter pain.

JOHN DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D.

BORN : WEST INDIES, MARCH 25, 1837.

THE Farmer Poet is aptly applied by the newspapers of New Jersey to Dr. J. Dunbar Hylton. He has written quite a number of books — Betrayed, a northern tale; The Bride of Gettysburg, an episode of 1863; The Heir of Lyolynn, a tale of sea and land, and other poems; Arteloise; and The Sea King. Dr. Hylton's works contain descriptions of won-



JOHN DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D.

derful beings, scenes, events and colloquies extremely fascinating. The Heir of Lyolynn is a weird story told with an amount of rhythmic force and expression that holds the reader until the end. Dr. Dunbar Hylton is now a resident of Palmyra, New Jersey, where he is partly engaged in publishing.

EXTRACT.

THE HEIR OF LYOLYNN.

THE LOVER'S WELL.

Osci, a lord of Lyolynn,
In ancient time did glory win,
Far-famed was he o'er land and wave,
And styled the bravest of the brave.
Bold was his heart, and strong his hand,
His sword in war the lightning's brand,
Swift as it lays the forests low —
His blade destroyed his stately foe,
To the oppressed a friend was he.
He made their fierce oppressors flee,

He was the weak one's sword and shield —
By day or night, on flood and field,
With joy the poor his presence hail'd,
Before him all the tyrants quail'd.
No braver man in battle van
Has through a slaughter press'd,
Nor braver since the race began
Was e'er in armor drest;
None nobler e'er in listed ring
Has placed a spear in rest,
Did any prize from battle bring,
Or after glory quest.

II.

The day was bright, the sun was warm,
The breeze was blowing free,
Round his bark that oft faced the storm
Roll'd high a sparkling sea.
And o'er his vessel's sable prow
The mighty Osci lean'd,
His polished helm, his manly brow
From scorching sunbeams screen'd.
His large blue eye clear as the sky,
Or as the placid sea,
Watched o'er the waters rolling high,
A corsair sailing free.
Toward Algiers full well he knew
That vessel plowed the waves,
That she was mann'd with savage crew,
And loaded down with slaves.
With sails all spread unto the wind,
He gave the corsair chase,

III.

An hundred men as bold and stout,
As ever fought in fray,
As ever caused their foeman's rout
By either night or day,
In line stood on the corsair's deck,
All arm'd from head to heel,
Ready for triumph or for wreck,
An awful ridge of steel.
With tall morions' polished sheen,
And breast-plates trimm'd the same, [keen,
Bright shields and spears and broad-swords
They seem'd a ridge of flame.

IV.

Not swifter leaps the lion bold
Forth from his fearful den,
At midnight on the awe-struck fold,
Than sprung fierce Osci then.
Not grimmer comes the avalanche
Adown the mountain tall —
Tearing all rocks like doated branch
That chance to bar its fall —
Then came that chief with all his band
Upon the corsair's crew,
With clashing shield and flaming brand
They on the pirates flew.
Fierce fought for liberty and life
The corsair's savage horde,
And long the air with sound was rife
Of breaking shield and sword,

But fiercer Osci waged the strife
 And pirates' life-blood pour'd —
 And ere the sun went down from sight,
 And night closed o'er the main,
 He poured a glad and glowing light
 On heaps of pirates slain,
 And showed upon that corsair's deck
 No pirate breathing left:
 All stretched around in gory wreck
 With heads and helmets cleft.

v.

As beams the iris midst the clouds
 When dies the thunder-storm —
 So from the throng the corsair crowds,
 Comes forth a female form;
 Her sweet young face beam'd like the moon
 Seen in a stormy sky
 Her smile was like the sun's at noon,
 When no clouds o'er him fly.
 Her coral lips and pearly teeth
 Were perfect as could nature rear,
 And white as snow on Northern heath
 Her breast and arms appear.
 Her brow was fair, and bright beneath
 Her eyes flashed dark and clear,
 O'er neck and shoulders a sable wreath
 Waved folds of raven hair.
 Her lovely form from heel to head
 Was harmony complete,
 And beauty a grand halo shed
 O'er all her being sweet.
 Her form was cast within that mold —
 The best dame nature yet could plan,
 When she did all her strength unfold,
 And showed her noblest work to man,
 When she from out her treasures vast
 Ere on her fell sin and sorrow's blast,
 Her best elements together brought,
 And on the shrine of Beauty wrought —
 A being with all glory fraught —
 With angel's form and seraph's thought,
 The choicest thing she yet could plan,
 And gave that grandest work to man!

vi.

Midst all my frays, bold Osci said,
 On land or yet on flood,
 No fairer prize to me has sped
 In form of flesh and blood.
 For fairer ne'er was wed by king,
 Nor nestled to his side;
 Unto Castle Flame that maid I'll bring,
 And she shall tend my bride.
 Her pure white, snowy hands shall on
 My blooming Edith wait:
 No fitter one her robes to don,
 And tend upon my mate.

vii.

To Castle Flame the maid was brought,
 Hagar was the fair one named,
 By peer and knight the maid was sought,
 For far was her beauty famed.

And many came to woo and win
 The maid of Osci's bride,
 But ere the wooing did begin,
 She to each her maid denied.
 Oft the suitors furious grew
 At Osci's lady fair,
 When she from their longing eyes withdrew
 Her maid with raven hair.
 Oft in listed ring with spear in rest,
 Against proud knight arrayed,
 Was Osci in his armor drest
 To battle for the maid.
 Many a suitor's shield was cleft,
 And morion rent in twain,
 By Osci of their life bereft,
 Ere they deemed their wooing vain.
 As time roll'd on of Osci's bride
 A female child was born, —
 A babe fair as was e'er espied
 By glowing beams of morn;
 As sweet a babe as ever smiled,
 Or yet with life did start, —
 She who in after years was styled,
 Edith of the Cruel Heart.

viii.

To tend the babe both night and day,
 Was none like Hagar found,
 Though 'mongst the maids 'neath Osci's
 sway,
 Did gentle ones abound.
 And to her mistress day by day
 More precious Hagar grew;
 Than her, 'mongst all beneath her sway,
 No dearer prize she knew;
 And the suitors proud and high
 Who sought the maid to wed —
 Were from the castle forced to fly,
 Or be by Osci bled.

ix.

One half my lands, bold Osci spake,
 I freely would bestow
 To him who through these rocks can break,
 To where pure waters flow;
 Though oft the task I undertake
 I can no water show.
 If only here we had a well
 Of waters cold and clear,
 There'd be no place on hill or dell,
 One tenth so grand as here:
 Nor would we feel these droughts so fell
 That last one half the year.

x.

While thus he spake he saw a man
 Ride toward his castle gate,
 And at his rear a caravan
 Came on in lordly state.
 A dozen camels huge and strong,
 Groan'd 'neath their heavy load,
 As their harsh driver's scourging thong
 Fast urged them up the road.
 Bold Osci and his Edith fair

The horseman soon espied;
 And up the slope in swift career,
 Unto the twain he led.
 Hail, he said, Thou lord of Castle Flame,
 And thou his lady bright,
 May every joy that earth can name,
 Attend ye day and night;
 For ye are the comeliest pair
 That ever yet were wed,
 That ever met in castle fair,
 In humblest cot or shed.
 Thou art the truest knight and best
 That ever armor wore,
 That ever placed a lance in rest,
 Or rode 'midst battle's roar.
 Conspicuous thy lady bright
 Moves amongst the female line,
 As doth the full sphered moon at night
 The glimmering stars outshine.
 To ye most high and noble pair,
 I've come what e'er befall,
 Ransom bring for a captive fair,
 That here ye hold in thrall.
 A maid you off a corsair brought,
 Some two long years ago,—
 Through all this time for her I've sought,
 In peril, pain and woe;
 But late I chanced to learn that here
 You captive hold that maid;
 So name her price, how ever dear,
 Her ransom shall be paid.
 A smile apace o'er Osci's face
 Broke as thus spake the man,
 And when he ceased a little space,
 Bold Osci thus began:

XI.

The maid I from the corsair brought
 Is no more own'd by me;
 And if she were, I vow, there's naught
 Would make me set her free.
 Unto my wife the maid belongs
 And you must treat with her;
 See if all gold your coffer throngs
 She'll to her maid prefer.
 While thus they spake a loud scream rang
 Within the castle near,
 And from a spacious door-way sprang
 Hagar the young and fair;
 For well that horseman's form she knew
 Soon as he near'd the place.
 Into his arms she panting flew,
 They met in one embrace.
 Hagar and Hagan from their lips
 The self-same moment burst:
 Love which no sorrow could eclipse,
 Which each through years had nursed,
 Well'd up within each faithful heart,
 And glowing filled each soul;
 Love which from neither could depart,
 But throughout all their beings dart,
 Though ruin be its goal.

XII.

In vain, in vain poor Hagan sought
 To set the captive free,
 In vain his costly gifts he brought
 For Edith's eyes to see.
 In vain he proffered glowing wares
 Of gold and silver bright,
 Huge urns of gold piled up in tiers,
 That shone with ruddy light.
 In vain he offered flashing wares
 Of every shade and hue,
 Rich silks and velvets and cashmeres,
 Of crimson and of blue.
 Fabrics the choicest and the best
 That ever came from looms,
 Vast robes of furs all richly drest,
 And countless gems and plumes,
 And urns of spices that possess'd
 The sweetest of perfumes.
 In vain, in vain he offered these,
 And chests of shining gold,
 Gifts that could fail no eye to please,
 All gorgeous to behold.
 In vain on earth he humbly kneel'd,
 And begg'd at Edith's feet,
 Her heart to all his prayer was steel'd,
 Though long he did entreat.
 And told her how long years ago
 He'd Hagar wooed and wed,
 And just as from the altar he
 His happy bride had led,
 In rushed amidst the wedding feast
 Men clad in steel array,
 Who felled him senseless with their blows
 And bore his bride away.
 Told how in search of her he had
 Traveled o'er sea and shore—
 Entreated her to ransom take,
 And Hagar to restore—
 Reward him for his faithful search,
 And riving woes he bore.
 Hagan, she said, while still he kneel'd
 And vainly did implore,
 Sooner this rock shall water yield,
 Than I'll thy bride restore.

XIII.

Up to his feet the lover sprang,
 And grasped fair Edith's hand,
 And said with clear, deep voice that rang
 As weird music o'er the land:
 You promise, that if within this rock
 I well of water find,
 You will to me my bride restore,
 Nor as your hand-maid hold her more,
 Nor deal with us unkind;
 Now promise this upon your oath,
 And I will shortly see —
 If God has form'd this flinty hill —
 Of crystal waters free.
 I promise it, fair Edith said,
 While smiles bright as the morn

All o'er her rosy face were spread —
 Though mix'd with pride and scorn.
 I promise it, and if I fail
 To set your Hagar free,
 Soon as I here within this rock
 A well of water see,
 May everlasting woe and bale
 Forever light on me.

XIV.

Down through the huge and flinty rock
 That seem'd at all their toil to mock,
 Poor Hagan and his little band
 Toil on with willing heart and hand.
 For three long years they tug and strain,
 And delve with all their might and main,
 Ply shovel, hoe and pick and bar,
 Yet, from water they seem distant far.
 They delve one hundred fathoms deep.

XV.

Water, water, the joyous sound,
 Has echo in the castle found;
 And water is the only word
 That's in the spacious castle heard;
 And water Hagar joyous cries,
 As into Hagan's arms she flies.

But now proud Edith fails to keep her promise,
 and refuses to give up her maid to Hagan.

XVII.

Fierce as the cloud of coming storm,
 When round it flash the lightnings warm,
 Tall Hagan rears his stately form,
 As Edith's warriors round him swarm.
 O'er all his face a hue is spread —
 Less like the living than the dead.
 Dark wave his brows, while bright beneath
 As sabres flashing from their sheath —
 His eyes pour forth an awful light,
 Like fierce meteors of the night,
 When of dread famine they foretell
 Of pestilence or earthquake fell.
 While thus to Edith and his band
 He speaks so all can understand:
 Deem not with threat'ning spear and sword
 To drive me from my bride adored,
 Think not one of my band nor I
 At your command will quail or fly,
 Who break a solemn oath they swear,
 In me can breed no thought of fear.
 And here we stand as true as steel
 To meet all vengeance you can deal;
 Though here all weaponless I stand,
 Ready am I to meet your band.
 Nor one there is amongst them all
 For you would dare to risk my fall,
 If sheathed in steel like they I stood
 With spear or axe or broad-sword good.
 Bring forth your best and bravest man,
 That you can find amongst your clan,
 And give me weapons and a shield,
 You'll see who best the sword can wield.

And if he best the sword shall ply—
 If I beneath his valor die
 Or like a coward from him fly,
 Then let my Hagar be his slave
 And hand-maid till she fills her grave.
 But if I shall the victor be,
 If God the triumph give to me,
 Then she and I from here go free,
 And all my friends that here you see.

Be it so, Edith quick replies;
 And you shall fall, or win your prize —
 With horse and spear in listed ring,
 In deadly fray with prince and king;
 And if they cause your overthrow,
 One thing at least the world shall know,
 Great was the hand that dealt the blow,
 And laid the faithful Hagan low.
 But, if you do the triumph gain,
 By you be prince and hero slain,
 Your fame o'er Christendom shall go,
 And all of Hagan's deeds shall know;
 And just as surely as I live,
 Your Hagar unto you I'll give.
 Then trembling, as o'erwhelmed with fear,
 She moves to Hagan still more near,
 Pressed her lips close upon his ear,
 And speaks what none but he can hear:
 Hagan, she says, Oh, blame not me,
 For now not setting Hagar free!
 Would God, that I could yield her up,
 Nor let her taste of sorrow's cup!
 But all yon throng of warriors grim,
 Some giants both in thews and limb,
 Have journey'd here to woo your bride;
 To all she has her love denied,
 Faithful to you she still remains,
 And all their proffered love disdains.
 This morn they vow'd as with one voice
 That I of them should make my choice,
 Choose one ere eve and let them know
 On whom I would the maid bestow.
 And if in this I fail'd, they swore
 They'd stain my castle all with gore;
 My towers raze, to embers burn,
 And all I own'd to ruin turn.
 And since my Osei is away —
 In distant country waging fray,
 And there perhaps long time may stay,
 I, now must needs their voice obey.
 But I will sheathe you all in steel,
 In armor strong from head to heel;
 Give you a war-horse fleet and bold,
 As ever yet was bought or sold.
 So meet them all in listed ring,
 And slaughter pile with prince and king;
 Their cause is wrong, and yours is just,
 You God shall shield from blow and thrust.
 So stretch the suitors in the dust,
 It's your fate to slay them and you must.
 So haste and in bright steel be drest,
 And 'gainst them nobly do your best.

XVIII.

Soon sheathed in armor strong and sheen,
 By Hagar's hand is Hagan seen.
 Upon his head the helm she placed,
 And o'er his face the visor laced;
 A shield he dons and to his hand
 Is given gleaming spear and brand.
 As some grim tower tall and strong
 He stands before the suitor throng,—
 A perfect knight from spur to plume,
 As e'er did garb of war assume.
 Soon on a charger huge and strong,
 He's seen by all the suitor throng,
 And thus with voice of haughty tone—
 By him to them is challenge thrown:
 Come forth ye princes proud and high,
 Let's see which best the spear can ply,
 And see which best the sword can wield;
 Which first can cleave both helm and shield,
 He who shall victor o'er me ride,
 To him I give my blooming bride—
 And she is fair ye all will vow
 As e'er was seen on earth 'till now.
 The daughter of a king is she,
 Greater than any one of ye,
 Whose fame outstrips ye all so high,
 Not one of ye with him can vie;
 The offspring of a king am I.
 Come meet me heroes spear to spear,
 And win the fairest of the fair;
 Or as base cowards proved and tried
 I'll brand ye o'er the nations wide.

XIX.

Then at his haughty challenge rose
 A sullen murmur 'mongst his foes,
 And cries of rage and hate and shame
 From out that throng of suitors came.
 Their steeds stood harnessed in the stall,
 And grooms were ready at their call.
 Straight, obedient to their word
 Their steeds were swift beside them spurred.
 To horse, to horse, in haste they sprang,
 And loud arose the deadly clang,
 As spears and swords and armor rang,
 And one from out the suitor throng—
 A haughty hero tall and strong,
 Struck deep his spurs in charger's gore,
 Like thunderbolt on Hagan bore.
 As on he came in fierce career
 Brave Hagan met him spear to spear.
 But vain he strives 'gainst Hagan's force,
 Down instant fell both man and horse.
 Upon the earth he breathless went,
 His mighty spear to splinters rent,
 Lifeless he fell before the shock,
 While Hagan stood like moveless rock;
 First of that fated suitor band
 How swift in death he press'd the sand!
 Another came in swift career
 And on his breast met Hagan's spear,
 Through plates of steel the weapon tore,

Its passage through his bosom bore,
 And dripping red and grim with gore,
 Stood out a yard behind and more.
 Forth from the wound his trusty spear
 In moment's space did Hagan tear,
 And dead upon the dust and sand
 Fell one more of the suitor band.
 On others came, their valor tried,
 'Till full a score had bled and died.
 While all unharm'd from heel to head
 Brave Hagan waged the combat dread,
 A fearful carnage round him spread,
 The blood of haughty princes shed.

XX.

Meanwhile his trusty band, though few,
 Had sheathed themselves in armor too,
 With spear and axe and gleaming brand,
 On rushed his small but trusty band.
 On foot and some on horse they came,
 To share their master's deadly game:
 And right and left their blows they deal,
 Pierce deep through plates of gleaming steel.
 Full on the suitor train they charge,
 And cleft is brazen helm and targe.
 Loud rise the sounds of blow and thrust,
 And warriors fall midst gory dust.
 On, on they fight 'till every hand
 Is worn and weak in Hagan's band.
 Yet still they war, 'till all their foes
 Are stark and grim in death's repose.
 They war 'till not a foe is left
 Whose head and morion is not cleft,
 Or whose thick plates of broken steel [veal.
 Through breasts, broad, horrid wounds re-
 They war 'till every foe is found
 Amidst the reeking carnage round.
 His task once more had Hagan done,
 And once again his Hagar won;
 And ere that day went down the sun
 To him his Hagar was restored—
 Hagar the adoring and adored.
 Soon back unto their native land
 They journeyed with their trusty band,
 Lived long a life of joy and love,
 Serene as shines the sun above.
 And if from out the dreary past,
 A shadow e'er their bliss o'er cast,
 It only served to make their love
 Rise surer all their cares above;
 Kept ever on a vast increase
 Their weal, their happiness and peace.
 And may the just and righteous Lord
 For ever thus true love reward.
 Though more than thousand years have past
 And shadows o'er the story cast,
 Yet their memory doth not fade;
 And still the deep, deep well they made,
 In use by Castle Flame is found,
 Deep delved amidst the rocky ground.
 Old bards of it this story tell:
 And it is call'd, "The Lovers' Well."

JESSIE ADELINE COLE.

BORN: SANDWICH, ILL., MARCH 17, 1862.

IN 1885 Miss Cole published a volume of poems, an edition which was quickly subscribed for by her many friends and admirers. Miss Cole has traveled extensively, and has visited most



JESSIE ADELINE COLE.

of the larger cities of the United States. She hopes soon to publish another volume of several hundred pieces under the title of Poems of Sentiment and Humor.

NEVER BE ASHAMED OF HAVING
LOVED.

Never be ashamed of having loved;
Far better to have loved than have hated;
If planted where it fruitless proved,
You can sigh and wish you had waited.

A woman may not ask a man
To give to her his heart and hand;
Her acts and eyes do all they can
To help his heart to understand.
But if that heart be not inclined
To be by her love-flame ignited,
She needs must think that fate's unkind
For that her heart with love be lighted.
Still never be ashamed to say:

I loved him and it caused me pain.
You couldn't help that love broke 'way;
Love can't be held by stoutest chain.

HOW IT WAS.

He won a prize for his good penmanship;
And for his friendship he was prized.
His worship wore a good-sized cap,—
Once in a sail-ship he was a good capsized.
He was once tangled in a courtship,
But the loveship proved a hardship;
And being barred out he seized the pen,
And is now the Caesar of bardship.

NOT FOR WOMAN.

"The pen is not for woman."—HAWTHORNE.
I read those six words and then got awful mad.
The pen is not for woman? Really, that's too
bad!
I deemed the scoundrel meant the pen with
which to write—
And truly, I was vexed enough then and there
to fight. [I did,
But, with a second thought I saw, I, of course
The meaning true which there lies partly
masked or hid: [screens—
The word "pen," you see, the meaning mostly
It is the penitentiary the author really means.
Now, should I meet Nathaniel, why, I would
greet him thus: [not for us.
You're surely in the right, sir, the "pen" is

IT NEVER HAS BEEN.

Oh, it never has been since Time began,
That a woman whose heart is broken in
twain,
By the downfallen castle built on a man,
Has with Time forgotten and loved again!
Her hope does not die tho' she's forsaken;
Her heart sinks down as in water a stone.
Now she sees that love to the ragman taken;
'Tis a garment outgrown—'tis a garment
outgrown.

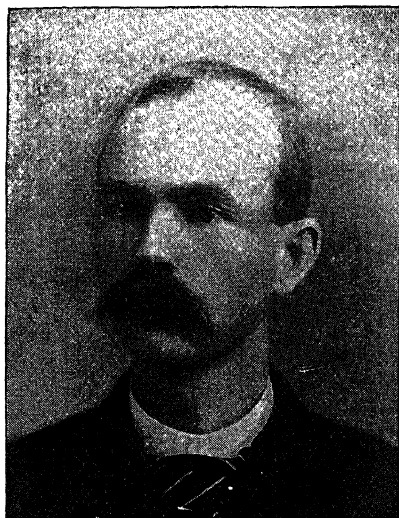
Unbroken soil rich grain cannot produce,
But ground that's broken or plowed in fall.
Frozen, then thawed, is of great use,—
And thus it is with human hearts all.
Heart goes down and brings up the soul
To help where it alone once had spoken;
It surely seems strange, but it grows more
whole,
For having been broken—for having been
broken.

Yes, supernal, boundless, undecayed,
A great loving heart though yet unloved
In a thoughtful woman's hand is laid;
Though one fiery love hath vainly proved.
Oh, it never has been since Time began
That a woman whose heart is broken in
twain,
By the down-fallen castle built on a man,—
Has truly loved again—has truly loved
again.

SAMUEL GARBORG.

BORN IN NORWAY, MARCH 16, 1857.

In his youth Mr. Garborg became a sailor, finally coming to America; and later attended the academy of Iowa college. Since that time he has taught school in several states and with



SAMUEL GARBORG.

marked success. Mr. Garborg has written both prose and verse for the last decade, which have received publication in numerous well known periodicals.

THE MORAL PROSPECT.

EXTRACTS.

O time of purest joy,
Thou comest from sound employ!
O, feeling of content,
From strict adherence lent
To righteous principles!
When truth and righteousness
We seek, and holiness,
Thou givest rich recompense;
The holy, happy sense
Of manhood glorified.
So, though we often must
In sadness strive, our trust
Through thee in God grows strong,
Rejoicing in its song
Of moral victories.

The past to us relates,
The present indicates,
That man, through toil and thought,
And many a battle fought,

Will steadily attain
To righteous, rightful reign;
To virtue, purity,
And just security.
The future, then, a stream
Will be — oh, happy dream!
Of sweet tranquility,
Whose blessed reality
Will make old earth rejoice,
And all with heart and voice
Will join the sacred song
Of glory, in the throng
Whose lot was e'er replete
With heavenly joys complete
And universal fame
Will glorify God's name.

KISSING THE ROD.

All hail the power of Mighty God!
Who is in thunder and the flood;
Who whirleth past us in a cloud
Of smoke, and fire and rumbling loud;
Yet is about and underneath,
In lion's tooth as flowery wreath;
Who is in sunshine and the calm,—
In tempest as in springtime's balm;
Who rideth on the mighty storms,
Yet lingers 'round the weakest forms;
He by whose mighty outstretched hand
Is held the fate of all the lands;
Yet careth for the small and great,
E'en for the worms that on him wait;
He in whose ever active brain
Resounds the most majestic strain
Of myriad worlds of thought and song,—
Time and eternity along;
Who gave to all things living, breath,
And taketh what he gave in death;
To him give adoration all!
Remembering soon 'tis ours to fall.

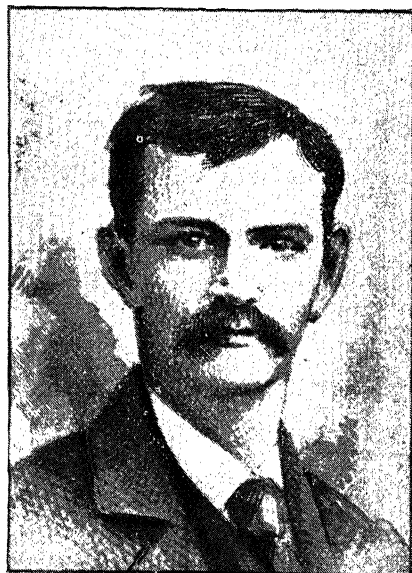
MY FAIRY LAND.

O, that I could but wander,
Released from earthly clay,
To that romantic wonder,—
My fairy land away!
It has such vast extension,—
It is the universe;
There vivid comprehension
Grasps every fairy verse.
From planet and to planet,
Through space that intervenes,
And all the "ties" that span it,
I'd soar to view the scenes.
The universe, my palace,
Transversed by silver streams,
With music sweet would solace
My soul and swell its dreams.

JEFF McLEMORE.

BORN: SPRING HILL, TENN., MARCH 13, 1857.

At the age of thirteen years young Atkins had read most of the English poets, and gained some notoriety among his playmates for his ability to memorize and recite verses. At seventeen years of age his poems first began to appear in print. In 1878 Mr. McLemore emigrated to Dallas, Texas, thence to Colorado,



JEFF McLEMORE.

in which latter state he remained four years engaged in newspaper work. He next visited Mexico, subsequently returned to Texas and there began the publication of a weekly newspaper. At present he is editor and part owner of the Gulf News, a weekly journal published at Corpus Christi, Tex. Mr. McLemore is of fine stature, with black hair and blue eyes—and is still an unmarried man.

STANZAS—TO THE BLANCO RIVER.

River that rollest by the sunlit home
Where lives the lady of my love, when I
Gaze in thy depths and view thy surging foam
My heart responds to each embittered sigh.
She, too, has stood beside thy pebbled shore,
And oft we've gazed into thy mystic deep;
But we shall tread thy verdant banks no
more—

Our hopes were as the tiny waves that sweep
Across thy bosom—bounding to the sea—
A moment seen then lost to sight forever;

But, ah! from youth 'twas ever thus with me;
What I most loved was soonest to disserve.

But let thy waters now reflect my heart
That she each vain yet changeless throb
may see;

And tell her, gentle river, ere we part,
My soul is true through all eternity.

Tell her that as thou flowest to the sea,
So flows my love in one unceasing strain;
And know whatever either now may be,
'Tis better that we should not meet again.

Then hurry onward to the dark, blue ocean,
Nor longer wait beneath her eyes to rest,
Lest thou may'st cause some pang or sad emotion

To ruffle her unmoved yet faultless breast.

And now farewell, perhaps forever more—
Like other loving friends we too must sever;
But I can ne'er forget the sacred shore
Where once we stood beside the Blanco
river.

THE MAIDS OF MEXICO.

The languid Maids of Mexico!

Oh! how I love their glorious eyes!
That like the brightest sapphires glow,
So soft, so free from all disguise.
They are more dazzling than each star
That sparkles in the skies above;
Like lightning they can flash in war—
Like summer twilight, melt in love.

The flowers they give are not more fair
Than her whose hands may bring the
posies,

In dark waves fall her glossy hair—
Her cheeks suffused with summer roses;
And oft-times in the evening air
I've watch'd their forms so coy and
chary,

Kneel down in reverential prayer,
Before the shrine of Blessed Mary.

And then I've thought, oh, glorious Maid!
Could I but sing thy charms divine,
My feeble pen had not delayed
To trace thine image on this line.
But praise for thee is far above
Each fond, though vain attempt of mine;
I only ask to share thy love,
And bask beneath such eyes as thine.

And may those eyes through ages still
Retain the fire that in them glows;
And may each lovely, vine-clad hill
Upon whose tops the wild-flow'r grows,
Be always green, and fresh and fair,
And kiss'd by summer dews and rains;
And may the Maids who wander there
Be free from Sorrow's cares and pains.

MARY.

Long years ago---'tis vain to tell --
 We parted by the river;
 I whispered then a fond farewell --
 Perhaps it was forever.
 And though I've wandered far away,
 O'er mountain, sea and prairie,
 Still I can ne'er forget the day
 I bade farewell to Mary.
 They tell me she is still the same,
 Unchang'd in heart and feeling;
 Unchang'd in look, unchang'd in name,
 With beauty 'round her stealing.
 And as my thoughts now swiftly roam
 To her so coy and chary,
 I sigh to think long years may come
 E'er I can be with Mary.

'Tis said the hearts that deepest love
 Must feel the deepest sorrow;
 Perhaps 'tis thus in vain I strove
 Relief from Time to borrow.
 For as the years more swiftly creep,
 My heart seems less to vary;
 It knows but one love long and deep --
 An endless love for Mary.

And now whate'er my hapless fate,
 Whate'er my joy or sadness;
 May pleasures ever 'round her wait
 To crown her life with gladness.
 And may sweet echoes from the past,
 Like whisperings of some fairy,
 Around her lovely form be cast
 To bring sweet peace to Mary.

FLORA LEE.

Oh, Flora Lee! Sweet Flora Lee!
 Though parted by the boundless plain,
 Yet I must still remember thee --
 Although remembrance gives me pain.
 And silent as I wander long
 Beside the blue and moonlit sea,
 And listen to the night-bird's song,
 I think of naught but Flora Lee.
 For she's the fairest of her race,
 There's music's sweetness in her voice --
 An angel's meaning in her face
 Which bids the loneliest heart rejoice.
 Ah! who could view so fair a breast
 And feel his heart from love was free?
 Where is the maid who is more blest
 Than pretty, brown-eyed Flora Lee?
 But we have parted -- still the past
 Must always fresh and glad'ning seem;
 And may we meet again at last
 To live once more our blissful dream.
 But I must bid her now farewell
 And wander o'er the dark blue sea,
 Yet may some guardian angel dwell
 Forever near sweet Flora Lee.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

Though withered and faded,
 And now all alone,
 By silent grief shaded,
 Its beauty all gone;
 Yet 'round it is clinging
 A love which decay,
 Though still vainly wringing,
 Can ne'er take away.
 'Tis first of the treasures
 That to me are left,
 It brings back the pleasures
 Of which I'm bereft;
 And though it may wither,
 Yet while it is near
 I'll cherish no other
 With Love's sacred tear.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known those sunny smiles
 Could ever prove untrue;
 If I had known those fragile wiles
 Were false and borrowed, too;
 I would not weep to think that I
 Had bowed before thy throne,
 Nor would I draw one parting sigh
 If I -- had only known.

If I had known those soft brown eyes,
 That once could smile so sweet --
 Like Heaven's lamp-lights in the skies --
 Could sparkle with deceit;
 I would not flee from those I love,
 Nor sigh to be alone;
 Nor longer would I vainly rove
 If I -- had only known.

If I had known that siren voice
 Was false as that sweet smile;
 If I had known thou couldst rejoice
 Because thou didst beguile;
 I'd spurn the offer of thy heart
 And of thy cheek's false glow;
 Without one sigh from thee I'd part,
 But then -- I did not know.

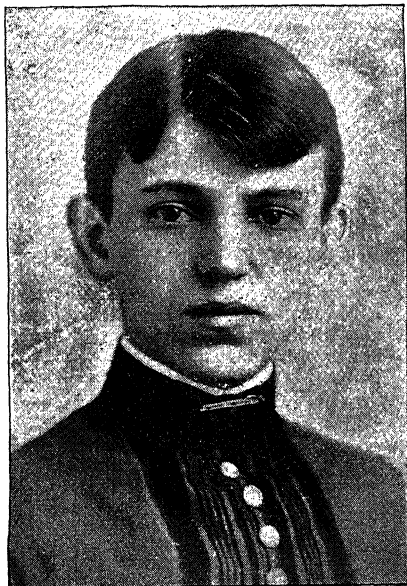
STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

When twilight's dreamy hour has come,
 And vesper bells are ringing;
 When from his fragrant woodbine home
 The nightingale is singing:
 When languid nature softly smiles
 With sweetest love on me,
 My weary heart its grief exiles,
 For then I think of thee.
 When flowers are blooming by the way --
 When in their sweetest measure,
 The song-birds sing the livelong day,
 And all seems peace and pleasure;
 When childhood kneels in silent prayer
 'Round some fond mother's knee,
 My heart forgets each secret care,
 For then I think of thee.

JENIZA MARSHALL.

BORN IN PENNSYLVANIA, MARCH 24, 1864.

EMIGRATING to Kansas with her parents in 1877, Miss Marshall taught school at the age of sixteen, which occupation she steadily follow-



JENIZA MARSHALL.

ed until 1888. Her poems have appeared extensively in the local press. Miss Marshall is now a resident of Lyndon, Kansas.

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

O, this is a beautiful world!
I was thinking of that this morning,
As I plucked the violets from the hill,
Fair Nature's sweet adorning,
And the transient shadows flitted
Across the meadow land,
And the soft wind kissed my forehead
And the flowers I held in my hand.
O, this is a beautiful world,
A heavenly place to live in;
And if some of us cling to it overmuch,
I hope we may be forgiven,
For when 'tis the pleasant summer,
And the voice of the wind is gay,
And sorrow seems far, far from us,
We would have it so alway.
The voices of happy children,
In the sweet, green fields at play,
Came wandering over the hill to me
As I gathered my flowers to-day,

And I wondered if they would know,
When the storms of the years swept down,
The self-same struggles for human rights,
And the battles that I have known.

Ah, well for them this morning
That they do not understand,
It were well they could play forever
In this sunny meadow land.
O, this is a beautiful world,
I thought to myself, to live in;
And if some of us cling to it overmuch,
I hope we may be forgiven.

THE STEP ON THE STAIR.

There's a feeble step on the stair, I hear,
As it sounds through the silent room,
And a shadow falls, a feeling of fear,
When I realize that the end draws near,
And he's only a step from the tomb.
I stood in the chamber of death to-day,
Where a mother lay white and still;
There was nothing left but a casket of clay,
But my heart was full when they bore it
away
To the sepulcher under the hill.
For I thought, were it father or mother of
mine,

What an empty home there would be;
One break in the flow of a life's sunshine,
A sadder tone to the midnight chime,
And a sorrowful day to me.

A quiet room and a vacant chair
In one corner, all alone,
The ghost of a step on the silent stair,
One less in the circle at family prayer,
One more at the great white throne.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

They had told me she was dead,—
The little one whose portrait hangs on the
wall,—
A face to follow one till the shadows of life
grow tall
With the lapse of years, and the twilight be-
gins to fall.
A baby face and a baby's shapely head,
With a sober, searching look in the eyes of
brown;
And glancing at him and her I fancied in their
eyes shone
The ghost of a tear, and it brought the mist
to my own.

EXTRACT.

No more is heard the sound of booming can-
non,
That dreadful din, the bellowing of war.
That shook the union to its deep foundation,
Echoing far and near on sea and shore.

RICHARD F. GOTTSCHALK.

BORN; NEWARK, N. J., APRIL 5, 1861.

FOR the past five years the poems of this writer have appeared in the *Chicago Times, Journal and Current*, the *New York Clipper* and other publications of like prominence, from



RICHARD F. GOTTSCHALK.

which they have been extensively copied by the local press. Mr. Gottschalk is a stenographer by profession, and has also had some experience in the management of theatrical companies.

A GAME OF CARDS.

We played a game of cards, and euchre was the game.

While gazing in her languid eye my inmost soul did stir;

I took a trick, and she took two, and then my last trump came,

She held the trump that called my hand and I did give it her.

THE INVALID.

When in the evening of a bleak November day,

I sat beside the divan where at rest Reclined fair Lizzie; trying to conceal her pain,

She sought to speak of what I loved the best. Little she knew that there's no theme to me more dear,

Than her dear self, her day dreams to divine,

While she relates tales of little joys and fears, Not heeding her own pain, she nurses mine.

What other work of the Creator could achieve, A place so near perfection's lofty sphere, Than a true woman's heart—with just a touch of art — [dear.

Who makes the world and all within more

DEATH.

Like to the setting sun, ebbs life away,

And end of mortal day has come to pass;

As drops the final sand-grain in the glass And lies in perfect rest, so ends the play Of animation in the human clay.

Which once could love, and love so tenderly; Could thrill a kindred heart with sympathy; All in an hour turned to moldering clay.

Of what avail that we should strive to flee, Or fear the time when we are to decay?

Why should we shun the calm eternal shore,

Where we well know all care shall ended be In a calm sleep? — as sought each closing

day.

It is but a perpetual sleep — no more.

SUNSHINE.

Fold back the cloud-veil from thy sorrowing soul; [curse —

Grieve not. To grieve so were a fault — a Ingratitude unto the universe!

Ah! what a shame for thee in tears to dole,

While yet a ray of hope shines from the goal That thou may'st reach before thine end of life, [strife;

If thou'lt but bravely gird thee for the Conquering grief which now enthralles thy soul. [gloom?

Why wilt thou seek to find naught but the And fail to see the rays of hope — of bliss —

That yet may help to lift thee from the tomb Of sorrow, to a world of light; and miss

The sweet, ennobling consciousness of doom Dispelled by an uplifting manliness.

Where there no cloudy days, would we then love

The sun, in all its glory of a day

When the June winds have brushed each cloud away?

Whilst yet a moisture in the air above

Reminds us of the shower, of the love

Bestowed on us by Heav'n but yesterday;

Are not the lesser rays, from day to day,

The rays of hope, that stimulate our love

For the great orb in all its majesty?

In darkest days we catch a ray of light —

If we but lift our gaze, we e'er shall see Some portion of the horizon where's bright

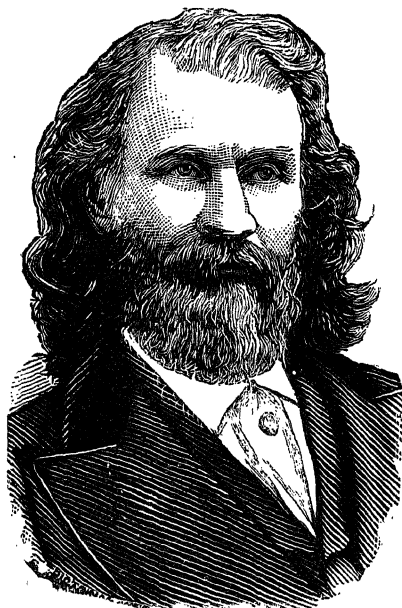
The promise of a fairer day, to be,

After the passing of a somber night.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BORN: WABASH, IND., NOV. 10, 1841.

THE true name of this poet is Cincinnati Hiner Miller. At thirteen he removed with his parents to Oregon. He then attempted mining; lived an adventurous life in California; then



JOAQUIN MILLER.

served with Walker in Nicaragua, and later so-journed with the Indians. He began the study of law in 1860, and later published a paper in Eugene City, Oregon. At this time Miller had achieved a reputation as a writer, and became known as the Poet of the Sierras. Married in 1863, domestic troubles resulted in a divorce. He afterward married into the Leland family. Maud Muller is the daughter of his first wife. Songs of the Sierras and Songs of Italy are his best works. The Danites is also from his pen.

THE TALE OF THE TALL ALCALDE.

EXTRACTS.

"A tale! the tale of your life, so ho!
For not one man in all Mexico
Can trace your history a half decade."

Was it a tear? Was it a sigh?
Was it a glance of the priest's black eye?
Or was it the drunken revel-cry
That smote the rock of his frozen heart
And forced his pallid lips apart?

"Mistaken and Misunderstood,
My hot magnetic heart sought round
And craved of all the souls I knew
But one responsive throb or touch,
Or thrill that flashed through and through—
Deem you that I demanded much?—
Not one congenial soul was found.
I sought a deeper wild and wood,
A girlish form and a childish face,
A wild waif drifting from place to place.

"Her eyes were like the rabbit's eyes,
Her mien, her manner, just as mild,
And, though a savage war-chief's child,
She would not harm the lowliest worm.
And though her beaded foot was firm,
And though her airy step was true,
She would not crush a drop of dew.

"Her love was deeper than the sea,
And stronger than the tidal rise,
And clung in all its strength to me.
A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of paradise.

"You might have pluck'd beams from
the moon,
Or torn the shadow from the pine
When on its dial track at noon,
But not have parted us an hour,
She was so wholly, truly mine,
And life was one unbroken dream
Of purest bliss and calm delight,
A flow'ry-shored untroubled stream
Of sun and song, of shade and bower,
A full-moon'd serenading night.

"Not one had falter'd, not one brave
Survived the fearful struggle, save
One—save I the renegade,
The red man's friend, and—they held me so
For this alone—the white man's foe.

Then months went on, till deep one night,
When long thin bars of lunar light
Lay shimmering along the floor,
My senses came to me once more.

"My eyes look'd full into her eyes—
Into her soul so true and tried.
I thought myself in paradise.
And wonder'd when she too had died.
And then I saw the striped light
That struggled past the prison bar.

"At last, one midnight, I was free;
Again I felt the liquid air

"I sought to catch her to my breast
And charm her from her silent mood;
She shrank as if a beam, a breath,
Then silently before me stood,
Still, coldly, as the kiss of death.

Her face was darker than a pall,
Her presence was so proudly tall,
I would have started from the stone
Where I sat gazing up at her,
As from a form to earth unknown,
Had I possess'd the power to stir.

"O touch me not, no more, no more;
'Tis past, and my sweet dream is o'er.
Impure! Impure! Impure!" she cried,
In words as sweetly, weirdly wild
As mingling of a rippled tide,
And music on the waters spill'd.
Pollution foul is on my limbs,
And poison lingers on my lips;
My red heart sickens, hot head swims,
I burn unto my finger-tips.
But you are free. Fly! Fly alone.
Yes, you will win another bride
In some far clime where naught is known
Of all that you have won or lost,
Or what your life this night has cost;
Will win you name, and place, and power,
And ne'er recall this face, this hour,
Save in some secret, deep regret,
Which I forgive and you'll forget.
Your destiny will lead you on
Where, open'd wide to welcome you,
Rich, gushing hearts and bosoms are,
And snowy arms, more purely fair,
And breasts—who dare say breasts more true
When all this dear night's deeds are done?

"They said you had deserted me,
Had rued you of your wood and wild.
I knew, I knew it could not be,
I trusted as a trusting child.
I cross'd the bristled mountain high
That curves its rough back to the sky,
I rode the white maned mountain flood,
And track'd for weeks the trackless wood.
The good God led me, as before,
And brought me to your prison-door.

"That madden'd call! that fever'd moan!
I heard you in the midnight call
My own name through the massive wall,
In my sweet mountain-tongue and tone—
And yet you call'd so feebly wild,
I near mistook you for a child.
The keeper with the clinking keys
I sought, implored upon my knees
That I might see you, feel your breath,
Your brow, or breathe your low replies
Of comfort in your lonely death.
His red face shone, his redder eyes
Were like the fire of the skies,
And all his face was as a fire,
As he said, "Yield to my desire."
Again I heard your feeble moan,
I cried, "And must he die alone?"
I cried unto a heart of stone.
Ah! why the hateful horrors tell?

Enough! I crept into your cell
Polluted, loathed, a wretched thing,
An ashen fruit, a poison'd spring.

"I nursed you, lured you back to life,
And when you woke and call'd me wife
And love, with pale lips rife
With love and feeble loveliness,
I turn'd away, I hid my face,
In mad reproach and deep distress,
In dust down in that loathsome place.

"And then I vow'd a solemn vow
That you should live, live and be free,
And you have lived—are free; and now
Too slow yon red sun comes to see
My life, or death or me again.
Oh the peril and the pain
I have endured! the dark stain
That I did take on my fair soul,
All, all to save you, make you free,
Are more than mortal can endure:
But fire makes the foulest pure.

"Behold this finish'd funeral pyre,
All ready for the form and fire,
Which these, my own hands, did prepare
For this last night: then lay me there.
I would not hide me from my God
Beneath the cold and sullen sod,
And ever from the circled sun,
As if in shame for evil done,
But, wrapped in fiery, shining shroud,
Ascend to Him, a wreathing cloud."

"She paused, she turn'd, she lean'd apace
Her glance and half-regretting face,
As if to yield herself to me;
And then she cried, 'It cannot be,
For I have vow'd a solemn vow,
And God help me to keep it now!'

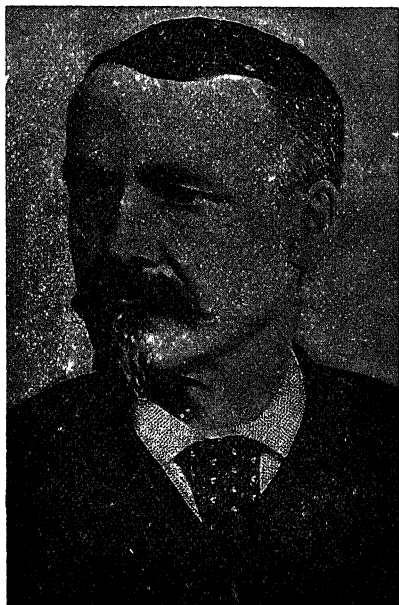
"I sprang with arms extended wide
To catch her to my burning breast;
She caught a dagger from her side
And plunged it to its 'lver hilt
Into her hot and bursting heart,
And fell into my arms and died—
Died as my soul to hers was press'd,
Died as I held her to my breast,
Died without one word or moan,
And left me with my dead—alone.

"I laid a circlet of white stone,
And left her ashes there alone.
But after many a white moon-wane
I sought that sacred ground again,
And saw the circle of white stone
With tall wild grasses overgrown.
I did expect, I know not why,
From out her sacred dust to find
Wild pinks and daisies blooming fair;
And when I did not find them there
I almost deem'd her God unkind,
Less careful of her dust than I.

JOHN VINCENT TAYLOR.

BORN: BRISTOL, ENG., IN 1833.

IN 1859 he left home for Canada, where he became assistant upon the *Huntington Herald*. In 1862 he came to New York, making a name for himself by his contributions to the *Christian Intelligencer*, at the outbreak of the civil war, upon the leading topics of that time. Eventually he volunteered and joined the 2d N. Y. S. M., 82d N. Y., for three years for the



JOHN VINCENT TAYLOR.

war, having the good fortune in his first battle (at the Wilderness), to rescue and bring the stars and stripes from the field, where they had been left by the color-sergeant, who was shot. Mr. Taylor was himself placed hors de combat near the Mataponi river, Va., and forever disabled for military service. In 1865 he was honorably discharged from the army at Hatcher's Run, Va., totally deaf, etc., etc. In due course his literary attainments were again in demand with such publications as *The Evening Globe*, *The Toms' River Courier*, and *The Cosmopolitan*. In 1872 he sailed for Australia, and was known among Australian journalists as that Young Man from America, for while there he contributed much valuable material to the leading publications of that country. In 1874 he set out for China, to see the Celestials as they are to be seen at home, spending three or four weeks at Amoy, and

two or three at Tokio. Returning again to Sydney, N. S. W., he departed thence via London to New York, where his fame having quietly preceded him, he found his name occupying a prominent position in that part of the literary world where he is a specialist. After drifting about for a period, he became connected with the *United States Sewing Machine Times*; at the same time contributed to the *Age of Steel*, St. Louis, Mo., as well as supplying New York Letters to various American and European publications. This gentleman was also the person referred to by a New York contemporary, which, lately reviewing a book put upon the market entitled *Gathering Jewels*, said: "In the preparation of the work for the press, we think we detect the literary earmarks of Mr. J. Vincent Taylor," etc., which was perfectly correct.

BEING MUSTERED OUT FOREVER.

It's true, I'm going down the hill at last;
Time's in a hurry; Death is coming fast —
All unmindful of the ties he'll sever,
When down I'll lie — muster'd out forever!
Do not sigh, for when I'm muster'd out,
I'll follow comrades in the general route
To where the soldier lives to fight no more,
In realms of rest upon the other shore!

When I go, do not weep or pine for me —
Gone beyond, into vast eternity!
Alas! I'll see no more the holy ground.*
Nor lowly bend in front of loved mound,
Where so many of my brave comrades fell
In Gettysburg's fierce storm of shot and shell;
For note, my aged sight is growing dim,
While Time with trembling shakes my every limb!

Yes, I had hop'd to live to see the day,
When we a monument of stone would lay
On the spot where our gallant comrades died,
And thus their sacrifice have memorized!
But another wills, we must be content,
To say "here!" aloft, when for it we're sent;
E'en so, I beg the State to do its best,
To hallow the spot where our comrades rest!

Oh, how I seem to see it all again;
And list, I hear once more the mad refrain
With which the rebels fell upon our ranks,
To break our center or to turn our flanks;
"Steady my men," we hear the Colonel cry —
"Once more stand firm — the traitors soon
will fly!"

As shoulder to shoulder we stood that day,
To bear the onslaught of the stubborn fray.

Three times they charged down upon our line,
As if they thought to butcher us like swine;
Yes, but we kept the snarling wolves at bay —
For God, for country, liberty, and aye!

But, oh, at what a fearful cost 'twas done —
As dropped down our comrades one by one,
Until more than one hundred, then and there,
Had gone the mem'ry of the dead to share!

"Close up ranks!" we heard a lieutenant cry—
"For boys were bound to hold our line or die!"
Then, horror of horrors! it came to pass —
In their last charge — all mowed down like
grass —

The reckless foe retreated out of sight,
To once more leave us masters of the fight!
Again I seem to see the carnage done,
And gladly watch the foemen as they run!

Loudly their leaders call'd on them in vain:
"For God's sake, form your lines, and charge
again!"

[that —
Of course, they could see naught of God in
No more than you can in your batter'd hat.
And why did we not after them pursue?
Ah, my son, we had holier work to do —
Two hundred of our dead around us lay,
Awaiting the return of dust to clay!

Then, as daylight decreased in the West,
Sorrowfully we tried to do our best
To lay them side by side in that holy ground—
Thenceforth historic all the globe around!
And when the earth their silent forms did
hide;

We fail'd the tears of comradeship to hide —
In haste the painful duty soon was done —
Quickly to answer roll-call one by one.

Then we found others missing from the field,
To silent pray the God of battles shield
Them from all harm wherever they might be—
From treason's steel, deceit and treachery!
But now my years are full unto fourscore,
I shall see holy Gettysburg no more —
That grand altar of freedom and of right,
Where loyalty hurl'd treason back to night!

For from that day the rebels lost all hope —
Gradually hemmed in, they lacked scope
To continue the long and bootless strife
They vainly waged against a nation's life!"
At last, the aged patriot ceas'd to speak,
And while a sigh did but the silence break,
Upon the pillow once more lay his head —
As "muster'd out," another soul had fled!
—* Gettysburg.

HOME AND COUNTRY. ACROSTIC.

Hist! and let us recall the past again —
O'er full of ingrate strife, woe, and pain,
Malignant hate and patriotic love —
E'en as when Evil warr'd with God above!

Alas! we hear the Nation's call for aid,
Nor turn away with craven answer made,
Daunted by treason which first drew the blade.

Columbia did not plead or call in vain; [plain?
Our martial hosts came up from vale and
United the Free States together stood,
Nor stinted e'en the treasure or the blood
That loyalty demanded from them all —
Regicidal Rebellion doom'd to fall —
Ye help'd to conquer and to disenthral!

Hush! come look with me o'er yon battle-
ground,

On which the soldier sleeps in rest profound;
Maybe he dreams of home and country,
E'en on the field of carnage that you see.

Ay! sees his roof-tree and his lov'd ones dear,
Nor hesitates to drop a manly tear,
During his happy dream of home and cheer.

Close the wife holds the little one at breast,
Or with a lullaby coos it down to rest,
Until he feels really at home again,
No more to hear unholy war's refrain!
Turning over, he wakes up with a start,
Reminded of a gallant soldier's part —
Yet cannot still the beating of his heart!

How real it seem'd, he murmurs to himself;
Oh! yes; how dear to me by far than self —
My loving wife — our babe — our home —
E'en when the fiercer strife of battles come!

And my glorious country, what of thee?
Now, now, at last thou shalt grow fair and free—
Doom'd thy plague-spot of human slavery!

Curs'd be the horde who'd strike at thee again,
Or, covertly, would cause thee future pain!
United in all parts forever stand,
Ne'er divided by either stream or land,
Till future time and tide shall cease to be
Recorded only as eternity!

Yea, that and more, I live or die for thee!

MRS. EMMA C. WOOD.

BORN: SOUTH BERWICK, ME., JAN. 5, 1859.

THIS lady has contributed quite a few gems
to the periodical press. She was married in
1881 to Rev. S. G. Wood.

"GOOD-BY, PAPA."

That little maid? Well, yes; you see
She is the light of life to me;
Her mother's very image, sir,
So natural-like I cling to her.
A little one, I know — not strong;
But still I pray God spare her long.
When I leave home at early day,
I hear her voice far on the way
Calling, "Good-by! My love, you know,
Is your's, Papa, where'er you go."

CHARLES F. MARKELL.

BORN: FREDERICK, MD., OCT. 16, 1855.

In 1876 Charles graduated in the law department of Columbia university, Washington, D. C., his legal essay receiving the first prize, and was admitted to the bar of that city. He shortly afterward visited Europe. On his return Mr. Markell located at Fort Wayne, Ind., but finding the climate detrimental to his health he returned to his native place in 1880,



CHARLES FREDERICK MARKELL.

where he has since been engaged in the active practice of his profession. In 1883 he was elected as a republican to the Maryland house of delegates. For three years Mr. Markell was junior editor and proprietor of the Frederick Daily and Weekly Times. He has an interest in several other enterprises, notably that of the Asbestos mines and also the Union Foundries.

TO-NIGHT.

Could I but die to-night
 While yet my lips thy kisses warm;
 While beats my heart against thine own
 As storm-bird rides the storm:
 Could I but die to-night
 While yet breathes soft thy gentle breath
 "I love thee;" gladly would I hail
 The sweet advent of death.
 Could I but die to-night

Ere yet my trusting heart has found
 The pain of the soul-entering iron,
 Or felt the arrow's wound.
 Could I but die to-night
 Ere yet my throbbing breast has known
 The frailty of woman's love,
 The anguish of my own.
 Could I but die to-night
 Ere fades this rapturous dream too soon,
 While life is flushed with hallowed light
 That dims the rays of noon.
 Could I but die to-night
 While yet I feel thy heart-blood leap
 For me, how gladly would I go:
 How sweetly would I sleep.

SLEEPING.

The white-winged messenger has come
 To whisper with a voice as soft
 As measures of the symphony
 With which his holy home abounds,
 That she, whose whiteness here below
 Was purer than the hill-side snow,
 Must glisten soon 'neath that sunbeam
 Celestial, that forever gilds
 The bright hill-sides of paradise:
 And that the lily, pure, that bloomed
 Upon savannas dark and dank,
 Soon of elysian dews will drink,
 And shed its perfume 'round the throne
 Of Him who gave the flower life.
 Deep in unstartled chambers now
 She sleeps; and o'er her bosom, void,
 Perpetual vigil angels keep;
 While echoes, ringing through the tomb,
 A name she loved in life repeat.
 Each flower on her grassy grave,
 That bows its head to matin dews
 And sheds its richest plenitude
 Of thanks in silent perfumed prayer,
 Breathes also in that prayer a name;
 And breathes it o'er and o'er again
 Until the breath and name are swept
 By softest winds that kissed the bud
 To seas of heavenly song above.
 A name she loved in life; how oft
 The lips now stricken by the hand
 That also bade the heart-throb cease,
 And still itself in endless rest,
 Told with it in their fondest way
 The love and gratitude she felt.
 Her sister's name. One who now stands
 Upon the margin of the beck
 With straining eye and yearning heart;
 Who hears the song the flowers breathe,
 And from the glorious symphony
 Of angels' voices high above
 Discerns the song her dear dead sings,
 And longs to answer back again.

SUNSET OF THE HEART.

The ghostly shadows softly shift
 Across the russet lawn,
 Fond memories of departed friends
 And friendships lost and gone.
 The ferns of hope, with folding leaf,
 Close to the gathering dew —
 The dew of cold adversity
 That chills them through and through.

The trailing vines of tender love,
 With trembling tendrils torn,
 Still clasp the idol of their lives,
 Though winds of blighting scorn
 Wrest them away with withering blast
 And rend with cruel breath,
 While hour-frosts of ingratitude,
 Bite them to bitter death.

The rivulets of childhood's dreams
 Have lulled themselves to rest;
 The violets of innocence
 Turn down each painted breast.
 Bright fancy's birds with wearied wing,
 Rest on the drooping boughs
 And listen to the rustling leaves
 Of long forgotten vows.

The blackened crags and time-seared rocks
 Of passions bold and free,
 Are shrouded in a robe of moss,—
 The moss of charity.
 The mountains dark of grief and toil
 Fade with the paling ray,
 And mingling with the falling shades,
 Steal one by one away.

Calm resignation's quiet lake
 Glows 'neath the sinking sun,
 And breathes its purl of holy prayer,
 Ere yet the day is done;
 Soft clouds of mercy, pure and white,
 Rise o'er the gilded zone,
 To mirror back the dying light,—
 The warmth of life is gone.

Just where the molten fires have fled
 And left their gold behind,
 There comes a voice divinely sweet,
 Like music of the wind,
 That bids each passion, grief and joy,
 Each hope, each love depart
 And pass into forgetfulness,—
 'Tis sunset of the heart.

MONOCACY.

Monocacy, loved, fair nymph of the wood,
 Catoclin's own far-wandering child;
 On soft is thy name, yet softer thy flood,
 And mellowed thy music and wild.
 Not as Potomac, whose historic fame
 Forever oblivion bars,

Nor fair Shenaudoah, whose musical name
 In Indian is "Child of the stars,"
 Art thou ever sung immortal in verse
 Where painters and bards love to dream,
 Yet better by far, unknown in thy course,
 I love thee my own mountain stream.

My heart is a river sullen and deep,
 Whose glad song was stilled long ago:
 Upon its dark crest the moons never sleep,
 Nor fair flowers gladden its flow.
 No ripple of hope its bosom awakes,
 No soft purl of prayer its sad tides;
 Lilies of dreams have forsaken its lakes,
 And bright birds of fancy its sides.
 But sometimes the shades of friends that are
 gone,
 As twilight, half light up the gloom;
 And thus it will flow forever and on
 Till its waves are lost in the tomb.

MRS. ELLEN F. LINCOLN.

BORN: PORTLAND, ME., APRIL 21, 1833.

SINCE her marriage in 1862 to Dr. John D. Lincoln, this lady has resided in Brunswick, Me. Her poems have appeared in the Boston Congregationalist, Youth's Companion, Portland Transcript and other publications, and she is represented in the Poets of Maine.

HER STORY.

Only a little thread of gold,
 Running her whole life through,
 So plainly she could see it here,
 Then lost awhile could trace it there,
 As it came again in view.

Only a little rill of love,
 That watered her dusty way,
 But the meagre draught though sweet to sip,
 And quaffed with an eager thirsting lip,
 Could not that thirst allay.

Only a bright and buoyant hope,
 That could not be repressed,
 But it lifted at once her weight of care,
 It made of her desert a gay par terre,
 And her secret was unguessed.

For none might know that hidden fount,
 Of joy within her heart.
 There are dreams to which we fondly cling,
 And flowers too frail for blossoming,
 Of our very lives a part.

Her busy days at last were done,
 And the weary feet had rest,
 The thread of gold had all been spun;
 The little rill had ceased to run,
 And the hope died unconfessed.

ANNETTA J. HALLIDAY.

BORN: SYRACUSE, N. Y., NOV. 1, 1869.

ATTENDING the convent of the Sacred Heart, Miss Annetta received a thorough education. She is now a teacher of vocal and instrumental music, and also gives instruction in French, German, Italian and Spanish. Miss Halliday has written poems from a very early age,



ANNETTA J. HALLIDAY.

which have appeared from time to time in the Chicago Current, Detroit Evening News, Yankee Blade, and other well known publications. She resides with her parents in Detroit, Mich. Miss Halliday hopes to publish a volume in the near future.

FROM "LIFE IN A DAY."

A FACE AND A FATE.

All that I know about a certain face
Is that it looked destruction into mine!
Methought that God, and Heaven and Man,
Were atoms quite, and all the span
Of years that bridge the great between
Had halted, that I might but glean
The sunshine and the shadow of thy grace,
My own, and kiss away my soul on thine!
The stars ruled from their courses and the
earth
Might whirl, and burn, and perish in its
doom;
For in a moment all the strife,
The throbbing toil which men call Life,

Had vanished, and there lived for me,
One heart desire,—to be with thee,
Together! this the need for Heaven's worth,
For if thou be not by me, all is gloom.

DREAM TONES.

I send my heart up to thee
In a song;
And the hour bears part, for the stars gleam
bright,
And the winds whisper low on the breath of
the night.
Be thy sleep as calm as the moonlight above,
While I watch thy casement with eyes of love,
Sleep on, sleep on!
The fainting night throbs out as
Ne'er before;
While the fire-flies sink on the river's brim,
And the light of my life seems hushed and
dim,
For thou'rt silent. Hark, our token — how
sweet
To feel that our hearts on each other beat—
Dream on, Dream on!
Let thy arms clasp me fast, I
Swoon, I fail.
Kiss me dearly, sweet one, and heart on heart
Let my lips to your lips cling ere we part;
Press thy cheek to my cheek,—love ne'er will
die,—
Close, till our speech is lost in passion's sigh,
Love on, love on!

RETROSPECTION.

Dearest, do you remember
Just one short year ago,
How we promised, you and I,
As the long, long months should fly,
To make our life a little heaven
Here below?
Year ago.

Do you know what words you said,
You could ne'er love again?
And you emphasized your speech
In the way that love can teach,
For your kisses showered fast
Like summer rain?
Love again.

Do you think of how we left
The old home far away?
Where tho' apples used to swing
And the honeysuckle cling,
And the song-bird used to carol
All the day?
Far away.

DEAD LEAVES.

Where is she gone to, silent night,
And why is her window open wide?

I wait, I watch, but no wife comes near,—
 I only know that she is not here—
 I only feel that from my side
 Is flown the one who sanctified
 My very soul! Ah, never more
 Her kiss will greet me as before.
 Was it something said, dearest one?
 Or some action I had left undone?
 Was it wrong to chide you for that smile
 And ask you to abstain for my sake?
 For you knew not how I felt the while
 And my heart—you could not guess 'twould
 break.

Ah come back and teach me, only teach!
 I will be a slave, love, to thy speech.
 You swore to honor and obey—
 Hark! does this echo try to say
 One of the Legion of the Lost?

REV. H. F. DARNELL, D.D.

BORN IN ENGLAND, JUNE 24, 1831.

THE compositions of this gentleman have appeared in the leading magazines of this country and Canada. In 1862 a volume of his poems, entitled *Songs by the Way*, attracted much attention. For several years past Rev. Darnell has been rector of Zion church, Avon, N. Y. His *Songs of the Season* and his *A Nation's Thanksgiving*, published in Philadelphia in 1885 and 1887, were favorably received by the American press and people. Since that time Dr. Darnell has written several stories, which have been widely read.

DEDICATION.

To thee, dear child—in Heaven—
 Who on thy father's toil no more shalt smile,
 These flowers—in memory given—
 May, like those spread above thy dust, awhile
 Some few fast-fleeting hours of care beguile,
 And die at even;
 But if, to that serene atmosphere
 In which thou dwell'st, their leaves, though
 sere,
 May waft one parting breath
 Ere they have perished from this lower
 sphere,—
 They will have conquered death.

MAY-DAY SONG.

O happy day! O bright May-day!
 Sweet herald of the Spring:
 Come, girl with golden promises,
 And Hope's fair blossoming:
 Thou Earth, be green—ye Skies, serene,
 To greet our Queen!
 Give flowers to grace her youthful brow,
 Soft turf beneath her feet;

Let heaven be musical with songs
 Of wild-birds, soft and sweet:
 Thou Earth be green—ye Skies, serene,
 To deck our Queen!

Bring sunny hours of joy and love
 To cheer the course of life;
 Make free her path from thorny cares,
 Give peace when storms are rife:
 Thou Earth be green—ye Skies, serene,
 To bless our Queen!

Alas! that crowns like these should fade,
 And early ties be broken—
 The bitterest word of all—"farewell!"—
 By loving lips be spoken:
 When youth is gone, and life is sere,
 And changed the festive scene,
 Thou Earth be green—ye Skies, serene,
 To bless our Queen!

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow—four foot low—
 I laid a child to rest;
 Her form was chill, her lips were still—
 No pulse within her breast:
 In her eye no light, and her brow as white
 As the flowers her fingers pressed.

Under the snow—four foot low—
 That tiny form was laid;
 The feeble ray of a winter day
 Above her lightly played;
 And a little mound of frozen ground
 Was all the tribute paid.

Under the snow—four foot low—
 I left that sleeping child;
 But Spring came round, with merry sound,
 And the air was fresh and mild;
 The grass waved green where the snow had
 been,
 And the birds sang sweet and wild.

Still, under the snow—cold and low—
 She lies in my memory;
 For no earthly Spring can ever bring
 My darling back to me;
 I ne'er can hear that voice so dear—
 That light step bounding free!

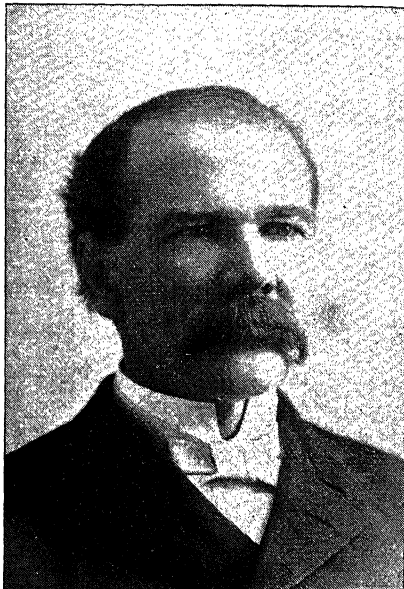
Thus, under the snow—four foot low—
 That form still silent lies;
 But a Spring shall shine, and a voice divine
 Shall one day bid it rise;
 So I will not weep, for the angels keep
 That grave in their loving eyes.

When earth and its snow, beneath the glow
 Of that Spring, shall melt away,
 That form shall rise beyond the skies,
 And bask in Heaven's ray—
 Shall reunite with the spirit bright
 Which left it lifeless clay.

JOHN PRESTON CAMPBELL.

BORN IN BOSTON, MASS.

THE writings of Mr. Campbell have received and are still receiving very favorable comment from the press. The beautiful volume from his pen, *Queen Sylvia and Other Poems*, has had quite an extensive sale. The variety of themes touched upon seem almost unbound-



JOHN PRESTON CAMPBELL.

ed. Although still a comparatively young man, this brilliant poet has already gained quite an enviable reputation among the young writers of America. For the past fourteen years he has been in the active practice of law in Abilene, Kansas. Mr. Campbell is also the author of *The Land of Sun and Song*, a Kansas poem recently issued in book form; and *The Summerless Sea*, an arctic poem.

I OFTEN WISH.

I often wish, in mood sublime,
That I could rise on seraph wings
And flit throughout that Aidenn clime,
Where bliss wells from a thousand
springs;

But when my spirit it would soar
To the gate of God where glory waits,
Some sorrow at my bosom's core
The heavenly spell that instant breaks.

At eventide, when mildness falls
Amidst the shaded scenery 'round,

Then a light from the celestial walls
Tinges the lily and the mound;
And the Muses urge my spirit on,
To break these earthly hamperings,
And go flitting through the dawn
To where the choir of heaven sings.

And sometimes, in diviner mood,
The celestials they will come,
With blest heralds of the sisterhood,
Pointing me to the land of sun:
Which makes my restless soul desire
To instant rise and sweep away
Into the bliss of the world up higher,
Beyond the mystic gates of day.

A gush, like an angel's psalm,
Of some rapt symphony sublime,
Which falls like a soothing balm,
Oft comes o'er this soul of mine
When, in musing mood, I meditate,
At the world's opening door,
Of Heaven and things eternal, great;
Of joy and bliss for evermore.

HOW CUPID FOUND THE WORLD.

One cloudless day of yore,
As Mercury and Venus slept,
From their unguarded door
A cunning little archer crept.

A moment pausing on the height,
He viewed the new-born world;
Then, with a descending ray of light,
His tiny pinions he unfurled.

Downsweeping the celestial way,
He alighted near Eden's garden fair,
And hath ever since that fatal day
Made mischief with each loving pair.

His name is little Cupid sly,
As all the bards avow,
And many a heart and eye
Feel his mischief now.

He carries 'round a golden bow,
With arrows silvery keen,
And many a light heart turns to see
From his archery supreme.

Sometimes the string will broken fall,
The arrows get misplaced,
But on luckless mortals he will call
To key it up with haste.

At the door he raps with gentle tap,
With heels, and hands and head:
He's as cunning a little chap
As ever yet was bred.

And should you let him in
From the cold and drenching rains,
In a fiendish streak of sin
He'll wound you for your pains.

Around the sofa's silken folds,
 Guarded by angel bands,
 In pomp this archer strolls,
 Rending love-links with his hands.
 Ah! the mischief that was made
 In letting this little archer out,
 There 'twill all be said
 In the decalogue of eternity, no doubt.

MY ANGEL BRIDE.

Amid the evening twilight tide
 I strayed in a cloudless clime
 Near a lakelet's silvery side,
 Deep pondering things divine.
 The starlight in the water fell,
 The moon gleamed up in heaven;
 Oh! holy, hallowed was the spell
 That 'round me there was given.
 By the lakelet's opposite brink
 I saw a snowy-robed angel stand;
 First from her I thought to shrink,
 But she beckoned with her hand.
 Then would I have crossed the tide,
 For that face before I'd seen;
 Ah! once she was my plighted bride,
 My fair and worshiped queen.
 She instant raised her seraph eyes,
 As if imploring the heaven clear;
 When lo! out of the ambient skies,
 Melodious voices sounded near.
 "A little longer leave him there,
 Mayhap to pen some deathless line;
 When the sheaf be ripe and fair,
 Garner it in the autumn's prime."
 She replied "I'm aweary waiting,
 Alone amid the golden spheres,
 Whilst others there are mating,—
 Mating for the eternal years."
 "Oh, grieve not, thou heavenly one,
 For the joys of earth that's past;
 Abide till an eternity of dawn
 Breaks 'round thy love at the last."
 She answered, "Pray then let it be;
 Write fair on the record above,
 Without the wall of the Jasper Sea,
 I'll wait and watch for my love."
 The flow of her silvery voice
 Was wafted by an angel's wing;
 The hosts of heaven did rejoice
 At her love's deep unwavering.
 Shadows, numberless, seemed to flit
 As she raised and floated away,
 While on the face of the lakelet
 Fell a beam brighter than day.
 Long, long in the hush of night
 I gazed into the heaven there,

To see whence she'd taken her flight,
 My beautiful angel bride so fair.
 Since that eve at varied times
 Will fall on the ear of my soul
 Some of those blest Aiden chimes
 That from the harps of angels roll.
 Oft I hear the voice of my bride
 Chiding me that I do not come,
 From the evening twilight tide,
 That her weary waiting may be done.

THE BERRY PATH.

Indeed, is this the berry path,
 The path of long ago,
 Where sportive I did laugh,
 With schoolmates rang'd arow?
 Are these the ancient pines
 That stood so gloomy, tall,
 And the fond memory lines
 I trac'd with my pen-knife small?
 Is this the lily pond to the right,
 The wall so moss'd with eld,
 Where went each young day's flight,
 The school house where I spell'd?
 Ah, yes, they are the same,
 Pasture, play-ground, hill;
 But only this in name,
 For Time hath wrought his will.
 In meditative mood I pause,
 As for this and that one's coming;
 But my soul the silence awes
 At the vari'd changes running.
 Some have wend'd hence, away
 In pursuit of life's charms;
 Others rest in the church yard clay,
 Where the worm defacing harms.
 I fanci'd a fortnight's cheer
 In lingering along this walk;
 But with lov'd ones missing here,
 Each pleasure seems to mock.
 The berry path so joyful then,
 Lin'd with laughing boys and girls,
 Seems like a desert'd glen
 Where Time's succession whirls.
 And somehow as I view
 My youthful play-ground o'er,
 Like ghosts come fitting into view
 The vanish'd joys of yore.
 The echoing of my footfalls
 Rise as dead from out the ground,
 As those of Death's in his icy halls
 'Mid the hush of nature all profound.
 Sure, there's little joy for me
 In wending here alone,
 And painful grows my reverie
 Where all my mates have flown.

EDGAR WELLTON COOLEY.

BORN: MANCHESTER, O., DEC. 13, 1865.

AFTER leaving school Edgar learned to set type in the office of the Keokuk Daily Constitution. In 1881 he removed with his parents to Marshalltown, Iowa, where he now resides. Mr. Cooley was married in 1887 to Miss May



EDGAR WELLTON COOLEY.

Surles. Mr. Cooley now devotes his time almost entirely to literary pursuits. Many poems of this young writer have appeared in the Waverly Magazine, Chicago Current, Texas Figaro, National Tribune and other prominent periodicals.

THE FLOWER OF FAME.

At morn a bud
Whose leaves, still dampened by the morning dew,
Give promise of a beauty unsurpassed,
And lay upon the altar of our view
The possibilities the future may possess.

At noon a full-blown rose
Whose fragrance, which it scatters on the air,
Is equalled only by its loveliness;
The model which the artist paints with care
And the never-dying substance of the poet's song.

At night a faded flower
Whose withered leaves are trampled into dust
Unheeded by the busy passer-by;

Whose perfume which was borne by every guest

Is lost amid the tempest of the night.

And so with fame;

At morn 'tis brightened by hope's fairest dreams,

To bloom into reality at noon;
At eve the sun's refulgent beams

Find but the ashes of ambition's flame.

THE UNKNOWN RIDER OF CONEMAUGH.

Out of the hills in the fading light,
Like a shadow that heralds the approaching night,

Rattling o'er ridges, and bridges and dike,
And stretching along o'er the stony pike,
Straining each nerve to increase their speed,
Came a rider strange and a stranger steed —
Startling the birds from their nests of straw,
Along the banks of the Conemaugh.

With streaming main and gray with dust,
The steed sweeps on like the evening gust,
Bringing down to the town with fiery breath
The terrible story of ruin and death;
And over the valley the cry rings wild
To every man, and woman and child —
"The dike has broken — fly to the hills!"

At the words the heart of the listener chills,
And the birds are scared from their nests of straw,

Along the banks of the Conemaugh.

On the evening air there is borne the sound
Of a distant rumble that shakes the ground;
And the river that slept by its quiet shore
Is tearing along with an angry roar;
Reaching out with a hungry grasp,
And laughing to mockery lock and clasp;
Snatching the babe from the mother's breast
And bearing it off on its stormy crest;
Rushing on in a mighty wave,
While the horse and rider are trying to save —
And the birds fly out of their nests of straw,
Along the banks of the Conemaugh.

God stay the wave and strengthen the master!
And spur the steed to speed the faster!
On, on they fly in the terrible race —
But stern and set is the master's face,
And steady and clear is the warning cry
As horse and rider go sweeping by.
But flesh is flesh, and blood is blood —
And what is either against a flood?
So the rider and steed that tried to save
Are lying together beneath the wave;
And forever lost are the nests of straw,
Along the banks of the Conemaugh.

The years may come and the years may go,
And the rider's name we may never know;
But our hearts will forever in memory hold
The heroic deed of the horseman bold.

And when the wind shall fiercely roar
 And shake the window and rattle the door—
 And moan and complain in the chimney deep,
 The mother will rock her children to sleep,
 And sing the song of the thrilling deed,
 Of the unknown rider, and unknown steed,
 Who ran the terrible race with death,
 Spreading the warning with failing breath,
 And startling the birds from their nests of
 straw,
 Along the banks of the Conemaugh.

AT MARBLEHEAD.

Oh, the flowers grow fair at Marblehead,—
 The flowers grow fair and bright,
 And the ships sail out in the bay at morn
 And the ships sail back at night.
 Oh, eleven ships sailed out at morn
 Eleven ships, what then?
 The winds blew hard and the winds blew
 strong
 And the night breeze counted ten.
 For winds blow hard at Marblehead—
 The winds blow hard, alack;
 And the ship that sails away at morn
 May never more come back!
 Oh, there are mothers at Marblehead,—
 Oh, there are mothers and wives,
 And winds may blow and shatter ships,
 And winds may shatter lives.
 Oh the flowers grow sweet at Marblehead,—
 The flowers grow sweet and high,
 But winds may blow, and ships may sail
 And hearts may break and die.

AMBITION.

Ambition, on life's desert plain,
 Looks through the telescope of years,
 And by imagination's lens,
 Sees Fame and Fortune's distant streams.
 Fair Hope's illusive summer dreams
 But urge the tired traveler on;
 The mirage of Fancy mocks his tears,
 And rises on the burning air.
 Then Disappointment, hungry-eyed,
 That wilful child by Failure bred,
 Outspreads the canvas Despair,
 And paints the view with heated breath
 Of empty life and coming death;
 And leaves him when his Will is gone,
 And Energy and Pride is dead,
 To die alone on Folly's plain.

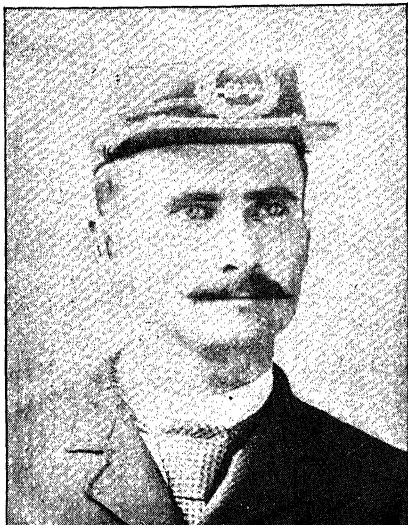
EXTRACT.

And there in a window, with face to the glass,
 Was the daintiest, prettiest bit of a lass;
 And I saw in her roguishly, beautiful eyes,
 The blue that the storm-king had blown from
 the skies,
 As she merrily tapped on the window.

J. SHERIDAN JAMES.

BORN; EBENSBURG, PA., JAN. 25, 1865.

THE poems of Mr. James have appeared in the



J. SHERIDAN JAMES.

local press generally. He is a photographer
 by profession, and still resides in Ebensburg.

EBENSBURG.

The county seat of Cambria
 So beautifully stands
 Among the mountain scenery,
 Surrounded on all hands
 By fertile farms and woodland
 That deck the hills of fame,
 And oft is heard the remark
 "We get there just the same."
 In spring the sweet birds warble,
 In summer flowers bloom,
 In autumn can be ever heard
 The wailing of the coon.
 In winter sleighing parties
 Are trumps, all through the land
 Composed of young folks mainly,
 A joyous happy band.

REFLECTION.

In the full bloom of melody and mirth,
 When youth's bright spirit gleamed from out
 the eye,
 He left us, his soul though fled from earth
 Continues yet to sing in strains that cannot die
 Yes, memory's visions mingling with a power,
 Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone;
 Bring to us all full many a lonely hour
 Comfort, for which we never can atone.

HOMER P. BRANCH.

BORN: MILLVILLE, WIS., JAN. 11, 1865.

AFTER receiving his education, Homer learned the printers' trade, subsequently entering the editorial sanctum. In 1887 Mr. Branch was married to Miss A. Sopha Miller, which union has been blessed with a son and heir. Mr. Branch has been personally associated with



HOMER P. BRANCH.

the management of numerous Iowa publications, and is now sole editor and proprietor of the North Iowa Democrat, published at Mitchell, of which city he was elected mayor in 1889. He has written numerous poems, and is now at work on several pieces of blank verse, which will appear in book form at an early date.

MY SERAPHINE VISITORS.

Silently on wings of ether
In my dreams there come to me
Visions of unearthly beauty
That caress me lovingly;
And they float, these lovely shadows,
O'er my curtained couch all night,
Each dispensing sweet enchantment,
Joy benign and calm delight.
Vestures of transparent whiteness
Wave about their lustral forms,
Glist'ning softly in the moonbeams,
Kissed by airs in tender storms;
And their silver-gleaming tresses
As they move in silent flight

Mildly light the darkness 'round them,
Lending beauty to the night.

Ah, they come and lie beside me,
Hold my head with tender care,
Soothe my sleep with happy thoughts,
All night staying fondly there;
Thus I rest in arms of zephyr,
Closely pressed in warm embrace—
Warmly pressed to spectral bosoms!—
With their warmth upon my face.

They're the spirits of the loved ones
Who have passed to homes divine
In the second life's Great Kingdom
Within Heaven's border line;
But at night in troupes all joyous
Flock they to the mortal one,
Whom of all earth they loved the most,
Whom of earth now love alone.

Bright they come on Beulah's odors,
Floating on the breath of low
Sweet music, mild, melodious,
And their fairy faces glow—
Glow with happiest expression!—
As they hover o'er my bed,
And their lips in kisses touch me
As they nestle 'round my head.

TO LAKE PONCHARTRANE.

Watery gem! I gaze
On thy luster-flecked breast,
And its pale sheen conveys
To my soul's gloomy rest
Vague impressions; the night,
And the specter-like calm
Of the moon's pallid light,
Like spiritual balm
Casts a spell o'er thy wave—
O'er thy legended wave!

Through the vapors I see
White flitting forms dancing
A mystic revelry
Over the swells, glancing
In strange salient lines
Between earth's somber plain,
And high Heaven's confines
In lights that swell and wane
With the gleam of their eyes—
Changing gleam of their eyes!

WALTZ SONG.

Trip lightly, Lila, lightly now,
See the merry waltzers gliding,
Whirling, airily as fairies,
Sweetly to the airs confiding
All their thoughts in pleasant mazes,—
Thrilled with pleasure, undecided
On they go nor dream of sorrow,
Never brooding o'er, nor chiding
Past displeasures;— so, dearest, let us
Waltz now to the music's guiding.

REV. HIRAM B. WHITE.

BORN: PIERPONT, OHIO, OCT. 23, 1857.

MR. WHITE is pastor of the Disciple Church at Orwell, Ohio, where he is well known as an upright and sincere gentleman. Mr. White has been blind from his youth. His poems have been published in the local press, and have been accorded much praise.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

I am thrilled with a passion of sound,
A feeling, a longing profound;
A spray from the fount of our deepest emotions

Is borne to my soul in that sound.

Whence comes it, the power of these strings?
That voice which so wondrously sings
Of the heart's truest longings, its best aspirations?

Who hath given such a power to these strings?

No fairy-like, frolicksome glee

Is borne in their music to me.

They tell of the strife, thought and conflict
of life;

Man's purpose; not youth's careless glee.

Do they know, as they sing their sad song,

How we labor and struggle and long

For a touch of that life which in every string
trembles —

That an angel-soul breathes in the song?

Fain, fain would I be as those strings,

The radiant song-angel's wings,

Which waft o'er the spirit the perfumes of
Eden —

My life-type is hid in those strings.

A RUINED CASTLE.

Stay with me, gentle spirit of the past,

While here I wander 'mid deserted halls,

And grass-grown paths, half hid by tangled
vines,

Where the rank nettle and unsightly weed,

And long, luxuriant grass usurp the place

Of violet, lily, rose and well kept lawn.

Stay with me, as I climb these ruined walls,
Shattered by ruthless war and time's rude
hand.

Restore these breaches. Call again from dust
The forms whose glittering mail reflected back

The sunset's glow, each shield a fiery sun.

Uprear this gate, around whose half burned
beams

The grasses meet to bend their dewy heads,

And weep o'er such destruction and decay.

But let us leave these things which speak of
strife,

To seek the rooms whose tattered tapestry

And walls discolored by the damps of time,
Undwelt in save by darkness-haunting bat
Or dreamy owl, who seeks their gloomy
shade,

Whose shattered windows, crowned with pointed
arch,

And curtained with the spider's delicate
wheel,

Were once the fair abodes of woman's power,
Which makes our war-cursed earth not all a
hell.

Thy fount of inspiration, those two lives,
So closely blent they seemed one heart, one
soul;

But severed with a shock which left their
world this void:—

But see! a fallen picture here,

Like some pure angel in a world of sin;

The last memorial of God's frustrate plan.

Raise it; brush back the dust and cobweb
screen,

And through its mildew trace, in shadowy
lines,

A mother holding in her arms her babe.

Recall the fading memories of her life,

Old tales which 'mong the simple country folk

Still linger like the scent of flowers removed,

Or the last low murmur of some mournful
song,

Breathing a holy silence through the soul.

But pause not here. Still on from room to
room,

Vast halls decayed, yet holding still some
trace

Of former pomp, in walls of paneled oak

Or carven stone, or floors of quaint design,

Or leaden sash with glass of rare device,

All time-worn and defaced by wanton hands.

O'er moldering floors, through gloomy cor-
ridors,

Dark, slimy, winding passages, down flights

Of broken steps, we pick our dangerous way

Out of this chill dead air, and stand once
more

Where Heaven's warm kiss calls forth earth's
myriad life

SUNSET.

Marked you the sun, when last he smiled on
earth,

Then seemed to turn again to kiss his child
Good-night, and hush the weary world to rest?

Saw you his splendor when he touched the
clouds

With tints of gold, or changed to crimson fire?

He saw himself reflected in the stream,

Whose low, sweet music speaks to Nature's
heart;

And like a maid in bridal robes arrayed,

He, trembling, smiled to see himself so fair.

JOHN JORDAN.

BORN IN IRELAND, MARCH 6, 1805.

AMONG the citizens of Red Wing, Minnesota, and the surrounding country, there are few men who are more widely known than John Jordan; he lives on a farm in Wacouta, and is



JOHN JORDAN.

not only a farmer but is also a poet and inventor. Although Mr. Jordan is now in his eighty-fifth year, he is still vigorous and healthy, and is a familiar figure on the streets of Red Wing.

JORDAN'S CREEK.

Near yon willow sand I heave up,
And the soil I wash away,
Over rock and coral bottom,
Running steady night and day.
Through the meadow and the pasture,
Crooked cuts make on my way;
There is no human hand can stop me
For my mission's to the sea.
Man may spoil my crooked corners,
But he can't my onward way,
For the Great Creator made me,
And his will I do obey.
Yes, man may turn me and may dam me,
Then my strength is stronger still;
And to him I would prove useful
For my power would turn his mill.
The trout play in my waters here
And nibble at the seeds of grass:

The flowers in the meadows, too,
Are glad to hear me sing and pass.
At the bottom I move on slowly,
With difficulty make my way;
Thence into the mighty channel
Where large fish do sport and play.

I meet my friends from three quarters,
Yes, from the north, south and west,
And our union makes us stronger
To carry the rafts upon our breast.

MINNESOTA.

O Minnesota? Young Minnesota!
'Tis not so very long ago
Since your roads were but Indian trails,
And the War Dance all the go;
But the scalpners are all gone,
They have followed the buffalo,
And the splendid fields of wheat
On the hunting grounds now grow.
O Minnesota! Healthy Minnesota!
You soon jumped into wealth;
The reason is very plain, 'tis your
Good soil and your good health.
May you forever prosper,
The "staff of life" to grow,
And farewell to the scalpners
Who followed the buffalo.

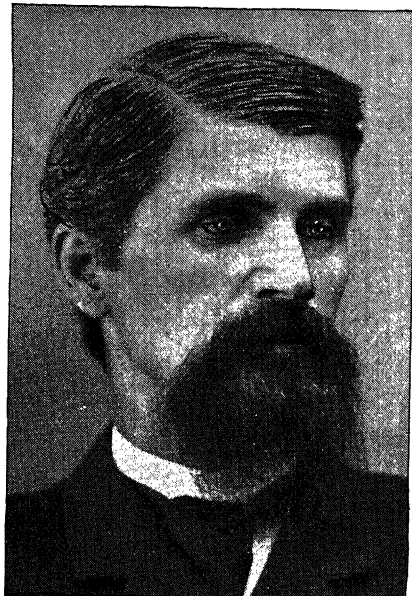
MY SON NATHANIEL'S PICTURE.

His picture is here,
But his bones they are not;
They lie far away
In some rebel's green lot.
For his country he fought,
For the union did fall
On the red battle-field
By a traitor's sad ball.
On the fourth of October,
In the year sixty-two,
The fighting was hard
At Corinth, it is true.
Nat., the brave fellow,
These words then did say
To his comrade, Edwards,
"Let us not run away."
But before the brave fellow
Could get a reply,
A shell knocked him over,
And in blood he did lie.
He was carried to a tent;
Edwards did say
That he spoke of his mother
The most of the way.
He said, "Tell my mother
To not fret for me,
For I die for my country
And sweet liberty."

ANDREW J. EIDSON, M. D.

BORN IN OHIO IN 1837.

MR. EIDSON studied theology, but was not ordained. He next studied medicine, graduating at Rush medical college in 1865. While quite young Dr. Eidson commenced to court the muse. More than a hundred of his poems have appeared from time to time in the periodical press. The poem of No Children's



ANDREW J. EIDSON.

Graves in China has been pronounced one of the finest productions in the English language. In 1871 Dr. Eidson removed to Coatesville, Missouri, where he has been engaged up to the present time in the active practice of his profession. In the near future this soldier, doctor and writer contemplates the publication of a volume of poems.

NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No children's graves in China,
The missionaries say;
In cruel haste and silence,
They put those buds away;
No tombstones mark their resting,
To keep their memory sweet;
Their graves, unknown, are trodden
By many careless feet.
No children's graves in China,
That land of heathen gloom;
They deem not that their spirits

Will live beyond the tomb.
No little coffin holds them,
Like to a downy nest,
No spotless shroud enfolds them,
Low in their quiet rest.

No children's graves in China—
No parents ever weep;
No toy or little relic,
The thoughtless mothers keep.
No mourners e'er assemble
Around the early dead,
And flowers of careful planting
Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No children's graves in China,
With sad and lovely ties,
To make the living humble,
And point them to the skies;
No musings pure and holy,
Of them when day is done;
Be faithful, missionary,
Your work is just begun!

FASHION.

Time moves along — nor is it wrong
That Fashion should progress,
Since half who live attention give
To beautify and dress;
'Tis the exterior we admire,
Though backward to confess;
To be as others we desire,
Nor are our efforts less.

Yet as to clothes I would propose:
Avoid the true extremes;
Too much to wear, too little care,
To me are wrong it seems;
A medium in everything,
A fit with natural ease,
Then gracefulness imparts the spring
That makes our manners please!

LOVE'S IDEAL.

Fairest that the hour
Reveals at dawn of day:
Sweeter than the flower
That blushes by the way.

Lovely as the streaming
Of sunbeams in the west;
Placid twilight's gleaming
Around the rosebud's rest.

Dearer than the treasures
That Nature's charms bestow;
Purest source of pleasures
That mortals seek below.

Vision, wildly thrilling,
That never can depart;
Fullness more than filling
The longings of the heart!

MAUDE MEREDITH.

MRS. D. T. SMITH.

BORN: VERMONT, NOV. 17, 1848.

It is a great feather in Maude Meredith's cap that she is a good mother, and that other women eulogize her greatly, including the best and brightest lady writers in America. She is wholly unaffected in her style, and there is a moral tendency in all her writings which show a vivid imagination, an originality of treatment, and a vast fertility of brain—in the



MAUDE MEREDITH.

treatment of her themes. In 1869 Maude Meredith was married to Mr. D. T. Smith, of Dubuque, Iowa, in which city she is well known for her charitableness, being at all times ready to help along every good cause. She has grown famous without coveting it, and only a genius could wear such honors with the modesty that Maude Meredith does. Her writings have appeared in the leading periodicals of America, from which they have been copied by the press from Maine to California.

MY LITTLE MAN.

When early sunbeams kiss the hills
Across the shimmering blue,
And all the wood with music rings
To greet the morning new,—
'Tis then, with smile and happy song,
We wander forth in glee,
And life is like a matin, to
My little man and me.

When Noonday sifts her sands of gold
Through Summer's filmy haze,
And droning bees swift come and go
In all the busy days;
We swing in shady nook and dream
The drowsy moments by,
Content that we together are,—
My little man and I.

When shadows creep between the hills,
And breezes damp and cool,
Come out to whisper 'mong the reeds
Along the sedgy pool;
With lids adroop, the nodding head
I pillow tenderly,
And dream-seas drift afar from shore
My little man and me.

BIFROST.

Dark clouds roll up the far horizon's rim,
And distant thunders mutter sullenly and low;

A freshening sea-wind landward veering in,
Makes murmurous song where reedy grasses grow.

The robin calls with steady, plaintive cry;
The larks are still; and all the linnets wait;
The leaves turn pallid faces toward the darkening sky,

Presaging ghostly messages of fate.

Lo! all the forests toss their quivering arms;
While flower-stems snap, and willows sway and bend;

The strong alone withstand the dread alarms
That Thor and Vulcan from their forges send.

The clouds sweep on and all the sky is gray;
And heavy thunders shake the sobbing air;
While near the red-tongued, forked lightnings play,

And gloom and blackness resteth everywhere.

In sheeted columns are the torrents led;—
For now while war o'ercasts the trembling land

The mountain hides, in veiling mists, its head,
And high waves lash with yeasty foam the sand.

Anon the hurrying winds their tumults cease,
And the spent clouds in fragments drift apart;

Then all the earth breaks forth in smiles of peace,
And untold jewels gleam and little bird-songs start.

Across the Heavens in amethyst and gold,
And gorgeous red lies spanned the "Trembling Way."

Where hero souls go hasting, as of old,
They sought the halls where joys of Valhal lay.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ah bells! Glad bells!
 The story old repeating,
 This is the day, I hear you say,
 On which the Christ was born;
 The day on which good will, and joy and peace
 are meeting;
 All this your music tells,
 Yet ages since have flown,
 And He was Mary's son.
 Oh bells! Sad bells!
 My heart breaks 'mid your pealing,
 I can not bear the clamor of your
 tongues,
 I can not even pray.
 Must all our questions wait the future's slow
 repealing?
 Are life and death as one?
 I only know this is the day
 That took from me my son.

DAWN.

And now the vigil hours are worn and done;
 Blow out the lamp and softly turn the spread;
 Set back the glasses, slowly, one by one,
 No more is needed. Lo! the man is dead.
 Pass down the stairs. How dim the hall lamp
 burns,
 And soft, on padded carpet falls the tread;
 We shudder as the grating night-latch turns.
 How strange the house wherein a man lies
 dead!
 One moment more and all the damp, cool air
 Flings in our face the river's hooded gray
 Of aerial mistiness. A morning prayer
 Slow creeping heavenward at approach of
 day.
 How solemn stretch the silent city streets
 And on the pave our footsteps jar and ring;
 'Tis no fit time to mar with hurrying feet
 This hour when sad Night folds her sable
 wing.
 Hush! Now the pine trees, black against the
 sky,
 Whisper weird messages, and softly bend
 To touch the tasseled larch, where wet leaves
 lie
 Like tear-stained cheek against the cheek of
 friend.
 A shrill bird voice, upstarting, cries of morn
 As, drunk with revel, had o'erslept his time,
 And suddenly, like flageolet and horn,
 Burst all the greenness into song and chime.
 And soft, faint odors are borne on the wind,
 Of springing grass, and pale pink disc of
 rose;
 Of damp, brown earth, and all the timid kind
 Of flowers, that open at the twilight close.

Across the purple-tinted fields that lie
 Far-stretching in voluptuous clovered bloom,
 To where their fringes touch the bending sky,
 A bar of light cuts through the dewy gloom.
 And rosy fingers tint the dreamy clouds
 That toss above the wearied moon's pale
 horn;
 The white stars flee away in fading crowds,
 And on the mountain smiles the face of
 morn.
 Adown the dew-gemmed valleys, silent all
 Like sheeted ghosts the shadows steal away;
 To us, who watched last eve, the darkness fall,
 In separate ways, has come a new-born day.
 Not only this, but all the Heavenly hours
 To him, who in the dark, with bated breath,
 Went out to pluck the fadeless lily flowers,
 And Lotus leaves, that heal the wounds of
 death.

TWO SIDES.

This world is full of sorrow and woe,
 Ah me!
 There's so little that's real, so much that is
 show,
 Ah me!
 And there's so many things that none of us
 know,
 But work's a task-master, and wealth comes
 so slow;
 And when it all ends, O, where shall we go?
 Ah me!
 What a jolly old world we are in, to be sure,
 Ha, ha!
 For each of our ills there is somewhere a cure,
 Ha, ha!
 And life, like a top, spins so merrily 'round,
 Wherever we look there's some joy to be found
 And when we are dead, why there's rest in the
 ground.
 Ho! Ho!

AT SET OF SUN.

On the busy highways lies a hush and a haze,
 And the whispering winds are still;
 There's a faint crimson glow at the horizon
 low,
 And a lonely bird cries on the hill.
 There are odors of corn that the wings of the
 morn,
 Had low dropped in their hurrying flight;
 O'er the meadows asleep the dull shadows
 creep,
 Newly born of the oncoming night.
 While the reapers so late, pass the farmyard
 gate,
 Slowly homeward with weary tread,
 For low lying at rest, folded soft on her breast,
 Are the hands of the day, just dead.

MRS. S. ISADORE MINER.

BORN: BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPT. 25, 1863.

GRADUATING at the age of seventeen, this lady then took up the avocation of school teaching until her marriage in 1884 to J. Weston Miner. Her husband being connected with the Battle Creek Review and Herald publishing house, Mrs. Miner was engaged as



MRS. S. ISADORE MINER.

a proof-reader, and finally as a writer, editing a large share of the work on a series of children's books issued from that office. Her poems have been widely published in St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, and the periodical press generally. She still follows the profession of editor and writer at Battle Creek, Mich., and is connected with the Good Health Publishing Company of that city.

OLD SCORES REPAID, OR TRAGEDY REVERSED.

I met a tearful little lass;
She sobbed so hard I could not pass;
I wondered so thereat:
"Oh, dry your tears, my pretty child,
Pray tell me why you grieve so wild?"
"A—mouse—ate—up—my—cat!"
"A mouse ate up your cat!" I cried,
To think she'd fib quite horrified;
"Why, how can you say that?"
Her tears afresh began to run,
She sobbed the words out, one by one:
"It—was—a—candy—cat!"

THE LITTLE YOUNG MEN IN GOLD.

Outside the nursery window,
Before the spring was old,
I found one morn, as I chanced to pass,
Standing straight and tall in the tender grass,
A little young man in gold.

He was a saucy urchin,
His look was bright and bold;
Yet he nodded so blithe when he caught my eye,

That I kissed my hand as I bade good bye
To the little young man in gold.

Next time I crossed the terrace,
I turned me from my way
To visit the sprite, but a marvelous change
Some fairy had wrought, and there stood, oh strange!

A little old man in gray!

Inside the nursery window
'Is the dearest thing I hold,—
With brightest of eyes, and a saucy air,
And a wonderful wealth of golden hair,—
My little young man in gold.

Next time he begged a story,
A wonderful tale I told,
How out in the sunshine and fragrant dew,
A dear flower-brother there one time grew
To my little young man in gold.

And then I wondered sadly
If ever I'd see the day
When my little young man with golden hair
Would be like the dandelion standing there,—
A little old man with gray!

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED!

I don't want to go to bed;
I aint sleepy, not one bit;
I don't want to go till dark,
And the lamps are lit!
Chickens go to bed 'fore dark?
I don't care if chickens do;
I aint one, and taint the same,
'Cause the hens go, too.

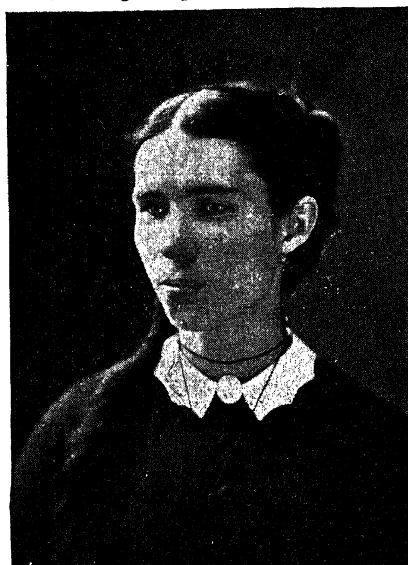
I aint sleepy, not one bit;
If I was, I wouldn't care;
But I see queer things awake,
Sometimes looks most like a bear.
I aint noddin', Johnnie Gray;
You stop saying that I do;
Guess if you worked hard all day,
Your head would get wiggley, too.

Oh! there's prickles in my feet,
Why, the chair keeps going 'round
Mamma, take your little girl,—
And the pet was sleeping sound.
So we tucked her in her crib,
There to dream 'till broad daylight;
Then up to play around all day,
And sing the same old song at night.

MRS. MARY RACHEL KLINE.

BORN: MUKWONAGO, WIS. NOV. 24, 1843.

FOR eleven years this lady was blind, when the light was again restored after many painful operations. She was a school teacher in her youth. Mrs. Kline has a son and a daughter now living. In person she is very small



MRS. MARY RACHEL KLINE.

and slender, and lives with her husband, a resident of Hager City, Wisconsin. The poems of Mrs. Kline have appeared in many leading publications, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press.

MAIDEN ROCK.

A legend, and this is a share
Which the dusky sons of the forest bear,
Of a noble rock suspended o'er
Fair Pepin lake. With ceaseless roar,
The silvery wave, with ebb and flow,
Plays ever the same as years ago,
When a maiden urged by deep despair,
Gained the rocky ledge, and there,
To escape her fate and wed a brave
She could not love, she sought a grave
In the waters, which, since childhood days,
Had been her joy and delight to praise.
An instant in air, then o'er the place
Swept a coming wave and left no trace
Of the weary heart, gone far away
To the land of the "Spirit Great" to stay.
The guests had assembled, the brave, the
fair,

To witness the union of the plighted pair,
The flying form with awe they view—
Mark the plunge 'mid waters blue;
Then rose from the throng a mingled wail
Of frenzy wild. Ah! sad the tale
Of the grief some bore till life was done,
And they passed to the bourn beyond the
sun;

While the rock still bears the name they gave
Of "Maiden Rock"—the maiden's grave.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

There's a beautiful land where angels sing,
Where cherubs float on snowy wing;
A realm of bliss is that region above,—
Oh, say, can I go to that Eden of love?

There is a beautiful city where all is light,—
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
While from the throne flows a crystal stream,
And the tree of life on its margin is seen.

Mansions are there for the good and blest,
Where the weary one finds perfect rest;
Saints of all ages are gathered there,—
O, may I join them? is my fervent prayer.

Christ the arisen, who died, man to save,
Hears the petitions we humbly crave,
Bids us walk in his footsteps,—look ever
above,
When redeemed we may dwell in that Eden
of love.

MY MOTHER.

May queen of the year in robes so fair
Again has come, and the balmy air
Is filled with merry songbirds' lay,
Welcoming the happy, joyous May.

Still I am sad — one year has flown,
And the mossy turf o'er the spot has grown,
Since mother was placed from our sight away
Under the heavy, cold, damp clay.

Last night when the whip-poor-will's song was
heard

On the stilly air, how the cadence stirred
Soft memories; I was thinking when
Would my heart be happy and light again.

I heard a step; then my father's voice
Said kindly, "Fannie, I have made a choice,
Our home is lonely; you may prepare—
Another mother, to welcome there.

Another so soon, ere the lovely rose
Its perfumed petals shall disclose;
Will she come in beauty and pride
To her new home—the old man's bride.

To welcome with smiles I must wreath my face
For one who has taken mother's place.
My father has given his love to another,
But I'll not forget my own, angel mother.

MRS. ADELAIDE D. KINGSLEY.

BORN: CANADA, 1842.

MARRIED in New York City to Hon. George B. Kingsley of Minnesota in 1842, the subject of this sketch came the following year with her husband to Blue Earth City in that state, where she has since resided. Some ten years ago she lost her only child, a son who had attained his fifteenth year, which has been their great sorrow. Mrs. Kingsley is the author of a story entitled *Heart or Purse*, which has



MRS. ADELAIDE D. KINGSLEY.

been extensively read. The poems of this lady have been published in the *Woman's Tribune*, *St. Paul Globe*, *Minneapolis Tribune*, and other Minnesota periodicals, which have been widely copied throughout the country. Mrs. Kingsley is a member of the Presbyterian church; state superintendent of the W. C. T. U.; and is also an active worker in philanthropic reforms, using her voice, hand and pen whenever opportunity offers.

TO A LETTER.

O, white-winged messenger!

What bring you now?

What lies enfolded on your passive page?
My lips forbear to stir,

But only thou

Could'st so arouse the heart within its cage.

Bring'st thou friendship's greeting?

Notes of bright hours

Of which you oft in silence gaily tell,
The absent through thee meeting.

No shadow lowers

But thoughts you claim to bind in your
sweet spell.

Tell'st thou love's story true,

Thou fitting bird?

Poem in world of icy prose thou art!

That story old yet new,

Thrice welcome word,

I press thee fondly to my beating heart.

Or bring'st thou plaintive wail

That sad ones sing,

That will not cease till sorrow hath her sway?

Yet come so still and pale,

What e'er you bring

Thou still art mine, whate'er thy white lips
say.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

She towers above the petty forceful molds,
That long have held her in their strong embrace,

Till only the imagination holds

A vision of the grand yet loving face,

We long to claim as mother of our race.

Our maid in bronze proclaims forever more

Light to the world and fair, sweet liberty,

And every land beyond our surf-beat shore

Looks out to us to learn what that may be,

And looking learns that only men are free.

She'll not be slave of custom or of sex,

But free as man, and with a freeman's tread.

No perfect mind matures where terrors vex;

None ever grandly grow who walk in dread,

By narrow customs of long bondage led.

And beauty will be hers of better type

Than even we, in this bright land have seen

For childish whims, when the good time is
ripe,

Will vanish in the mists of what has been;

Distorted shape she will not beauty deem.

She'll be a factor in the golden age; [side;

Her sphere — let that her will and gifts de-

She may be teacher, preacher, author, sage,

Or gently at the homely hearth preside,

Where equal honor, sire and dame divide.

Her children, born of love, not cringing fear,

Will rise to bless the world as crimes decrease.

Why bar her coming? Pray that she appear,

To usher in a glorious age of peace.

The darkened nations wait! May light in-
crease!

Gifts will be her's to draw men to the skies,
Saved through her powers, they'll sing her
wondrous worth.

In vain to do her part our brother tries:

Yet rule of selfish might delays her birth,

On sin-stained, war-swept, man-ruled earth.

JOHN WESLEY COUCHMAN.

BORN: MARGARETVILLE, N.Y., AUG. 25, 1853.

THIS writer teaches in the public schools of his native state. He was class poet at the Wesleyan university at Middletown in 1878.



JOHN WESLEY COUCHMAN.

Mr. Couchman was married in 1882 to Miss Myra M. Dibble, and is now a resident of Richmondville, N.Y., where he is well known and highly respected.

CONFESSION.

You came with wondrous light,
 Dark eyes, dark eyes unto me,
 Till the large world grew bright—
 Dark eyes, ye did undo me—
 Strange such untutored things
 As soft eye-dalliyings
 Should flutter wings, and wing the fever
 through me!
 Still, all the flutter never once alarmed me—
 With all your light you came, dark eyes, and
 charmed me,
 Dark eyes, dark eyes you charmed me.

You came with wondrous strength,
 Gray eyes, gray eyes to wound me;
 Gray eyes, you came at length,
 Fay eyes, and found me:
 Ah, true! the quiet power
 Of many a trystful hour

Put love in flower and with still lashes bound
 me!
 At fault the plea your strong light merely
 thrilled me,
 In fond excess it came and nearly killed me!
 Gray eyes, you nearly killed me!

You came with heaven hue,
 Blue eyes, blue eyes to meet me;
 With wealth of violet dew
 Blue eyes, true eyes, to greet me;
 A wondrous, wild desire
 Puts all my soul on fire
 To draw you nigher and know how you will
 treat me;
 A hope I have your beams will kindly be,
 Yet, oh! sweet eyes, my hope is scarcely
 free—
 Blue eyes, true eyes, what will you do with
 me.

SONG.

Sorrow, I know thee!
 Thy form appears
 Dim-litten, slowly,
 Clothed with tears.
 What is thy quest, O thou
 Crowned with the pensive brow?
 What dost thou bring me now,
 Daughter of fears?
 Sorrow, shall thy form betray me?
 Sorrow, shall thy sweet self slay me?
 Sorrow, in thy bosom sway me—
 To, sleep—sleep!

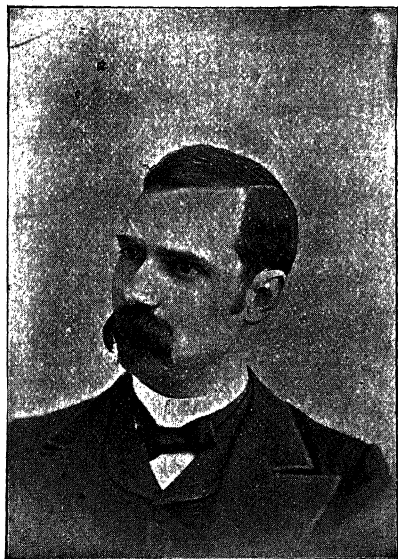
Sorrow, I hear thee!
 Thy falling tears
 Flatter me nearly,
 Burn, my heart sears.
 Oh! thou from depths of sea,
 Speak thy full quest to me!
 I am inclined to thee,
 Sister of tears.
 Sorrow, shall thy form betray me.
 Sorrow, shall thy sweet self slay me!
 Sorrow, in thy cradle sway me—
 To, sleep—sleep!

Sorrow, I wait thee!
 Where the sweet years
 Kissed me so lately,
 Sow thou thy tears.
 Be thy deep-hiding mist,
 Feeling my forehead kissed,
 All thy sad song I list,
 Mother of biers.
 Sorrow, shall thy form betray me?
 Sorrow, shall thy sweet self slay me?
 Sorrow, in thy bosom sway me—
 To sleep, sleep!

CHARLES A. PRATT.

BORN IN PENNSYLVANIA, JAN. 20, 1856.

THE poems of this writer have appeared in the Chicago Times, Globe and Inter-Ocean, Scribner's Magazine and other well known publications, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. Mr. Pratt was the publisher of the Princeville Times at the age of nineteen; the following year was city editor of the Peoria Daily Democrat; and for a



CHARLES W. PRATT.

time was also on the editorial staff of the Peoria Transcript. He next bought the Times at Buda, Illinois, in 1882, which he published for six years. Mr. Pratt was appointed postmaster at the same place in 1885, which position he filled until 1889, when he bought the Times at Sheffield, Illinois, which he now publishes.

MASTER AND MAN.

Within a stately mansion on the Hudson's
bonny banks,
Stood two men in earnest converse — men of
two distinctive ranks:
Wealthy, proud, and scornful, with a haughty
air the one,
The other poor and humble — a menial's luck-
less son.

'Tis the same, sad, and simple story, that's
been told in every land;

How a youth of poor possessions sought a rich
man's daughter's hand;
How the sire in scorn and anger the youth's
advances spurned,
While the maid in silent sorrow for her lover's
presence yearned.

"You wed my only daughter!" cried he, in
tones of scorn;

"You, a hireling's graceless offspring, a crea-
ture lowly born?

My daughter's proud and handsome, I, her
father, rich and great;

When she weds 'twill be among her peers,
with those of high estate."

"Tis true I am poor and humble," the youth
in sorrow said,

"But a man free-born and honest," and he
proudly raised his head.

"Tis true you are great and wealthy, with a
higher name than mine,

But with this hand and brain I'll win a greater
fame than thine."

Then slowly, as with head erect he reached
the open air,

At a window up he waved adieu to a maiden
pure and fair.

Why this cold distinction? Why one high, the
other low?

Simply, in the world's esteem, 'tis money
makes them so.

" 'Twas early in the '60's, when our land was
plunged in war,

When Lincoln's proclamation called "three
hundred thousand more."

In the streets of town and city rushed the peo-
ple to and fro,

And the boys were nobly rallying to face
their country's foe.

Then proudly marched the heroes, in bold and
grand review,

While maidens sang in cheering song, "God
speed the boys in blue."

When gallant Company K marched out to mu-
sic's loud refrain,

It bore upon its muster roll the name of Rol-
land Baine.

He left a manly letter for her whose heart he'd
won,

Beseeching trust and constancy until his
work was done.

She caught the welcome message, through the
loving lines she read,

Then in silence knelt and prayed for precious
blessings on his head.

Far on Southern fields of battle rose our hero
into fame;

Each soldier knew his bravery and the coun-
try praised his name,

Through every hard-fought battle, from morn
till setting sun,

He was foremost in the conflict until the day
was won.

On the bloody field of Shuloh, in Antietam's
fearful fight, [of the right.

He bravely bore the banner of the truth and
Greater still his grand achievements, brighter
still the straps he wore,

Until with proud distinction he a high com-
mission bore.

When peace, at Appomatox, was proclaimed
throughout the land,

He returned with glowing colors at the head
of his command.

People rushed to do him honor — his name on
every tongue, [sung.

And poets in their muses his highest praises
There was one whose heart was throbbing with

a wilder joy than all,
Who had watched her lover's gallant course,
and waited his recall;

The barriers now had vanished, pride's false
distinction flown,

And Cupid with his magic bow could blithely
claim his own.

So in autumn when the leaves were turned to
purple pure, and gold,

She stood at Hymen's altar pledged to him she
loved of old

And the man who first was scornful, whose
consent was sought in vain,

Now was proud to claim as son the distin-
guished Colonel Baine!

This is the moral of my story, this the truth
that I would teach:

Though a man be poor and humble, there's a
prize within his reach.

'Tis not wealth that makes our heroes, 'tis not
pride that leads the van;

It is brains that win distinction; 'tis the mind
that makes the man.

JOHN BANVARD.

MR. BANVARD engaged early in life at paint-
ing in New Orleans, Natchez, and subsequent-
ly at Cincinnati and Louisville, and was lib-
erally rewarded for his artistic paintings. Mr.
Banvard was a self-taught artist, yet his pic-
tures received distinguished marks of appro-
bation from English critics. He painted the
Mississippi river upon more than three miles
of canvas. He is spoken of as a remarkable
man, not only as a great traveler and lectur-
er, but also as a poet, a painter and a wit.

THE PRAIRIE'S FIRST FLOWER.

Thou pretty little crocus flower,
Sweet herald of the spring;
A pleasure givest thou the hour—
Thou modest little thing.

Thou singest now that winter's gone,
Frost's reign has passed away;
The farmers tell to plant their corn;
That soon will bloom their hay.

Thy pretty purple robe so fair
Around thy golden heart,
Surpass in glowing colors rare
The painter's skillful art.
Now soon will all the prairie blow
With lovely flowers to see,
The graceful blades in verdure grow
In wild luxuriance.

Thou modest floral magii star,
Announcing summer's birth,
Good will thou bringest from afar
That gives a joy to earth.
Fair crocus, beautiful thou art,
And dost glad tidings bring;
A pleasure givest thou the heart,
Sweet herald-flower of spring.

THE PRAIRIE LARKS.

The prairie larks again have come
Their hymns of gladness sing,
The honey bee with dulcet hum
Joins in their song to spring.
Again the prairie skies are bright,
The winter frowns have gone,
The plains' extent is filled with light—
The vernal air with song.

The prairie larks again are here
To cheer us with their voice,
They fill the heart with pleasant cheer
And make us all rejoice.
This hail to spring is winter's dirge —
Fell storms have passed away;
We'll hear no more the tempest surge —
The prairies all are gay.

THE BLUEBIRDS HAVE COME.

Look out upon the prairie, see,
The bluebirds now have come,
And hear them carol merrily
While pluming in the sun.
And in their coming plainly say
That winter now is gone,
That icy sway has passed away,
And springtime bright has come.
I love the little bluebird bright,
Sweet harbinger of spring;
Their song to me gives more delight
Than any bird that sings.
When they appear they always tell
Violets soon will blow,
The frozen brook within the dell
Again with music flow.
Welcome then celestial sprite
With coat of azure hue,
You always bring my heart delight
In spring when seeing you.

FRANK M. GILBERT.

BORN: MOBILE, ALA., JULY 1, 1846.

THIS gentleman has written more than a thousand poems, which have been published broadcast. He is a humorist, and has written extensively for the leading publications of America.



FRANK M. GILBERT.

erica. Mr. Gilbert is now proprietor of the Evening Tribune, published at Evansville, Ind., in which city he resides with his wife and family.

LOVE'S APPEAL.

I would look in the eyes that are dear unto me,

That shine with a passion-lit fire; [free
I would finger the tresses that float soft and
And murmur to her my desire.

Her lips like twin strawberries deep in the wood,

Give promise of sweet, nameless bliss;
I would draw her up gently to me if I could,
And their nectar I'd sip with a kiss.

SHE CONSENTS.

Touch my face gently,

Half reverently,

Murmur your half-whispered plea.

Look in my eyes

Free from disguise,

Say to me then what you see.

Ah, I must list' you,

Can I resist you,

Modesty cannot prevent.

Oh, hold me fast,

Would this could last —

Take from my lips my consent.

BLISS.

Her breath fans my cheek and it glows in return,

And her fingers close soft over mine,
With a thrill so magnetic it seems half to burn,
And I gaze in those eyes so divine;

And madly I press her and drink in her charms,

With a joy that is almost a pain,
And lovingly folding her into my arms,

I kiss her again and again.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

There's a dear little face that beams love to mine

When homeward I come, at the night,
Lit up by the soft eyes that lovingly shine

With honest affection's pure light,
And a form flies to meet me with fondest embrace.

I forget care and sorrow and strife,
For they all take their flight when I look in the face

Of my darling adored little wife.

My own little wife. My dear little wife,
Without her, how dreary would be all my life.

She's the one I adore

Each day more and more;

My darling, my own little wife.

She ever is near me in trouble and care,

She consoles me when I'm in distress,
And tenderly touches my fast changing hair

With her soft, gentle loving caress.
The world is far brighter with her by my side,
She daily grows into my life.

There is no one so dear, in the world far and wide,

Like my darling, my own little wife.

My own little wife. My dear little wife,
Without her, how dreary would be all my life

She's the one I adore,

Each day more and more.

My darling, my own little wife.

THE DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS.

When the warm spring sun is shining

And the flowers begin to bloom,

And the little leaves are peeping

From the forest's wintry gloom,

Then the angler roams the meadow

With his heart and footsteps light,

For the dogwood is in blossom

And the fish begin to bite.

Oh, the warm and mellow sunlight,

How it seems to kiss the ground,

Till it quivers in its gladness;

How it wakes the song birds sound,

And not a white cloud flecking

Dims the sky so blue and bright,

Ah, the dogwood is in blossom

And the fish begin to bite.

Beneath some forest monarch
 Upon the sward I've laid,
 Where the sunbeams through the branches
 Break into light and shade,
 And I feast my eyes in gladness
 On the simple woodland sight,
 When the dogwood is in blossom
 And the fish begin to bite.
 Half dozing, dreaming, waking,
 I pass the hours away,
 Till the sunbeams, slanting lower,
 Mark the closing of the day;
 And the soft moon slowly rising
 Bathes the earth with silvery light,
 When the dogwood is in blossom
 And the fish begin to bite.
 Ye bustling men of business,
 Take from your lives one day
 And wander through the meadows
 In the balmy month of May.
 You'll be better, happier, purer,
 When you wander home at night,
 When the dogwood is in blossom
 And the fish begin to bite.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

BORN: GARDINER, ME.

THIS lady has received a good education, and for many years her attention was largely given to the study of art, for which she has decided talent. Commencing literary work with translations from the French and German, she soon ventured upon original efforts in prose and verse. The poems of Miss Swan touch upon numerous subjects—grave, light and serious; they have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Portland Transcript* and other leading periodicals, from which they have been extensively copied.

THE FIRE-FLY'S SONG.

In the dark!
 Shooting, darting free and far—
 Each a saucy, mimic star
 In the dark;
 Brilliantly we shine and swirl
 Ever in electric whirl!
 Ha! ha! ha!
 Yonder, by his taper's gleam,
 Lo, the poet in his dream
 Tries to sing.
 Poet cousin, pale and thin,
 Come and join our reveling,
 Dancing, glancing out and in,
 We will teach you everything.
 Words should quiver, words should burn,
 Scintillating as they turn;
 Fancy dances you must learn!
 Ha! ha! ha!
 Souls of flame,

Kin, though of another name,
 Are the comrades we would claim!
 Tra, la! la!
 Never scorn our merry party!
 We're the true illuminati!
 Twinkling stars, alive with glee,
 Join our merry company;
 And Mother Earth goes whirling round,
 Spinning through her orbit's bound
 Gay as we!
 Shining with her fire-fly light
 On a field of endless night!
 And the universe is bright!
 Ha! ha! ha!
 So are we!

II.

Half asleep!
 Pallid student in thy cell,
 Cloistered monk with book and bell,—
 Half asleep,—
 Philosophy is open-eyed:
 Piety will ne'er abide
 In dungeon keep.
 Prophecy, on eagle wings,
 Gazing into holy things,
 Toward the sunlight soars and sings
 In golden fight.
 This life to-day, that life to come
 Are dazzling bright.
 Dullards—almost deaf and dumb,
 Cease that everlasting hum!
 Come and see our twilight glee;
 Hear our frolic minstrelsy;
 Fairy torches waving free,—
 Ha! ha! ha!
 While the robins on the hills
 Whistle evanescent trills,
 Darting beetles, silver-blue,
 Whiz about and laugh at you!
 Ha! ha! ha!
 Laugh at you!
 Just imagine, if you can,
 Doleful, melancholy man,
 A whizzing beetle, silver-blue,
 Laughing in his sleeve at you!

SEA FOGS.

Softly the silent fogs come floating in,
 The river valley fills with pearly gray;
 I fear a storm upon its giant way.
 The wiser rustic trusts in what has been;
 "Nay, leddie, nay!" saith he,
 "Nae storm will come to-day. It is the sea."
 So ghostly portents steal upon the soul;
 Dim, pallid doubtings in their might
 arise,
 Until we lose our azure-gleaming skies,
 O timid soul, be glad! No clouds up-roll,
 But yonder lies the sea.
 Claim, recognize thy near Eternity!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

BORN: MILTON, IND., MARCH 1, 1835.

At fourteen he was placed at the printing business, and subsequently took a course of study in two colleges. In 1859 he was a contributor to the Louisville Journal. He served as clerk in the U. S. treasury department for six years, when he became connected successively with the Chronicle and Commercial of Cincinnati. In 1871 he became librarian of the house of representatives at Washington, and in 1882 was appointed consul at Cork, Ireland. His poems are numerous, Poems in Sunshine and Fire-light, Idyls and Lyrics, and Poems of House and Home being most widely read.

THE GRAVE OF ROSE.

I came to find her blithe and bright,
Breathing the household full of bloom,
Wreathing the fireside with delight; —
I found her in her tomb!

I came to find her gathering flowers, —
Their fragrant souls, so pure and dear,
Haunting her face in lonely hours; —
Her single flower is here!

For, look: the gentle name that shows
Her love, her loveliness, and bloom,
Her only epitaph a rose,
Is growing on her tomb!

TWO WATCHERS.

Two ships sail on the ocean;
Two watchers walk the shore:
One wrings wild hands and cries
"Farewell for evermore."

One sees, with face uplifted,
Soft homes of dream her eyes,
Her sail, beyond the horizon,
Reflected in the skies!

SARAH MORGAN B. PIATT.

BORN: LEXINGTON, KY., AUG. 11, 1836.

THIS noted lady graduated at Henry female college in Newcastle, Ky., in 1854, and married John James Piatt, the great American poet, in 1861. Her early poems appeared in the Louisville Journal and the New York Ledger. Her most known volumes of verse are *A Woman's Poems*, *An Irish Garland*, *Selected Poems*, and *Child's-World Ballads*.

AFTER WINGS.

This was your butterfly, you see.
His fine wings made him vain? —
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Pass'd them in rich disdain? —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again?"

Oh, child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My Mamma says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!

A PRETTIER BOOK.

"He has a prettier book than this,"
With many a sob between, he said;
Then left untouched the night's last kiss,
And, sweet with sorrow, went to bed.

A prettier book his brother had? —
Yet wonder-pictures were in each.
The different colors made him sad;
The equal value — could I teach?

Ah, who is wiser? . . . Here we sit,
Around the world's great hearth, and look,
While Life's fire-shadows flash and flint,
Each wistful in another's book.

I see, through fierce and feverish tears,
Only a darkened hut in mine:
Yet in my brother's book appears
A palace where the torches shine.

A peasant, seeking bitter bread
From the unwilling earth to wring,
Is in my book; the wine is red,
There in my brother's, for the king.

A wedding, where each wedding-guest
Has wedding garments on, in his, —
In mine one face in awful rest,
One coffin never shut, there is!

In his, on many a bridge of beams
Between the faint moon and the grass,
Dressed daintily in dew and dreams,
The fleet midsummer fairies pass;

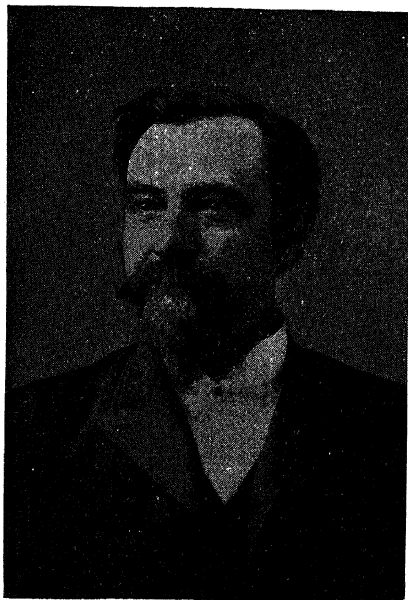
In mine unearthly mountains rise,
Unearthly waters foam and roll,
And — stared at by its deathless eyes —
The master sells the fiend a soul!

Put out the lights. We will not look
At pictures any more. We weep,
"My brother has a prettier book,"
And, after tears, we go to sleep.

LEE H. DOWLING, M. D.

BORN: BELLVILLE, O., MAY 18, 1844.

COMMENCING to preach the gospel at sixteen years of age, Mr. Dowling two years later was pastor of a church at Milford, Indiana. At twenty years of age he went into the union army, and was the youngest chaplain in the service. As a preacher he has been eminently successful. Also as a teacher he has achieved considerable reputation; having been professor of physiology and histology and of chemistry and toxicology in medical colleges,



LEE H. DOWLING, M. D.

and later has been identified with literary and business colleges. As a physician he has been somewhat noted and holds two diplomas. As a musician he is the author of *The Crown of Sunday School Songs*, the *Psalm of Victory*, and other music books that have attained a wide circulation. Mr. Dowling is widely known as an editor of much ability, and also as a politician—a prohibitionist. In 1882 this gentleman was united in marriage to Miss Eva Sellers, of Oskaloosa, Iowa.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

One cold night in winter
We all were in bed;
The white snow was falling,
The cold winds were calling,

The wee ones all sleeping
Heard not what they said.

A moan at the doorway;
An indistinct tread;
A little one crying,
Faint as if dying;
The children all heard it
And climbed out of bed.

All ran to the window
And then to the door;
The white snow was falling,
The cold winds were culling;
But she we heard crying,
Was crying no more.

"'Tis somebody's darling,"
A little one said;
On the step she was lying;
"Oh, can she be dying?"
We looked, she was frozen,
The dear one was dead.

Remember, then, children,
When you are in bed;
When white snow is falling,
When cold winds are calling,
That somebody's darling
May be freezing or dead.

MARY'S LAMB.

A SPEECH FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
But then it wasn't Mary's lamb
You think about, I know.

The lamb loved Mary very well,
And she loved it a—heap;
It grew, and grew, and grew, and grew
To be a great big sheep.

One morning Mary took a walk,
The sheep was by her side;
And Mary, precious little dear,
Just thought she'd take a ride.

She got aboard, but didn't know
Just how to guide her pet;
You see he was a great fat thing,
And not her "lambie" yet.

The sheep looked 'round and gave his tail
A most an awful switch;
The next we saw of Mary Jane
She was crawling from the ditch.

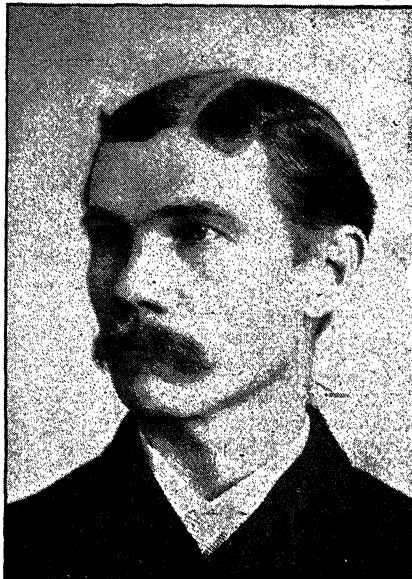
And now, see here, you gentle folks,
I rise to make it plain:
You better hear just what I say,
I may not speak again.

If you have hobbies, great or small,
A prancing by your side,
If you don't know just what you are
You'd better walk than ride.

THOMAS SLOSS TURNER.

BORN: WOODBURN, KY., JULY 30, 1860.

THIS aspiring young Texas poet has already gained many laurels through the publication of his poems. During 1891 Mr. Turner hopes



THOMAS SLOSS TURNER.

to publish another volume of poems, upon which he is now at work. His efforts are certainly commendable and his friends predict for him a successful literary career.

LIFE'S BREVITY.

There are many people who sit
 Ever wearily complaining
 That the hours of this life do flit
 With such a short remaining.
 They sigh its lack of sweetness,
 They mourn its incompleteness,
 They wail its rapid fleetness,
 And sit with folded hands,
 And such dark gloom upon their faces,
 And frowning brows and horrid traces,
 That men shun them in all places
 As pestilential lands.
 And there are those who go to work
 With patient hands and willing,
 Who never swerve aside or shirk,
 But are life's mission filling.
 To them the birds are sweetly singing,
 For them the beauteous flowers are springing,
 And life to them reward is bringing,
 And gives them happiness.

They take no time to think of sorrow,
 And still of grief refuse to borrow,
 But look with joy unto the morrow,
 And thus their lives they bless.
 And while one walks in gloom and pain
 The other walks in pleasure,
 And singeth e'er a glad refrain —
 Contentment is a treasure!
 To one this life is cheerless, dreary;
 Its joy to him's obscured and bleary;
 Through life he goes unblest and weary.
 To one this life is real:
 He makes it so by ever doing,
 By striving still, and still pursuing;
 Each day his strength he is renewing
 By seeking an Ideal.

THE MOONLIGHT.

The soft moonlight is on the hills,
 And 'mong the clouds 't is creeping,
 'T is floating down the sparkling rills,
 And on the flowers sleeping.
 The zephyrs dance upon its beams
 As through the air they're streaming;
 So light they float along it seems
 As if the world was dreaming.

WISDOM.

One morn when I was fresh and strong
 And health and vigor caused my soul to glow,
 I felt the earnest of renown and said,
 As I beheld the great and wise of earth,
 "Lo, these by their own might and purpose
 strong [men:
 Have wrought their fame and lasting praise of
 Likewise shall I my destiny hew out,
 And rank among the great and wise of earth!"
 But Wisdom mocking from her palace said:
 "Thou fool! Thou puny dwarfing of the dust!
 How canst thou, save as I make my home with
 thee!"

UNUTTERED THOUGHTS.

Of't in my rambles by the fruitful fields
 And by the crystal silver-gliding stream
 Where the blue sky arched above, and the air
 Was musical with sound of bird and bee
 And redolent with flowers and ripening fruit,
 I have heard the song of thoughts unuttered,
 And my soul burned as from a touch divine.
 But when I strove to utter them in song
 And voice their music in the heart and brain
 That men might hear and feel and emulate
 Their teaching, e'en as the poor scissor-tail
 That chirps and flirts and circles in the air
 So full of happiness it cannot sing,
 So I, though my heart glows with the song,
 Can only chirp and then my lips are dumb!
 And if sometimes by chance I sing a song
 The song I utter never does portray
 The image painted on the heart and brain.

SONG.

How shall I woo my handsome Bess?
 What message shall I send her,
 That it may be like her own self,
 So gentle-like and tender?

Say, shall it be in courtier phrase,
 Set off with words of learning,
 Or shall it be the rustic's own,
 So true, so deep, so burning?

It can not be the courtier phrase,
 With gallant words all laden,
 For I am but a country swain
 And she a country maiden.

She'd be, with a distrustful eye,
 Such high-flung words discerning,
 And God forbid a rustic lad
 Should ape the ways of learning!

When wild birds go to woo their mates
 They go right sweetly singing
 The simple songs that nature taught
 Till wood and field are ringing.

So I shall woo my gentle Bess
 In simple words sincerely,
 For only they can tell how true
 I love her, and how dearly.

DREAMING.

All day long have I been dreaming,
 Building castles in the air,
 Till my soul is lost in gleamings
 Of the future bright and fair.

Oh! what noble heights are towering
 In the land by fancy drawn,
 And the golden sunbeams showering
 Fall upon those heights at dawn.

But those heights, though sweetly shining,
 Shall all hasten to decay;
 And my soul, in sorrow pining,
 Will lament their vanished ray.

Still the brightest lights are given
 But to shine awhile and fade:
 Naught endures this side of heaven,
 All things enter death's dark shade.

YOUTHFUL MEMORIES.

Oh, let me think, when evening shades
 Hang mantling o'er the plain,
 And walking o'er the western wave
 The night asserts its reign,

Of those who twine around my heart
 Like cypress to its home,
 And life and freshness there impart,
 Cheering me as I roam.

'Tis sweet indeed to think of those
 My boyhood cherished so;
 We knew no cares, we had no woes,
 And pleasure's radiant glow

Beamed in our hearts and made them beat
 In wildest ecstasy;
 We dreamed fair dreams till life complete
 Was painted on our sky.

How oft we roved among the hills
 With spirits wild with glee,
 And wandered down meandering rills
 Or o'er the verdant lea;

Or roamed among the forest trees
 In autumn's beauteous day,
 And sought the cool, refreshing breeze
 Among the leaves at play.

Ah, me! those days of youth so fair
 Were like a dream complete;
 A time more sweet, a day so dear,
 I ne'er again expect to meet.

Go, roam o'er earth, through pleasure's halls,
 But naught so sweet I ween
 Across your path so brightly falls
 As that which once hath been.

INVOCATION.

Little sweetheart, live with me
 On the prairie wide and free.
 Birds and flowers and humming-bees
 Whisper to the heart at ease;

Wild herds feed upon the plains,
 And contentment fondly reigns.
 Rove with me down sloping hills
 By the babbling, sparkling rills,
 When fair Luna from on high
 With her glory floods the sky
 And the earth and air below.
 I am lonely, full of woe,

And the world to me is dark,
 Oh, my love, thou art the spark
 Can illumine my path so dear —
 Sweetest sunshine of the year!

Live with me, and in yon bower,
 When the silvery moonbeams lower,
 We will listen deep and well
 To the words sweet Love doth tell.

How his soft eyes sparkle bright
 In the clear and deep moonlight,
 When he gently 'gins to tell
 Words that make the bosom swell.

Then, sweetheart, why need delay
 Keep you from this spot away?
 Here I sit and pine for thee,
 And the hours pass wearily.

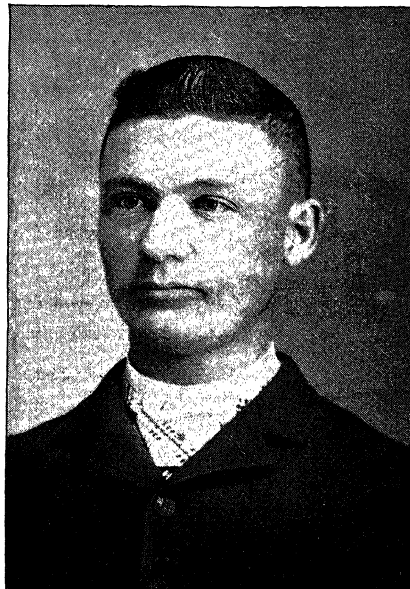
Haste, oh! haste, and quickly come,
 Bringing sunshine to my home,
 Bringing smiles and winsome ways
 To while away life's weary days.

Oh, I love you as my life!
 Will you be my darling wife,
 And come and live with me
 On the prairie wide and free?

LEWIS W. SMITH.

BORN: MALTA, ILL., NOV. 22, 1866.

AFTER spending a term in Beloit college, he later attended the college at Fairfield, Nebraska, where he graduated in 1889. Mr. Smith



LEWIS W. SMITH.

expects to follow the profession of teaching for the present. He is very fond of literature, and his poems have already appeared in the Chicago Current and the local press.

PARTING.

I do not feel like singing
Of love and hope to-night,
Of aspirations winging
To Heaven in grandest flight.
Sweet music can not move me
To hopes for life before;
For you must go who love me;
We part to meet no more.
My heart would fain not listen
To what you sweetly say,
Only that teardrop's glisten
Shall be with me alway.
You whisper words of cheering
That less may be our pain,
They mock me sadly hearing,—
We ne'er shall meet again.
I ne'er again shall gladly
Be with you in your walks;
I must remember sadly
Our soul-entwining talks;

I must behold forever
Love's symbols everywhere,
But never more, ah, never
Shall we our heart-throbs share.
Say not again "Remember
The noble life you planned."
Hope now a burnt-out ember
To life may ne'er be fanned.
All of myself has left me;
Is thine forever more.
Deeply hast thou bereft me:
We part to meet no more.

REQUIESCAT.

Raise no costly marble;
He rests in peace.
Words are only idle;
He hath release.
Life held much of sorrow,
But death is joy.
He waketh to a morrow
Of glad employ.
Say not thus in sadness
That he is dead.
Lay your flowers with gladness
Above his head.
Voices raised in weeping
He can not hear —
So calmly lies he sleeping —
Nor see the tear.
The call to life's stern battle
Must sound in vain,
For he has loosed the shackle
Of woe and pain.
The days roll on forever,
But not for him
Comes morn or noontide ever,
Or twilight dim;
For day is day unceasing;
The solemn night
Sad hearts from care releasing
Dulls not the bright,
The glad, eternal splendor
That hovers near;
Its glory sweet and tender,
Yet full and clear.
So mourn not that he sleepeth;
God knoweth best.
In his own hand he keepeth
The boon of rest;
And when we grasp its meaning
And feel its joy,
Our hearts no longer dreaming
Shall songs employ.

EXTRACT.

Every heart has hoped in vain,
Buried deep some lingering pain;
But its memory is stirred
By some lightly spoken word.

REV. HENRY PETTY.

BORN: VIRGINIA.

THIS gentleman is a baptist clergyman, and has gained quite a reputation as a poet and



REV. HENRY PETTY.

writer. He resides in his native state at Chatham, where he is very popular as a minister of the gospel.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

Pity a woman's heart,
Should go so far astray,
From all that's truly wise and good,
That blessed good, old way.

Pity a woman's head,
With fantasies so full,
Should ever such a multitude
So egregiously gull.

Pity a woman's hands,
Should pen such caustic lore,
And strive to undermine the faith
Of loved ones gone before.

Pity a woman's tongue,
Ungraciously should say,
That Christ as God is but a myth,
And "miracles away."

Pity a woman's eyes,
Should so distorted be,
As not in Christ the Holy One,
The blessed Savior see.

Pity a woman's life,
Should have so dark a trend,
As with rash hand in evil hour,
A poison cup commend.

Pity a woman's foot,
Should tread some by-path o'er,
A by-path strewn with ruined souls,
Now as in days of yore

Pity a woman thus,
Should God given powers abuse,
And all the good that Heaven owns,
Insanely to refuse.

MY MOTHER.

She was my dearest earthly joy,
So gentle, kind and good,
To serve her was my sweet employ,
In whatever way I could.

But since her voice in death is hushed,
My heart in sadness pines,
My spirit bruised, and almost crushed,
Toward heaven now inclines.

For well I know my mother dwells
Within a mansion fair,
At thought of which my bosom swells,
With longings to be there.

'Tis sweet to know that toil and pain,
Will one day have an end,
And then if I should Heaven gain,
Eternity I'll spend.

In company with loved ones dear,
And with the angels bright,
Free from all want, and slavish fear,
Free too from sin's dark light.

With sainted ones I'll gladly tread,
The streets all paved with gold,
No foe can make us then afraid,
Within God's heavenly fold.

We'll strike our harps in sweet accord,
Together round the throne,
And glorify our blessed Lord,
For what His grace has done.

Oh! mother dear, though far away,
Methinks I see thee now,
Treading along the shining way,
A crown upon thy brow.

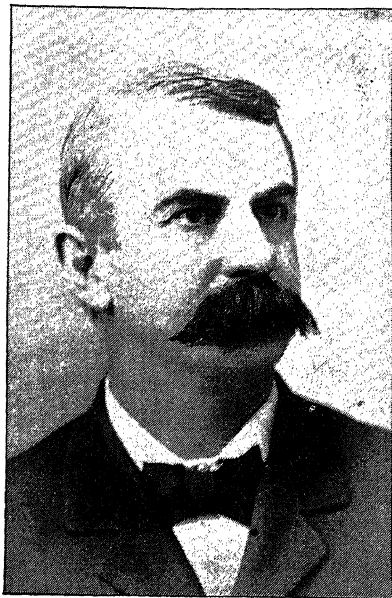
While I beset by sin must tread,
Life's rugged pathway o'er,
Trembling with doubt, and oft afraid,
I'll miss the shining shore.

Oh! Father, as Thou seest best,
Do Thou my footsteps guide,
That I at last may sweetly rest,
Beyond Time's swelling tide.

EUGENE FITCH WARE.

BORN: HARTFORD, CONN., MAY 29, 1841.

THIS gentleman is a partner in the firm of Ware, Biddle and Cory, attorneys-at-law of Fort Scott, Kansas. He was married in 1874 to Miss J. P. Huntington. Mr. Ware served five years in the volunteer army, and five



EUGENE FITCH WARE.

years in the Kansas senate. Since 1872 his poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. In 1889 appeared Rhymes of Ironquill, a neat volume of over two hundred pages of his choicest poems — a work that has been well and favorably received by the press and public. Personally Mr. Ware is of very fine stature, with dark-brown hair and dark-hazel eyes, and is withal a scholar and a gentleman.

ALGOMAR.

Ioline, my Ioline,
Will you be no more my queen;
Must you always stay?
Is my waiting unavailing;
Must all wishes end in falling,
Must all hope decay?
Must all happiness at last
Fade into the past?
It is longer than a year
Since you came to see me here,

Earnest Ioline;
Since you came in moonlight beamy,
Came to cheer me and to see me,
To be loved and seen;
Since you left that pearly star,
Far-off Algomar.

Come and sing to me once more,
As you often have before,
Songs of other zones.
Come and hum those airy, sketchy
Arias, so bright and catchy,
Taken from the tones
That, unheard by human ears,
Thrill the radiant spheres.

WHIST.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled,
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came; but I, with mind unruffled,
Did simply say: "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled, and the hands are dealt,

Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
But still I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get, until the break of day.

THE MINNESONG.

Once a falcon I possessed;
And full many a knight and vassal
Watched him from my father's castle,
As, in gaudy ribbon dressed,
He would seek with fiery eye
Battle in the roomy sky,
And return to be caressed.

Once a lover I possessed,
On the field of battle knighted,
And at tournaments delighted
Did I watch his fiery crest;
Woven from the silken strands
By my own unaided hands,
Was the baldric on his breast.

But one day my bird did soar,
When the sky was black and stormy;
And my knight, whose fondness for me
Seemed as changeless as before,
Rode away in the crusade;
And as years successive fade,
They return to me no more.

Ah! in every land and tongue —
 Loved by emperor and vassal,
 Serf in hovel, knight in castle —
 Ever old yet ever young,
 Sung until the hours grew late,
 Was the song of love and fate
 Which the Minnesinger sung.

THE SERENADE.

In the pale light
 The angel of the night,
 With silver sickle, reaped the western stars;
 Across my sleep,
 Dreamless as well as deep,
 There came a ballad, whose remembered
 bars,
 Brought back to me a day —
 A year long passed away.
 An old, old song,
 Although forgotten long,
 Brings childhood back as songs alone can
 bring;
 We see bright eyes,
 Behold unclouded skies,
 We re-inhale the fragrance of life's spring;
 While, as of unseen bird,
 Rustle of wing is heard.
 Shall our last sleep
 Eternal stillness keep?
 Shall pulseless dust enclose a dreamless soul?
 Or shall we hear
 Those songs so old and dear,
 As 'mid tempestuous melodies there roll
 Upon our waking ears
 The choruses of spheres?

THE OLD PIONEER.

Where are they gone? Where are they —
 The faces of my childhood?
 I've sought them by the mountains,
 By the rivers, by the canyons;
 I have called upon the prairie,
 I have called upon the wildwood:
 O, give me back! O, give me back
 The faces of my childhood!
 The boys and girls,
 My playmates, my companions.
 The days of early childhood
 Have a strange, attractive glimmer,
 A lustrous, misty fadelessness
 Half seen and yet half hidden,
 As of isles in distant oceans,
 Where the shattered moonbeams shimmer,
 Concealing half, disclosing half,
 With rapturing, fracturing glimmer,
 The realms to which
 Our visits are forbidden.
 It's vainly that I call upon
 The mountains or the canyons;

And vainly from the forest,
 From the river or the wildwood,
 Do I ask the restoration
 Of my playmates, my companions;
 No voice returns from mountain side,
 From forest or from canyons;
 They've gone from me forever,
 The faces of my childhood.

THE VIOLET STAR

"I have always lived, and I always must,"
 The sergeant said when the fever came;
 From his burning brow we washed the dust,
 And we held his hand, and we spoke his
 name.
 "Millions of ages have come and gone,"
 The sergeant said as we held his hand:—
 "They have passed like the mist of the morn-
 ing dawn
 Since I left my home in that far-off land."
 We bade him hush, but he gave no heed —
 "Millions of orbits I crossed from far —
 Drifted as drifts the cottonwood seed:
 I came," said he, "from the Violet Star.
 "Drifting in cycles from place to place —
 I'm tired," said he, "and I'm going home
 To the Violet Star, in the realms of space,
 Where I loved to live, and I will not roam.
 "For I've always lived, and I always must,
 And the soul in roaming may roam too far,
 I have reached the verge that I dare not trust
 And I'm going back to the Violet Star."
 The sergeant hushed and we fanned his
 cheek;
 There came no word from that soul so tired;
 And the bugle rang from the distant peak,
 As the morning dawned and the pickets
 fired.
 The sergeant was buried as soldiers are;
 And we thought all day as we marched
 through the dust:
 His spirit has gone to the Violet Star —
 He always has lived, and he always must.

THE SIEGE OF DJKLYPRWBZ.

Before a Turkish town,
 The Russians came,
 And with huge cannon
 Did bombard the same.
 They got up close
 And rained fat bombshells down,
 And blew out every
 Vowel in the town.
 And then the Turks,
 Becoming somewhat sad,
 Surrendered every
 Consonant they had.

MRS. IRENE G. ADAMS.

BORN: ERIE CO., N. Y., APRIL 19, 1841.

THE poems of Mrs. Adams have appeared in the leading publications of the country, and have been extensively copied in the local press. Her present husband, Capt. J. C. Adams, to whom she was wedded in 1887, is a popular



MRS. IRENE G. ADAMS.

journalist of South Dakota. Mrs. Adams edits a column in her husband's paper, which she devotes to the interests of Woman and Home. This lady is a prominent worker for the cause of the W. C. T. U., and is well known and honored in her adopted state.

THE TYRANNY OF LOVE.

Love makes you mine most blessed thought;
It gleams with joy in darkest night,
And radiates a halo bright
'Round common toil with duty fraught.
My own — Thank God! Such generous gift
Has warmed my deepest depths of soul;
It is my long sought starlit goal
Come unto me from life's broad drift.
I feel my deep unworthiness
To wear the pearl love brings to me;
The blemish of my past I see
Rise like a cloud of selfishness.
The fires of sin swept me away
From virtue's path of purity,
From royal deeds of charity,
And manhood's loftier moral way.

O, I have feared in moody hour,
Lest stains like these upon my past
Might all my future overcast,
Despite God's loving, cleansing power.

As heart of oak must bear the mar
Inflicted on the youthful tree,
Though ages of futurity
Conceal, they cancel not the scar.

But now I know that your sweet soul,
So pure and strong, so brave and true,
Hath power to build my life anew,
The ill subdue, the good extol.

Ah, dear, my future, in your hands,
Must shape itself as you decree:
Your potent will hath set me free
From selfish aims and sin's commands.

There are no heights I may not reach
Of fame or fortune, by your side,
My inspiration and my guide,
Accept the task, love, I beseech.

HER ANSWER.

I love you, but I dare not take
The burdens you would have me bear:
Responsible for every share
Of gain or loss your years may make.

You tell me that my love's a shield
From sin that snared you in the past,—
That my stanch soul shall speed you fast
Where all choice blessings are revealed.

But what of mine? Pray tell me, dear,
While I give all to help you rise
Neglecting my ambition's prize
That you may win that grander sphere.

What is it you will do for me?
What my advancement while I spend
My energies, that you may mend
A frittered life and destiny?

My life is mine, I cannot give
Its precious hours to your employ,
Unless receiving sure convoy
That I a larger life may live.

My soul is mine, and I must die,
You could not, if you would, decree
Against my immortality,
Nor thwart the grave where I must lie.

God given life and soul are mine,
Two monuments of trust to build,
And I must strive that they be filled
With choicest grain and richest wine;

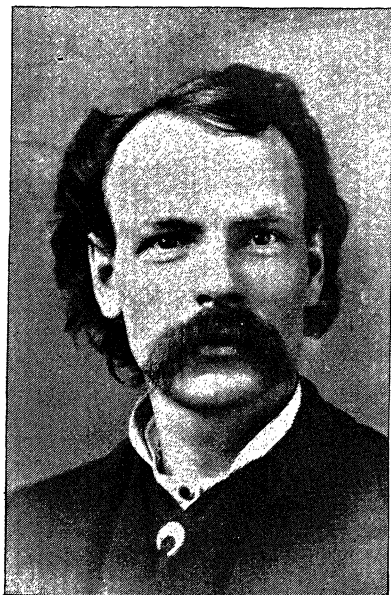
I soar to heights in fancy's flight;
I search for wisdom's diadem,
I sigh for glimpse of truth's pure gem;
You stifle me with self-love's blight.

I love you, and I hoped, alas!
That you could give me prize for prize—
That, hand in hand, we both might rise;
You offer nothing; Let it pass.

GEORGE E. MARKHAM.

BORN: BROOME CO., N.Y., 1849.

THE poems of Mr. Markham have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He was married in 1874 to Miss Marion A. Davis



GEORGE E. MARKHAM.

with whom he now resides in Weeping Water, Neb. He deals in musical merchandise, and is a teacher of music, having now about forty scholars.

THAT DEAR LITTLE HOME.

The night is cool, the sky is clear, the stars are bright and all is cheer.

A little group of faces fair, are beamy round their mother's chair.

The work is done and all can rest, or stories tell, which they love best.

Their Papa's step is heard to sound, and faces bright are turned around.

Then comes a rush for the first kiss —
Such greetings are a world of bliss.
They all receive a word of love
'Tis heaven reflected from above.

The stories told, the papers read,
The good-night passed and all to bed.
Now come those pleasant happy dreams
Of angel forms and pearly streams.

My friends, how does this picture take,
'Tis heaven asleep, and heaven awake.
We all can have those homes so dear,
For home is what we make it here.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Was it distant music or the rustle of a wing?
Only the voice of a little babe an angel came to bring.

We now can see a gentle mother's tender love and care;
We'll watch her as she guides his feet away from every snare.

As years pass by, we look again and see that little boy,
With curly head and rosy lips and eyes so full of joy.

And now a heavy hand is raised to deal the child a blow,
Because some mischief it has done,—stop! brute, don't stoop so low.

We'll rush to stay the angry blow, and treat it with disdain,
You shall not harm a single hair; don't raise that hand again.

The curtain falls and time flies by. Behold in manhood how
The little boy that was so weak, is strong and noble now.

The mother now, so weak herself, looks on her son with pride,
The noble man now guides her feet, as down life's walk they glide.

We now pass on to other scenes, forgetting as we go,
That time goes rushing, whirling by, and brings the winter's snow.

Alas, once more our eyes behold the harvest time of years,
Our babe, our boy, our noble man, once more to us appears.

His curly hair is white as snow, his once straight form is now bowed down,
An angel in the clouds appears and holds for him a robe and crown.

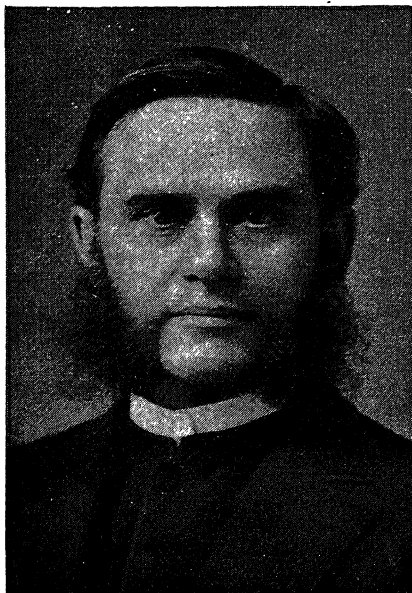
Breathe gently now and hear again the rustle of a wing;
The golden harps are touched once more and heavenly voices sing.

'Tis over now and all is still; the earth moves on the same,
And all that's left for friends to love is memory of his name.

REV. EZRA P. CHITTENDEN.

BORN: WESTBROOK, CONN., FEB. 22, 1851.

THIS gentleman is a parish rector at Salina, Kansas, where he is also professor of mental and physical sciences in the St. John's school in the same city. The work of his life un-



REV. EZRA P. CHITTENDEN.

doubtedly is *The Pleroma*, a Poem of the Christ, which was published in 1890. Below is given a few extracts from this work, the brilliancy of which certainly proves him to be a musical and scholarly poet.

THE PLEROMA, A POEM OF THE CHRIST.
THE GREETING OF GAIA (THE EARTH)
TO THE SUN.

The greeting of Gaia to luminous guest,
With turbulent heart and quivering note:—

Passing o'er
Evermore!

Stay! Stay! while nearing our islet ye float;

Pass not by,
Or I die!

Be still, O my heart! list the urgent behest
Of the king

On the wing;

Regarding our smile, approving our song:

If he stay

But a day,

If he show but a blush as he looks at my breast,
I shall dream, I shall dream in the night, of
the dawn.

O heat of thine heart! O blush of thy brow!
Dost thou burn? wilt thou turn for an hour?
Passing o'er
Evermore!

On my breast thou shalt rest and embower;
Win my heart
Ere we part;

All my virginal riches with luster endow:
Pass not by or I die!

Dost flame? ah the shame! and still ridest on?
"The day hath its end and parteth us now:
But the night with its queen
Shall shortly be seen."

Thus beaming on Gaia, entreateth the sun,
Passing o'er evermore.

The Mead of the Moon—the regent of night!
I wake from my swoon and drink of thy light;
I revive and shall live.

Thou art fair, O thou queen! and dost rival
my love!

Dost thou drink of his sheen, and his bland-
ishments prove?

Ah my heart, canst forgive?

"A vestal," O joy! and the king is unwed!
So love doth not cloy, and I deck now my bed—

Thou wilt come with the dawn:

Thou art fair, O thou queen, and dost honor
his flame:

Thou art haughty I ween, and dost Hyen dis-
dain!

Hast on, thou life-giving sun!

Lo, whisperings breathe in the air and the
wave;

While cloudlets me wreath, and I dip me and
lave

In the surf of the shore.

O thou messenger Morn, dost thou beckon me
blest?

Or dost beckon forlorn? If his light warm my
breast

I shall murmur no more.

The song of the stars, the far away stars!

Twinkling, tinkling,

Faintly audible, ever laudible;

Meeting, greeting

In me, poor Gaia, no wish that debars.

I cannot reckon you, O numberless notes!

Timing, chiming,

Concords beautiful,

Motions dutiful;

Sparkling, darkling,

A myriad maze of musical mote.

Still the words I divine both soothe and relieve,

Listing, trysting;

Telling so faintly,

Never so quaintly,

Drifting, sifting

By signs clearly known. "He comes do not
grieve."

ABBIE NELSIA PARTRIDGE.

BORN: LEBANON, ME., SEPT. 15, 1857.

UNDER the nom de plume of Nelsia Bird this lady has written both prose and poetry for



ABBIE NELSIA PARTRIDGE.

numerous newspapers and magazines. She resides with her parents at Greenfield, N. H., where she has become quite popular.

CLOSED DOORS.

How often we utter a careless remark
When speaking of people we know.
"They are odd or eccentric," is all that we
say,
For the thoughts of their hearts do not
show.
Perhaps there are reasons we never would
dream,
That have made their lives what they are;
Slumbering pity might wake, if to us had
been given,
The door of their hearts to unbar.
We see but the doing, and censure the deed,
Without knowing the motive within.
Could we see the true purpose, and fathom
the why,
We might find in our heart lay the sin.
Speak lightly of no one; let God be the judge;
Our mission be good will to all;
Whatever we think, keeping guard o'er our
lips,

That no light, careless word from them fall.
Though a kind word be lost, or a smile cast
aside,

'Tis but little to lose on our way,
And if some heart grows true by our kind,
earnest words,
The one ransomed soul will repay.

WHO KNOWS?

Into grace, the lovely rose
By inherent impulse grows;
So the features are refined
By a pure and noble mind;
Vice and beauty never blend,
Were the thoughts some hand had penned.

Thoughtfully I turned away,
On the ground, beside me, lay
Wreck of once a lovely flower,
Now bereft of beauty's power.
Sheltered by a moss-decked stone,
I had found it blooming lone,

Plucked it for its beauty rare,
Brought it home with tenderest care.
Lovely, in my richest vase
I had given it honor's place,
But a friend, who knew the flowers'
Names, and natures, parts and powers,

Looking on my new-found prize,
Opened wide my blinded eyes:
"Oh, this fearful poison flower,
Blooming in your favorite bower!"
So the harmful beauty lay,
Hated, feared, and thrown away.

And I, musing o'er the rose,
Murmured sadly, "Ah, who knows?"
Poison flowers our hands must soil,
Rich bouquets their presence spoil,
Just as beauty in the face,
Hides, of sin, the veriest trace.

THE TRAIN OF YEARS.

EXTRACT.

I think a vision comes to me.
On some lone height I seem to sit
And watch the moving throng. As the
Long train of years glide by, a glimpse
I catch of some familiar face,
That in the pleasant days gone by
Had journeyed with me for awhile,
And then was lost amid the throng
That waited for yet other trains,
To take them on their chosen way;
Those I had known in childhood's days,
And whose bright eyes, beaming with joy,
A moment gazed into my own,
And then was lost to view amid
The mass of human souls, each on
The purpose of his life intent.

MRS. MATTIE W. ANGWIN.

BORN: DARKE CO., O., AUG. 31, 1850.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Toledo Blade and other journals of repute.



MRS. MATTIE W. ANGWIN.

She now resides in Mt. Vernon, Mo., with her husband, R. H. Angwin, to whom she was married in 1872, and her two sons.

TWO GRAVES.

Years ago a maiden wandered
In a churchyard, grave and old,
Coming o'er the marble tablets
Weeping for the tales they told.
And at last her weary footsteps
Paused beside a little mound
Overgrown with weeds and rushes,
Parting them, a name she found.
And below, in words so tender,
Told of broken hearts and drear,
These the words the maiden pondered:
"Many hopes lie buried here."
Years have passed, and in a city
Walks that maiden, but her brow
Is not free from care and sorrow—
For she is a mother now.
Glancing down a look of horror
Steals upon that care-worn face,
For, beside her feet is lying
Not a child in death's embrace,
But a boy in drunken slumber,—
One she taught to kneel in prayer,

Night and morn ere sin had blighted
Form and face of beauty rare.

Wild with grief, she kneels beside him
Calling loud his name, so dear,
Oh! my child, she wails in sorrow,
"Many hopes are buried here."

And thus it is, in hearts about us,
Hopes are buried day by day,
By the cup of Demon's brewing,
And Christians sleep upon the way.

'Rouse ye mighty temperance legion,
Battle bravely for the right,
Lest the sun of souls about us
Shall go down in darkest night.

NED WILBUR'S STORY.

'Twas night when in a lighted hall
The flowing bowl was passed around
With bacchanalian songs of mirth,
By men inured to sinful sound.

It came to one whose feet had strayed
In sin's broad highway many years,
Surprise was pictured on each face
To find that rough, strong man, in tears.

At last one spoke: "Why, Ned, old boy,
I've stood beside you many a day
When shot and shell around us rained
And many fell amid the fray.

"And often, too, we've passed thro' scenes
And witnessed sorrows that were deep,
But never yet, my dear old friend,
Have I been one to see you weep."

Then Ned arose and slowly said:
"Your words, my comrade, all are true,
These are the first tears I have shed
Since that dark day we donned the blue.

"But I must tell you of a scene
Enacted many years ago:—
Longere the time that you and I
Went forth to meet the coming foe.

"A mother lay in Death's embrace,
Unmindful of the gazing crowds,
I was her only child, and she—
Was passing from me to the clouds.

"A very little child I was,
And yet, I knelt beside her bed
And cried in frantic, childish fear
Oh! Mother, speak to little Ned:

"Then scanned her face in mute appeal
And saw her open wide her eyes,
One hand she placed upon my head,
The other pointed to the skies.

"To-night when that vile cup was passed
I saw again that sainted face—
It passed between me and the glass
Just as it looked in death's embrace.

"From this time forth, I spurn the bowl,
No more I'll meet you in this hall,
A mother waits in yonder skies
And I can hear her weird call."

He ceased to speak, dead silence reigned
Where late was heard the revel wild,
For every list'ner seemed to view
That dying mother and her child.

And from that hour that brave man ceased
In paths of sinfulness to roam,
In by-ways and the city's streets
He toils to bring the wanderer home.

Oh! boys, who mourn a mother dead,
May you, like him, see her face pass
Before you, ere you reach a hand
To grasp the ruby, poisoned glass.

MRS. E. S. B. CORBETT.

THIS lady has written many fine poems for recitation before anniversaries and public gatherings. Mrs. Corbett is a lady of a modest and retiring disposition, and is rather averse to any public display of her many accomplishments. Her poems have been widely read and favorably commented upon by the press and public generally.

AUTUMN LOVERS.

Red and green with brown and golden;
Full of glory, grand, sublime!
Fifty years at full completion
In this golden autumn time.

Nature tells the simple story,
Tells it in the natural way;
Life sends out its greatest glory
Near the tab'nae's decay.

Autumn lovers, autumn lovers,
Loving still in autumn covers.

Bright October, we admire
Thy mottled foliage in its sway;
Grand and queenly are the jewels
From the hand of perfect day.

Nature'll change thy garb of grandeur
For a dress of snowy white,
Melting in the spring-day sunshine
As the day succeeds the night;
Autumn lovers, autumn lovers,
God in spirit o'er thee hovers.

Here we make a golden period,
Hemmed around in friendship true;
And this is a free-will offering:
"May God's blessing fall on you!"
May your children prove most faithful—
How you've loved them well and long—
Joyed their joys and sighed their sorrows;
Key-note in this wedding song.
Autumn lovers, autumn lovers,
Human failings, true love covers.

Heavenly Father, if in wisdom
May this day of all be best;
Knitting friendship, ties of kindred,
In some way may all be blest.
Like the artist's touch of finish,
Or the sweets drawn from the flower,
Queen of joy, reign queen among us,
Moonlight in the starry hour.
Autumn lovers, autumn lovers,
God's own smile around thee hovers.

If we e'er renew this meeting,
Bridegroom and your faithful bride,
In a second golden wedding,
It will be beyond the tide.
May some joy to-day transmitted,
Brighten life as life wears on;
Trust in God and when he calls you
'Twill be said: "A Daniel's gone!"
Autumn lovers, autumn lovers,
Trust in God and be His lovers.

LIGHT.

The emblematic little flower
That droops in shade of night
Looks sweetly up in tears of dew,
All sparkling in the light.
Thou sorrowing soul on troubled sea,
Beneath a mourning sail,
Like snow-flakes on the wing-ed wind
Within a murmuring gale,
Lift up thy faith, when shadows fall
You try in vain to clear,
For, when you've done your very all,
A guiding hand is near.
When crushed in tears of bitter wrong,
And memory cites the face
Of some loved one beyond the vale,
In tranquil look of grace,
And calm repose no words can tell,
Comes from this angel, light;
O! spirit, born from spirit land,
Beyond the shores of night!
Didst thou from God's own hand come
down
The weary one to calm?
To hold communion with His own,
And bear me on thine arm?
See yonder cliff, in darksome hours
With creviced rock in sight,
As though the sun in passing through
Had left a trailing light.
Thou art, O earth, a beautiful theme!
Green mantled, or in white,
With hills and vales and song of birds,
In sunlight, or in night.
We laugh and sing, ay, sing of home!
A vantage yet to be,
For surges take their backward roll
As we are nearing thee.

JACOB B. DOCKENDORFF.

BORN: PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, APRIL 23, '64.
SINCE his childhood Jacob has evinced a great passion for literature. He worked in a printing office in Boston for nearly two years, but is now engaged in the profession of teaching.



JACOB BENJAMIN DOCKENDORFF.

Since 1886 the poems of Mr. Dockendorff have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and he has also published a volume of poems. Mr. Dockendorff is now engaged in the study of law.

EFFORT.

We love to linger where the rays
Of Peace's sun most brightly shine;
We fain would loiter in the ways
Of happiness, and ne'er repine.
Who does not hope for brighter days,
Or for a truer friendship pine?
And yet how oft we help to make
The clouds that shut the sunlight out;
Upon the thorny road we take
How oft we cast the seeds about;
How oft we wantonly forsake
The friends we least can do without.
How strange we strive not earnestly
For what we earnestly desire;
Strange that we turn about and flee
The countenance we most admire;

And hasten downward when we see
The heights to which we would aspire.
Vain are the brightest hopes that rise
Unarmed of energy to do;
Unless the friendships that disguise
The tender heart and purpose true;
Lost the most worthy enterprise
Without the will to bear it through.
Nothing but weeds can live and thrive
Uncared for by the willing hand;
Empty must be the fairest hive
If naught but idle drones command;
Paltry the gain unless we strive;
Failures and Fears go hand in hand.

FAINT HEART.

Dear lady, could I dare to woo,
I'd quickly take my stand
Along the line of lovers' true
And venture for your hand;
But then I fear that such a course
Would bring me only pain:
Love unconfessed is hard, but worse
When answered with disdain.
I fain would "make a breast of it,"
As vulgar people say,
And risk the chance that counterfeit
Be tendered me as pay.
That glance and smile I must confess
Seemed rather genuine,
But love is risky business—
Whose ways I can't define.

The more I think the deeper grows
My sad perplexity,
The love that drives away repose
Is not the thing for me;
The birds that hover 'round my cot,
The bees and flowers, too,
Seem to enjoy a brighter lot
Than I whene'er I woo.
Then I must ever wait and sigh,
Like Cupid in a snare,
Until a kinder fate comes by
To free me from my care;
And give, perchance, some heart to cheer
My poor declining days;
Then farewell sighs, begone dull fear,
I'll sing in gladder lays.

MEMORIES.

Fond memories of childhood years,—
How beautiful and bright
Amid the frowns of life appears
Their warm, consoling light;
Chasing away the lines of care
And shedding gladness everywhere.
The playground just behind the hill,
The beech grove in the rear
Are pictured on my mind, and still

Not anything so dear,
Or half so fair, it seems to me,
Exists in any scenery.

Each ant-hill with its busy throng,
Each nest so snug and fair,
And all the varied, joyful song
The mothers warbled there;
Each hill and nest I well can place;
And song; what songs have half the grace?
The play-house, fashioned by my hand
Assisted by my brother,
With mats and curtains sister planned
Unaided by our mother.
Mansions with stores of wealth abound
But where can one so rich be found?

The brook, a little runaway,
Went babbling near by,
And oft I sighed as, day by day,
I thought it would run dry;
Yet after all my wand' rings here
No other stream seems half as clear.
The sun by day, the stars by night;
How oft my wond'ring gaze
Was fixed upon those orbs of light
Till lost amid the maze.
The same bright wand'ers shine to-day
But, to my mind, not half so gay.

And every other scene so dear
Stands out in bright array,
Mirrored in mem'ries glass as clear
As if it were to-day,
Only more lovely for the tear
Was sooner made to disappear.
Fond mem'ries, ever be our stay
In solitude's lone hours;
In sorrow cheer the mourner's way
With glad refreshing showers;
Leading us far from present fears
Back to the joys of childhood years.

FRIENDS.

In careless childhood's joyous day,
'Twas sweet to have a friend
To join us in the harmless play,
And ever gladly lend
A hand to aid in every fray;
His joy with ours to blend.
In youth, that season when the mind
Is molded to the form;
It ne'er can change, how good to find
A constant heart and warm
By which our thoughts may be refined —
A port in every storm.
In manhood — when the storms of life
Beat down most heavily,
And when amid unequal strife,
We far away would flee;
When clouds with aspect dark are rife, —
Oh! what a friend can be.

In age, when strength and energy
Are swift on the decline,
'Tis sweet to share the company
Of friends, ere we resign, —
To feel then at our side, as we
Descend the steep incline.

REV. GEORGE W. MCSHERRY.

BORN: EAST BERLIN, PA., DEC. 10, 1854.

SINCE 1882 this gentleman has been preaching in his native county, being a graduate from the Pennsylvania college and the Lutheran theological seminary. He has written quite extensively for the local press.

LIFE'S DISMAL CASTLES.

Yon slope near limpid 'Possum's shore,
At Bender's boro' line,
A storied landmark holds of yore,
That brings one to repine.
The shelving heights, the rolling view
Of life's meandering stream,
Are dotted o'er with castles few
That brightness on us beam.
Oft, 'mid a lovely, swardy scene,
A paradise of bloom,
A half-clad frame, in ugly mien,
Looks dismal out in gloom.
From many a youthful, bowery height,
A castle grim looks down;
Unfinished halls — repulsive sight,
Leer with dejecting frown.
How oft 'mid scenes of hallowed bliss
The youthful vows were made;
Foundation firm received the kiss
Of giant oak well laid.
Up rose the resolution strong,
A knitted frame-work grand;
The soaring structure peered among
The clouds of heaven's land.
But hark! the structure yields no sound
Of human life within;
Weird, gaping holes, dark, deep, abound,
That gaze with awful frown.
Unfinished, grim, the castle stands,
A habitation drear,
The bat and owl in screeching bands
Inspire nocturnal fear.
So oft began expectant maid,
A castle fine to build;
The skillful plans were wisely laid,
The heart with joy was filled.
Along life's winding shelvy stream
Are castle-ruins strewn;
Resolve, did hearts, and plan and dream,
Alas, in vain, how soon.

WILL FARRAND FELCH.

BORN: COLUMBUS, O.

ALTHOUGH comparatively a young man, Mr. Felch has written several works of fiction, which have received quite a little prominence in the world of literature. He has also written several dramas. As a poet he is a decided success, and has published a little volume entitled



WILL FARRAND FELCH.

Legends and Lyrics, and also a narrative poem in blank verse. Mr. Felch has contributed to the Chicago Tribune, Current, Potter's Monthly and other publications of prominence. His Triad of Love Lyrics shows him to be one of the best love-verse writers of the day. Mr. Felch now resides in Hartford, Conn.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN.

She looks upon the lake's expanse—
Her hair wind-blown o'er eyes as blue
As mist that seems the waves to trance.
She watches the glad waves advance,

Retreat, dance at her feet,
And then again retreat.—

In rhythmic, endless amplitude:
A priestess of the solitude.

Along the shore she steps in state,—
Her cheek glows with the rosy dawn
That now begins to dissipate
The morning's pearly dews that wait

To greet, elate, her feet,
And touch her gown, so sweet,

Then melt in balmy morning air,—
Like fragrance poured from chalice rare.

Her voice,—soft as the note that falls
From nesting bird, awake at night,
When to her drowsy mate she calls,—
Like music of the past, enthralls;

Upsoars and falls, then sours;

Like siren songs, from shores
Of fatal Tyrrhenean sea,—
A flood of buoyant minstrelsy.

Her suave and gracious presence fills,
Completes the scene; her graceful mien
Enchants: like brightest dream fulfills
Its mission,—all the sense instills

With light, then thrills delight

Through all the inner sight.

Alas! she is like fleeting breath:
Twilight of Life! The Dawn of Death!

A TRIAD OF LOVE LYRICS.

RONDEAU.

A rose fell from her hair, in dance:
I picked it up, my heart in trance,
And as the dancing ceased, I sought
Her out, from all the rout, and brought
The flower. I caught a thankful glance,
And then the whirling waltz went on.
Was lovely Aphrodite, wan,
As fair, when she, bright myth of dawn,
Arose?

Incarnate blush, sweet rose, your right
To touch the alabaster white

Of her fair throat, and flush with tint
Of rose—a subtle, precious hint—
None dare dispute, but envy quite,—
My rose!

SERENADE.

This is my lady's bower,—
Her favored flowers here.—
She sits here by the hour,
While I, in covert near,
Watch every gentle sigh.

Grow, little rose, and clamber
Up to her jalousie:
And with your arms of amber,
So guard her, jealously,
That rough winds pass her by.

Bear upward, leaflet, fondly,
The kiss I give you now,
And as she gazes on thee
Declare to her my vow,
That I may know my fate.

And if she asks the reason
Why you do bear my love,
Say that my heart's in treason,
And dare not throb or move:
It must in patience wait.

EDWARD L. RIDEOUT.

BORN: BENTON, ME., 1841.

AFTER leaving school Edward engaged in mercantile pursuits in Bangor and Dexter. In 1878 he became editor of the Household



EDWARD L. RIDEOUT.

Journal. In 1880 he wrote for the Household Guest Magazine. Rideout's Monthly Magazine, and New York Waverly, with all of which he has since been connected.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Three hundred years ago, 'tis said,
From Cassiopeia's train
A bright star fell, and since that time
Has ne'er been seen again.
And long the "Northern Queen" has mourned
Her radiant favorite's loss,
And sought her through the starry depths,
The universe across.
Her sister stars with eager eyes
Still watch for her return;
Or seek in the vast realms of space
Her dwelling place to learn.
But all in vain,— still round the place
Where once her presence shone,
Dark shadows hover and the night
Reigns desolate and lone.
But I oft see that long lost star
Clad with divinent grace,
Where others only see perchance
A lovely, human face.
But though the skies have darker grown
Since she has left their sphere,

The earth is brighter, far, to day,
The while she lingers here.
Her voice seems but the sweet refrain
Of some celestial song,
Breathed by the angels of God's peace
Above earth's sin and wrong.
Obedient to the Father's will
Our humble life she shares!
And deepens every joy it holds,—
And lightens all its cares.
What name was hers while in the heavens
Has never been revealed,
What name she wears upon the Earth
Must ever be concealed;
But hope has whispered to my heart
That this blest star divine
Will find her place in Heaven again
And I shall call her mine.

DREAMING.

In the deep silence of the night, I dreamed
I stood where once the waning sun light
gleamed
Upon a garden, brightened by your smile,
Dreamed, idly dreamed, and lost my cares the
while.

I heard the sighing of the evening breeze,
That stirred the leaves of apple-laden trees;
I saw the purple pansy's quaint old face
Look out from 'neath the hairbell's swinging
grace.

I saw again the fair verbena's bloom [fume,
And breathed once more the heliotrope's per-
I watch, as once we watched in days of old,
Ere sorrow came and life grew dark and cold,
The swift-winged humming bird that loved to
The sweet distilling from the lily's lip. [sip

I seemed to hear your voice as in the days
When every tree was vocal with the praise
Of happy birds, who dwelt around your home,
And like the flowers knew no desire to roam.
That gentle voice which breathed in tones of
And seemed the echo of the One above, [love,
Which speaks as once it spake on Gallilee,
The "peace be still" that calmed that troubl-
ed sea.

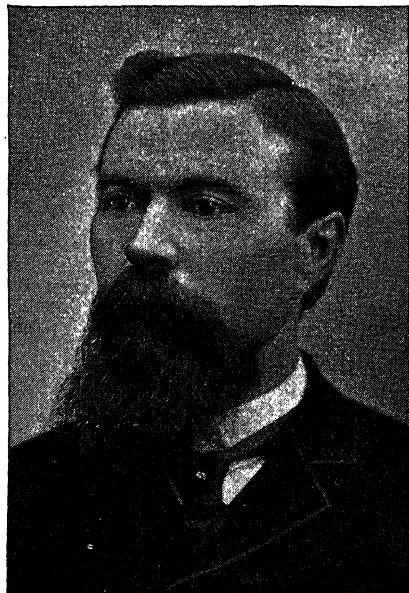
O songs of joyous birds, I hear ye still,
Hear, too, the music of the murmuring rill,
Hear every voice in which glad nature loves
To call her children to the silent groves,
And tell them there the story of His power,
Who reared each tree and fashioned every
flower.

O Thou whose voice the winds and waves obey
As fade the visions of the night away,
Speak to the troubled heart thy words of peace,
And bid all sorrow and repining cease;
Make us to feel though earthly love may fail,
O'er all life's woes the heavenly will prevail.

DANIEL MCCARTHY.

BORN IN IRELAND, NOV. 15, 1850.

In 1863 Mr. McCarthy came to Sandusky, Ohio, where he is now engaged in the grocery business. During his leisure time he has written both prose and verse for the press, which have appeared from time to time in the leading newspapers of America, and have received very complimentary and favorable editorial



DANIEL MCCARTHY.

comment. The Journal of Sandusky, Ohio, speaks of Daniel McCarthy as a scholarly gentleman, who is gaining fame as a writer and poet. In person Mr. McCarthy is of fine stature, and his genial smile and gentlemanly bearing have won for him many ardent friends and admirers.

THE LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Oh, emblem of that dear old land
Of chivalry and lore,
Imported from thy native sod,
To Columbia's distant shore;
I now behold your triple leaf,
Just fresh as I have seen
In the verdant vales of Kerry,
In my native isle of green.

On board the ill-fated Oregon,
Sunk beneath a tidal wave,
The Shamrock's little slender roots
Had touch'd a watery grave;

But, the plant St. Patrick used
To teach his holy creed,
Was destined not to perish there —
From danger hence was freed.

In clusters now, the shipwreck'd sprig
Is growing in mellow clay,
Transplanted there by willing hands
Lest the emblem would decay;
Ah! may the one who cared it well
Received full meed of praise;
She work'd with faith and diligence
Her shamrock dear to raise.

On next St. Patrick's Day we'll have
An Irish shamrock green,
Raised in this land of Washington,
We'll always love, I ween;
And with the American Stars and Stripes
And the flag of Erin's Isle,
To martial music we'll keep step
And march in double file.

FOND MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

O, I long to see Erin, and once more to roam
The hills and green valleys of my old, native
home,

Where in boyhood I've studied old Irish lore,
The deeds of "Isheen," and those brave men
of yore.

And that dear spot, Dungagen, the place of
my birth,
The healthiest and fairest, I think on the
earth,
Where red-blossom'd heather, furze and green
broom,
Delighted my heart, with their fragrance and
bloom.

Ah! it's oft by the seaside, I walk'd to the
Reen,

Where lads and the lasses there danc'd on the
green;

Whose smiles like the sunbeam at evening's
bright close,
Shed a gleam o'er that vale, where the white
lily grows.

It reminds me of childhood, and it's often I
ween,

On the days that I've spent in old Caherciveen,
Where "the boys" all were ready, awaiting
the "call,"

To battle their freedom from base Saxon
thrall.

Fond memories of Ireland are sealed on my
brain,

And wherever I wander, they still will re-
main;

Like the dewdrops that freshen the leaves of
a rose,

In the core of its cluster, would wish to re-
pose.

But, alas! my dear Erin, how sad is thy fate,

Those Orange fanatics, still gall thee of late;
 And your faithful, good people, forced to ab-
 second [tive land.
 The homes of their birthright, and lov'd na-
 Now, ye true sons of Erin, yield not in this
 fray, [day:
 The hour that is darkest, is the hour before
 Your cause is most righteous, and the goal
 you will gain, [the Dane.
 And landlords you'll vanquish, as Brian did

ROBERT EMMET.

O land of my birthright across the blue wave,
 The home of the true poets and warriors
 brave;
 I grieve for thy bondage tho' now far away
 From the scenes of my boyhood, where ty-
 rants hold sway.

Ah fain would I roam o'er thy heath-covered
 hills,
 And stay by the brookside and murmuring
 rills,
 That course through the valleys so fertile and
 green,
 Where the daisy and wild rose, and shamrock
 are seen.

Though the yoke of the foeman is yet 'round
 thy neck,
 And his minions are ready to slay, at his beck,
 Your children are faithful, and still full of
 hope, [they'll cope.
 The day is not distant when with tyrants
 Around me to-night, are true sons of the gale,
 Who honor the martyrs of sweet Innisfail;
 Enshrined in their hearts, and beloved to the
 core,
 Is the brave Robert Emmet, alas! he's no more.
 The epitaph of Emmet, we're longing to write,
 But the work to accomplish, we all must unite;
 And hasten the day, that nations shall see,
 Our good cause triumphant, and dear Erin
 free.

ISRAEL JOHN ZIMMERMAN.

BORN: POINT PLEASANT, O., AUG. 20, 1846.

THE poems of Mr. Zimmerman have appear-
 ed in the county papers quite frequently. He
 now resides in Herald's Prairie, Illinois, where
 he has filled several prominent local positions.

LILLIE MAY.

Our lovely little girl is gone,
 Her name was Lillie May;
 Her face grew deathly pale and wan,
 And then she passed away.
 Her hair was flaxen, and her age
 Was not much over two;
 And if her eyes you did engage,
 You found that they were blue.

Of all the house she was the pet,
 And she could scarcely talk;
 It had been but a few months, yet,
 Since she began to walk.
 The doctors did not know her ail —
 She was too young to tell,—
 Though with each breath she gave a wail
 That told her suffering well.
 It seemed too hard to give her up,
 Consign her to the tomb;
 But then we all must drink the cup
 And drop our earthly bloom.
 Then let's not mourn at our loss,
 We cannot bring her back,
 But take on us the Savior's cross
 And follow in his track.

MRS. ALLIE E. ANDERSON.

BORN: DELAWARE CO., IA., JUNE 23, 1857.

THE poems of Mrs. Anderson have appeared
 in the Manchester Press, Athenian Enterprise,
 and other local publications. She resides with
 her husband, a general merchant, at Almira,
 Iowa.

ALUMNI SONG.

Our hearts are filled with rapture at this meet-
 ing here to-day,
 With happiness to greet you all, we came
 from far away;
 Our hearts, our hands, and voices join, as joy-
 fully we say,

This is our Lenox home.

CHO.—Joyous, joyous, joyous greeting,
 Happy, happy, happy meeting,
 Ever, evermore repeating
 This is our Lenox home.

All Lenox friends with us unite, and join the
 welcome here,

Your presence and your loving words from
 heart to heart give cheer;

This glorious day's rejoicing will go with us
 through the year,

From this our Lenox home.

Dear absent ones, we know that you, whom we
 had hoped to meet,

In thought and heart are with us here, and
 join with us to greet;

Each coming year we'll all unite, and guide
 our willing feet

To this our Lenox home.

For all the blessings rich and rare, which give
 us health and cheer,

Our hearts are filled with thankfulness
 through all the happy year;

The beauties of our glorious land all cluster
 'round us here,

In this our Lenox home.

WILLIAM W. WHITE.

BORN: ADRIAN, MO., FEB. 17, 1886.

THE subject of this sketch graduated in 1888 at Kansas City; and in the winter of the same year he started the Advocate at Ashford, Neb., of which paper he is still the proprietor



WILLIAM WALLACE WHITE.

and publisher. Although comparatively a young man, he has already become very popular in the state of his adoption. The poems of Mr. White have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press.

MY BIRTHDAY.

I'm sorry the days go swiftly by,
The days of my youthful dreaming;
And O! for a thousand things I sigh
In the world of manhood's being.

Brightest days glide on, unheld by time,
Into the future, dark and dreary,
Brilliant eyes are dim, though bright lights
shine

When the body's worn and weary.

A slave to thoughts, a slave to the pen,
I'm laboring day after day,

Along the line with God-like men
I'm earnestly searching my way.

Our birthdays come and our birthdays go
Only once in every year;

'Part many long days, they are we know,
Yet, seemingly always so near.

My glad new year I hope it will be
Full of joy that's without sorrow,
For to-night I am twenty and three,
And eagerly wait each morrow.

MUSIC.

Of all the rapturous things of life
That fill my soul with glee,
It is the sweet and gentle strains
Of music's melody.
Oft in the dark and quiet night,
While all things tired repose,
I listen to sweet nature's voice,
It rids me of my woes.
To dwell — to think — and listen too,
To all its joyous notes;
It is a glad, a happy mood
For all whom God promotes.
In nature it shall add to them
His beauties to foreshow,
All vanity of world is lost
When we this sweetness know.
Without our music, all is cold,
The world seems vain and still;
The beauty of the home is gone,
No loving notes to thrill.
The Church step's dark,
With weeds o'ergrown,
The school-house soon decays;
When music is in silent death
There is no joyful praise.

BROKEN.

The circle is broken — one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our friendship is
shaken;
One heart from among us no longer shall
thrill
With the spirit of gladness, or darken with ill.
There's a beautiful picture that's before my
eyes,
A painting that surely would Dore surprise;
A beautiful maiden with dark, wavy hair,
Is looking so lovely — so handsome and fair;
The pride of her father, her mother's own
queen,
That she is a beauty is plain to be seen.
There has no one seen such a beautiful face —
Such a nymph-like form — such a charming
grace;
And you will believe me, when this I tell,
That in love with this beautiful maiden I fell.
Her dear charming manner, her bright sunny
smile
Would lighten the darkest — the cannibals'
isle
Ah! 'twas only a picture — the mind's wild
dream —
That beautiful original ne'er was seen.

HENRY ABBEY.

BORN; RONDOUT, N. Y., JULY 11, 1842.

His first book of verse was published in 1882; Ballads of Good Deeds appeared in 1872. Most of his poems in this collection had previously appeared in the leading periodicals of America. He is a member of the New York Authors club.

POETRY.

And once I knew a meditative rose
That never raised its head from bowing down,
Yet drew its inspiration from the stars.
It bloomed and faded here beside the road,
And, being a poet, wrote on empty air
With fragrance all the beauty of its soul.

ART.

The artist labors while he may
But finds at best too brief the day;
And, tho' his works outlast the time
And nation that they make sublime,
He feels and sees that Nature knows
Nothing of time in what she does,
But has a leisure infinite
Wherein to do her work aright

THE DRAWBRIDGE KEEPER.

Drecker, a drawbridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate to let the vessel through;
His little son was standing by his side,
Above Passaic River deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw!

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate—
Which should he do? Were you as he was tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild
skies—

Yet, side by side with duty stern and grim,
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work and did not aid his boy,
Who, in the deep, dark water, sank from view.

Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But, as he fell back pallid from his pain,
Across the bridge in safety shot the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward!
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted: to be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be.
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

ALICE W. BROTHERTON.

BORN: CAMBRIDGE, INDIANA.

MRS. BROTHERTON lives quietly on East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, with her husband and three children. In 1886 Beyond the Veil appeared, and the following year her collected poems entitled The Sailing of King Olaf and Other Poems appeared. Her style is clear and concise. She has contributed for many years to the Century and other periodicals.

PRELUDE.

What is your art, O poet?
Only to catch and to hold
In a poor, frail word-mould
A little of life;
That the soul to whom you show it
May say: "With truth it is life,
This poem—I lived it of old."

Ah, the light wherein we read
Must be the light of the past,
Or your poem is nothing at best
But an empty rhyme.

And to summon back grief what need
Of word of yours?—through all time
It abides with us to the last.

Sing to us of joy, then. Borrow
Of life its happiest hours.
Sing of love and hope, of flowers,
Of laughter and smiles;

But not too oft of sorrow!—
The song that our grief beguiles
Is the best, in this world of ours.

UNAWARES.

A song welled up in the singer's heart
(Like song in the throat of a bird,)
And loud he sang, and far it rang,—
For his heart was strangely stirred;
And he sang for the very joy of song,
With no thought of one who heard.

FERRIS S. HAFFORD.

BORN; FREMONT, O., 1857.

By teaching and attending school alternately, Ferris managed to complete the high school course, and entered Oberlin college in 1876, which institution he attended for two years. In 1884 he was called to fill the chair of mathematics in Battle Creek college, Michigan. He next made a tour through western Michigan



FERRIS S. HAFFORD.

and northern Ohio lecturing on Science. About this time he received the honorary degree of Bachelor of Arts, a deserved compliment to a worthy recipient. Prof. Hafford is connected with the Milton academy, in the state of Oregon, where he is very popular.

APOSTROPHE TO WALLOWA.

Beautiful lake, Wallowa,
Gently thy waters flow;
Ever thy crystal fountains
Gush from the towering mountains
Crowned with eternal snow.

Under thy placid bosom,
Deep in thy liquid hold,
Up from the winding river—
Happy with thee forever,—
Fishes with scales of gold.

Around thee those mighty ramparts
Stood since creation's morn;
Back from thy surface, clearer

Than any polished mirror,
Image of each is borne.

Over the glassy surface
Swiftly the wild fowls fly;
Brightly thy pebbles gleaming
As we float o'er them, seeming
To mock us from the sky.

Oh! that He who has made thee
Beautiful as thou art,
Would in the day of displeasure,
When he gives measure for measure,
Grant thee a safer part.

Mountains shall melt before Him,
Islands shall flee from sight,
Rivers and founts of water
Shall in the day of slaughter
All become blood and blight.

Yet in His greatest mercy
Out on our sight shall burst
Scenes on our startled vision,
Fields of the bright Elysian,
Plains that were never curst.

Would that among the beauties
Of the most happy place,
Where sin is banished ever,
We might enjoy forever
Sight of thy smiling face.

CLIMBING THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

To climb a lofty mountain
And see the sights below,
And look with eagle vision
On plains of Idaho.

We left the plodding people
Upon Viola's plain,
And with light hearts and footsteps
We sought the Cœur d'Alene.

Three children my companions—
Their hearts were light and gay,
And with no feeble courage
They trod the rugged way.

We waded through a flax-field,
We climbed the rustic bars,
And o'er us frowned the mountain
All seamed with ragged scars.

When wearied out with climbing,
A refuge was at hand,
The shadow of a great rock
Within that weary land.

We felt the cooling breezes
That o'er the mountain swell,
And heard the funny legend
The violet's petals tell.

And next we saw the cottage
Of a hardy pioneer,
Who gave us cool spring water
And guiding words of cheer.

But tender limbs grew weary

And oft were fain to rest
Before the journey ended
Upon the mountain's crest.

Once there the mighty play-ground
The Titans made of old,
For many leagues and furlongs
In splendor 'round us rolled.

To westward graceful Steptoe,
The monarch of the plains,
To east the Bitter Root range,
To north the Cœur d'Alenes.

And far away to southward,
O'er plains and cities new,
Arose the towering summits
Of lofty mountains blue.

And then with glowing rapture
One little maiden dear
Said, "I shall never weary
To tell what I see here."

There is one more mountain, children,
With you I want to climb,
It rears its lofty summit
Beyond the shores of time.

The way is sometimes weary
For manhood or for youth;
But on it stands the temple
Of Purity and Truth.

I can't describe the vision
That we from there can see;
To tell of all its glories
Will take eternity.

ONLY A CHILD.

Only a child; what can I do
That will be noble, grand and true?
My hands are small, my voice is weak,
I have scarcely learned to think and speak.

Only a child, whose nimble feet
Have ever trod 'mong grasses sweet;
They say that thorns and thistles wild
Will some day vex their little child.

Only a child—and yet I know
How to lighten another's woe;
How to soften a hardened heart,
And bid the tear of repentance start.

Only a child,—yet I can tell
Of Jesus' love for those who fell;
And how to ransom us he came
And bore the cross—despised the shame.

Only a child,—yet Jesus said—
His hand upon an infant's head—
That in the bright and happy land,
Around his throne the children stand.

Only a child. Oh in that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
When sinners quake, 'mid ruin wi'd.
May I be Jesus' little child!

MRS. EMILY H. HAFFORD.

BORN: FENNVILLE, MICH., SEPT. 3, 1861.

At the age of twenty-five this lady was married to Prof. F. S. Hafford, whose name appears on the preceding page of this work. The



MRS. EMILY H. HAFFORD.

poems of Mrs. Hafford are usually of a serious, imaginative turn, and some of them show much depth of feeling.

EARTH.

Earth is a battle ground
Where good and ill are fighting still
For many a noble youth and older one.
Whose shall the conquest be when life's
wild strife is done?

Earth is a forest wide,
Where pain and joy, with much alloy,
Like light and shade among the hanging
trees,
Come over each, to fit for brighter scenes
than these.

Earth is a seeding time;
And all who will the heart may fill
With noble thoughts that, springing forth,
shall show
A yield of joy deeper than earth can know.

Earth is a harvest field,
Where golden sheaves and only leaves
Are ripening in the world's autumnal sun.

EARL MARBLE.

BORN: OHIO.

In his youth Earl Marble worked at setting type on some of the leading newspapers, and later this journalist edited a humorous publication, *American Punch*. In 1880 he became editor of the *Folio*, a musical journal, which position he held for seven years. He



EARL MARBLE.

has contributed much in stories, verse and sketch to the *Independent*, *Youth's Companion*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Detroit Free Press* and other publications. In addition to his published operettas, songs etc., he has written a musical comedy. Mr. Marble is now the editor of the *Tomahawk*, published in Denver, Col.

"A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

"Abijah Dunn; Abijah Dunn!

Where art thou this bright Summer morn?
Awake and greet the rising sun,

Whose rays both earth and sky adorn."

Beneath his porch, since toddling child,

I oft had lingered for awhile,

Charmed by his glance, as woman's mild,

And more than woman's sweet smile.

"Abijah Dunn! Abijah Dunn!"

So shot a summons through the air
Long hours before my later one

To see the sun's bright rising glare.

"Abijah Dunn!" This summoned him
To greater glory than the sun's,

Spilled over the horizon's rim,

As up the sky he glowing runs.

"Abijah Dunn!" The midnight bleak
Stood still a moment as the Voice

Came down the old man's soul to seek,

And bear to realms where all rejoice.

"Abijah Dunn!" The hovel dark

Brief moments surged with spirit light,

And then, forever, cares that cark

Were drowned in blisses that requite.

"Abijah Dunn! came higher up!

Thine earthly house meets not thy needs;

Dire want has filled thine earthly cup,

But heaven's o'erflows with souls of deeds.

Thine earthly hut possessions built,

Of which, alas! but poor thy part;

Thy heavenly house, with richest gift

Adorned, is built of what thou art.

"Abijah, great Jehovah's son!—

For such thy name's significance —

Thy father, here, Abijah Dunn,

Hath kept thee an inheritance,

And taken from thy life below

A thought or act, as love did warm,

Its walls to deck; as thou didst grow,

Its shape enlarged to grander form.

"Abijah Dunn! Abijah Dunn!

That window toward morn's brightest skies,

The glass like diamonds in the sun,

Came when thou bidst one hopeless rise,

And turn his gaze to glory's realm;

And yon bright room, so sweet within,

Grew like Aladdin's when life's helm,

Thou seized, and steered from shoals of sin.

"Abijah Dunn! dost thou recall

A smile that dried a poor child's tears?

That smile, a picture on the wall,

Will sing of sunshine through long years.

Rememberest thou a fallen one,

Long since returned to kindly dust,

With whom thou shared, Abijah Dunn,

When others sneered, thine only crust:

"From tears of thankfulness she shed

Grew trees whose fruits like pearls catch
light,

And o'er the walks that thou wilt tread

Dispel forever aught like night,

And throw their gleam to towers that grew

When aspiration with thee dwelt,

And windows catching heaven's blue

When eyes looked whence the suppliant
knelt.

"Abijah Dunn! thy home is here,
 'Not made with hands,' but builded, lo!
 Above earth's labors, year by year,
 As thou didst toward fulfillment grow."
 Ah! blest at last whose lives be true!
 And sad those lost in earthly rust!
 Those "builded better than they knew,"
 And these find but decay and dust.

CALLIE BONNEY-MARBLE.

BORN: PEORIA, ILL.

THIS lady has written a great many poems, stories and sketches for the Voice of Masonry and Family Magazine, Youth's Companion, Wide Awake, Boston Transcript, Living Church, Chicago Times, Inter-Ocean, and the leading periodicals of America. Two prose



CALLIE BONNEY-MARBLE.

works from her pen, Wit and Wisdom of Bulwer and Wisdom and Eloquence of Webster, have been highly praised by the press. In 1889 she was married at San Francisco to Earl Marble, a well-known poet and journalist. As a writer of prose and verse Mrs. Marble is gaining a national reputation.

AN EASTER CUSTOM.

I met her Easter morning
 In the old cathedral isle,

And, early at the service,
 She gave me bow and smile.

The sexton old had vanished,
 The organist asleep;
 I asked if ancient customs
 It were not well to keep.

"Oh, yes," she gravely answered;
 "To which do you refer?"
 "To one the Greeks now practice;
 'Tis pleasing I aver."

"Oh! something quaint and olden!
 And could we do it here?"
 Slyly I glanced about us,
 And saw no one was near.

"I think we might," I answered;
 For how could I resist?
 I wonder if the preacher
 Knew some one had been kissed!

GOOD-NIGHT.

The golden gleam of the western sun
 In a flood of amber light,
 Streamed softly in at the window, where
 It lingered to say good-night.

And slowly, sweetly the vesper bell
 Rang out in the evening air,
 While floating upward the music came
 Like the sound of an angel's prayer.

Then over the misty clouds of pearl,
 In a glorious wave of light,
 The daylight faded from earth away,
 And was lost in the starry night.

And clearly, softly the day went home,
 With its record of joy and pain,—
 Written in shadow or gleaming light,
 The eternal loss and gain.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

I stood beneath the mistletoe,
 Nay, do not chide me!
 How should I know that one would come
 And stand beside me?

How should I know that he would claim
 The forfeit from me?
 To surmise even such a thing
 Would ill become me.

And then you know the Christmas song,
 Of "Peace, good will toward men,"
 Kept running through my mind, mayhap
 Obscuring mental ken.

The circumstance, not I, to blame
 That there should be I trov,
 A kiss, a vow, a promised bride
 Beneath the mistletoe.

MRS. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

BORN: PORTAGE CO., O., JUNE 8, 1837.

COMMENCING to write at an early age, the poems of Mrs. Finch have constantly appeared in the periodical press of the country. For the past fifteen years she has written steadily.



MRS. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

and hopes at an early date to publish a volume of her poems. Mrs. Finch has five children, two daughters and three sons, all of whom are grown up; and she has one little grand-daughter, who is the light and pride of her life.

TO A MOUNTAIN BLUEBELL.

Little flower of bonny blue —
Welcome is thy tender hue,
Tinted like an ocean shell,
Dainty little mountain bell;
Blooming o'er the murky mines,
'Neath the moaning of the pines,
And the aromatic fir,
Neighbor of the juniper;
In the music of thy bells
Tell me of the mountain dells,
And the mountain breezes blow
In thy plaintive undertone.

With the song of mountain rills
Hurrying to the hungry mills,
Whisper low and true to me
Of a prehistoric sea;
Of the Vulcan hand that brought

Order from the ruin wrought.
Where the mountain chain was born,
In that dim chaotic morn,
Slowly rose each hill and lea —
Islands in a golden sea,
Blue as are thy bonny bells
Singing of the ocean shells.

Canst thou tell the low, sweet words
Murmured by the strangest birds,
Where the brown nun sits and sings,
Crooning by the mountain springs.
Flower of the tender hue
Like the eyes that once I knew,
Eyes that haunt me yet afar
Where thy blue-robed sisters are;
Eyes like some sweet placid water
Had'st my little mountain daughter,
And I dream of her at night
In her lonely bed of white,
Sleeping near the Western mountains,
By the bluebells and the fountains.

THE ARCANA OF NATURE.

Spirit of the great unknown,
I dwell in the Infinite seas,
I sing in the wind's glad tone,
And sigh in the soft summer breeze;
I brood in silence and storm,
I come with the earthquake's wrath,
I pillow the worlds on my arm,
And stay the sweet moons in their path.
I scatter the sunshine of June
That heralds the grass and the grain,
I dream by the fountains at noon,
Or waken the winter again;
My girdle of rainbows I bind
As I sit by the gray ocean side,
My footsteps are fleetier than wind,
My pulse is the flow of the tide.
I am soul of legions of suns,
I touch their swift wheels with my hand,
Yet the smallest streamlet that runs
Is mine with its silvery band,
And mine is its silvery song;
Though the chorus of stars is my own,
I hasten their cycling throng
And breathe in their undertone.
I marshal my forces and go
To systems unseen of the earth,
I laugh in their rivers that flow,
I attend the least star at its birth;
Of the universe I am the Lord,
Though I whisper my secrets as mild
As dew shimmering down on the sward,
And I wait on the steps of your child.
I am heart of the lily and rose,
I have painted them out of the deeps,
I move in each blossom that blows,
And the zephyr that over them sweeps;
Yet I tread on the outermost bar,

MARY ELLEN BLANCHARD.

BORN: PEMBROKE, ME., MARCH 27, 1851.

Miss Blanchard learned the trade of a typesetter in the office of Portland Advertiser. and has since worked in a number of Portland and



MARY ELLEN BLANCHARD.

Boston offices. Failing health obliged her to return to her father's home in Milltown, where she now resides. This writer is well known by her contributions to literary papers and magazines, and by *A Story of Psyche and Other Poems*, which appeared from her pen in 1885.

SEA CHARMED.

Sing thy song, O happy sea,
Lift to light thy mighty waves,
And keep ward incessantly
O'er thy dusky caves.
One there is, both deep and wide,
One there is, both wide and deep,
Where, alone yet satisfied
My beloved doth sleep; —
Sleep and smile in pallid calm
With the seaweed o'er her dress,
And one soft and veined arm
Swept by richest tress.
On her lily lids the light
Never falls with pressure rude,
Nor do restless winds at night
Vex her solitude;
Though with wizard charm they whirl
Swiftly round her coral bed,

Winding there thy waves of pearl
Like a skein of thread.
O'er the roof, and o'er the door,
Hangs the mystic net they form,
Sway'd and torn forever more
By the trampling storm.

O my Goddess, safe in death,
O my Saint, my all in all,
Colder lie, nor let a breath
Answer to their call.
Dream not, wake not, only rest,
With seaweed o'er thee cast,
And one white hand on thy breast—
Faithful to the last.

MY HEART GOES ROUND THE WORLD SAILING.

My heart goes round the world sailing,
However the winds may blow,
And searches with tears from clime to clime
For the love of long ago;
Goes round the world, round the world sailing,
With passion its pulse to thrill,
All round the world, round the world sailing,
In quest of the old love still.
My heart goes round the world sailing,
As ever in days gone by
Did Fancy sail in her airy ship
To the realms where treasures lie;
Goes searching the cold world o'er and o'er,
Wherever fond wish may go,
And calls through the length of desert years—
For what years cannot bestow.
Calls to the sea that's swept by storm,
Till its billows roar with pain;
And call to the wind-vexed mountain height
Tha frowns on the tranquil plain;
But never the sea gives back response
To the words that burn as fire,
And the mount uprears in silent scorn
Of the dole of vain desire.
Yet a-sailing and a-sailing,
Through storm and through summer shine,
Shall go my heart with a fearless trust
Till that joy again is mine;
All round the world, round the world sailing,
Till it faint at last with years,
And learn how idle are human hopes,
And how unavailing, tears.
My heart, around the world sailing,
Hoping and worshipping still,
Will seek that love of the olden time
Till death shall the dream fulfill;
All round the world, round the world sailing,
With patience that mocks at woe,
All round the world, round the world sailing,
However the winds may blow!

ROBERT WHITTET.

BORN: PERTH, SCOTLAND, 1829.

At an early age Robert learned the printing trade, and engaged in business for himself in his native town. In 1869 he purchased a plantation of some four hundred acres in Virginia, close by the old city of Williamsburg, but the venture proved a disaster and he retreated to his old occupation in the city



ROBERT WHITTET.

of Richmond, where he is now a member of the printing and publishing house of Whittet & Shepperson. Mr. Whittet is possessed of poetical gifts of the highest order, and he owns an unquestionable right to the title of a true poet. In 1854 he married Miss Jane Aitchison, to whose self-denying virtues he dedicated *The Brighter Side of Suffering*, published in 1882, a superb volume of poems covering a wide range of subjects.

A PRELUDE.

One linnet's note the more or less
 Within the wildwood's minstrelsy,
 Can neither raise nor aught depress
 The sense of joyous revelry.
 And yet each linnet from the spray
 His swelling notes melodious flings,
 And pipes his own sweet roundelay
 Heedless how another sings.
 He has a song 'tis his to sing,
 And that he sings right earnestly,

And waiteth not for anything
 To urge his heart to minstrelsy.
 The skylark sings where bliss belongs,
 That song an ampler field be given;
 Takes to the clouds his seraph songs—
 Throws half to earth and half to heaven.

And some sweet songster, near alight
 On thorny perch, amid the throng,
 Gives to the passing heart delight,
 And cheers it with a joyous song.

So are the songs that poets sing
 Within secluded quiet retreat,
 But single echoed notes, that bring
 Their quota for a choir complete.

Each pipes his own peculiar strain,
 On artful lute or simple reed,
 And sings, and sings, and sings again,
 To satisfy his own heart's need.

Yet may some raptured thought out-reach
 Far, far the poet's dream above,
 And some faint wavering heart beseech
 To deeds of grace, and hope, and love.

To sing has given one heart employ,
 And thus did end enough fulfill;
 But if, resung, another's joy
 Is more enlarged, 'twere better still.

And so, self-pleased, I give the song
 That's kept my own past clear and bright,
 If that, perchance, some other tongue
 May lift the lilt, and find delight.

A LEGEND OF THE DAISY.

Long had sunk the light of day,
 When, prostrate on the cold, green sod,
 Within Gethsemane, there lay,
 Disconsolate, the Son of God.

With bitter sighs His bosom heaved,
 In sorrow's voice He cried aloud,
 Till, torn with grief, His heart relieved
 Itself with sweat of crimson blood.

Down from His quivering brow it fell,
 A dropping stream upon the ground;
 And long that spot could passers tell,
 So bare amid the green around.

And autumn came, and spring-time's show-
 ers,

And summer's zephyrs softly blew,
 Yet on that spot no other flowers
 Save some sweet mountain daisies grew.

And as each raised its drooping head,
 Its serrate fringe was crimson dyed:
 Memorial of the tears He shed,
 And of the hour to blood He sighed.

As in salvation's world-wide flow,
 The heaven-inspired apostle band,
 First to God's chosen people go,
 And then abroad to every land;

So from that spot the daisy bears
To all the world a message brief:
The crimson of its fringe declares
The story of the Savior's grief.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF SUFFERING.

EXTRACTS.

Forgiveness! — grace benignant! — what were life

On earth without thine antidote to hate!
And heaven could offer but a barren bliss
That stayed thy cleansing of the darkened past,

Or kept recorded unforgotten sins;
And in the vast Beyond, where no permit
To enter can be given thee, who may gauge
The depths of life's eternal agony.
Because, through cycles of immensity,
No mind dare raise one thought of hope or thee?

Thou art a flower planted by Love's gracious hand

Within heaven's garden, and ere bursts its buds,

The same Hand plucks them, that Himself may bear

To earth, and let them blossom fuller there,
And give their fragrance unto doubting hearts;

And men receive it as a proffered gift,
Smile in its hallowed joyousness of peace,
But yet forget to plant its scions anew,
That they themselves may have the flowers to gift.

The chrysalis, in inert silence wrapped,
Shows not the golden-tinted wings within,
Until the summer's resurrecting power
Gives the freed prisoner unbounded flight;
And so, methinks, that when, in anxious moods,

We speculate on life's uncertain range,—
The hazard of our daily walk — the loss,
The gain — so great to-day, so small to-morrow —

The hopes so bright that end so oft in blight,
The weariness and care, the grief and pain,
The poverty, the mourning, and the tears,
And at the last the coffin and the shroud,
The grassy hillock, and the churchyard's rest,—

Our minds should reason that there must be found

Some compensation for the sufferings borne
Throughout life's journey,—some lasting solace

Other than those fleeting hours can give,—
Some balm to heal the woundings, quell the pain,—

Some recompense to fill the voids of loss;

And therefore are we but as sowers here,
Scattering seed from which we'll garner grain,
Or laborers busy in the Master's work,
Soon to be called to get the wages due;
And we may deem death's long and dreamless sleep

But as the folding into chrysalis rest, [ed
From whence, in season, we will burst, array-
In garments fitted for immortal life.

Life fits like measured music day by day
From instruments which half-trained players play,

With many notes that mar the symphony,
Yet on the whole right pleasant harmony,
In merry mood one would too fain employ
The trilling alto of hilarious joy;
And in our toiling hours the world's refrain
Lilts in the tenor's euphony of strain;
And charity — life's sweetest lullaby—
Breathes forth its blessings as a melody;
But 'tis life's sorrow — 'tis its suffering — brings

The heart, that "wondrous harp of thousand strings,"

Its mellow bass — the deep sonorous tone
That softens all the parts to unison,
And yields the sweetly plaintive minor note,
That soothes the troubled soul, and helps to float,

Like Æolian murmurs on the summer air,
One's thoughts to heavenly regions calm and far.

Life unto each is measured off and given,
The bounds all circumscribed and fitly set,
Not as the strength that animates the arm,
Nor as the nerve that steels the aspiring heart;

But as the Master's first intent demands,
And his injected purpose has been gained:
So is the beauty of our lives enhanced
A thousand fold, because with God we work,
For God we labor; — His eternal will
Deputes the agent for his special part
In building up heaven's glory, and its King's:
And that accomplish'd, be it but to add
One atom to the architect's design,
Life is exhausted of its God-given aim;
And as the laborers when their task is done,
Receive the promised penny of reward,
Each one must pass, as night's dark shadows close,

Into the Master's presence, and receive —
Wages enough! — His welcoming "well done!"

EXTRACT.

For true it is, we may refine
The character by nature rude,—
Its evil make the heart to tinge,
Or cause it minister to good.

MRS. EFFIE H. B. SWANSON.

BORN: HUDSON, WIS., FEB. 19, 1864.

AFTER attending River Falls academy and the state normal school at the same place, Miss Effie entered upon the profession of primary teaching, which she followed for eight years with great success. In 1887 this lady was united in marriage to A. W. Swanson, editor



MRS. EFFIE H. B. SWANSON.

and publisher of the Banner, Royalton, Minn., in which city she now resides. The poems of Mrs. Swanson have appeared extensively in the periodical press. Besides attending her household duties, she assists her husband greatly in his editorial work.

MY BOY.

I will tell you a sad, sad story,
Of my boy, so loving and true;
He was laughing and bright
With a step so light, and eye of azure hue.

My beautiful boy grew day by day
Less laughing, and bright, and gay,
His step grew slow and aimless;
They were stealing my boy away.

I tried with my love and kindness,
To bring him back to me.
God knows my heart was breaking
For my boy as of old to see.

But he gave up all that was holy
To men; for the cursed cup

Made him slave to the mighty demon,
That was fast eating godliness up.

I will tell you now how it happened;
How my boy came to go astray.
He thought he could not be tempted;
So he went in the tempter's way.

He went though I prayed with him often
To go with the good and the true;
He was fearless and brave with the tempter;
Ah, the tempter was cunning then too.

He had not the strength that God giveth,
For he closed his heart to God's voice,
He went like a wayward lamb ever
Taking the path of his choice.

One eve the tempter came to him,
How little he dreamed it was he,
For the face was lovely to look at
And the eyes were truthful to see.

My beautiful boy wandered thoughtless
Where she with a face fresh and bright
Beckoned all to drink with King Bacchus,
Who held feast and revel that night.

His comrade stood near him and urged him
To take one glass and no more.
A moment he thought of his mother;
Then yielded, and all was o'er.

Now his manhood is blighted forever,
His lot — a slave to the cup.
He has broken the heart of his mother,
And buried his future hopes up.

So hear me, O temperance workers,
For I'm aged and wrinkled and gray,
I have had much trouble and sorrow
Yet never such sorrow have felt till to-day.

Did you ever think of the thousands
Of beautiful boys like mine?
Who have been warned without ceasing,
Of the tempter, the power of wine?

Yet go, like wayward lambs ever
Not fearing or heeding or hearing our voice,
Down to ways dark and dangerous,
In evil paths of their choice.

As long as fathers will lead them,
As long as grog-shops are near,
Our boys will ever be tempted,
And much we will have to fear.

So let old and young work for temperance,
And combat the enemy strong.
Let us fight hand to hand and not falter,
For right will be stronger than wrong.

THE HARVEST FIELDS.

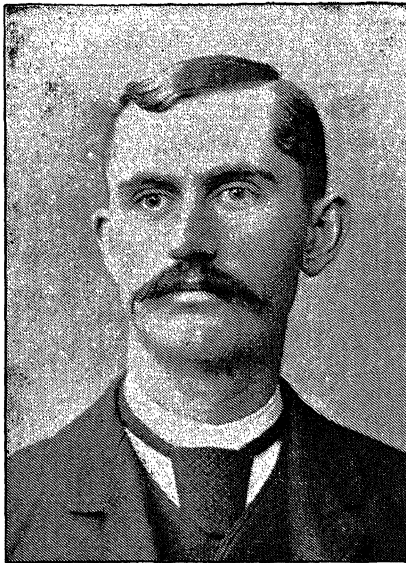
I walked alone one summer day,
Among the fields so lately shorn;
I thought how a short time ago,
The wind had emerald banners borne.

But now alas! What once was green,
And spread o'er valley, hill, and plain,

A. L. GEPFORD.

BORN: NIANTIC, ILL., FEB. 12, 1865.

SEVERAL poems of merit have appeared from



A. L. GEPFORD.

the pen of Mr. Gepford. He is still a resident of his native place.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.

The life we are living here below
Is only a little span,
When compared with the never-ending flow
Of the years that are to come.
We live for a certain purpose here; 4
To fulfill a certain plan.

The path we are treading thro' this world
Leads only to the gate
Of a city in the Heavenly world;
We'll reach it soon or late;
And the purpose we have lived out here
Will then decide our fate.

If we've lived for self, and selfish ends,
And ever strove to gain
The world's applause, men's words of praise,
Great wealth, or kingly fame,
We will never enter the pearly gate
If this has been our aim.

If we've lived out only the one word, "self,"
If it is the only name,
That we have regarded in this life,
It would surely be in vain
To ask an entrance into Heaven
On the strength of such a name.

If we would pass the gate of pearl,
As revealed in God's own word,
We must take a standard high and pure,
Self must ever be ignored;
We must live for God's own holy Son,
For Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, thou day of blessed days most dear,

Return and bring thy joyous time of cheer;
Return, remind us, lovingly, of one
Who many years ago to earth did come,
Bringing good will from God to men, [of men.
The prophet called him Wonderful, the Prince

Look! what means the rising of you bright
Outshining the sun at noon-tide hour; [star?
Traveling the sky toward ancient Bethlehem,
Where God had said should rise the Prince of
The babe that in that lowly manger lay, [men.
The Savior of the world was born that day.

Christmas, thou author of our blessed hope,—
Hope of each mortal in this wide world's
scope,

Come back to us and teach us o'er again
The Savior's lesson of Good will to Men;
O, may we learn it thoroughly and well,
And may each life the beauteous story tell.

REV. SILVANUS HAYWARD.

BORN: GILSUM, N. H., DEC. 3, 1828.

AFTER graduating at Dartmouth in 1853, Mr. Hayward engaged in teaching; was preceptor of several academies in New Hampshire and Vermont, and has been professor of mathematics. He has filled the pulpit the greater part of his life, and is now pastor of the Congregational church at Globe Village, Mass., where he is also engaged in completing the history of Rochester, N. H.

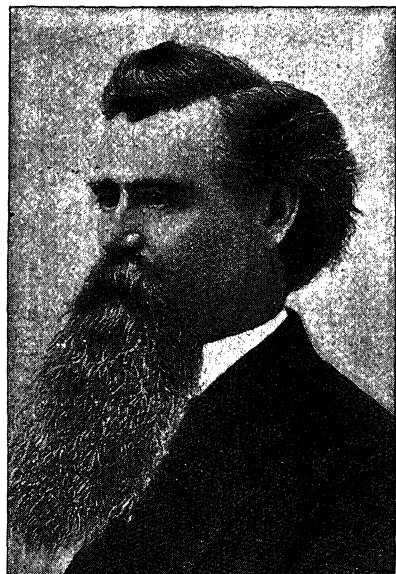
FOR THE DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

Ye who ope this book, beware!
Let indifference never dare
Stain the page that now is fair.
This is Friendship's holy shrine,
Here Affection's tendrils twine,
And from clusters of her vine
Love shall press his golden wine.
Freely quaff that sparkling flood;
'Tis the heart's most precious blood;
'Tis the only earthly good.

May you, with those recorded here,
Find its currents bright and clear,
Unalloyed with bitter tear,
And beyond these clouded skies,
When the eternal morn shall rise,
Drink it pure in Paradise.

DR. THOMAS W. GORDON.

THE poems of Dr. Gordon have appeared extensively from time to time in the periodical



DR. THOMAS W. GORDON.

press. He practices his profession at Georgetown, Ohio, where he is very popular.

BATTLE SONG.

From the ancient igneous mountain, from the everlasting hills,

Where the God of host was present to his people on the morn,

Where the heavy thunders crashed to earth and the vivid lightning kills,—

The truth arrayed in battle's din, anew on earth was born.

From the highest crags o'er mount and plain, it flashed a glittering flame,

A sweeping power within itself, the essential power of God,

Which to the poor black manacled gives a glory and a name,

Which truth has 'graved on human hearts with more than iron rod.

'Till the battling din of thousands swept o'er the fields and coasts,

All along the deep ravines, and on the flinty mountain's path

Came the heavy tramp of armies, almost unnumbered hosts,

As the messengers of heaven sweeping by in lurid wrath.

Oh, 'twas glorious to behold the work, though fearful was the strife,

Yet no fear was ever borne to our soldiers in that shock;

'Twas the work of the ecstatic, who most freely gave his life

To place the everlasting truth upon the eternal rock.

Oh! how deep we felt our mission when the sulphurous flame arose

Into sheets, and streams, and flashes, amid the horrid din,

When we stood as God's own children to fight His ancient foes,

Who were hurled from heaven's battlements because of primal sin.

THE GREAT MASTER POET.

Far back of the ages, when time was unknown,

And the substance of earth was in primeval gloom,

When the planets were formless e'er God from His throne

Had ordered these worlds from their chaotic tomb,

And the essence of matter was floating in space,

And the kingdom of God had no kingdom of grace;

Then the form of the Master left heaven and state,

And by His volition all things did create.

Then world after world in its orbit was placed,

And the song of the spheres was proclaimed near and far,

And the paths of the planets were all interlaced,

And His fiat gave light to the sun, moon and star,

And the symphony grand its wild chorus began,

Which hence should be learned and be sung o'er by man;

Have you thought, Oh my friends, that the poet sublime,

Was the Being creating all planets and time?

Have you dreamed that His epics are written in stone?

That His lyrics are bathing the mountains in mist?

That grandly sublime on His heavenly throne, He sang the first note that did ever exist?

A harmony swelling with rhythm so grand, That it echoes e'en now over oceans and land?

And surges through space as it has all these years,

And is known among men as the song of the
spheres.

Yet a lyric as grand you may see in the night,
When auroras are spanning the archway of
heaven,

And dancingly quivering in the raylets of
light

As if the north fields to the flame God were
given,

And too when the storm-clouds have darkened
the scene,

And the wind drives them hurtling in black-
est of green,

And the brow of the night on its fillet of gray
Is dazzled by flashes of lightning in play.

Did you think Him a poet, the teacher sub-
lime,

Of all of earth's poets, and those who shall
be?

The Creator of worlds and the founder of
time?

That His lyrics comprise both the land and
the sea?

That His songs of the universe swell and pro-
long,

Attracting all spheres into harmonious
song?

And that only can man as a poet be known

When he gathers his songs from that har-
monic zone?

HARRIETTE G. PENNELL.

BORN: BRUNSWICK, ME.

THE productions of Miss Pennell have been
published in the Boston Transcript, Budget,
Cottage Hearth and other prominent literary
publications. She resides in the old historic
town of Salem, Mass., where she is well known
and admired. Miss Pennell is represented in
the Poets of Maine.

THE ORIOLE.

Hark, 'tis the oriole's song,

Sweet, worshipful, deep in delight;

There's a spell divine in the radiant voice,
Outbreathing from morn till night!

O sweet in the flush of dawn

Comes the golden melody;

And for lonely shadows no place is found
In the message he sings to me!

Then the voice like a spirit floats

And breathes on the charmed air;

Till the long spring days more blissful seem,
And the sunny world more fair.

O creatures of life and beauty!

O voice divine and dear!

We know when we hear thy sweet notes
ring,

That the perfect summer's near!

MRS. FRANCES KNAPP.

BORN: FABIVS, N.Y., 1854.

THIS lady was married in 1871 to Edward
Knapp, and now resides with her husband



MRS. FRANCES KNAPP.

and children in Spartansburgh, Pa. Her poems
have appeared in the local press generally.

OUR MOTHERS.

Do the children of to-day

Love and reverence their mother?

Do they think the love she gives them

Could be given by another?

If they loved their mother truly

Could they have that look of scorn?

Could their lips frame cruel speeches

At noonday night and morn?

Ah, dear children, little think you

Of the hearts you now are breaking;

Of the misery and sorrow

That for mothers you are making.

Kind words and loving glances

For our mothers every day,

Will dispel the gloom and sadness,

And brighten all their way.

Then while mothers still are with us,

Let us love them more and more;

Help them bear their burdens daily,

Till with us they are no more.

Then for us they will be waiting,

Over on the other shore;

And with joy they will greet us,

When our trials here are o'er.

MRS. MINNIE W. PATTERSON

BORN: NILES, MICHIGAN, 1844.

At an early age this lady taught school and took pupils in music and painting. She graduated with honor from Hillsdale college at the age of twenty years, afterward receiving from Alma Mater the degree of A. M. Soon after leaving school, she opened a studio in Chicago, at the same time contributing to the Sunday Times and other periodicals. In 1867 she was married to John C. Patterson, a former class-



MRS. MINNIE WARD PATTERSON.

mate at Hillsdale, who is now a prominent member of the Michigan bar, and has also been twice elected to the senate of that state. The poems of Minnie Ward Patterson have appeared in the Boston Transcript, Youth's Companion, Wide Awake, Peterson's Magazine, Detroit Free Press, and various other publications. In 1875 she published Pebbles from Old Pathways, a neat volume of over two hundred pages of choice poems, which bear the true poetical imprint. Mrs. Patterson has translated several volumes into English from the Norse language and literature, which have received high commendation.

PROEM.

Weary, the traveler turns his feet toward the home of his childhood —
Golden its portals gleam, like a fane of enchanted glow;

Memory's sacred altar flushes the waste of its wildwood,

Burning his present joys to brighten the long ago.

What though the Indies pour their wealth in his willing bosom? —

Little and light the boon, as the slow years onward flow;

Little and light, to one who treasures a withered blossom,

Plucked by some loving hand, in the beautiful long ago.

Amulets, quaint and fair, he bears on his desert roaming —

Rings and ringlets of gold, and letters that dearer grow;

Sweet, to him, the mystic strains they summon at gloaming —

Echoes of voices loved in the wonderful long ago.

Each has his treasures old — reminders of early rambles,

Gathered with merry hands from the paths we used to know;

Yours may be gems and flowers — mine are but pebbles and brambles,

Yet may you hold them dear, for the sake of the long ago.

MY OWN WIFE MARY.

Oh, bright is the glow of the deep starry skies,
And the sunshine that smiles everywhere;
But dim is their light by the love in thine eyes,

And the flash of thy soft, sunny hair.

Though costly the treasures of palaces princely,

Though pleasure and wit meet in many a hall,

Yet give me the cottage where Mary, sweet Mary

And I dwell in happiness deeper than all

Come to me Mary, my own wife Mary,

Come sit as of old on my knee,

While I clasp to my heart rarer treasures than gold —

An Eden of gladness and thee!

Around us all glowing with purple and gold,
The blossoming meadows are spread;

And roses and lilacs our bower enfold,

All drooping with fragrance o'erhead.

The bright, cooing birds build their nests at our window,

And fearlessly warble the wealth of their glee,

But sweeter, ah, sweeter the voice of my Mary,

That whispers in low, cooing love-notes to me.

DECORATION DAY.

All honor to the fallen brave —
 With lofty pæans greet the dead!
 Let garlands wreath each lowly grave!
 Let laurel crown each honored head!
 'Mid shot and shell and sabre stroke,
 They bore our colors through the strife,
 Till stricken 'mid the battle smoke
 They died to save our country's life!

Though angry skies in blackness bent,
 And shook the shrinking world in wrath;
 Though lurid lightnings madly spent
 Their unchained fury in their path;
 Through wilderness of woven pine,
 Through slimy pool and tangled brier,
 They marched in brave, unbroken line,
 Or sunk beneath the clogging mire!

O'er scorching rocks that cut their feet —
 In hospital and prison pen —
 Some sank with hunger, thirst and heat,
 But died no less like patriot men!
 Though spices may not wrap our dead,
 Nor lofty pyramid arise —
 Where justice triumphed while they bled —
 Their names breathe incense to the skies!

Dust may return to dust, but deep
 Within the hearts of Freedom's sons,
 Embalmed forever, love shall keep
 The mem'ry of these faithful ones!
 And coming years shall swell our lays,
 And weave new laurels for each lead,
 While grateful freemen shout the praise
 Forever due our noble dead!

NOW WE PART.

Now we part, if ever parting
 Shadows love of birth divine;
 Still unspanned the gulf between us,
 You soar your way, I plod mine;
 But each laurel you may gather
 Shall my altar fires renew,
 And my hymns be all of gladness
 That the world holds such as you.

DOT AND DOLLY.

Sweet little Dot on the doorstep sits, with
 Dolly wrapped in a shawl, —
 Her own thin dress is faded and patched, but
 Dolly has none at all,
 She kisses and cuddles her little pet in a way
 'tis joy to see,
 And whispers, "I know we's poor, but I's got
 you, and you's got me!"

Rocking her treasure to and fro, in the silent
 summer air,
 Her chubby chin to her bosom went, and her
 hands forgot their care;
 Her dimpled feet into dreamland slipped, just
 as upon the scene

A lady rode, with jewels and silk begirt like a
 very queen.

Her happy darling, just Dot's own size, the
 child and the dolly spied,
 Then pointed, grasping her mamma's arm, to
 the half-wrapped pet, and cried,
 "O, mamma! look at her dolly — see! are n't
 you 'fraid its catchin' cold?"
 Please let me give it Rosa's dress — you know
 its gettin' old."

She slipped from the carriage, and quick the
 work of the little maid was done,
 And Dot's poor dolly was in a dress, the pret-
 tiest under the sun!
 Gold and silver, satin and gauze, stockings
 and bright blue shoes,
 And money, as much in her pocket put, as a
 doll in a year could use.

Then away, with a smile that almost laughed,
 so great was the giver's glee,
 She went, with many a backward look, and
 said "I's afraid she'll see!
 Hurry up Tom, mamma!" and quick away to
 their palace home they flew,
 While Dot was dreaming a wonderful dream,
 of fairies and Dolly, too.

They had satin dresses and gauzy wings, all
 speckled with drops of gold;
 They danced in troops on the lilac leaves, and
 a leaf would a dozen hold;
 And Dolly was dancing with all her might, in
 the prettiest dress of all,
 And spangled wings, when up sprang Dot,
 afraid lest her pet should fall.

She opened her eyes, and merrily laughed, in
 happiness and surprise,
 As Dolly dressed in her fairy best, looked into
 her wondering eyes.
 "O mamma, what shall I do?" cried Dot, in a
 comic tone of dismay,
 "My Dolly has borrowed a fairy's clothes, and
 the fairies have runned away!

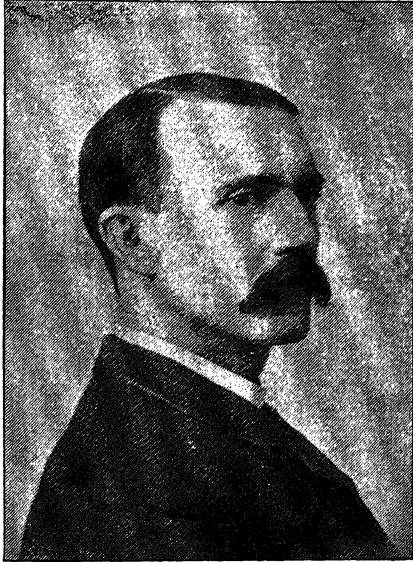
"I's afraid she's been naughty and stole —
 but then I don't most think she would;
 I guess they did it o' purpose, cos my Dolly's
 so awful good!
 You pitty, sweet girl! I'll let you wear 'em
 awhile, I guess, and then,
 If they wants 'em ever, we'll give 'em back,
 when the fairies come again!"

Well, that was a long, long time ago — sweet
 Dot is a woman grown,
 And little ones gather to hear her tell a tale
 of her childhood flown;
 And many a story she tells at eve, but nicest
 of all she knows
 Is the one that tells of Dot and her doll that
 borrowed the fairy's clothes.

THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

BORN: CAMBRIDGE, O., APRIL 16, 1852.

AFTER receiving his education in Zanesville, Mr. Peacock was for about ten years associate editor of the Topeka Kansas Democrat. He has published several volumes of poems: The Vendetta and Other Poems appeared in 1876; The Rhyme of the Border War in 1880, and Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes in 1888. The last volume reached a third edi-



THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

tion in the first year, and has been translated into the German. Mr. Peacock has been a resident of Topeka, Kansas, for fifteen years, and was married in 1880 to Miss Ida E. Eckert, a lady of fine congenial literary tastes. His poetry is exclusively American. Although comparatively a young man, Mr. Peacock has already gained a national reputation as an eminent writer and poet.

KIT CARSON.

He comes! his steed with mighty bound
Flies swiftly o'er the echoing ground —
He seems a wanderer astray,
Whose past had been a better day;
A being which to earth was hurled,
Whose home is in another world —
Who rides mysterious o'er the earth,
Surprised and dazed with his new birth?
A river runs before his course,
Which he must cross, and soon, perforce.
The channel's bank is reached, the wave
His courser's sides doth hem and lave,

The shore is won, and once again
He thunders o'er the endless pain!
The rider's stern and flashing eye
Speaks courage, wrath, and vengeance nigh.
And well, I ween, his foes may fear
His anger in his mad career —
Ah! who is he that finds no rest?
'T is brave Kit Carson of the west!
And some dear friend he now doth aid,
Who stands on peril's brink, afraid.

THE KANSAS INDIAN'S LAMENT.

Our tribe is less'ning year by year,
The pale-face drives us back —
With us, the bison, bear, and deer
Before his onward track —
In battle with his armed power,
The Red Man fears but dares not cower.

The footprints of our moc'sins fade,
They once left paths for miles,
And the Great Spirit hides in shade,
No more we see his smiles:
Few wampum belts our tribe needs yet,
For soon the warrior's star will set.

These broad prairies once were ours;
We fished the many rivers;
On yonder Kaw, embanked with flowers,
With arrows in our quivers,
With dusky maids, wigwams behind,
We sailed before the singing wind.

The sunflower waved its yellow head,
Across the grassy plains —
And, like our chieftain, now are dead
The spirit-herbs for pains:
Pale-face, our mild clime's not for thee,
It moves, with us, toward sundown sea.

Our moons are few, our race is run,
Some dark fate drags us down;
Less bright the once all-glorious sun,

The golden stars are brown —
The tall mounds black and dismal loom,
Each day speaks of our coming doom.

Our wasted race — my father brave,
My squaw and papoose too,
All here lie buried in the grave,

Here rots my swift canoe —
The things I loved have passed away,
Ah! soon will I be gone as they!
Methinks the pale race might have spared
Some spot where we'd abide, —
Spared us, who once owned all, and shared

With them from tide to tide:
'T is strange, 't is passing strange to me,
Why they would drive us in the sea.
Our small tribe 's scattered like the leaves
And wasted to a few —

Each warrior for the bright past grieves,
Which vanished from our view!
They wait till Manitou's voice sounds,
Calling to Happy Hunting Grounds.

We go! the white race takes our place;
Great Spirit, what am I!
Once thousands strong, where 's now my
race —
On plains beyond the sky?
O take me too, I would not stay,
When all I loved have passed away!
Perchance, when many moons have fled
And the Great Spirit's wrath,
Our many loved ones, from the dead,
Will come back to earth's path,
To hunt again the buffalo,
And no pale race to bring us woe.
But soft! methinks I hear a voice?
Great Manitou's! speaks He!
It makes my craven heart rejoice —
O what would'st Thou with me?
„Be brave! God's Happy Hunting Grounds
Are great and good, and have no bounds!"

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

Hark! is a courser's clattering feet!
That courser madly speeds away—
The midnight moon from her high seat
Sheds on the earth her brightest ray.
Who comes? A rushing steed draws nigh,
Whose hoofs are sounding far and near?
As swift as though from ghouls he'd fly,
He passes forest, plain, and mere.
Perchance some wild fiend crazed with fright,
Flies on its way from Heaven down-hurled!
Perchance some demon of the night,
Escaped from Hell, rides o'er the world!
Whoe'er he be so fearful near,
As dread as fiend or demon he,
To followers he rules through fear,
And leads through crimes to victory.
He nears! I see his eye of hate?
'T is gleaming like an evil star;
He seems th' embodied form of fate
Swift rushing to the field of war.
On, on, the terror of the sod,
A tempest in his heart of ire;
He fears no man, no fiend, no God,
In his wild, stormy soul of fire.
Ah! well each follower knew his power;
They'd felt the thunder of his might—
They knew his wrath at any hour
Was like the awful storm of night.
To him all foes in combat quailed,
Before his arm and eagle eye —
His life seemed charmed — to him death paled—
He swept in power puissant by.
As when in darkness men do mourn,
And lo! a star breaks through the night!
That star a mighty genius born,
Grasps from the gloom immortal light!
So when great hosts had them at bay,
And his wild clan deemed all were lost,

He led them from the night to day —
On like the storm-swept holocaust!
Woe! woe to them he seeks this night,
For they shall feel his vengeful hand —
They who have robbed, without the right
From him, the leader of the band!
I see him yet! and lo! he's gone —
And yet I hear his steed of fire,
Whose steel-clad hoofs still clatter on,
Swift bearing him and all his ire.
Full twenty years James reigned supreme,
The monarch of his own desire;
His will was all the law, 't would seem,
That marked his mad career of fire.
And like the great Napoleon,
He passed in view before man's ken,
A great and strange phenomenon —
A Titan asking naught of men.
He did what others would not dare —
His deeds were rampant, fierce, and fell;
Throughout his life, and everywhere,
He braved each, all—man, Heaven, and Hell.

THE MANIAC.

The maniac sprang from off his bed,
And placed his hand upon his brow.
„I feel within, my soul is dead!"
His mind is wandering now.—
„Fiend! open the door — unbar! unbar!
Why am I chained by arm to floor?—
But see, there's one bright, shining star,
Which kindly guards my prison door!
„It stands a silent sentinel, there;
With pity looks from its bright eye,
Adown on me in my despair —
Ah! there's a serpent on the sky!
„It's crawling, like the crawl of Death;
It coils; now buries in a cloud;
I feel its poisoned, fetid breath!
It warns me of the burial shroud!
„Hark! hark! I hear, I see in the air,
Fiends, demons, dragons, and devils!
Why tarry with me in my despair?
Why not off to their wild revels?
„But still they stay — behold! I see! —
But this is madness, my keepers tell —
O! from out this prison, free me!
Why make my living death a hell?"

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Beautiful woman, thou art,
True th' womanhood, sweet!
God places in thy heart
A wealth of love that's meet.
And why, I cannot tell!
But oh, thy voice to me
Sounds like some far-off bell
That wakes sweet memory!

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, MAY 27, 1819.

THIS intellectual woman has written numerous poems, dramas, and lectures. She is a very strong advocate of woman's suffrage, and has lectured extensively in aid of reforms. Her poetical works are *Passion Flowers*, and *Words of the Hour*; two of her best works of



JULIA WARD HOWE.

prose are *Life of Margaret Fuller*, and *Sex in Education*, which have especially received much praise from both press and public. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a devoted and loving mother, and is adored by her children. The death of her husband in 1876 was a severe blow to so devoted and loving a wife. Mrs. Howe is one of the editors of the *Woman's Journal*, and has been president of various woman's associations.

THE NURSERY.

"Come, sing for us, dear Mother,
A song of the olden times;
Of the merry Christmas carol,
Of the happy New Year chimes;
Nor sit here, idle-handed,
To hang your head and grieve,
Beside the blazing hearthstone
This pleasant Winter's eve."

Then she sang, to please the children,
With half-forgetful tongue,

Some merry-measured roundel
Of the happy days and young;
But, pierced with sudden sorrow,
The words came faint and slow,
Till one, in childish panic,
Cried; "Mother, sing not so!"

Then all the little creatures
Looked wondering in her eyes;
And the Baby nestled nearer,
Startled at their surprise;
The voice grew thin and quavered,
Low drooped the weary head,
Till the breath of song was stifled,
And tears burst forth instead.

For misty memories covered
The children from her ken,
And down the bitter river
She dropped — no mother then;
No sister, helpmeet, daughter,
Linked to historic years;
An agonizing creature
That looked to God in tears.

But when some sudden turning
Had checked her hopeless way,
She saw the little faces
No longer glad or gay:
And as they gazed, bewildered
By grief they could not guess,
Their sympathetic silence
Was worse than her distress.

Then she tore the fatal vesture
Of agony aside;
And showed, with mimic gesture,
How naughty children cried. —
And told of hoary castles
By giant warders kept,
Of deep and breathless forests
Where tranced beauties slept;
Weaving in rainbow madness
The cloud upon her brain,
Till they forgot her weeping,
And she forgot her pain.

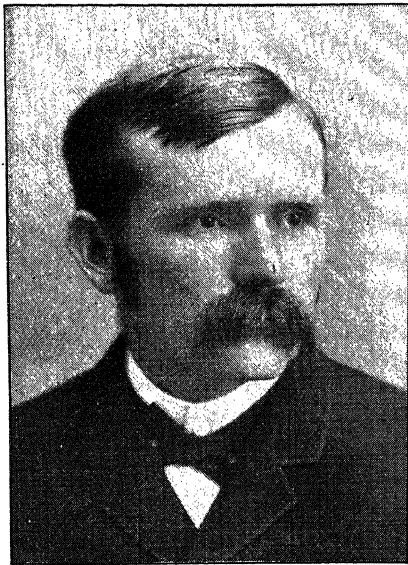
'Twere well to pour the soul out
In one convulsive fit,
And rend the heart with weeping,
If Love were loosened from it.
But all the secret sorrow
That underlies our lives,
Must wait the true solution
The great progression gives.

Those griefs so widely gathered,
Those deep, abyssmal chords,
Broken by wailing music
Too passionate for words,
Find gentle reconciliation
In some serener breast,
And touch with deeper pathos
Its symphonies of rest.

HAMILTON H. WILCOX, M. D.

BORN: JEFFERSON, N. C., DEC. 28, 1849.

IN 1873 the subject of this sketch attended a course of lectures at the Medical College of Ohio at Cincinnati. Two years later he was married to Miss Mollie E. Abbott, and left shortly afterward for several months of study at the medical college above mentioned. In 1877 Mr. Wilcox and his family moved to Glen-



HAMILTON HARDIN WILCOX, M. D.

ville, Minn., where he practiced his profession and carried on a drug store until 1881, when he again attended the medical college at Ohio for a special course, subsequently graduating with the highest honors. In 1883 he became a resident of the city of Albert Lea, Minn., where he has a lucrative practice. Dr. Wilcox is a ready and voluminous writer of both prose and verse, which have appeared in medical publications as well as local and literary journals. He has been twice elected coroner of Freeborn county, and has held various other positions of trust. Personally, Dr. Wilcox is of very fine stature, with brown hair and eyes.

NEGRO BEV.

He's shaded dark,
With Cain-like mark,
Yet freedom marks his brow;
The chain is broke
Tyranny's yoke,—
Ah, where is slavery now?

Not here, thank God,
On Freedom's sod,

Where men alike are free;
And may arise
To vict'ry's skies,

Though colored, dark as he.

'Tis not the shade

That God has made,

That marks our worth as men;

But honest worth,

With freedom's birth,

Gives glory to the pen.

A FRAGMENT.

I strolled along the ocean shore,

O'er pebble, foam and shell;

I heard the rune and billows roar,

I heard my heart as well.

I grasp the shell and to it said:

Pray, canst thou lead me where

The sparkling bowl and liquid red,

Shall drown each dismal care?

In whirring tones the shell replied:

Though my realm is the sea,

We have no bowl or sparkling tide,

With which to make you free?

Beneath the restless, rolling waves,

'Mid crimson coral bones,

That gave form to a thousand braves,

I hear your wailing moans —

Not moans of the drowning — dying —

Wrecked of the furious gale,

But moans of the widow crying

For those wrecked in fiery ale.

O, FOR A HEART.

Attuned to love and friendship's burning
glow,

My weary heart awaits the magic touch —

Awaits but a zephyr, the faintest blow,

From one in whom I'd dare confide so much.

Know you the wealth and worth of such a
heart?

Nay, thou canst not know, no price can mea-
sure

True friendship's worth, or even in part

Understand the wealth of such a treasure.

O, for a heart so attuned — set on fire —

O, for a friend with heart alike imbued,

As that one chord touched would music in-
spire,

In both these hearts, in ardent friendship
glued.

There is one such friend, having one such
heart,

Attuned always to the wailings of woe —

Make ready your lyre, play well your part,

Such a friend is Christ, the Savior, I know.

MRS. HANNAH CORNABY.

BORN: ENGLAND, MARCH 17, 1822.

THE poems of Mrs. Cornaby have appeared in the Deseret News, Woman's Exponent and the periodical press generally. She was married



MRS. HANNAH CORNABY.

in 1851 to Samuel Cornaby, who is now a notary public at Spanish Fork, Utah. She published in 1881 a volume entitled Autobiography and Poems, which has had a fair sale.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

I never wished to be a queen,
To wear the robes of state,
Or have my name enrolled among
The famous or the great.
I never cared for "woman's rights,"
Nor ever had a fear,
But that if woman sought, she'd find
Her own, her proper sphere.
I know that woman's mission's great,
Yet comprehends the small,
The tiny, trifling things of life,
Important to us all.
In this, true woman finds her sphere,
Her happiness complete,
In loving, helping, blessing all
With whom she chance to meet.
What need for her of Congress' halls,
Or legislative cares,

The promptings of her woman's soul,
Is all the law she hears.

The law of love implanted there,
By our great Parent's hand,
If not perverted, safely guides,
Woman in every land.

I wish I had the power to write,
Woman to vindicate,
To tell her true nobility,
E'en in this fallen state.

I never wished for wealth or fame,
For I have understood,
How poor and valueless are these,
Compared with being good.

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS.

The favored flowers of other lands
Have claimed the poet's powers;
But let our harp be tuned in praise
Of Utah's native flowers.

We've culled them from the hilly slopes,
From canyon's rugged side,
From low and mossy river banks,
And from the benches wide.

We've placed them in our garden plot,
And, growing side by side,
Their fragrance and their beauty are
Our pleasure and our pride.

We've brought choice flowers from other
climes
And placed them near these gems,
Their mingled lustre far exceeds
The costliest diadems.

The flowers thus brought from distant lands
Suggest the thought so sweet,
God's chosen ones, though scattered now,
Together here may meet.

And like the flowers, their varied gifts,
Improve this sacred soil,
Making the wilderness to bloom,
Repaying care and toil.

Father, we thank thee for the flowers
Thou hast so freely given,
And may our constant effort be
To make this earth a heaven.

WHEN I'M HAPPY.

Shall I tell you when I'm happy?
When life to me seems very sweet?
It is when evening shadows fall,
And we around the fireside meet.
'Tis when the children gather home,
From school, from labor and from play;
When little tongues all are telling
What they have done or learned to-day.
When each want and wish is cared for,
Or little sorrows put to flight,
Their childish troubles all forgot,
And every little heart is light.

Now tell us, Ma, some pretty tale,
 Some Bible story that you know,
 Tell us about the mighty men,
 Who lived a long, long time ago."
 From memory's store is hunted up,
 Some story to amuse or teach,
 Some useful lesson, thus is taught,
 Some truth, which thus the heart may reach.
 The anxious look, the listening ear,
 The tear which from the eye will steal,
 The eager questions which they ask,
 Will tell how soon a child can feel.
 But little eyes will sleepy grow,
 And, like the flowers, begin to close,
 Like little birds, they seek their nests,
 For little forms will need repose.
 The sweet good-night, and loving kiss,
 The arms that fondly twine around,
 Bring to my heart such happiness
 And joy, as nowhere else is found.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

When my spirit with sorrow is overwhelmed,
 Then, from out of the depths comes the cry,
 As my earthly friends leave me, lead me I
 pray,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 As my children, by death, are called from my
 arms,
 To their Father and Mother on High;
 Then, all lonely and weak, I pray to be led,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 In affliction's dark hour, when heart and flesh
 fail,
 And temptations my faith sorely try,
 Then, more earnest I cling, for strength and
 defense,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 If prosperity sheds its light on my path,
 And kind friends, to encourage, are nigh,
 In thanksgiving and praise, I ever am led,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 When I seek at earth's cisterns, my thirst to
 assuage,
 And find them all broken and dry,
 Then lead me I pray, for the life-giving
 draught,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 Or, when persecution and trouble assail,
 And their arrows are swift hurling by,
 I fear not the shafts; while for shelter I'm led
 "To the rock that is higher than I."
 E'en death, the last enemy cannot destroy,
 While upon a strong arm I rely;
 The Priesthood eternal is leading me on,
 "To the rock that is higher than I."

MUSINGS.

I often think, in my musings,
 How happy our frail lives would be,
 If instead of the dark side of things,
 Their bright side, we always could see.
 We've need of all the sweet sunshine
 We can get on life's gloomy way,
 Oh! then let us catch ev'ry glimpse
 Of its bright and fast fleeting ray.
 In every condition of life,
 Whatever our trials below,
 Thrice happy to us is the thought,
 Of "Father," to whom we may go.
 If childhood's days were pure and free,
 If youth had been happy and clear,
 Why should its lustre be tarnished
 By the bitter regretful tear.
 Should sickness spread o'er us its shade,
 Where health was accustomed to bloom,
 Let's think of the land that's before,
 Where dread sickness never can come.
 Should our lot be sorrow and grief,
 Repining will surely be vain,
 We never have more than our share,
 Of grief's bitter measure to drain.
 And often, in draining the dregs,
 Joy's sweet, purest drop we may find,
 When the clouds of sorrow roll off,
 The silver-lined cloud lies behind.

MRS. MAGGIE WOLF.

BORN: EATON, O., FEB. 8, 1861.

THIS lady was a graduate of the Eaton high school, and was married in 1889 to John Wolf, with whom she now resides at Dayton, Ohio. Since 1888 her poems have appeared more or less in the Cincinnati Post, Dayton Daily Herald, Journal, Monitor, Record, and the periodical press generally.

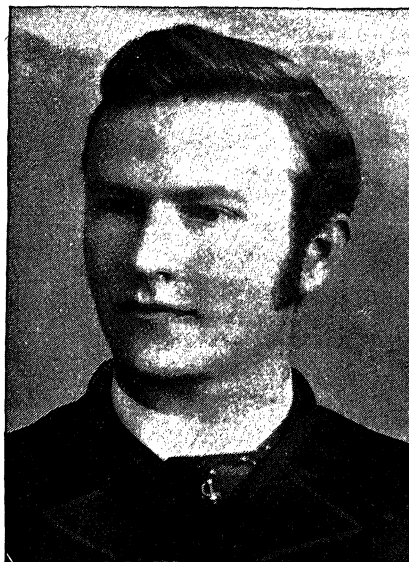
THINK OF ME.

When my brow is crowned with sorrow,
 And I walk not in the light,
 When I fear lest coming morrow
 Bring me darkness of the night,
 Then I'll think of joys of olden,
 Though thy path far from me be,
 Of the memories rare and golden,
 I will think, yes, think of thee.
 Wilt thou sometime think of me?
 When the bliss and when the gladness
 Of life's joy thy heart shall know,
 Though my head be bowed in sadness
 'Neath a burden-weight of woe,—
 In the silence all unbroken
 Of the years that are to be,
 Though be given ne'er a token,
 I will think, yes, think of thee.
 Wilt thou sometime think of me?

LAWRENCE S. McDONALD.

BORN: GLENDALE, PA., MAY 14, 1866.

At fourteen he attended a high school at Clearfield, Pa., where he now resides; beginning in the primary department and making such rapid progress that he graduated with the first honors four years afterward. His talents are comprehended in painting, music, oratory and poetry, and a faculty of general-



LAWRENCE S. McDONALD.

ization that amounts to genius. He is essentially an orator, and as such has made a wide reputation in his native state. Mr. McDonald is now practicing law at the county seat of Clearfield, and has made a success of journalism, but finds the practice of law more lucrative. He stands reasonably high as a poet.

EXTRACTS.

My soul is sad to-day. I know not why
Shadowy presentiments come and go,
Though yet I roam the precincts of her hazel
eye

It is not well that mortal man should know
The hidden destinies that, swinging to and
fro,
Cast their short shadowings across the page I
sing,
As if cast there by some strange bird on lofty
wing.

But the press of my lips to her marble cheek
Is a sacrilegious touch;

There is yet one thing that binds us,
Though our throbbing hearts unheard,
And that is the golden binding cord
That is made of her truthful word.

But still she loves, I know it,
As true as death's our goal,
And the sky of truth hangs smiling
O'er the shades of her lovely soul.

From heath and highland purple all night long
Two drowsy sentinels from starlit towers,
Call to each other in the trembling silence,
The passage of the hours.

Faint streaks of violet from jasper capes
In trembling splendor, as on wings of love,
And some bright soul—deep-robed in spotless
white,

Delights me from above.

Some rustling spirits move across the floor—
As if sweet angels thereupon do rove,
To me they're whisperings of a voice no more
To soothe my soul with love.

Across my bed the curtain fringes flow,
Kissed by the amorous zephyrs from above,
To me they're like the presence of a loved one
now
In lands of light and love.

I do believe our fathers' faith of old—
Each letter of its every hallowed word,—
Its accents from the lips of nature rolled
The golden dictates of creation's Lord.
The spirit of that book in trembling beauty—
As fragrant incense from old fanes will rise,
That God the same that paved the path of
duty,

As writ in light the pages of the skies.

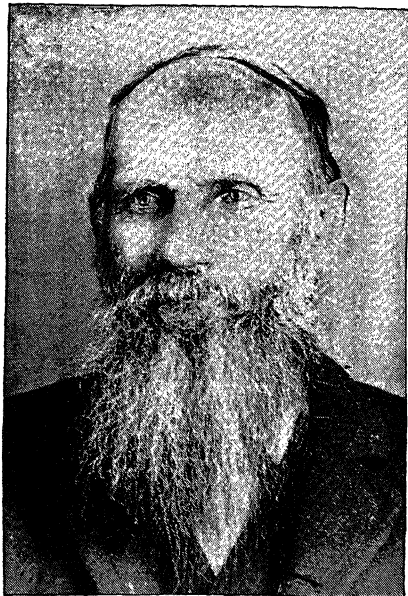
And the day that's far away—
Day that knows no noon, no night,
Fast it breaks in purple streaks—
How my eyes do drink the light—
Fast it breaks o'er hills and peaks,
Jasper amber golden streaks—
Thus that day streams on my sight.

Since that hour I courted Nature's
Scenes eclipsing skies of gold,
And I sipped the honeyed beauties
That the fields and forests' fold,
But to-night here in the silence,
As the twilight in the west
Sends its golden bars askyward
Kissing silver luna's crest.
I am sitting, thinking, thinking
Of my mother in the grave,
Near where graceful Susquehanna
Tosses shoreward on her wave.

DR. JOSEPH P. RUSSELL.

BORN: BOURBON CO., KY., JULY 23, 1815.

FOR thirty years Dr. Russell has practiced medicine in Waveland, Indiana. From his youth this gentleman has written poems



DR. JOSEPH P. RUSSELL.

from time to time, which have received publication. He contemplates the publication of his verse in book-form in the near future.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly, butterfly
Where are you wending?
"This a way, that a way,"
Whither now tending?
With your gaudy rich tints,
That rivals all art,
Bliss surely is center'd
In your little heart;
From a chrysolite state,
From darkness so drear,
You have fledged into light,
You wing through the air.
You sip at the nectar
Of each op'ning flow'r,
Your home in the garden,
And blooming gay bow'r
So graceful and lithely
You wander at will,
You wabble in valley,
And zig-zag o'er hill,
So crooked your course seemed

Never intended,
Yet freedom and free will
Most clearly blended;
Seen adrift in the air,
On roadside or dell,
There's naught in all nature
Your grace can excel.
With your summer so short,
Your life but a span,
Are you a fair model,
Or type of the man?
Oh! butterfly tell me,
Have you a dread fear
Of your dissolution,
Of death that's so near?
Will you be immortal
With life cloth'd anew,
And in a new world
Your pleasures pursue?
A world of sweet flowers
That bloom all the year,
A butterfly heaven,
With no death to fear—
Or, doomed by the frost-king
To death and decay,
Will death be eternal,
Oh! butterfly, say?

THE PERSECUTED RABBIT.

Poor timid hare, and innocent as well,
I would I could thy wrongs redress, and tell,
Of persecutions meted out to you;
Fain would I be thy friend and advocate,
Hold up the horrors of thy bloody fate,
Till man relenting, would not thee pursue.
Thy graceful form and manners mild should
A warrant for thy peace and liberty, [be
That rest, sweet rest might be to thee secure;
Those brownish mild benignant eyes of thine,
Ought to repress the lawless hordes of crime,
And hold inviolate a life so pure. [strife,
No armor thine to shield from murd'rous
A modest meekness marks thy gentle life;
With hungry eagles hover'ring o'er thy head;
And num'rous foes do intercept thy joys,
Yet man more cruel, most of all annoy,
By wholesale slaughter gives thee most to dread.

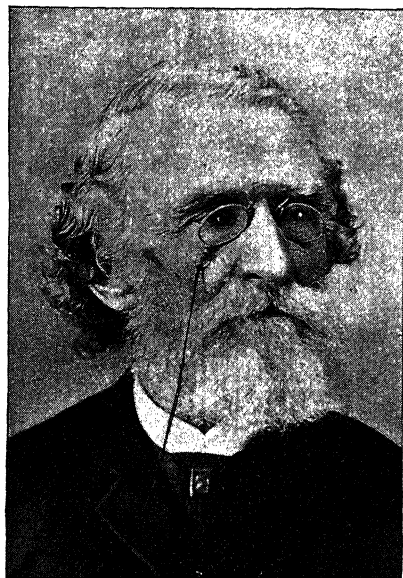
The heartless huntsman with his dog and gun,
Thinks it rare sport to see you start and run,
Regardless of your common right to life;
And if by speedy flight you reach your den,
He sends his cruel red mouth'd ferrets in,
And tragic horrors end the bloody strife.
Oh guilty man who will no mercy know,
Sin-cas'd and harden'd will no pity show,
Can you a pray'r for heav'nly mercy frame
With heart so odurate, with hands blood-
stain'd?

To lift them up o'er all the dead and maim'd,
And plead for self, what you denied the game?

HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

BORN: SALEM, VA., JAN. 2, 1820.

COMMENCING to write at the age of twenty-three, the productions of this gentleman have since that time appeared in the leading magazines of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. In 1883 Mr. Fauntleroy published a novel entitled *Who's to Blame?* which received a fair circu-



HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

lation. Mr. Fauntleroy has also had quite a little experience on the lecture platform. He has held several important public positions. Though defrauded of some fifty thousand dollars in the lumber business in Chicago, he still has a handsome independent fortune, and lives a quiet and secluded life in the city of Chicago.

FORTUNE.

A boy pursued a golden butterfly
With gaze intense, and upward kept his eye;
With eager hope he ran, as in a spell,
Unmindful of his steps, he tripped and fell.
Another boy took up the luring chase,
More cautious he, and downward turned his face
To pick his way, lest he might also trip;
The fly, by sudden turn, gave him the slip.
And still another boy pursued the prize;
Now up, now down, with skill he cast his eyes,

And even race maintained, so when to rest
The fly alit, he clasped it to his breast.
So Fortune turns on all her golden smiles;
Those over-sanguine tangle in her wiles,
And those too cautious miss their chance for care,

But wise of "means to ends" her prizes bear.

MY DEAR WIFE.

May morning, noon, and evening bless thee —
Thy moments cluster into happy hours —
And weeks, and months, and years impress thee,

As gathering dews upon the downy flowers.
May passing Time, with gentlest finger,
But chasten with a hallowed touch thy brow,

And Beauty's grace about thee linger [now.
Through lapse of many years, to charm as
As flowers sunward bend in blooming,

And bow caressing o'er the fresh'ning brooks,

I turn to thee for life's illuming,
And drink my being from thy tender looks.

Through years of trial, and cold desertion,
And wrong that makes the ardent soul its prey,

Thy pure love foiled the world's aspersion,
And closest clung when darkest grew the day.

Ah! sorrows rouse the heart's best feelings,
While fortune tends to foster selfish pride;
Our mutual griefs, to each appealing,
In tend'rest sympathy our souls have tied.

All praise for thy meek self-denial, [care,
Thy ministering skill, with constant, saving
That poverty's soul-crushing trial
Bow not the objects of thy Christian prayer.

Thy fashion is thy standard virtue;
Thy jewels blazen in thy children's minds;
Thy reign is where no hearts desert you,
Enthroned where home-love every subject binds.

Vain slaves of fashion may not know thee;
But theirs the loss — for virtuous minds like thine

Illume the world with moral glory;
As vestal beacons they forever shine.

Oh! what despair, what woe forever,
Would close around my happy manhood's years,

Should Fate our lives and spirits sever,
And leave me lone to darkness and to tears.

Kind Heaven! so crown thy constant blessing
That, when the calls of Duty and of Earth
are done,

Our souls in spirit love caressing,
In death may surely, as in life, be one.

YES, AND NO.

Dear lady, let thy lips say Yes,
 Consent's sweet word my soul to bless,
 Wreathing with smiles thy sunny face,
 And charming all hearts with thy grace.
 Distort not face and mouth with No,
 That blights my life with hopeless woe —
 That chills thy own heart's happy springs,
 And shadows all bright earthly things.

'Twas Yes God spoke, when angels saw
 The universe leap into law —
 Saw light and life, and love, and bloom,
 Consorting, press the world for room.

No was but chaos, when no form
 Could gather, and no heat could warm
 The empty void and boundless cold,
 The nothingness, that naught could mold.

Then, lady, speak that magic word,
 That brings creation in accord,
 Let No not jar, divide, distress,
 But hearts with love melt into Yes.

ISABELLA.

O tell me not she's dead; she lives,
 I am more dead than she:

'Tis death that here her life survives —
 Her life 's by death set free.

O free from tears, from pain, from wrong,
 To walk the golden street,
 'Mid joys where with the ransomed throng
 Their blessed Savior greet;

Where mother clasps her long-mourned son
 In never-ending bliss;

Where Faith's triumphant crown is won:
 That, that is life — not this.

Yes, cold her lips I madly kiss;
 Her bosom knows no thrill;

Affection's warm response I miss
 From heart and hands now still.

I wildly call her dear, sweet name,
 And list to hear her speak;

But Silence locks her moveless frame,
 And peace seals brow and cheek.

Oshe's not here; she's gone — she's gone,
 Her soul, her life, her love,
 That once this casket's jewels shone,
 Now drink God's light above.

But O in darkness here I grope,
 In lonely walks obscure;
 No more shines out Life's star of Hope
 To make my footsteps sure.

I stretch my empty arms in vain,
 And call my other self;

No form, no voice comes back again
 But Echo's, mocking elf.

Yet know I, in my anguish keen,
 That still my life thou art;

I feel thy presence, like unseen,
 Soft beatings of my heart.

I clasp thy picture to my breast —
 My eyes its beauties trace;
 But in my soul thy image pressed
 Has all thy living grace.

Dear spirit-wife, sweet love, my friend,
 As Nature's yearnings mourn;
 Come, lead me to Life's joyous end,
 For where thou art 's my bourn.

CHARLES A NELSON A. M.

BORN: CALAIS, ME., APRIL 14, 1839.

THIS gentleman graduated at Harvard in 1860. For a while he taught in Boston, and later was civil engineer of Newbern, N. C., where he was elected to various civil offices. For seven years Mr. Nelson was in the book-trade in Boston, doing literary, library and editorial work. Was librarian at Gorham academy; New York Astor library; and now holds that position at the New Orleans Memorial library. Mr. Nelson has written numerous fine poems which have appeared in St. Nicholas and other publications.

FAITH AND FANCY.

In shade of spreading beech I lie,
 And watch through blue depths of the sky
 Proud argosies go sailing by.

While Fancy pictures in their train
 The castles we all build — in Spain,
 That come, and go, and come again.

Without these figments of the air,
 Our lives, so filled with toil and care,
 Would darken with a deep despair.

But Faith and Fancy, sisters bright,
 Illume our darkest days with light
 That streams from Heaven's sublimest height.

BROTHERS.

Brothers once are brothers ever,
 Though the storm of discord rage
 For awhile, and blinded passion
 Mar the erst unspotted page.

Once the dark clouds have passed over,
 Every year, as swift it rolls,
 Fans into a brighter glowing
 Fires of truth within men's souls.
 Common blood of common mother
 Binds with an eternal chain,
 Whose broke links are welded closer
 At the forge of common pain.

One in heart and one in purpose;
 One of many — all in one;
 Ours be "Liberty and union"
 While the stars their courses run.

O'er the graves of hero brothers,
 Wore they blue or wore they gray,
 Spread sweet flowers for remembrance
 Sacred, each Memorial Day.

MARIA AUGUSTA AGUR.

BORN: ARLINGTON, MASS., FEB. 15, 1836.

EMIGRATING to Wisconsin from the east in 1853 with her parents, Miss Agur lived on the prairies until 1866, when she removed to Darlington in the same state. In 1876 she gave her first poem to the public. From the death of her father she took care of her aged mother until 1882, at which time Miss Agur became insane, and a year thereafter her mother died. Although her case of melancholia dementia



MARIA AUGUSTA AGUR.

was considered a hopeless one, she was discharged as cured in 1888, but the following year she again returned to the Mendota State Asylum, and it is hoped she will now receive a complete cure in a short time. The poems of Miss Agur have been well received, and it is hoped that a collected volume of her productions will receive publication at no distant date.

WHERE ARE THE ORIOLES?

'Tis the first snow; it tells that winter's near;
Above, below, and all around seems drear;
The patient kine, e'en, low their discontent,
The dripping landscape, frowns a grim consent.

Mournfully coo the pigeons from their shed,
Dreading, yet hardly knowing what they dread!
Casting my eye above, behold I see
A high-swung nest, on yonder maple tree!

With cunning woven threads, 'tis caught and
twined

Upon the bough, and on the autumn wind
It tosses to and fro, mayhap in glee,—
Mayhap 'tis angry — struggling to be free!
Forsaken dwelling! wilt thou tell me where
Are thy sweet builders, who with busy care
Thatched thee within, without and all around,
Then hung thee high above the dangerous
ground?

O wanton wind! swift moving overhead,
Wilt thou not tell me, where the birds have
fled?

The birds that came to us in budding May,
And cheered us thro' the summer's fervid
day?

All-powerful sun! coquetting with the mist,
In some fair sunny clime hast thou not kist
A wealth of foliage, where is hid away
Another nest, like that one o'er the way!

O friendly moon! come with the fall of night,
And light the path the songsters winged their
flight,

Tell where thine ears have heard them on their
nest,

Lulling with twittering song their babes to
rest!

O army of bright stars! in deeps of night,
Have ye awakened them with twinkling light?
Then watched in hiding thro' the roof of
leaves,

So gently lifted by the southern breeze?

Can no one tell me if they flit and sing,
In balmy climes where cypress fringes swing?
Where 'mid dark orange groves gleam globes
of fire,

And summer's verdant footsteps never tire?

Ah! none will tell me; still I see the nest,
And love to think of downy bosoms pressed
Against its russet sides, and hair-lined floor,—
I dream the joyous birds will come once more.

ARBOR VITÆ.

Canst thou not tell me how my mother sleeps?

Does she not come when the bright stars of
even

Light all their lamps to gild each cloud that
weeps

Pure crystal teardrops from the fount of
Heaven?

When busy sounds die out, and hushed is
mirth,

Does she not come again to bless the Earth?

Did she not send a chalice filled with hope,
That I no more should shed regretful tears?

No more in dark uncertainty should grope
Along the way of overclouded years?

Did she not waft upon thy spicy breath
A loving kiss, from her pale realm of death?

JAMES B. KENYON.

BORN: FRANKFORT, N. Y., APRIL 26, 1858.

AFTER receiving a collegiate education he taught for three seasons in the common schools and at the age of twenty entered the ministry. He is highly esteemed at Watertown, N. Y., where he is now preaching. Mr. Kenyon has published four volumes of poetry. The *Fallen and Other Poems*, *Out of the Shadows*, *Songs in All Seasons*, and *In Realms of Gold*. He is a constant contributor to the leading periodicals.

ELUSION.

Ah, happy poet who may guess
The ever-changing loveliness,
The lightsome grace, the airy wiles
Wherewith coy nature masks her smiles,
And, stealing on her unaware,
Behold her when she is most fair!

IF IT WERE.

Love, that thou lov'st me not, too well I know,
Yet shouldst thou look to-night on my dead
face

For the last time on earth, and there shouldst
trace

The silent meaning of a heavy woe,
Wouldst thou not feel a pang that it were so?
Would not regret within thy heart find place,
That thou didst stay the guerdon and the
grace

Thy lover so besought thee to bestow?
Wouldst thou not feel a want unknown before;
A something gone familiar grown so long?
A vanished light—a ship gone from the shore—
A presence past from out the world's great
throng?

O Love, wouldst thou not miss the voice of
yore?

The song-bird flown, wouldst thou not miss
the song?

VANISHED.

It was but yesterday I saw his sheep,
The while he led them up the height to feed,
And heard him merrily pipe upon his reed,
And mock the echoes from yon rocky steep;
'Twas yesterday I found him fast asleep,
His flock forgot and wantoning in the mead,
His pipe flung lightly by with idle heed,
And shadows lying round him, cool and deep.
But though I seek I shall not find him more,
In dewy valley or on grassy height;
I listen for his piping—it is o'er,
From out mine ears gone is the music quite.
There on the hill the sheep feed as before,
But Pan, alas, has vanished from my sight!

A ROMAN QUEEN.

Imperious on her ebon throne
She sits, a queen, in languid ease;
Her lustrous locks are loosely blown
Back from her brow by some stray breeze
Lost in that vast, bright hall of state,
Where thronging suppliants fear and wait

A dreamy fragrance, fine and rare,
Of sandal, nard and precious gum,
With balmy sweetness fills the air,
And mingles with the incense from
A quaint and costly azure urn,
Where Indian spices ever burn.

A jeweled serpent, wrought in gold,
Coils round her white and naked arm;
Her purple tunic, backward rolled,
Reveals the full and regal charm
Of her fair neck, and ivory breast,
Half veiled beneath her brodered vest.

Her eyelids droop upon her eyes,
And curtained by the silken lash,
The smoldering fire that in them lies
Is scarcely seen, save when a flash,
Like that which lights the polar snow,
Gleams from the dusky depths below.

Her proud, cold lips are lightly wreathed
In smiles, as if with high disdain
She scorns to show her hate is sheathed,
And that he sues not all in vain
For favors of her haughty will,
Or e'en love's rarer guerdon still.

He stands before her white and fierce:
His bosom with swift passion shakes:
His burning vision seeks to pierce
Her very soul; he pleads; he wakes
Within her heart a wild desire,
That flames and mounts like sudden fire.

A subtle glance, a whispered word,
A waving of her perfumed hand,
He feels his secret prayer is heard—
That she will know and understand:
The queen is hid, and for a space
A love-swayed woman holds her place.

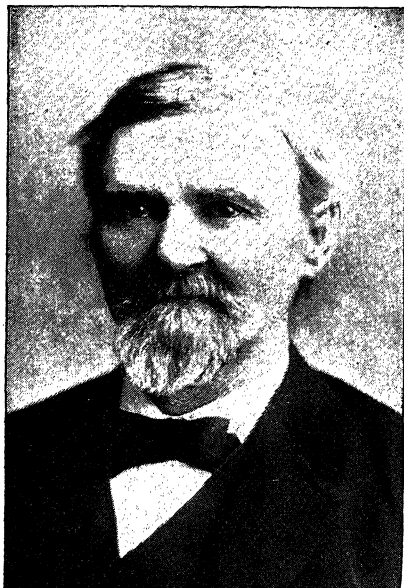
He bows, he leans toward the throne;
Her breath is warm upon his cheek;
She murmurs, and in every tone
He hears the love she dares not speak;
What though the surging hundreds press?
No eye shall see her swift caress.

Let him beware; he toys with fate;
False as the glittering serpent is
On her white arm, her love to hate
Shall change oftsoons; then every kiss
She gives him with her fickle breath
Shall be surcharged with secret death.

ALEXANDER R. FULTON.

BORN: ROSS CO., OHIO, OCT. 11, 1825.

MR. FULTON has been representative in the Iowa legislature, and has held numerous other important official positions at various times. In 1882 he published a volume of five hundred pages, entitled *Red Men of Iowa*, and has also written a number of smaller books and pamphlets of a historical character. For



ALEXANDER R. FULTON.

about twelve years Mr. Fulton was connected with the Western Newspaper Union at Des Moines as editor of ready-print sheets, and is still so engaged. This writer has contributed from time to time numerous poems of merit to the periodical press. Mr. Fulton is president of the Des Moines Academy of Science.

IF WE COULD KNOW.

O fortune-favored heirs of pride,
Who feel no daily round of care,
Ye little know what ills betide
The poor, or how the lowly fare.
O wonder not, that soon or late,
Some, fainting in the struggle fall;
Our hearts might pity, more than hate,
If we could only know it all.
As pestilence may come unseen,
Nor human skill the scourge control,
So fate's decree may intervene,
And mar the beauty of some soul.

Could we behold, and feel no pain
For those who drink life's cup of gall,
Or pass such by, in cold disdain,
If we could only know it all?
'Mid semblances of joy, and mirth,
There often lurks a secret grief;
The things men deem of priceless worth,
May fail to bring the soul relief.
We might not envy some who flaunt
Rich purple robes in gilded hall,
And yet for something, pine in want,
If we could only know it all.
'Tis well that we this truth should learn —
That under rags true hearts may beat,
While clothed in silks, we oft discern
Base envy, falsehood, and deceit.
Not all who pose in dazzling hue
'Neath gilded domes, and steeples tall,
Might prove at heart, gilt-edged, and true,
If we could only know it all.
While modest worth, unknown may plod —
Its pathway strewn with noble deeds —
Rank arrogance may only nod,
And all the world applauding heeds.
Mere rank of birth no merit brings,
But lords there are with trappings small,
Who may not tread in courts of kings,
If we could only know it all.

ANTHRACITE.

Back in the misty ages past,
There grew a forest by the sea,
Which o'er the land dark shadows cast,
And shelter'd snail-like mollusks free.
Late, passing from chaotic time,
This orb unfitted was for man;
Strange creatures burrow'd in the slime
That marred its yet unfinished plan.
But not in vain that forest grew
By steamy sea, or warm lagoon;
From beams of ancient suns it drew
For coming time a needed boon.
Then rose the floods and cover'd deep
That old-time forest from the light;
Now, after æons vast of sleep,
Behold it in the anthracite!
What angry seas have surg'd and roll'd,
Exchanging places with the land,
Since floods swept down that forest old,
Entombing it 'neath beds of sand!
There, in each tissue, stem, and frond,
Were seal'd the latent light and heat,
Till, in the ages long beyond,
The world for man should be complete!
Releas'd now from its darksome bed
By force of sturdy miner's blow,
It gives to man the sunbeams, shed
Perchance a million years ago!
There, in that grate of anthracite,

Weird forms in wreaths of blue flame
curl'd,
May thy observing eye delight
With visions of an ancient world!
What sluggish monsters slumber there,
In' sigillarian jungles deep —
Amphibians gigantic, where
The carbonif'rous fauna creep!
Amid the conifers and ferns
Naught anthropoid may we behold;
But prophecy the eye discerns
Of what the future shall unfold!
In marshes warm tall tree-ferns grow;
The calamite its stem uprears,
Where steaming vapors noxious, flow
From carbon-laden atmospheres.
And there the sunlight, and the rain,
With all the elements combine,
To store beneath some ancient main
These hoarded treasures of the mine!
No graceful wing of tnneful bird,
With song to greet the rosy morn,
Is in that primal forest heard,
And flowers sweet are yet unborn.
But, seething in the sun's hot glare,
O'er beaches strewn with chamber'd
shells,
Behold what seas sweep wildly there,
Engulfing all beneath their swells!
Unknown what epochs rolled away,
With their ascending types of life,
Ere dawned the world's more perfect day,
When Man evolved from Nature's strife!
Tho' now erect, he treads the earth,
And things of humbler form disdains,
To him a boon of wondrous worth
Are that primeval world's remains!

THE UNWRITTEN SONG.

Some song unwritten, all have heard,
But not with mortal ear;
It breathes without one spoken word,
In music, sweet and clear.
Down, floating from the dream-like past,
It murmurs, to recall
The scenes that dimly still are cast
On mem'ry's fading wall.
The organ's peal may thrill indeed,
And joys of tone impart,
But tones that we, as mortals, heed,
Are only notes of art.
In silence, and in solitude,
Where moves no busy throng,
Nor cares of grosser life intrude,
We hear the sweeter song.
Sometimes, far off it seems, and then
In nearer cadence swells,
As floats adown some sylvan glen
The chime of ev'ning bells.

How few there are who have not known
Some song they could not sing,
But each one for himself alone,
May hear its whispering.
As with the spirit's eye, in dreams,
Things beautiful we see,
Or catch in slumber's hour the gleams
Of brighter scenes to be;
So, far away, through heaven's bounds,
The music of the spheres,
In harmony of silent sounds,
The soul in rapture hears.
There is a song that comes to each —
It's music undefined —
Whose mystic strains the heart may reach,
And all its chords unbind.
These strains, that oft our spirits haunt,
Do not to earth belong,
For only angel voices chant
The soul's unwritten song.

MRS. MAMIE G. TYLER.

BORN: BYRON, N.Y., 1847.

THE poems of Mrs. Tyler have appeared from time to time for the last quarter of a century in the Sterling Gazette and other local papers of Kansas. She now resides in that state on a farm in Reno county.

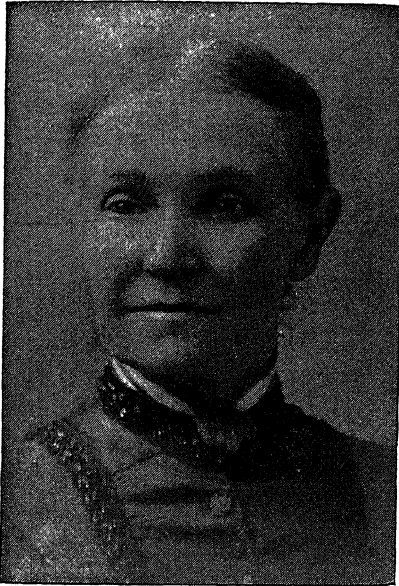
THE ANGEL-NAME.

What do the angels call my child,
What is his angel-name?
O, is there in all that world of light
A name that is fit for a soul so white.
My darling boy who was swept from me [sea,
When a storm came down on our still home
And I drifted alone in a starless night
On a wild mad sea with no ray of light?
What do the angels call my child?
What is his angel name?
We tried to give him a name when here.
He was only loaned to us but one year!
And when his little form sickened and died,
Then the angels took him, our darling, our
pride.
What do the angels call my child?
What is his angel-name?
Do they call him Lota, is his name the same?
It seemed the sweetest our lips could frame.
Ah! his name they know for he heard them
call [fall,
Where the brook's light waves in the river
And O, if beautiful deeds of love
Are garnered by angels and wrought above
In names and homes that await us there,
If all kind words and the bread we share,
And the loving tones, and the hope and cheer
We give to earth's suffering children here,
Are merged in the names they give to us there,
Lovely and sweet is the name he must bear.

MRS. M. PICKERING.

BORN: STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, IN 1830.

COMMENCING to teach at an early age, this lady followed that profession for thirteen years, when she was married. Mrs. Pickering was left a widow with three small children seven



MRS. M. PICKERING.

years later. The poems of this lady have been extensively published, as well as several stories from her pen. She hopes to publish a volume of her collected poems in the near future.

THE WANDERER.

Dear mother, O come to my bed side to-night—
Cold winds are wailing, and there's no one in sight;

Unloved and uncared for, I'm dying alone—
O come, dearest mother, and call me your own;
Come in your beautiful garments of light,
And smile on your daughter—O just for to-night!

Enfold me again in your dear arms of love,
And sing me an anthem from Heaven above.

Yes, and sing to me, mother, of days that
are fled,

Those days of sweet pleasure before I was
wed,

When, fair as a dew-spangled lily's pure ray,
Just opening its petals to the warm light of
day,

Each beautiful scene sank deep in my breast,

As deep as my thoughts of heaven's purest,
Nor dreamed I, the world could be false or
untrue, [er was you.

For my loved books were nature—my teach-
My wanton destroyer came clothed in disguise,
With smiles on his lips—and love-lighted
eyes— [light,

He spoke of the world with enraptured de-
But said all its brightness to him would be
night,

If abandoned by her, who was part of his life—
I listened—believed him and soon was his
wife. [true?

O merciful heaven, his wife! then can it be
Ah yes, I remember, 'twas night—and on-
ward we flew!

O'er woodland and valley, far away from my
home; [mourn;

Leaving you, darling mother, in anguish to
I loved, and I wed him—soon another wife
came— [my name,

Then cold grew the world—and it blackened
A poor homeless wanderer with no place to go,
Condemned by the high, and jeered by the
low; [alone,

Then an outcast for years, I have wandered
For a great sin that was his—but little my
own.

But God in his mercy took you to his rest—
Ah, you're here, darling mother, once more I
am blest.

THE POET, THE MUSICIAN AND THE
PAINTER.

Within bright Eden's shades, and near Eu-
phrates' shore,

Where copse and wildwood shrubs, by creep-
ing vines hung o'er

The earth—in vernal vesture clad—and
woods, and sky and air,

Was clothed in peace and balm-fraught beauty
everywhere.

There, on a mossy bank, all bathed in amber
glowing light,

Reclined a fair and pensive maid, in raiment
pure and white.

Celestial beauty o'er her shone, as when old
Sol's last gleam

Caressing kissed the lily's brow, upon the near
pellucid stream,

While nymph and naiad wandered forth in
gay disportive mood;

Sipping from out the nectar-laden flowers, of
that primeval wood.

Her soul drank in each varied form of beauty,
matchless wrought,

In all the voiceless imagery of glorious thrill-
ing poet thought,

Until its potent power touched lip and tongue,
and broke the spell,

And Poesy sprang forth to breathing life
where'er a creature dwell.

A goodly youth who lived near by, within a
lonely cot, had heard—

And forth he sprang in ecstasy, to catch each
soul-enthraling word;

Companionless he'd roamed o'er many a varied
scene of light and shade,

But ne'er in all his wandering life, beheld so
fair a maid.

A feeling indefinable, a sympathy of heart,
most sweet and dear,

Unconscious o'er him stole, as this inspiring
maid drew near—

And every word she spoke, breathed forth a
strangely echoing thought,

Until his deep-toned lyre, (henceforth his
pride,) he quickly caught

And music's glorious melodies in anthems
sweet, burst forth,—before un-
known,

Till love and light sprang up, in many a bos-
om dark and lone.

Ere long another youth appeared of modest
mien, and sparkling eye,

In radiant dew-gemmed garments clad, bright
as the orient sky—

Upon his calm and youthful brow, proud ge-
nius sat enthroned,

Whom muse and minstrel hailed—whose
kindred power they owned—

He roamed with them o'er hill and vale, begirt
with rock and wood,

Where costly mansions graced the scene, or
lonely hamlets stood.

And forms portrayed beneath his hand, have
mocked at Time's

Relentless grasp, and age on age within all
nation's 'lightened climes

Great marbled heroes frowned— and modest
grace on canvas smiled

Till brow and lip in beauteous life-like joy-
ance oft beguiled

Each loving one to think them near, and pray
a blessing on the art

Which gave the cherished image back, to
soothe and bless the lonely heart.

Yet, as I've heard it said, when sinks proud
Sol at eve's glad hour,

A bright electric flame hangs trembling o'er
each golden flower—

Even so each love-charged soul emits an an-
swering flame of light,

As true as images, or lays, or painter, muse or
minstrel bright.

Ah then fair maiden, each shines forth in
grandeur most sublime,

When soul is answering back to soul— and
mind to mind by modesty refined.

MRS. KATE E. NORCROSS.

BORN: WINCHESTER, TENN., 1843.

COMMENCING to write at an early age, the poems of this lady have received publication from time to time in the periodical press. Married in 1865 to Sidney F. Norcross, she was left a widow six years later. Mrs. Norcross is a resident of Bolivar in the state of Missouri.

RECIPROCITY.

My money, and labor, and love,
Which I've freely given my son,
On his heart did make such a move—
Last Christmas a present I won.

Some smoking tobacco he gave,
Quite freely I thought at the time,
And I was glad to see him behave
With feeling, for him, quite sublime.

Reciprocity is a glorious thing,
The jewel above all I admire—
A warmth to the heart it will bring
Like that to the body by fire.

But alas! there's a spurious thing
I've followed so long; now, I tire,
An ignis fatuus on the wing
Vulgarly called fox-fire.

The foothold, I thought I had gained
On the reciprocity plan—

Ere the first moon, of the new year, had
waned,

I found it was made in the sand.

The sad discovery thus was made,
I relate it with regret:

I awoke one morning much afraid
My boy was in a pet.

It was late,—the fires were out,
I had a kind of chill;

And a "catch" about my back. No doubt
Just like Old Women will.

I tried; but couldn't rise, you see,
And He, had to make the fire:

Then, in the place of reciprocity;
The fat, was in the fire.

But "the feather that broke the camel's
back"

Had yet, my friends to come
His "sass," while I was in a rack,
I bore without a moan.

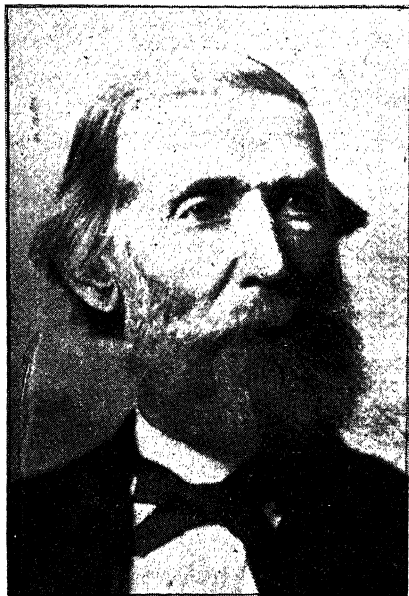
For then one thought I had to soothe
My Christmas gift remained;
And I felt, as a mother, it did behoove—
Me best, not to complain.

But don't you think the "injun" sneak,
Stole back my Christmas gift;
And left me here so lame and weak,
I'm forced to beg a whiff.

EDMUND FLAGG.

BORN: WISCASSET, ME., NOV. 24, 1815.

THE present residence of Edmund Flagg is Highland View, Virginia; he is a retired lawyer, and his only occupation of late has been to look after his real estate interests. Mr. Flagg was married in 1862 and has three sons. While yet a student, articles from his pen appeared in several prominent periodicals. After graduating at Bowdoin college in 1835, he taught school and wrote for the press a series of sketches of western life and scenery, which was subsequently published by the Harper's in two volumes, entitled *The Far West*. Since



EDMUND FLAGG.

that time he has written extensively for the leading periodicals of America, and has edited several volumes of law reports. He has also held numerous positions of public trust—United States consul at Venice in 1851; superintendent of statistics at Washington; and in 1861 had charge of the library in the interior department. His prose works have been well received, and published in elegant style by Scribner and Peterson. Mr. Flagg is now engaged on a volume of *Reminiscences* based on a daily journal of more than forty years.

EARTH'S CHANGES.

On all earth's dearest things decay is writ:
Only to wither, blooms the fairest flower:

The bough is bent in beauty but to fade;
And the summer-cloud like a glimpse of
Heaven

O'ershadows us, only to flee away
Into its azure home, and leave the heart
To muse upon its loveliness and morn.
The sunny isles which slumber on the breast
Of the calm tropic sea, beneath its waves
Are whelmed; and the red coral spreads her
fan,

And ocean monsters roam, where cities stood.
Like meteor-exhalations, empires, thrones,
And dynasties rise on the night of time;
And, then, into oblivion's rayless depths
Are swallowed.

And, with the bow of spring,
The summer flower, the cloud, the ocean isle,—
With crowns, and thrones and scepters,—with
the great,

The wise, the reverend,—how many forms
Of human loveliness,—the bright, the brave,
The beautiful, are passing evermore
Away from earth! Dust,—dust is on the
brow

Of pride and power, and it is sleeping
In the soft tresses of the fair-haired girl.
The burning lip of eloquence is hushed,
And wan and shrivell'd is the lip of age.
Upon the minstrel's temples fades the bay,
And, on the conqueror's plumed and blood-
stained helm

Withers the glorious laurel.

And, like the summer rose,—th' autumnal
leaf,—

The fleecy flake of winter,—like the bow
Which with bright fillet binds the brow of
heaven

In dewy springtime,—like as the foam bell
Iris'd on the brook and mists of morning
By the dawn rolled up the mountain's side,—
thus,

Visions of happiness are hast'ning hence
To visit us no more. In ev'ry breeze
That whispers on the ear, passes the sigh
Of joy,—the sigh of sorrow. Not a flower
Bedecks the vale,—the wood,—the hill, which
springs

Not from the dust of one of earth's bright
sons

Or gentle daughters. Not a leaf is there
In all the blooming coronal of spring,
Which numbers not a withered heart. There's
not

An evening cloud, that like a spirit floats
In the blue sky above us, which is not
The vanished vision of a happy dream.
And all the fair and fleeting things of life
Are but as emblems of hope, love and joy,
And faith, and fame, and fancy, which, with
them,

And us, and all, are passing from the earth.

THE WIND HARP.

Lyre of the wild wind! sweetly art thou blending

Passion and pathos in thy mystic tones;
And, over thee a weary brow is bending,
As though thy quivering chords the night-breeze moans.

And, as I listen to thy sad, sweet numbers,
And bid thee charm the storm within that dwells, [slumbers,
Methinks, in mine own heart the harp-string
And, roused by feeling, into music swells.

Fitful and sad the low-voiced zephyr sighing,
Wakens the spirit in thy silent strings;
Dream-like it rises, swelling, lingering, dying,
'Till almost soars the soul upon its wings.

Thou hast a varied song, sweet harp of Heaven! [rave;

A proud, majestic chant when tempests
And, oh, the touching tenderness that's given,
When scare a ripple curls the moonlit wave!

Thou hast a glad and gleeful song at morning,
When through the forest boughs the breezes play;

When bird, and wind, and blossom hail the dawning,

Thy anthem rises on its heavenward way.

And, seraph-harp! thou hast a strain of sorrow;

A strain full welcome in the hour of woe;
The broken heart no sadder voice can borrow,
Than that which from shy silken strings doth flow.

Harp of the heart! unrivaled are the treasures

That softly slumber on thy haunted chords;
Oh, there's a pathos in thy magic measures
More choicely eloquent than choicest words.

Thou spirit of the wind! Thou weird enchantress!

Whether the monarch of the storm I hail,
Or, of the evening zephyr gentle empress,
Harmonious evermore is thy wild wail.

Farewell, Farewell! It were a vain endeavor
Of all thy matchless minstrelsy to tell:—
Peal on, unechoed and unequaled ever,—
Thou wizard of the wind, farewell, farewell.

MOTHERHOOD.

A mother's love!

Oh, there is not, in all this cold, and false,
And hollow-hearted world, one fount of love
So pure, so deep, so deathless, strong as death,—

A love, whose joy might swell an angel's breast—

Whose tear would sully not an angel's cheek,—
Upon whose pride a Deity might smile,—

As that, which in a youthful mother's breast

Wells up, while bending o'er her first-born child!

Ocean's dark caves can boast no pearl so pure,
And earth upon her bosom holds no flower,
And, in her jewel'd depths, no gem so rare!—
A mother's love! Oh, it can bear all suffering,
It will dare despair, death, peril, ev'n crime,—
All that the spirit shrinks from,—drain the cup
Of sorrow to the dregs, nor drop one tear,
Nor know an instant's pause, though met by pride

And petulance from that so wildly loved —
Be it deformed, and swart, and hideous,
Or, bright and beautiful as a poet's dream.
Unchill'd — unfever'd — evermore it glows,
Unchanged, unchanging; — in this fickle world
The one thing stable, — evermore the same!

If, as a garment, suffering wraps the frame,
Who, like an angel, hovers round the couch?

If on the brow the laurel-leaf doth bloom,
Who, in her noiseless joyance is more glad?

If ignominious crime — the world's contempt —
The ban of infamy is resting there, —

If all the nearest, — dearest — do forsake?

And, like a livid leper, all alone

He stands amid the crowd, doth she forsake?

Ah, no! For the world's hate he is to her

Only the dearer — for its desertion

She the closer clings — their charge of crime
Is calumny — contempt — contumely: [God

And though all earth may cast him off, and
Himself may seem upon his Cain-like brow

His signet to have set, yet will her love —

A mother's love, survive it; and will be
That world which hath forsaken, and will give
That blessing which e'en Deity denies.

THE VISIONS OF LIFE.

When the visions of life, evanescent and vain,
With the hopes of our youth, like a vapor
depart, [again,—

Oh, what shall relume those glad visions
Oh, how shall those hopes be reborn to the
heart? [morn.

When fading — still fading, like stars of the
The Pleiads of gladness go out in our sky,

And, like lamps from the damps of the sepulcher borne,

May only illumine our pathway to die:—

When the flowers of enjoyment are scentless
and dead, [crushed,

And the chords of life's harmony silent and
Oh, what shall restore those ephemerals fled,—

Those stars so illusive,—those harp-strings
so hushed?

They are gone — they are gone,—they can never
return,— [vain,

Those rainbow-phantasma, deceptive and
And hope's vivid visions may brilliantly burn,
Yet never more visit that bosom again.

S. H. M. BYERS.

As the author of Sherman's March to the Sea, Mr. Byers has become well known as a poet of no mean ability. He is the author of a volume entitled *The Happy Isles and Other Poems*, a



S. H. M. BYERS.

work containing many touching, graceful and spirited poems. Mr. Byers is a resident of Okaloosa, Iowa, where he is well known and highly respected.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"
Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would
greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our perilous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca —
God bless those who fell on that day!

Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards
And Sherman marched on to the sea.
Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the rebel flag falls.
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.
We heard not the threat'ning of foemen,
Embattled they stood by each gun —
One shout and the sea lay before us,
One charge and Savannah was won.
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

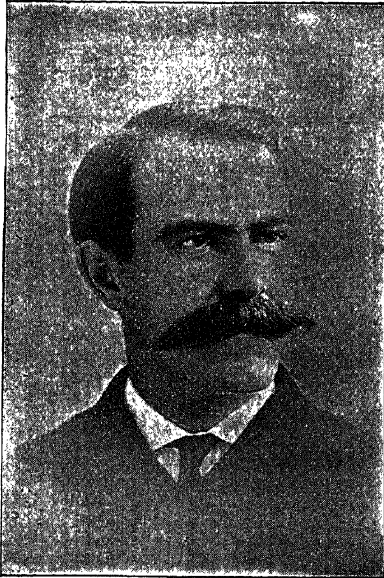
MY WHITE ROSE AND RED.

So you've come from the South, have you,
darlings?
And slept snug as mice all the way?
And wasn't it cold on the mountains,
For rosebud, and myrtle, and bay?
And she packed you up so together,
And blessed you, and kissed you, and said,
"Keep sweet as my memory for him is,
My darlings, my white rose and red."
And what did she tell you at parting!
Some message for me, I know well;
Some praise of our boy, then, God bless him!
Some words of our sweet little Nell.
And the dear tiny hands of the children,
Have they touched your petals so fair?
O, rosebuds, you're happy if Helen
But kissed you one moment, when there!
This white rose shall bloom in the study,
This red one I'll wear on my breast,
O, I wonder if she will be thinking
How often your petals are pressed!
Did she tell you how long we've been married?
Ten years — 't is another year, soon, —
And though we've had snow in December,
We've always had roses in June.
How far it is here from San Remo,
The gem of the beautiful sea!
But you've come with your petals all fragrant
With incense, from her unto me.
How strange it all is; and her letter —
This much and this only it said:
"The children are well here, and happy,
And my love's like the white rose and red."
I'll write her no letter to-morrow,
But something I'll send her instead —
Two rose leaves, — she'll guess at their mean-
ing,
One each from the white rose and red.

EDWARD C. DOWNING.

BORN: WOOSTER, OHIO, FEB. 24, 1862.

GRADUATING at the university of Wooster in 1885, Edward devoted his attention to teaching, accepting the principalship of schools at Wolcott. The following year he was tendered the professorship of the Greek and Latin languages in the Missouri collegiate institute at Carthage, which position he filled with credit



EDWARD C. DOWNING.

for two years, when he was called to take charge of the Illinois academy at Toulon. In the midst of his labors Prof. Downing has taken time to cultivate the muses, and is known for the simplicity and elegance of his verses. In 1888 he published a small volume of poems entitled Minutes With the Muses.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

There are many days that are full of cheer,
In the summer sun and the winter snow;
But the sweetest time of all the year
Is when the apple blossoms blow.

Oh! then I think that nature seems
All decked like a bride with orange flowers,
And the high ideal of lovers' dreams
Has come down to this world of ours.

There is a time in the year of life,
In the pleasure that precedes woe,
In the hoping time before the strife,
When the heart's apple blossoms blow.

But the blossoms fall and the splendor fades
From out of my life in its noontide rays;
The phantom I follow my grasp evades,
And lo, I am far in the autumn days.

So of all the things that I hold dear
In springtime or in life, I know
The sweetest time of all the year
Is when the apple blossoms blow.

MOTHER.

There is a dear one whom I love with all
The wealth of love of which I am possessed.
Her hand that smoothed my brow is laid to rest;

Her ears can never bear me when I call.
Sometimes I think life's sweetness and its gall
Are so well mingled here they make us blest,
And that I might grow weary in the quest
For happiness, that I might tire and fall,
Despairing by the way, if it were not
For separations. On the unseen wings
Of my affection, now, my dearest thought
Goes out to visit her, and backward brings
Imagined whispers from the fairer land,
That lead me as she led me by the hand.

I AM TOO FOND.

I am too fond: I know I am.

Sometimes I wish it were not so;
And like one who has less of heart,
I should be happier, I know.

I am too fond. When I look down
Into the depths of her brown eyes,
And they do not look back my love,
There is a pain in the surprise.

I am too fond. If day goes by
Without some tender word or kiss,
Without some token of her love,
You cannot tell how much I miss.

I am too fond. Give me no love,
Or give it to me full and free.
There is no medium between
No love and perfect love, for me.

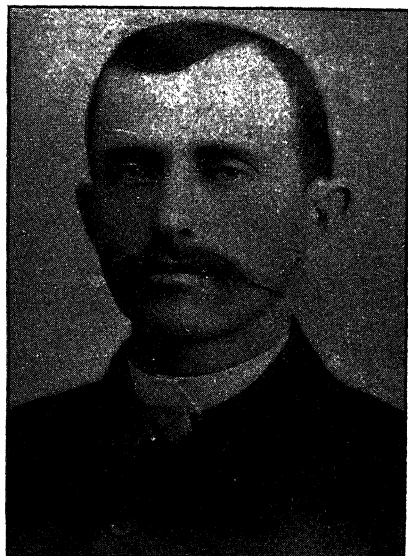
QUESTIONS.

Why do we evermore regret
The way that we have lived with those
Who will not come again, and yet
Day after day again forget
To treat the living better? Knows
There not each one of us some woes
That press our souls and fill our hearts
Too full for utterance or tears
Sometimes, when memory starts
To wander back along the years?
Why do we not redeem the time
That we have lost and try to make
Our lives and others' more a rhyme,
Both for our own and Jesus' sake?

A. A. BARTOW.

BORN: HURON, OHIO, SEPT. 3, 1851.

THIS gentleman was married at the age of nineteen, and has a bright family of three boys. Mr. Bartow followed the profession of a teacher until 1889, when he became editor of the Cincinnati Public School Journal. He has also



A. A. BARTOW.

held and still holds public positions of trust. The contributions of this writer have appeared in the leading papers of the east, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. At the age of twelve he was a drummer boy in the union army.

A TRUE STORY.

We were six as jolly explorers
As one will often see,
All smoking around our camp-fire,
In the fall of seventy-three.
The gaunt gray wolves in the distance,
Were howling in chorus the while,
But we didn't seem to mind them,
For that is the woodman's style.
Outside of the glow of our camp-fire,
Where the shadows were thick and black,
We saw in our minds the frightened deer
Fleeing the ravenous pack,
And fancied a last death struggle;
Like others, we'd noted, by signs,
On the banks of the Flatrock river,
In the shade of its towering pines.

When suddenly, into our circle,
Without any notice or noise,
Came the chief of our little party,
Saying: Well, I am tardy, boys,
But I have something to tell you,
Consider it my excuse;
Though I would gladly forego it,
If that were of any use.

Although I have been an explorer
For twenty years or more,
I never was so over-matched
By anything before.
When I'd passed on my way to the city
'Till I reached the Flatrock road,
Just where the marble tombstones
Stand guard over death's abode,

I heard the loud hallooming
Of hundreds far and near,
And met a troop of horsemen
With footmen in the rear;
Who had gathered out of the city
To hunt for a little child,
The son of humble parents,
Lost in the forest wild.

I joined them, who could help it?
And hunted far into the night,
For I pitied his heart-broken mother,
And the child in this awful plight;
But the trail was lost in the water,
Where the pine plain meets the swamp,
And somehow I couldn't find it,
Though I took an awful tramp.

Next morning I joined the hunters,
But not till the sun went down
Did we find him, on the river road,
Full seven miles from town;
He sat on a little mound of moss,
His hand held up his head;
But his eyes were fixed and sightless,
We had only found him dead.

I didn't go back to the city,
But slunk off like a thief,
For I couldn't meet his mother,
And witness her terrible grief.
Twould have given a twinge of conscience,
That maybe I should not feel,
For if I hadn't skill enough,
I had surely plenty of zeal."

We were six as hardy explorers
As one will often find,
But we all sat 'round for an hour
And no one spoke his mind,
'Till saying, "let's go to bed, lads,"
Big Charlie kicked down the pile
Of dying maple embers,
In regular woodman's style.

EDWIN M. P. BRISTER.

BORN: CADIZ, OHIO, JUNE 26, 1850.

At an early age Edwin learned the trade of printing, which he followed for fourteen years. At the age of seventeen he went into the printing business for himself, and three years later moved his office to Granville, where he worked his way through a two-years' preparatory and a four-years' classical course at Denison university, at the same time support-



EDWIN M. P. BRISTER.

ing himself and his mother. Graduating in 1877, he then studied law, and was admitted to the bar three years later. Mr. Brister is unmarried, and lives in Newark, Ohio. He is now Probate Judge of his county.

A MEMORY.

Do you remember, darling,
That balmy night in June
When stars were softly shining
And silvery beamed the moon?
You told me that you loved me,
And sealed it with a kiss;
The angels bright above me
Envied me my bliss!
Peace filled the quiet gloaming,
The moon slept on the lake,
Alas! from that sweet dreaming,
That we should ever wake!
But a mist crept up the valley
And blotted out the moon;

It chilled our hearts, my darling,
That balmy night in June.
'Twas cruel fate, my darling,
That tore you then from me,
And told us that our happiness
Could never, never be. . . .
Long, long years have passed away,
To-night the wild winds rave,
And cold and drear the snow is piled
Above my darling's grave!

MY MOTHER'S FACE.

I know that such a sinner
As I feel myself to be,
Should scarcely hope to enter
A blest eternity.
But, I've dared to dream of Heaven —
That far-off world of bliss,
Whose lightest joy transcends
The greatest good of this.
And I've thought, were I so happy
As at the last to stand
With the hosts of blest immortals
That dwell at God's right hand;
And to catch a glimpse of Heaven
In all the glorious grace
That serves to fitly make it
Our God's own dwelling place;
With its walls of crystal jasper,
Whose foundations ne'er grow old;
With its gates of purest pearl,
And its streets of glittering gold;
With its throngs of happy spirits
Whose bliss no mortal knows,
Redeemed from all earth's sorrows,
Redeemed from all life's woes.
Not these, nor all the beauteous tints
That bloom on Heaven's skies,
Could win the first, long, eager
Worship of mine eyes.
But, I'd turn from all these glories —
Lord, forgive! if I lack in grace —
To take one long and rapturous look
At my darling mother's face!

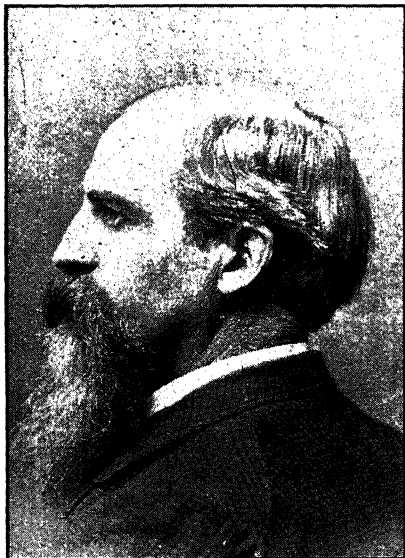
THE LARGER HOPE.

Ambition's fires will pale and fade,
Hope's brightest visions perish,
And in the tomb at last are laid
The loves and joys and all that made
This life a thing to cherish.
Above life's dark and troubled way,
All tempest tossed and driven,
Down through the leaden clouds of gray
Comes to the soul a single ray
Of light and cheer from Heaven.
Reign on, oh! sorrow, death and woe,
Still burns this star above!
Though joys may come, and joys may go,
This truth alone I care to know —
That God, that God is love!

CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

BORN: FRIENDSHIP, N. Y., NOV. 8, 1842.

FOR two terms Mr. Buskirk has been attorney-general of Indiana, and has a lucrative practice at Princeton. He is the author of a neat little poem entitled *A Cavern for a Hermitage*.



CLARENCE A. BUSKIRK.

Although a poem of some length, the frequent change of meter prevents sameness. The story is ingenious, the meditations are deeply philosophical, which together with the richness of its rhythm, proves very interesting.

'TIS NOT FOLLY.

'Tis not folly to be jolly
Here below;
Better mirth than melancholy,
Wit than woe.
Would the rainbow's arch be duller,
Or more fair,
Were there but a single color
Shining there?
Let to-morrow bear its sorrow
As it may;
Neither tears nor sighs we'll borrow
For to-day.
Only man is born with features
Fit for mirth;
Only men, of all the creatures,
Laugh on earth.
From our lives let breezy laughter
Blow the dust;
We can mope and sigh hereafter—
If we must.

In a world where melancholy
Shadows man,
'Tis not folly to be jolly—
If we can.

A CAVERN FOR A HERMITAGE.

EXTRACTS.

At last I've found a Hermitage,
From all the hives of men apart,
Deep in this trackless solitude.
How oft a poor, down-trodden heart,
Writhing and bleeding, and despairing
Beneath the cruel feet of fate,
For some such refuge dreams and longs,
Away from guile and greed and hate?

A man among his fellow-men
Oft finds himself by wolves beset,
Whose hungry eyes torment his soul,
Whose teeth are with his life-blood wet;
At last he wearies of the strife,
And hates the vile, voracious herd;
He flees to Nature's outstretched arms,
And hears her voice in brook and bird.

True, men are born with social needs,
Gregarious both in blood and brain;
True, solitude with all its joy
Brings likewise bitterness and pain;
Yet to adjust the jostled scales
When rudely struck aside by wrong,
If oft beyond a generous soul, [throng.
Such frauds and falsehoods 'round it

A cavern for a hermitage,
From all the hives of men apart—
What fitter place where peace may reign,
And patience fortify the heart?
Ambition, envy, greed and hate,
They perish in the solitude;
Their roots that midst the gutters thrive,
Can never there intrude.

A cavern for a hermitage,
From all the hives of men apart,
There trees and birds calm counsels give,
And grass and flowers protect the heart;
There wolves may howl or bears my growl,
But men, at least, are far away;
There peace, a mighty Inca rules,
And Spaniards hold no sway!

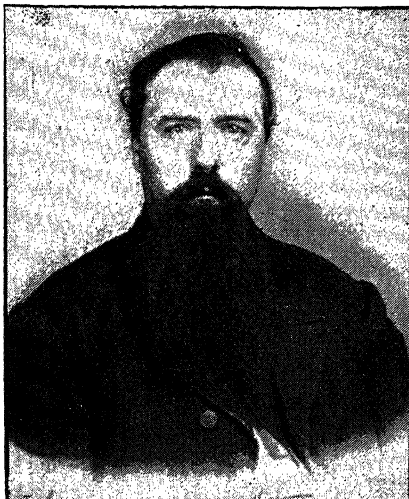
Youth quickly tires of calm retreats,
And loves the tumult of the streets;
Age loves the noise of peaceful rills,
But not the noise of babbling men;
Age loves the stretch of quiet hills,
While mortared bricks fatigue its ken.

Youth fondly seeks the glittering strife
And gayeties of busy life;
Age seeks the balm of solitude
To heal the hurts the world bestows—
The balm that's found in lonely wood,
Or converse with a blushing rose.

JOHN SHOCK.

BORN: STARK CO., OHIO, DEC. 11, 1831.

ENGAGING first in farming, John Shock then engaged in merchandizing. After much experience he became a placer and quartz miner. He has been postmaster under three commissions, and now is located at Preston, Col. Although the productions of John Shock are



JOHN SHOCK.

mainly in prose, a few sparkling gems of poetry occasionally flash from his pen. His writings generally appear under the nom de plume of Dash Warn. Mr. Shock is the owner of some very valuable mining property containing gold and silver ore, which will yield him an enormous revenue at no distant date.

THE LIFE-SAVING MARINER.

Through roaring surf, on billows mountains high

And fleecy, puffy, floating whitecaps high;
Between the yawning breakers, and their roar,
He lands the shipwrecked safely on the shore.

GOLD HILL, 1861.

Wild is the glen on mountain's wild
Bedeck'd with tow'ring pines,
Where first I courted fortune's smiles,
In Colorado's mines.

Here all the long warm summer days,
Fair boughs of evergreen,
To hide the sun's fierce burning light,
Are nature's woven screen.

From out the mountain's side, a rill
Of water sparkling bright, [rocks
Comes rippling o'er the moss-grown
A stream of liquid light.

And there close by a cabin rude,
With walls of log and stone,
Stands 'neath a grove of waving firs,
This is my mountain home.

Fair spot! Tho' I may wander far,
In other lands may dwell,
Yet, my own rude mountain home,
I shall remember well.

MRS. CORA G. LYLE.

THE poems of Mrs. Lyle have been extensively published throughout the United States, and have received favorable mention. She resides in Bennett, Nebraska, where she is well known and greatly admired.

A BIRD SONG.

When the "Bluebirds" come again,
With the April sun and rain,
And they chant a sweet refrain,
Just outside the window pane.

Then we know that
Spring is here —
Happiest time
Of all the year.

When "Thrushes" on the willows swing,
And their mellow notes they fling,
Hear how their voices sweetly ring,
How blithe, and merrily they sing,
Darting, flying without rest,
Gathering straws to build a nest.

Now they tell it
Don't you hear?
That summer's best
Of all the year.

When the others all have flown,
"Robin" reigns a king alone;
The leafless maple is his throne;
And, see how saucy he has grown.

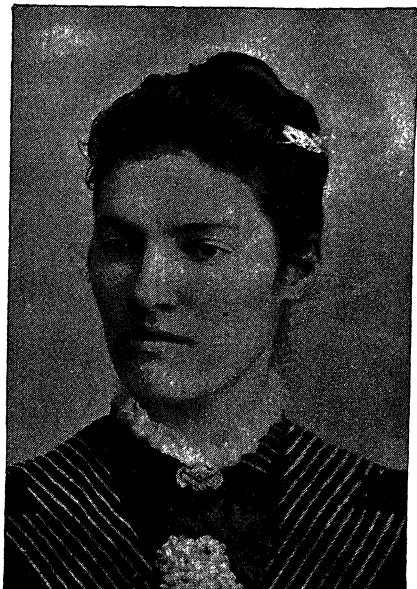
He says, he sings,
In winter drear,
The sweetest song
Of all the year.

When the "Bluebirds" come again,
With the springtime sun and rain,
"Bonny" inside the window pane
Sends back their carol, strain for strain.
When "Thrushes" in the willow's nest,
And sing their baby-birds to rest;
"Bonny" opens his little throat,
And pays the debt, with note for note.
Does "Robin" reign a king alone,
Through the cheerless months of gloom?
Ah! no, for from his gilded throne,
Sweet "Bonnie's" voice fills all the room,
And with cheerful twitter
He says, don't fear;
I'll sing for you
Through all the year.

AMELIA JANE SMELTZER.

BORN IN CANADA, OCT. 28, 1864.

REMOVING to Michigan when a child, she has resided in that state ever since, and lives now at Joyfield. She has taught school with very



AMELIA JANE SMELTZER.

good success, and has been school inspector for several years. The poems of Miss Smeltzer have appeared from time to time in the local press.

DEAR VALENTINE.

I feel that thou art far above
The silly flirt with pretty face,
Whose heart knows naught of earnest love,
Who studies not the soul's true grace,
I know some say that beauty wins;
But then, dear girl, be true to worth,
We know not all the out's and in's
That lie between our death and birth.
Still do your duty and still strive
To live in beauty, not to seem:
And some day you may realize
A sweet and beautiful love-dream.
Dear Valentine, we may not know,
As on we struggle to life's goal,
How richest treasures sometimes flow
From the most lonely, saddest soul.
Dear Friend, I hope that in the years
That are to come to you and me,
To smiles may be changed all your tears
To sweetest peace, your misery.

I wish thee now, dear Valentine,
Within this present year, that Fate
May favor unto thee incline
And give to thee thy "Heart's True Mate."

LOST AT SEA.

'Twas a bright, starlight night in the spring-
time,

And the earth was in beauty clad,
When a vessel sailed out from the harbor
Bearing a blue-eyed lad.
He had whispered farewell to his sweetheart
And the mother he left on shore.
Ah! little he thought that he never
Should gaze on their faces more.

The moonbeams shone softly around him,
The stars twinkled bright overhead,
And he watched the foam made by the vessel
As over the waters she sped.
With her cargo of human souls laden
The old ship bounded gladly on,
Till the bright rosy flush all around them
Betoken the coming dawn.

A brighter red light shone around him
As Fancy a sweet picture frames.
Look aloft! look aloft! careless dreamer,
See! the vessel is wrapped in flames. [nobly,
Then brave hearts and strong hands labored
But small was the work they could do,
And the vessel blazed bright as a meteor
As over the waves she flew.

The forked flames leaped up like demons,
The strongest and bravest grew weak,
And the dreamer awoke from his dreaming
As the flames' hot breath swept his cheek.
The wind and the sea wailed around them,
Strong men knelt in prayer on the deck,
(The sun had withdrawn in the shadows,)
The waves alone witnessed the wreck.

Next morning a fisherman lonely,
While hanging his nets to dry,
Saw, borne on the crest of the billows,
A corpse that the waves brought nigh;
And there floated and rolled to the sand at
his feet

A youth with curly hair:
The seaweed served as a winding sheet,
His hands clasped as in prayer.
Dimmed is the light of those blue eyes now,
Silent that throbbing heart,
The fair hair kisses the marble brow,
The pale lips lie apart;
And he looks like an image carved from stone
Awaiting the Master's will;
But a trace of the beautiful spirit flown
Is seen in his sweet face still.

Oh, many a heart was heavy and sad
As he lay on his bier next day.
His mother sighed "He was all I had;"

MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

BORN: RICHMOND CENTRE, N. Y., FEB. 23, 1834.
THIS lady was educated at Bloomfield academy and at New York Central college. At the age of 19 she became the wife of Rev. Owen R. L. Crozier, and they removed to Grand



MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Rapids, Mich. They afterward removed to Ann Arbor. She is the mother of eleven children, eight of whom are now living. A small volume of her poems was published by her son, in 1887, without her previous knowledge.

LITTLE ILLS.

I question, if to bear the greater ills
God sends, to us we need the greater grace.
The ceaseless coming of those little cares,
The ceaseless tolling through the weary days,
Tire out the soul and make us half forget
That it is sin to worry so and fret.

We brace ourselves against a gathering
storm,
Lie prone when desert blasts sweep o'er the
land;

We meet great flames with fires we light our-
selves,
And on the brown, burnt sward securely
stand;

But thorns that pierce us as we gather flowers
Teach us we lack the grace we thought was
ours.

THE POET IN JUNE.

'Tis bliss to have the poet's heart
That loves the quietude of things,
Where nature smites her hidden rocks,
And brings out sweet and cooling springs.

The June-green grass beneath my feet,
The dandelion's disk of gold,
The corn's slim spires just pushing out
From clean brown beds of kindly mold.

Bid welcome as I pass along
The nearest way across the lea;
While songs of birds are in my soul,
And eyes of flowers make love to me.

Down in the meadow's gliding stream
The children splash their snowy feet,
And all their laughter comes to me
Across the fields of growing wheat.

THE HOMESTEAD.

The years, like humming birds,
Just poised a moment on the wing,
To sip the nectar from the cup
Of life's sweet offering;

The homestead's old familiar halls,
The grassy meadow where I played,
The orchard with its melting fruit,
And soft refreshing shade;

The blacksmith-shop where, all day long,
My noble father toiled and sang,
Where in the morning and at eve,
The music of the anvil rang;

The garden with its spreading vines,
Its roses and its daffodils;
The dark old forest in the east;
Beyond the heaven-aspiring hills.

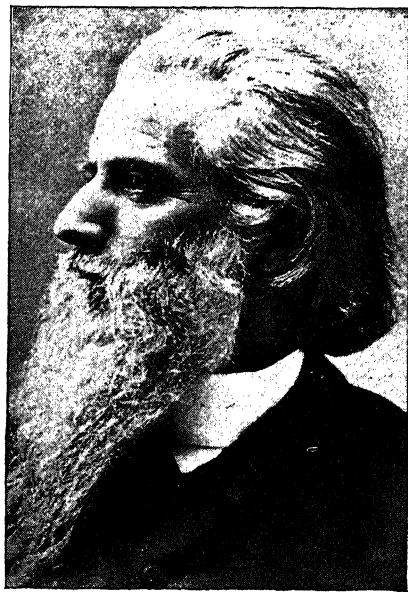
GIFTS.

I stand in the orchard's deepest shade,
The blackberry fields before me,
And smell the sweet of the apple fruit
That hangs in the branches o'er me.
But it hangs so high—I can not reach
The golden fruit above me;
I can only go to the berry-fields
To pick for those who love me.

Blackberries ripe, blackberries sweet—
But oh, for the golden apples!
I covet for you the high-hung fruit
Which the yellow sunshine dapples.
But take the berries, my friend, with love,
For love is the sweet of living.
And it may be the fruit from the loftiest
boughs
Would not be worth the giving.

DR. C. S. PERCIVAL.

DURING his residence in Tennessee, Dr. Percival was a constant contributor of verse to the Louisville Journal, at the same time writing for the New York Tribune and the daily papers of Nashville and New Orleans. Since then he has written extensively for the leading dailies of America. The poems of Dr.



DR. C. S. PERCIVAL.

Percival have also been accepted by the Century Magazine, the New York Critic, and Littell's Living Age. His poem of the Shipwreck is considered a gem. Dr. Percival is known among the poets of the country for his fine fancy and poetic diction; yet he has made poetry subordinate to the business of his life as a faithful pastor.

ÆSCULAPIUS AND THE BLOOD OF
MEDUSA.

Minerva, so the legend says,
(And facts proclaim it true, sir,) Gave Dr. Æsculapius
The blood of slain Medusa.

Of all the blood that ever flowed,
This surely was the oddest,
To vouch for all that's claimed for it
I really am too modest.

With that which from the right side came,
Unless the legendsmock us,
He healed the sick and raised the dead:
Among the last, young Glaucus.

But that which issued from the left,
He used to put an end to
The lives of those unfortunates
Whom he was not a friend to.

A dangerous power is this, I ween,
To wield o'er mortal bodies;
Unless, like Æsculapius,
The one who wields, a god is.

But him the nymph Coronis bore
To the divine Apollo;
So he was quite immaculate,
Whate'er he made men swallow.

But Jove was angry that this god
Should raise to life the dead, sir,
And with his hardest thunderbolt
He hit him on the head, sir.

And so he died, as many a one
Has died for doing good, sir;
But to an endless line of heirs
He left this wondrous blood, sir.

Each self-styled Æsculapius
Will make his loudest brags, sir,
That he has got his share of it
Safe in his saddle-bags, sir.

Some blundering quacks have got it mixed,
And deal it out in doses
That sometimes kill and sometimes cure,
As stupid Chance disposes.

But ye, true Asclepiades,
Still keep the two parts separate:
Cork up the right for future use,
And let the left evaporate—

Or keep a little hid away
Within your safest coffers,
To dose the hated race of quacks,
Whene'er occasion offers.

The men who sport with human life
Are not a whit too good, sir,
To take, as sedative, a dose
Of left Medusan blood, sir!

THE SHIPWRECK.

"And were none saved?"

Ah, masters! here behold
The greatest wonder of this woful tale!—
All, all were saved, who courage had and faith!
For while the dreadful storm was at its worst
And the mad waves were rolling mountain
high,

And that wrecked ship, "The World," with all
its freight

Of precious souls, was wildly tossed about
In the engulfing Maelstrom of despair,
Lo! o'er the foaming billows hove in sight
A bark whose sails, instinct with life, were
filled

MAY ADELIA GLEASON.

BORN: ROCHESTER, N.Y., MARCH 24, 1862.

MISS MAY GLEASON is by profession an elocutionist, and as a teacher has been very successful. She resides in Lawrence, Kansas, where she is very popular. Miss Gleason is spoken of by the press as the leading lady el-



MAY ADELIA GLEASON.

ocutionist in America; she is simply grand—her manner is charming, her voice is sweet and of much power, and her character delineations are of the best. Both prose and verse of Miss Gleason have appeared occasionally in the periodical press. In person this lady is a little below the medium height, with light-brown hair and dark-blue eyes.

TO MY ROSES.

Roses! Smiling Roses!
Hearts of pink and white,
Sweetest flowers that blossom—
Ye are my delight.

Shedding fragrance 'round you;
Joy you give to me;
You fill my thoughts with wonder
Of the life that "is to be!"

Wondering whence can come,
The power that gave thee birth—
Painted thy lovely petals
And made thee things of earth.

Each sepal and each petal
Placed so fair and fine,
Seems to speak in voice so meek,
Of the Love that is Divine—

Of a love that never faileth,
For earth's children sore oppress't
Thou givest the life of thy sweet flowers,
To bring them peace and rest.

For the perfume of my Roses
Seems to quiet my weary brain;
Their brightness and fragrance
Makes glad the eye
And gives me new life again.

SING MERRY BIRD.

Sing, merry bird—
Sing all the day,—
Drive from my lonely heart
Sorrow away;
Chase from my pathway
The clouds all so dark;
Sing, for thou'rt happy,
Sing like the lark!

Can'st sing on forever
My beautiful bird?
The sorrow of some poor heart
Hast thou not heard?
Thou seem'st to drive care
Away from me here.
Sing as forever, and
Stay always near.

THE STARS.

Beautiful stars that shine ever bright—
Beautiful stars that glow every night;
E'er tho' clouded the sky sometimes be,
If the clouds be removed
Then we shall see thee.

Who knows but the angels look down from
above—
With eyes like the stars that seem full of
love—

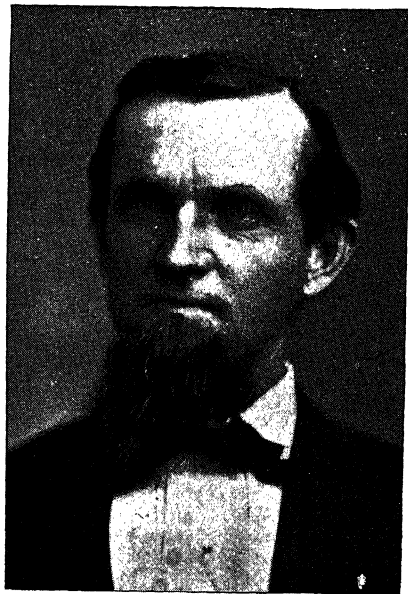
So bright is their twilight,
So merry with light—
And yet the world heeds them not,
For this is the night.

Sleep on, peaceful dreamer, sleep on if thou
will—
For to-morrow we journey again up life's hill.
In the midst of the cares and the sorrows of
life—
In the midst of the turmoil—'mid the scenes
of strife,
Night, like a beautiful angel comes in
And leaves us in peace from the world and its
sin.

EDWIN ETHELBERT KIDD.

BORN IN ALABAMA, DEC. 18, 1836.

AFTER receiving his education at Talladega, young Edwin studied law, in which profession he has been actively engaged for the past thirty years. He is regarded as a fine criminal lawyer, and one of the most eloquent popular orators in Louisiana, to which state he came in 1867. Mr. Kidd has been a member of the Louisiana legislature for several terms,



EDWIN ETHELBERT KIDD.

and was a delegate from the state at large to the St. Louis convention which nominated Tilden for the presidency. Mr. Kidd was captain in the confederate army, and was wounded in the battle of Mansfield. Capt. Kidd now resides at Ruston, La., where he is well known and highly respected. His poems have received quite a circulation, and two of his songs have been put to music.

CHILDHOOD.

How weird the night-winds steal
 Along the heath. I feel
 A spirit of the olden time
 Commingling with their silver chime,
 The olden time when I was young
 And earth's bitterness had not wrung
 My soul with anguish. Sad the day
 When its bright memory fades away.
 And yonder stars! they tell me, too,

Of other days when life was new,
 And childhood, with unselfish love,
 Gazed in their diamond depths above;
 The soul of nature seems to-night
 Attuned to strains of pure delight,
 And mine doth beat in unison,
 And the deep feelings coming on
 Impel me back to days long gone.
 Again in infant paths I stray:
 I mark the dancing streamlet's way,
 I wanton with its plashing spray,
 A wayward child.

Or with the butterfly I play
 Out on the wild;
 Or now upon my nurse's knee,
 Close where the ingle blazes free,
 I list her tale—

Her wondrous tale of airy sprites,
 And ogres seen on stormy nights,
 And their loud wail.

And things that stayed just o'er the hill
 Or haunted by the old stone mill,
 Or by the churchyard lingering near,
 Things bloody, dark and full of fear.

I list 'till in my fancy's train
 Sleep brings their awful shapes again,
 Or now my mother's song I hear,
 For music ever charmed my ear;
 Her song of times long, long gone by,
 Of rebel fends and warriors high,
 Of sorrowing maidens, love oppressed,
 And how his wrongs were oft redressed;
 And as the strains so sweetly rise,
 Just higher than the night wind's cries,
 Commingled with the moaning sound
 Of that old wheel whirled round and
 round,

How soft within my downy nest,
 I sink to childhood's balmy rest,
 The nurse's tales, my mother's song,
 The night-wind's strain,
 All make me wish I were a child again.

SONG OF AN INDIAN MAIDEN.

How wildly wakes the night-winds' song,
 How weird their music seems,
 As if the stars they dwell among
 And led their dancing beams,
 Or to some Weewa did belong
 And soothed its pearly streams.
 But not of stars their music sings
 And not of waves to me,
 There is a wilder transport springs
 From out their melody:
 They waft sweet strains upon their wings,
 My woodland chief of thee.

Oft in the lone and still hours
 I hear their murmuring breath,
 And as their witching music pours
 Along the silent heath,

I hear them whisper, he is yours,
 Yes, yours poor girl 'till death.
 And then I've loved that gentle strain
 And wondered if it knew,
 And oft have called it from the plain
 To say again of you;
 To-night I hear its voice again,
 To-night I feel 'tis true.

A WINTER NIGHT.

The nurse is nodding by the waning fire
 And the kitten's asleep in the children's bed,
 The shadows are flickering along the wall,
 And the clock is tolling for time that is dead.
 Over the snow comes the dog's lone howl,
 And the shelterless cow shakes her restless
 bell;
 The shivering swine draw close in the leaves,
 And with whimpering cries their sufferings
 tell.
 Hark! how the gusts of the wintry winds
 Shriek and moan through the snow-bent
 trees!
 God pity the poor who are out to-night;
 God shelter the shorn from the icy breeze!
 What sound is that? How the timbers fall!
 And blacker and blacker the dark clouds
 grow,
 A storm is crashing along the hills,
 A winter storm of sleet and snow.
 Oh! who may be out on a night so dread,
 Out upon sea or land? —
 But the God who rears the awful storm,
 Lifts, too, the shielding hand.
 Even now I hear the far-off roar
 Of winds already past;
 And where were darkening clouds before
 The light is beaming fast.
 Behold! the moon's calm, steady ray,
 And stars with glittering eyes,
 Where storm and darkness reigned supreme,
 Are brightening all the skies.
 Thus is it on "life's devious way" —
 When clouds of sorrow loom,
 An unexpected light may come
 And banish all our gloom.

LILLIEN B. FEARING.

THIS lady has written for publication from
 her youth, and her poems have been well re-
 ceived. She is now — 1890 — a student in the
 Chicago Union college of law.

LOST.

A moment's flash — a sudden ray of light,
 And lo, the wonder of two souls that stood
 In naked beauty of their angelhood,
 Love's gentle crown on either brow of might,

Their brave white wings stretched to the dark
 for flight,
 Vibrating to the music of the good,
 Majestic with the thought of all they would, —
 One flash, then darkness 'twixt those two, and
 night!
 Gone is that bright apocalypse of soul,
 Left but a low vibration through life's arc,
 As lightning leaves no footprint on the dark,
 Only the thunder-wheels' low after roll!
 Lost, like the dear words that are sought in
 vain

By some sweet tune that sings about the brain!

NOTHING NEW.

Now rock me gently, Mother Earth,
 That I may sleep with this dead year
 On whom drops many a frozen tear
 From night's cold cheek. Of little worth
 I count the year that is to be;
 I'm weary of the constant moon
 Whose path with flakes of fire is strewn,
 Her deathless passion for the sea.
 No new tides thunder at their bars;
 There is no quickening in the sun;
 Men scan the track which he must run,
 And count the footsteps of the stars.
 With iron laws they chain all things
 From sea to sun, from earth to star;
 They hear the whirlwind pant afar,
 And point the circuit of its wings.
 Oh, rock me forward toward the dawn!
 She cometh, blushing faint and far, —
 Within her forehead a white star,
 The glad young year her breast upon.
 But wake me not. What profits it
 To grind one's soul against Life's wheel,
 To pant and strain, and still to feel
 There's wrought no lasting benefit?
 All that my fervent soul to-day
 Unto the shrine of beauty brings
 Is but an echo of past things,
 And echo-like shall die away.
 What has been, is; what is shall be.
 O cyclic track on which we run!
 I'm dizzy, circling 'round the sun
 'Twixt eve and dawning ceaselessly.
 Then rock me gently; let me rest?
 I would not see this babe of Time
 With prophet brows and eyes sublime;
 The Old Year's heart beats in its breast.
 A hand has pushed us toward the sun;
 The infant year doth stretch his arms,
 And woo me with his rosy charms:
 What spell is on me? I am won!
 Mysterious passion that doth thrill
 'Twixt time and mortals! though we try
 To shun the wizzard in his eye,
 We cleave to him against our will.

VIRGINIA MAY HAYWARD

BORN: MUDDY CREEK, VA., MARCH 28, 1870.

THE poems of Miss Hayward have appeared in the Sunday Graphic, Erie Observer, and



VIRGINIA MAY HAYWARD.
the local press generally. She is the daughter of a clergyman, with whom she resides at Erie, Pa.

A WOMAN'S DEFENSE.

No, do not think you broke my heart;
Though I admit it gave me pain
That night you said that we must part,
And never, never meet again.
You were so wise, it seemed to me,
And from your wisdom used to tell
Of all that life and love might be.
Ah, this you told to me so well.
So well that ere I was aware
I knew like you the hidden things,
And breathed with frightened heart, the air
Of longing which earth's passion brings.
Not much of this; enough at best
That I had learned it comes in life;
Enough to leave for calm, unrest;
And for life's peace, to leave its strife.
Yet, do not think you broke my heart
That night you left me there alone;
Nor that although we're miles apart
My life and love are still your own.
You know that since then years have passed
And they have taught me to forget;

A better love has come at last,
And I am happier,— and yet —
Well, yet sometimes I think of you;
And wish, while knowing it is vain,
That our two lives might backward go,
And bring us to that night again.
And then that you who first unsealed
The book of knowledge to my sight
Had but been worthy of my love,
And I have loved you as I might.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew what friends who greet us
With a cordial look and tone,
And who give us warmest welcome
Say about us when we're gone;
If we only knew their honor
When perchance they see us come,
Or their joy at our departure,
Don't you think we'd stay at home?
If you only knew the lover,
Who in you has "met his fate,"
Tells another that same story
Down beside the pasture gate;
If you met him walking slowly
Through the fields where daisies grow,
And you knew where he was going,
Don't you think you'd "let him go?"
If you knew the faithful sweetheart,
Who has sworn she will be true,
Swears the same thing to another
Don't you fear that you'd swear too?
If you chanced to see her strolling,
Bright and gay and all heart whole,
With the "other" in the twilight,
Don't you think you'd let her stroll?
If we only knew the preacher
Who each Sunday eve and morn
Breaks to us the bread of heaven,
Wishes we had ne'er been born;
And if we who fill his benches,
Every holy Sabbath day,
Knew just where he'd like to send us,
Don't you think we'd stay away?
If the preacher in the pulpit
Who with holy zeal is stirred,
Knew we criticised his necktie,
And attended not a word;
If he knew when, service over,
And at home we sit and sup,
How we laugh about his sermons,
Don't you think he'd give it up?
If the preacher in the pulpit,
And his hearers all sedate,
If the sweetheart in the twilight,
And the lover by the gate;
If the friends who talk about us,
And if we who all talk too,
Knew a great deal that we don't know,
What do you suppose we'd do?

MRS. MARIA W. CONNERS.

BORN: CINCINNATI, O, JULY 10, 1843.

THIS lady was married in 1880 to John Connors, and resides in Stanwood, Wash., where she was known as the Puget Sound Poetess. In 1888



MRS. M. W. CONNERS.

appeared a neat volume of the collected poems of this lady, entitled *A Wreath of Maple Leaves*, a work that has been highly praised by the press. She now resides in Indiana.

TO LEROY.

We are on life's ocean, sailing,
 From the harbor land of youth,
 Where our hearts were once united
 And we pledged our vows of truth;
 But our boats were drifted outward
 On the tossing waves of life,
 And the fondest hopes were blighted
 By the storms of care and strife.
 Though the glooms of night may gather
 And the stars be lost to view,
 Still I almost feel the throbbing
 Of your loyal heart and true;
 And I bow my waiting spirit
 On hope's anchor as I drift,
 Silently on Time's broad current,
 Be her tide waves slow or swift.
 Yes, we both are sailing homeward
 To eternity's fair shore,
 And no passion storms can hinder
 As we enter heaven's door.

All our fleeting years are passing,
 And our boats are side by side;
 Yes, we both are sailing homeward
 On a swiftly ebbing tide.

IN THE PAST.

In the paths of pleasantness,
 By the rivulet of love,
 I have wandered hand in hand,
 'Neath the sunlight from above —
 With the aged and the young,
 With the timid and the strong;
 I have loved them, sad or gay,
 In home's sweet familiar way.
 I have watched the seasons go,
 When each hour seemed to be,
 From the spring to winter's snow,
 A fragment of eternity.
 Riches of immortal growth,
 Gathered from the fields of earth;
 I have watched them, day by day,
 Store their wealth for heaven away.
 In the future home of bliss,
 When the river's brink they've crossed,
 May I meet them, day by day,
 When the soul is free from dross —
 With the aged and the young,
 With the timid and the strong:
 I have loved them, sad or gay,
 As I met them day by day.

SONG OF THE SUMMER RAIN.

Sweet is the song of summer rain,
 Falling gently on golden grain,
 Dropping freshness on blade and spear,
 Washing dust from the silken ear.
 Dripping, dripping from bough and leaves,
 Dripping softly from roof and eaves;
 Sweet is the patter of the summer rain,
 Cooling the breast of the sunburnt plain.
 Out of the heart of nature springs
 The voice of welcome for all fair things;
 Flowers of beauty drink the rain,
 Offering fragrance to God again.
 Only for man doth raindrops fall —
 Just where he wants the sunbeams all —
 Over his little world to rest,
 Over the fields that he loves best.
 Finding no joy in the saving rain,
 Falling, like peace, on the heights to plain;
 Filling the springs on the mountain side,
 Rippling down to the river's tide.
 Cooling the parched and dusty street,
 Traveled o'er by the weary feet;
 Cooling the dry and sweltering air,
 Feeding the lives of the foul and fair.
 Ah! the sweetness of summer showers —
 What is the loss of a few brief hours?
 Waiting for nature with boundless health,
 Over all her children to scatter her wealth.

MRS. ESTELLE M. AMORY.

BORN: ELLISBURGH, N.Y., JUNE 3, 1846.

THIS lady has taught school at different times in Iowa and Illinois, and has been governess in private families both in Chicago and New York; and also taught music more or less since her youth. The poems of Mrs. Amory



MRS. ESTELLE M. AMORY.

have appeared in more than a hundred of the leading publications of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. She is now a resident of Dows, in the state of Iowa. The poems of Mrs. Amory have been highly spoken of by press and public.

THE AUTHOR'S CASTLE.

Beyond, unseen, in the land of dreams,

Is this mystical castle of ours,—

Where the fickle muse of the pen and quill,

Sits enthroned with regal powers.

With tapestry rare are in its high walls hung,

That fairies have woven with skill,

Of my ladies fine and glittering knights,

Who court and marry at will.

Here are treasures gathered from ev'rywhere

To be woven in story or tale;

Here are pearly teeth 'neath lips of red,

With cheeks of rose and lily pale.

Here are feet and hands a fairy might wear,

And a few to match giants bold;

While of faces and forms, of eyes and hair,
The number could not be told.

Its ev'ry nook holds a picture rare,
The artist's canvas can never know;
Of grassy slopes, pure purling streams,
Of Pisgah heights and vales of woe.

And here are the children of our thought—
Oh, how dear to our heart do they seem!
We join in their glee and weep o'er their
griefs,

Though living but in our dreams.

Beautiful castle, hidden from view,
Thou art trellised with fancies most fair;
While fragments of lyric and song unsung,
Ever float on thy dreamy air.

Many a strange tale thy stones could tell,
Of battles crowned with victor's cry,
And of hopes that were vanished 'mid the
strife

So brave and fair, but born to die.

TO A LITTLE BIRD.

Rirdie, birdie on the tree,
You're going south with your twee-dle-dee-dee;

How I miss you all day long,
And your happy warbling song,
But you are singing to little folks now,
From lemon tree or orange bough,
And in the spring you'll come to me,
To sing again your twee-dle-dee-dee.

VAIN REGRETS.

The sun was setting on a life misspent —
And as the mind o'er the past years went,
From the dying lips came the sad refrain,
"Could I but live my life again!

Oh then my aim should be so high!
That at life's close I need not cry
In deep distress, yet all in vain,
To live the wasted years again!"

A LITERARY WIFE.

Ah, the woes of the man

With a literary wife!

He has to do the cooking,

That he may save his life.

He sews on the buttons —

Or slaps on a patch,

While his better half, with pen,

Doth scratch, scratch, scratch!

The house and the bairns

Are the gossip of the town,

And the writer's name is famous

For many blocks around!

MRS. OLIVE S. ENGLAND.

BORN: SALEM, ORE., JAN. 29, 1851.

IN 1869 this lady was married to William L. England, a gentleman of integrity and financial standing. Mrs. England is a graduate of the musical conservatory of the Willamette university of her native city. She has been called one of the finest pianists in the state of



MRS. OLIVE S. ENGLAND.

Oregon. Mrs. England has also delivered several popular lectures and addresses, which have been published in pamphlet form. Her poems have been extensively published in many of the leading periodicals.

FRIENDSHIP TRUE.

I gazed upon her winsome face
Which glowed with intense feeling;
How I admired the kindly grace
Her tender eyes revealing!
I knew that I had met a soul
Who read aright my mission;
I knew that to us both had come
All friendship's full fruition.
Her face is tender, sweet and fair,
And yet so strong and noble,—
Reveals a friendship that will wear,
Lend strength in times of trouble.
Few friends will love us with our faults,
Alas, we all are human,
But this friend loves me as I am,
Ah, noble love of woman.

How seldom in this life of ours,
Where jealousy and envy
Oft lurks amid the fairest flowers,
And poisons feelings friendly.
Do we thus meet with earnest love,
Which is all free from passion,
The gross and sensual far above,
O, would it were in fashion.
Friendship, although a golden chain
That binds fond hearts together,
How easy 'tis to part its links,
Aye! sunder them forever.
But she is always true to me;
She makes me nobler, better,
Her friendship is a chain of flowers,
I love each shining fetter.
She is not rich! nor beautiful!
And her's a mission lowly,
But yet she is my patron saint,—
Her influence pure and holy;
And though she claims no special creed,
She holds a deep communion
With Him who knows the soul's great
need,
Divine, or sadly human.
And, as some sinful penitent
Before his saint in kneeling,
Pours out his soul in passion's prayer,
And seeks for God's revealing;
'Tis thus I often go to her,
Sweet, tangible and human,
And she and I speak heart to heart,
As woman unto woman.
As Christ had one, his "best beloved,"
Who leaned in trust upon him,
So may we hold some precious friend,
With special love may crown him.
True friendship is a holy thing,
Above, beyond all passion;
It is of that which angels are,
Alas! 'twere more in fashion.

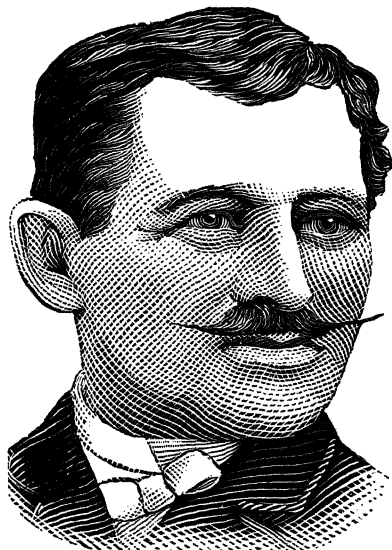
THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Close to earth a violet blossom'd,
Yet it raised its modest eyes—
Upward gazed in purple ether,
Drawing color from the skies;
While its golden heart, so tiny,
Was like a star that shone above,
Where the violet gazed with longing
'Till 'twas like its shining love.
But it sighed, "My humble mission
Is to bloom one little hour,
While, fair star, thou art immortal,
Grand thy work is, great thy power,
Brief my day of scent and blossom,
Filled with dewy tears my eyes,
Yet I long to be immortal,
Like the stars in purple skies." . . .

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

BORN: GREENSBOROUGH, PA., JULY 30, 1844.

ONE of the most original and prolific humorous writers now living is Robert J. Burdette. Two years after the birth of Robert, his parents removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and six years later to Peoria, Illinois, where he was educated. After serving as a private through the war he returned to Peoria, where he was employed as clerk in the postoffice. Subsequently he became a proof-reader on the Peoria Transcript,



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

and later filled the position of night-editor on the same newspaper. Mr. Burdette married in 1870. In 1874 he was engaged on the Burlington Hawkeye, where he soon gained for himself and the journal a world-wide reputation. Ten years later he left the editorial staff of the Hawkeye and engaged himself with the Brooklyn Eagle, the only journal with which he is now connected. In 1879 he removed to Philadelphia; since 1882 Mr. Burdette has resided at Ardmore, where his wife died two years later.

The greatest success of Mr. Burdette has been as a lecturer; several of his humorous books, however, have attained fair circulations. The subject of this sketch frequently drops into poesy, generally of a humorous strain, and his productions are widely read by his numerous admirers.

He commenced lecturing in 1876, and has since been one of the drawing cards of the platform.

The death of Mr. Burdette's wife was and is the great sorrow of his life. So much of her hand and influence ran not only between but in the lines of his work, and he says that whatever he wrote should have been signed Robert and Carrie Burdette.

RUNNING THE WEEKLY.

In the twilight, in the sanctum sat the editor alone,

And his mighty brain was throbbing in a very lofty tone;

But he checked a deathless poem, that was fraught with fancies dim,

And he thought of Quill, his "e. c.," and contrived a pit for him.

Then he stopped right in a leader on the European war,

While he wrote a puff for Barleycorn's new family grocery store;

And just as he got started on the "Outlook of To-day,"

The foreman came to say the "comps." had struck for higher pay.

Then he started on a funny sketch, a fancy bright and glad,

When Slabs, the undertaker, came to order out his "ad.;"

He smiled and wrote the title, "The Reflections of a Sage,"

When the panting devil broke in with — "they have pried the second page!"

He sighed, and took his scissors when the ever funny bore

Said, "Ah, writing editoria —" then he weltered in his gore.

And as the scribe was feeling happy, writing up the fray,

His landlord came to know if he "could pay his rent to-day."

In deep abstraction then he plunged the paste brush in the ink,

And stammered, "Thank you, since you will insist on it, I think —"

When from the business office came the cashier, "Here's a mess!"

Composish & Roller's put a big attachment on the press."

Then broke the editorial heart; he sobbed and said, "Good-bye!"

And forth he went, to some far land, from all his woes to fly.

But ere the second mile was flown, he sank in wild despair —

The Wabash line took up his pass and made him pay his fare.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

BORN: ALEXANDRIA, VA., MARCH 8, 1813.

CHRISTOPHER is the son of the great jurist, William Cranch, who was chief justice of the circuit court of the District of Columbia, to which he was appointed by President Jefferson in 1805, a position Mr. Cranch held until his death in 1855. During this period of fifty years but two of his decisions were overruled by the United States supreme court.

Christopher Pease Cranch has attained a reputation as a painter, which profession he followed from 1846 to 1870. He is a graceful writer of both prose and verse. In 1875 appeared *Bird and the Bell*, with Other Poems.

EXTRACT.

So, fair Moon, again I'm dreaming
On thy face above me beaming!
Orb of beauty, mid star-clusters
Hanging heavy with thy lustres;
Saturated with the sun-fire,
Which thou turnest into moon-fire,
Raying from thy fields and mountains,
Silvering earth's rejoicing fountains,
Crystal vase with light o'er brimming;
Eye of night with love tears swimming;
Heaven's left heart, in music beating
Through the cloud-ropes round thee fleeting.

THE BOBOLINKS.

When Nature had made all her birds,
And had no cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh — and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

She laughed again, — out flew a mate.
A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunshine reddening o'er them.

Incarnate sport and holiday,
They flew and sang forever:
Their souls through June were all in tune,
Their wings were weary never.

The blithest song of breezy farms,
Quaintest of field-note flavors,
Exhaustless fount of trembling trills
And demisemiquavers.

Their tribe, still drunk with air and light
And perfume of the meadow,
Go reeling up and down the sky,
In sunshine and in shadow.

One springs from out the dew-wet grass,
Another follows after;
The morn is thrilling with their songs
And peals of fairy laughter.

From out the marshes and the brook
They set the tall reeds swinging,
And meet and frolic in the air,
Half prattling and half singing.

When morning winds sweep meadow lands
In green and russet billows,
And toss the lonely elm-tree's boughs,
And silver all the willows,

I see you buffeting the breeze,
Or with its motion swaying,
Your notes half-drowned against the wind
Or down the current playing

When far away o'er the grassy flats,
Where the thick wood commences,
The white-sleeved mowers look like specks
Beyond the zigzag fences.

And noon is hot, and barn-roofs gleam
White in the pale-blue distance,
I hear the saucy minstrels still
In chattering persistence.

When Eve her domes of opal fire
Piles round the blue horizon,
Or thunder rolls from hill to hill
A Kyrie Eleison, —

Still, merriest of the merry birds,
Your sparkle is unfading, —
Pied harlequins of June, no end
Of songs and masquerading.

What cadences of bubbling mirth
Too quick for bar or rhythm!
What ecstasies, too full to keep
Coherent measure with them!

O could I share, without campaigne
Or muscadell, your frolic,
The glad delirium of your joy,
Your fan un-apostolic.

Your drunken jargon through the fields,
Your Bobolinkish gabble,
Your fine anacreontic glee,
Your tipsy reveler's babble!

Nay, — let me not profane such joy
With similes of folly, —
No wine of earth could waken songs
So delicately jolly!

O boundless self-contentment, voiced
In flying air-born bubbles?
O joy that mocks our sad unrest,
And drowns our earth-born troubles!

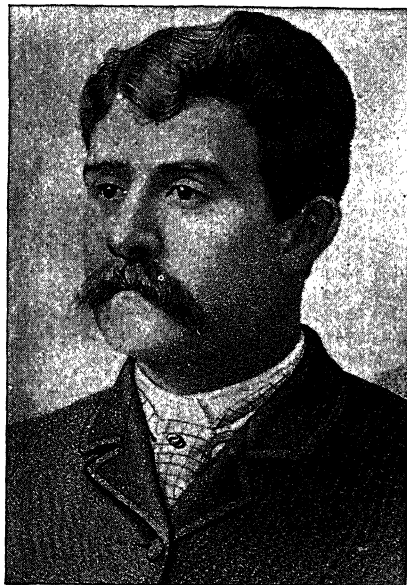
Hope springs with you; I dread no more
Despondency and dullness;
For Good Supreme can never fail
That gives such perfect fullness.

The Life that floods the happy fields
With song and light and color,
Will shape our lives to richer states,
And heap our measures fuller.

HENRY ALLEN BRAINERD.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., NOV. 4, 1857.

AFTER receiving a good education, Mr. Brainerd settled in Lancaster county, Nebraska, in 1884. Three years later he took charge of the



HENRY ALLEN BRAINERD.

Bennet Union, and in 1890 purchased the Milford Nebraskan, which paper he is at present sole owner and publisher. The poems of this writer have appeared extensively in the local press.

NEBRASKA, THE PRIDE OF THIS COUNTRY.

AIR:—COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Nebraska, the pride of this country,
With its wide rolling prairies so green,
Its vast fields of corn and its meadows,
Is the fairest of sights ever seen.
Its woodlands, its vales and its rivers;
Its farms stretching wide o'er the lea,
Oh! Nebraska, the gem of this country,
Is the home in this free land for me.

CHO.—Oh, Nebraska, Nebraska,
The fairest of lands we have seen,
The land of the free and the faithful,
'Tis the home in this free land I ween.

A few years ago 'twas a prairie,
'Twas a vast, rolling wild sanded plain,
But now by the hand of progression,
It is bounding with ripe golden grain.
'Tis the storehouse of peace and of plenty,

Its products extend to the sea,
Oh, Nebraska the gem of this country,
Is the home in this free land for me.

'Tis a land filled with milk and with honey,
Its storehouse is filled to the beam,
This land is for all who may enter,
To till its broad acres so green.
Look around you and see peace and plenty.
You can travel from sea unto sea,
But you'll find that the plains of Nebraska,
Is the home in this free land for thee.
There is room in this country for many,
And all who may come, you can hear,
The watchword ring out, and the echo,
Peace, plenty. Be thou of good cheer.
Look out on our fields, see there's plenty,
See our storehouses loaded with grain,
Hear the echo ring back for Nebraska,
Three cheers, once again, and again.

IN MEMORY OF A LADY FRIEND.

One flower has left a household fair,
Plucked by our Father's hand;
With us she never more will be,
She walks the golden strand.

We'll miss her long,
Our hearts are sore;
We'll meet again
On a brighter shore.

One budding rose, of promise rare,
So soon was called away:
But He, who rules the earth and sky,
Has taken her to-day.

Our hearts bowed down,
But in his power
We place our hope
And trust, each hour.

Her feet now walk the heavenly shores,
Called in the early morn;
She's watching at the golden gate,
Clad in an angel's form.

'Twill not be long,
But soon we'll be
Gathered as one
In eternity.

DAISY C. WILLIAMS.

THE poems of this young lady have occasionally appeared in the local press. Miss Daisy is now living in Cincinnati.

EXTRACT.

Let cannon peal their deafening sound,
Re-echoing o'er the land,
And waving flags on every breeze,
From lake to ocean strand,
Proclaim with one united voice
The glories of the West,
A country of a noble race;
With peace and plenty blessed.

MRS. KATE E. JONES.

BORN: CEDARVILLE, N.Y., JAN. 10, 1842.

MRS. JONES has been identified for years with the Women's Relief Corps, of which she is national chaplain, making her headquarters at Ilion, N. Y. She has delivered addresses before numerous G. A. R. encampments, and



MRS. KATE E. JONES.

has become very popular throughout the United States. In her spare time Mrs. Jones is engaged in teaching music, French and German. The poems of this lady have appeared in all the leading Grand Army publications, and the periodical press generally.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Twas in the time of the civil war, and dark
seemed the Nation's fate,
Our martyred Abraham Lincoln then sat in
the halls of State;
One day a poor old mother, from the hills just
south of here
Went up the streets of Washington, with
trembling hope and fear;
A weary one, with tear-dimmed eye, with tot-
tering step, and bent,
She came thro' the gate to the White House
door and asked for the President;
His ear, ever open to sorrow, caught the wail-
ing grief in her tone,
She looked so pale and pitiful; so weary, and
old, and lone,
He turned from the officer waiting, with grace

so tender and true,
Said, "I am he you seek, good woman!"
"Pray, what can I do for you?"
'Twas the story of a widow's only son, wound-
ed, dying, could fight no more,
They had promised his discharge; Oh, so ma-
ny weeks before!
And he was weary of waiting, had made as a
last request
To look once more on his dear old home, ere
they laid him down so rest;
"Would the President write an order, that she
might take with her away,"
"To tell them her son could go; Oh, would he
do it that day?"
He turned to the official standing and bade
him wait his return,
Then led the way out with a courtly grace no
school of manners could learn,
Down the avenue thro' the street, together
these two did go —
The Chief Magistrate of our Nation — she in
her faded calico —
Then to the War Department thro' the sultry
heat they speed, [ful need,
He in his high calm dignity — she in her piti-
thro' the various departments, the wearisome
round he went, [signed and sent,
And saw for "Instant Dismissal" an order was
'Twas a little deed of kindness, but the spirit
of Christ you see, [unto me."
"As ye do to the least of these ye do even so
This pity for the suffering that in this Great
Heart of the Nation beat
Is what our Lord and Master meant when he
washed the disciples' feet.
It shone forth in the Proclamation that bade
the oppressed go free,
When God smiled on Abraham Lincoln, and
gave us the victory.
When they, who rule this Nation, forget this
sacred trust,
Then shall "Our Great Republic" fall, her
banner trail in dust.

MRS. MATILDA C. DILTZ.

BORN: HARRISON, OHIO, 1829.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the local press generally. She resides with her husband at Covington in the state of Ohio.

EXTRACT.

The room is bright with a ruddy light
From the anthracite coal in the grate,
Flowers, paintings and mirrors bright
Reflect four-fold the scene as I wait,
As she clasps her beautiful babe to her breast
'Mid the gems of nature and art,
'Tis a glimpse of heaven with soul at rest
In the temple of the heart.

KATE GOODE.

BORN: BOYDTON, VA., NOV. 22, 1863.

UNDER the nom de plume of Bert Ingless this lady has written for the Chicago Advance, Christian Weekly and various other



KATE GOODE.

publications. Miss Goode still resides in the place of her birth, where she is surrounded by a host of friends.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER USED TO SING.

There's many a tone hath power to wake
Old memories in the heart:

There's many a well-remembered air
Can make the teardrops start;

The song of mirth brings back the hour
When the festal board was spread,
And the song of love can bring a sigh
To the lip when love has fled;

And dear the gay and the tender strains
Of other days may be,
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me.

I've heard the plowman's careless lay
Borne blithely on the gale;
I've heard the merry hunter's tune
Resound from hill and dale;

I've heard the song the soldier sings
Beside the bright camp-fire,
Till his eye burns with a fiercer light,

And his martial pride leaps higher;
And the sailor's song when the sails are
spread

And the winds are blowing free;
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me;

I've heard the Alpine shepherd's voice
Ring from the mountain's height;
I've heard the cottage songs that cheer
The peasant's hearth at night.

I've heard the wandering minstrel 'neath
The olive and the vine;
And the blithe grape gatherer whose song
Flows smoothly with the Rhine;

And the gondolier, as his light oar dips
To the music of the sea,—
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me.

I've heard the stately anthem peal
Along the minster aisle,
I've heard the grand Te Deum roll
'Round the cathedral pile;

I've heard the slow and solemn chant
Rise from the cloister dim,
And through the twilight, soft and low,
The nuns' sweet vesper hymn;

And the songs of the worshipers beneath
No roof but the forest tree,—
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me.

I've heard those airs the troubadour
Gave to the breeze afar,
And those the dark-eyed Spanish maid
Sang to her light guitar;

And the strains that once through the high-
land halls

To the ancient harp hath rung,
And the strange, wild melodies of old
That Erin's bards have sung;

And my heart hath felt the lingering spell
Of the by-gone minstrelsy,—
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me.

The cradle songs she used to sing
When the noise of the day was done,
And she folded me close in her arms to rest,
Like the flowers at set of sun;

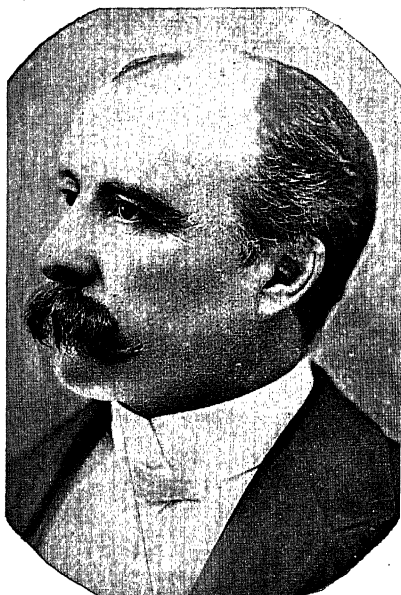
These have the strangest power to wake
Old memories in my heart;
And often when I hear them flow,
The tears unbidden start.

And dearer far in other ears
Some grander strain may be,
But the songs my mother used to sing
Are the sweetest songs to me.

A. A. WOODBRIDGE, PH.D.

BORN: NEWCASTLE, ME., JULY 20, 1840.

At the age of seventeen Mr. Woodbridge taught school, and upon graduating entered the teacher's profession. He was principal of Richmond academy five years; professor of classics in Gorham's seminary one year; principal of Rockland high school five years; president of Maine Educational Association, and



ABIEL A. WOODBRIDGE, PH.D.

conductor of teacher's institutes and educational lecturer several years. He has been associate editor and contributor to some of the leading periodicals of America. In 1877 he took a voyage to the coast of Africa and spent a year in trade and travel. Returning to America he again entered the educational field, in which work he continued until 1887, when he became connected with a large publishing house in Boston. As a lecturer Mr. Woodbridge has gained a national reputation. His lectures and sketches of travel are generally enlivened by a vein of humor, and are always enjoyable.

SANDY'S WILL.

Wal, the boys have gone to 'Frisco, and left me on the dump.

'Taint their fault, fur they wanted me to go;
But I seemed to feel as ef I wanted jest about
a week

To listen and to talk to Placer Joe.

But ef anything should happen to any of
them pals,

I never should forgive myself, I know;
For cribs is mighty plenty in that city full uv
sin,

And them boys kin make a cyclone think
she's slow.

'Taint es I am any better jest because I kep'
the ranch,

An' did 'nt go to Frisco on a tear.

I've ben thar too, an' you kin bet I'm dealin'
from the top,

When I tell ye I an' Sandy made a pair.

Pizen an' Indjans! did 'nt we have—no, that
ain't jest the thing,

Poor Sandy's off his roost, an' you kin swar,
That when a feller's planted, I ain't givin'
him away,

Especially when he allus dealt 'em squar.

'Twas a Sunday mornin', jest like this when
Sandy quit the game,

An' everything was quiet as the dead,

An' a shower er gold-dust could 'nt er beat
the sunshine as it dropped,

Through the scrub-oak leaves awigglin' over-
head.

All on sudden, Sandy sez,—sez he, "old pard,
come here."

He'd ben rastlin' with a fever more'n a week,
An' this mornin' arter sunnin he'd been actin'
kind er queer;

It had ben two days he had 'nt tried to speak.

Sez he, "old pard, I'm goin'—I shall break
camp 'fore an hour.

There, jest shet down that wood mill, and
don't fuss.

I'm dyin'—that's the English on't, an' one
thing I must tell

Afore the boys git 'round to raise a muss."

THE IMMORTAL.

Ever-living snow-capped Sierra!

Ever-living? or everlasting?

Is it living? or is it lasting?

Pan me the truth and throw over the error.

Wintry-locked seer! Are you eternal?

No? "What am I then?" Once you were
youthful.

Come, now, let's reason. Let us be truthful.
Read me the rock-records locked in your
journal.

Leaf after leaf, to the birthday—the vernal,
Back through the roll of the infinite ages,
Down to the plastic, the single-word pages
Warm from the womb of the molten mater-
nal.

ELLA ELVIRA GIBSON.

BORN: WINCHENDON, MASS., MAY 8, 1821.

DURING the early part of the late war Miss Gibson was engaged in organizing soldiers' ladies aid societies in Wisconsin. She was connected with the 8th Wis. reg. vols., known as the Live Eagle regiment — the history of the eagle, Old Abe, which during three years shared the fortunes of the war, is familiar to



ELLA ELVIRA GIBSON.

the public. In 1864 she was elected chaplain of the first Wisconsin heavy artillery, which was stationed in Virginia at Fort Lyon, which duties she performed until the close of the war. She has delivered numerous lectures.

THE JUBILEE.

From Scotia's frozen region
To Texas' burning zone,
Where Afric's swarthy legion
The driver's lash have known;
From many a flowing river,
From many a cotton plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from slavery's chain.
What though the balmy breezes
Blow soft o'er southern soil,
Though every prospect pleases,
The slave must sweat and toil.
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The master, in his blindness,
Sells muscle, brain and bone.

Shall we by Freedom lighted,
With banners floating high,
Shall we to slaves benighted
A freeman's rights deny?
O shout Emancipation,
The jubilee proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has heard Abe Lincoln's name!
Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nation
The Flag of Freedom wave,
And slavery, wrong, oppression,
Find one eternal grave.

THE STAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

O, what to me is golden treasure!
O, what to me is famed renown!
O, what to me is worldly pleasure!
O, what to me is beauty's crown!
For thieves may steal my golden treasure;
And tongues may blast my famed renown—
Or death may end my worldly pleasure,
And stars may fall from beauty's crown.
O, this shall be my golden treasure!
O, this shall be my famed renown!
O, this shall be my sweetest pleasure!
One star to own in friendship's crown!

REBECCA INGERSOLL DAVIS.

BORN: EAST HAVERHILL, MASS., DEC. 15, 1823.

GLEANINGS from Merrimac Valley is a neat little volume of prose and verse from the pen of this lady. She is still a resident of the place of her birth, where she is well known and admired, not only for her literary standing, but also for her pleasant and graceful ways.

BRIDAL HYMN FOR A PUPIL.

Crown, O crown the bride with flowers,—
Pluck the rose and lily fair;
Seek ye 'mid the fairest bowers,
Orange blossoms for her hair?
Youth upon her brow is smiling,
And her heart is light and free,
Beating high with expectation,
Of bright days she hopes to see.
Now before the altar kneeling,
Sealed on earth the marriage vow;
Quickly borne to Heaven's record,
Lo! the angel writes it now.
May those vows so pure and sacred,
Bind forever heart to heart;
In such lasting, blest communion,
As stern death alone shall part,
And when earthly scenes have faded,
May they re-unite above,
Where fond ties are never severed,
In that Home of peace and love!

MRS. ELLEN JAKEMAN.

BORN: BEAVER, UTAH, MARCH 7, 1859.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the *Woman's Journal*, *Western Galaxy* and the periodical press generally, and in 1887 Mrs. Jakeman published *The Border Scout*, a long



MRS. ELLEN JAKEMAN.

story in verse. She is the wife of J. T. Jakeman, editor of the *Home Sentinel*, of which publication Mrs. Jakeman is assistant-editor. She is president of the *Woman's Suffrage Association* for San Pete county, and has filled other positions with great credit. She still resides in her native state at Nanti.

DELUSIONS.

A little maiden with wind-blown hair,
Was straying 'lone on a summer beach,
She saw a shell like a jewel rare,
Slow swept by wavelets out of her reach.
The waves swept in, and the waves swept out,
Among the rocks where it found a home,
And softly floated the shell about;
The margin bordered with pearls of foam.
She viewed the treasure with longing eyes;
A shell so lovely is seldom seen;
It had the tintings of rainbowed skies,
In crimson, violet, gold and green.
For hours she strayed with joy unfeigned,
To gather shells from the shining sand;

None lovely seemed but the one unguined,
She threw them down with a careless hand.
She bared her feet to the cutting sand,
The water cold that she dreaded more,
And seized the shell with an eager hand,
And brine-bespattered she sought the shore.
Delusive water! delusive light!
For ashen dim in her palm it lay,
The beauty vanished, but now so bright,
She flung it with deep disgust away.
Soft came the chime of the vesper bells,
In minor strains sang the restless sea;
She blithely sought her discarded shells,
And homeward went o'er the grassy lea.
I bitterly said: "Is my life like this?"
I cast all treasures of youth away,
I bartered my soul for a dream of bliss,
Whose roseate hues turned dim and gray.
'Tis thus, yet not like the child at play,
If false, love dooms us to endless pain;
The treasures of youth once thrown away,
We may not gather them up again.

A SONNET.

Could I but read the heart of him I love,
And claim the half of every secret thought,
Or as a white dove folds its wings above
The little nest its tenderness hath wrought;
Might my love compass him by night and
day,
And that dark hour when God seems far
away,
Could I but drink from lips I love too well
The wine of life, for which I faint and thirst,
No song of earth my holy bliss could tell.
Sorrow and death, defied, might do their
worst;
Like Bethel's radiant star that love should be
To light the dark road to eternity.
Thought, heart and soul bows to this love of
mine,
I wonder what must be a love divine!

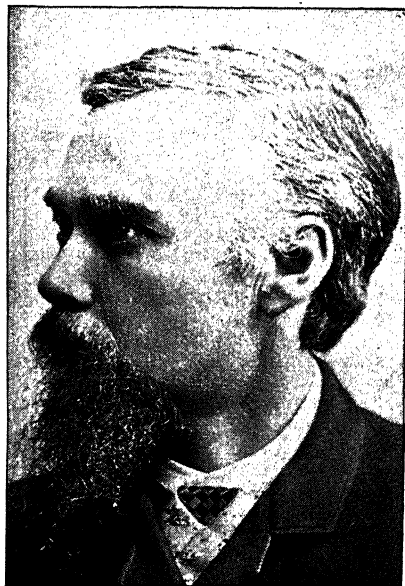
EXTRACT.

I saw you smile once, when I sought to prove,
Through logic's chosen channels, that "True
Love"
And "Happiness" identical might be,
I saw you smile indulgently on me,
As at some favored child's quaint vagaries.
Perhaps you marvel — one who ne'er express-
ed,
Should ever keep Love's image in her breast.
Years gone, I dreamed, upon a cloud afloat,
A pearl encrusted, fragrant, fairy boat,
I met Love's self in sweet immortal guise.

N. J. CLODFELTER.

BORN: ALAMO, IND., DEC. 14, 1852.

N. J. CLODFELTER, the Wabash Poet, and author of *Early Vanities*, *Snatched from the Poorhouse*, etc., was from his youth a boy of strong hope, vivid imagination, and a great lover and close observer of nature, but peculiarly averse to farm life. He became an early and careful student of ancient history, biography and poetry, and read with deep



N. J. CLODFELTER.

interest and much care all the most prominent poetical works of ancient and modern times. Mr. Clodfelter commenced his efforts at poetic writing when a mere boy, many of his shorter poems having been written when between the age of thirteen and seventeen. His first volume of poems was published in 1886, and has met with a very large sale. *Snatched from the Poorhouse*, a prose work, has also been received with great favor, the sales of this book alone having reached nearly one hundred and sixty thousand copies. From the sale of his works he has erected a beautiful home, known as *Knoll Cottage*, on a high knoll in the city of *Crawfordsville, Ind.*, at a cost of nearly \$20,000, where he now resides, and which in 1889 was visited by death, and cruelly took from him his pretty and accomplished little wife *Cinderilla*, the star and light of his beautiful home.

SPIRITS OF THE STORM.

Roll, thunders, roll!

On the cold mist of the night,
As I watch the streaming light,
Lurid, blinking in the south,
Like a mighty serpent's mouth
Spitting fire.

Peal on peal, the thunder's crashing,
And the streaming lightning's flashing,
Like great giants coming o'er us,
Dancing to the distant chorus,
In their ire,

Sowing fire.

From the wild sky higher, higher,
While the heaving angry motion,
Of a great aerial Ocean,
Dashes cloud-built ships asunder,
As the distant coming thunder

Rolls, rolls, rolls,

And shakes the great earth to the poles.

Roll, thunders, roll!

You awake my sleeping soul,
To see the war in rage before me,
And its dreadful menace o'er me,
Lightning,

Brightening.

Flashing,

Dashing;

Thunders booming in the distance,
Till the earth seems in resistance
To the navies sailing higher,
O'er the wild clouds dropping fire;
And there he comes! the wing'd horse comes,
Beneath great Jove whose mighty arms
Hurl thunder-bolts, and heaven drums
Her awful roll of sad alarms:
He stamps the clouds, and onward prances,
As from him the wild lightning glances;
By his neigh the world is shaken,

And his hoof so fleetly dances

That the lightning's overtaken,

And he feeds upon its blazing

Shafts, as if he were but grazing;

Stops, paws the clouds beneath his form,

Then gallops o'er the raging storm;

Flies on! his long disheveled mane,
Streams wildly through the leaden plane

Of the dull skies,

The while the drapery of the clouds,

Wraps this spirit as in shrouds,

Our darting eyes

In vague surprise

Arise,

And trace the wandering course
Of heaven's fleet-foot winged horse!

Roll, thunders, roll!

As lightnings in the arching scroll,

Streak the heavens in their flight

By their dazzling flow of light;

While old Neptune, all alone,

Is sitting on his mountain throne,

O'er the sea,
 In a mood so lonely, he
 Thrusts his trident by his side,
 With such force that the great mountain
 Opens a deep cavern wide,
 And bursts forth a living fountain
 Sparkling with its silvery tide;
 And the Nereids, fifty strong,
 To the water's babbling song,
 Like fairy wands
 From Neptune's hands
 Sally from this cavern wide,
 Sailing o'er the gray cold rocks,
 With their fairy rainbow locks,
 Down upon the water's brim,
 Either way the surface skim,
 Till their taper'd fingers' tips
 Gently in the water dip;
 Then beneath the raging skies
 Neptune in his chariot flies

O'er the sea,
 With his trident in his hand,
 In a bearing of command,
 Fitting to his majesty,
 He calls to his daughters
 To quit the wild waters,—
 He calls but they heed not his word:
 Then his trident he hurls
 At his sea-nymph girls,
 But the truants — they flee from their lord.
 Unto the clouds they go

In the whirlwinds of the storm,
 Arethusa leads the way
 Wheresoe'er the winds may blow.
 She lithely moves her graceful form
 As if she would herself survey,
 And then she rides the southern wind
 And bids her sisters follow,
 And leave old Neptune far behind,
 Lord of his mountain hollow,—
 To nurse his wrath
 And tread his path,
 And curse his fairy daughters,—
 These mountain elves
 That freed themselves

From the lord of ocean's waters.
 He grasped a trident in his hand
 That mystic rose at his command,
 And wildly blew till the great ocean
 Trembled like an aspen-tree,
 And winds that were in wild commotion,
 Whirling through immensity,
 He'd by his magic art control
 And gather in a secret scroll
 And hurl them at his Dorian daughters
 O'er the heaving angry waters,
 Till the growling thunders roll,
 Giving spleen to Neptune's soul
 As he sees them dart through air,
 Daughters fifty, all so fair,
 Free from the Ionian Sea,

Designed to be
 Their destiny.
 Roll, thunders, roll!
 Till the many church-bells toll
 Once in unity,
 Touched by the enchanting wand
 Of his majesty,
 Who's arbiter of sea and land,
 And marks each destiny.
 But there!
 The fair-faced nymphs of air,
 Metamorphosed from the Dorian sea,
 O'er the waters,
 Lovely daughters,
 Through the misty clouds they flee,
 Their fairy forms
 Float o'er the storms
 So swift and magic'ly
 That on the wings of the long streaming
 flashes
 They ride, and they dance their delight,
 Wear crowns of electrical dashes,
 And bask in their dazzling light.
 Where the deep-voiced thunder peals louder,
 And the long sheeted lightnings play fast,
 We see them peep through the dark cloud, or
 Ride off on a sulphurous blast.
 When the storm to its fullness is raging,
 And all Nature at war seems to be,
 The cloud-sphere is then more engaging
 To them than a wild breaking sea.

But now the growling, rolling, grumbling,
 Thunders in the distance mumbling,
 Fainter, fainter, dying, dying,
 And the lightning dimmer flying,
 O'er the dark cloud westward lying,
 As the morning in her glory
 Bursts forth like an ancient story,—
 The while the resting sunbeams light
 On this dark cloud of the night,
 And the arching rainbow's given
 To the spirit-forms of heaven,
 In a moment unrolled
 In its pinions of gold,
 And quick as its birth
 It o'ercircles the earth:
 And there the spirits of the storms
 Sit and rest their weary forms.

EXTRACTS FROM "SIOUSKA."

Their trysting place, their trysting place,
 Adown beneath the slanting hill,
 Where weaving ivies interlace
 With creeping vines above the rill,
 And reeds and flowers grow down beneath,
 And deck the wild and glowing heath,
 And vipers rustle in the weeds,
 As antler'd deer leap by with grace,
 And panthers prowling thro' the reeds,
 Are welcomed to their trysting place.

She feels a kiss upon her lips,
A pressure of her finger tips,
In sweet compassion; is her mind,
Though peopled with such thoughts refined,

In a deep rhapsody, while keeps
The hawthorn's vigil as she sleeps
So placidly?—

The pretty water-lilies bloom
Amid the flag and knotted weeds
So purely white, like rays of light
They shine among the tangled reeds.

DANCE ON THE LETHE.

EXTRACTS.

Roared the River, clashed the bones,
Chimed the harps in softer tones,
Every sound was in its place,
Every fairy moved with grace,
Not a discord broke the spell,
All was music in the dell:

Some would wake, and some would sleep,
Some would dance, and some would weep,
Some would laugh, and some would cry,
Some would sob, and some would sigh;

Roared the Styx in thunder tones;
Beat the water with their bones,
Every crash, and gentle chime,
Kept within its proper time.

PLEASURES OF HOME.

EXTRACTS.

Oh! sweet days of romping childhood,
Oh! the little ills of childhood,
Each day turns its written pages,
Turns them gently out of sight, then
Folds them down in logic order,
To remain in dusty covers,
For the age of meditation.

Down this deep dark vale of silence,
Hands will gently rise before us,
There to point the weary traveler,
Backward o'er the path he's traveled:—
Oh! the golden thought, if golden;
Oh! the gloomy thoughts, if gloomy;
Will still follow, onward, onward,
Down the valley dark or golden,
As the light or shade behind us,
That we made to follow onward,
In the footsteps left behind us.

Let me live within the sunshine
Of the loved ones in my cottage,
Where hearts flutter with winged joy,
When my step is heard approaching;—
Home, oh! home! the sweetest harbor,
For the weary soul to rest in;
Where is treasured love and joy,
Peace and honor, born of heaven,
All uniting into pleasure.

THRENODY.

And I have sung in vain so long,
I scarce can feel new courage rise,
The wealth of soul I've giv'n to song,
Still to my sorrow multiplies:
I know not why I've sung in vain,
For in my breast I've felt the power,
Of poesy swell up again,
And blossom in a lonely hour;—
The hope I've nursed within my breast,
Is now of doubtful mien and cast;—
The fire is smothered, and oppressed,
That glows spontaneous to the last.

PURITY.

Where is the maid so chaste and pure,
That virtue firmly blends with grace,
And honor binds herself secure,
Above a ruined, fallen race?

'Tis not — oh, no, — the vain coquette,
Whose roguish eye is steeped with woe,
And sober mien a woven net,
To catch some triste or silly beau.

'Tis not the flirt who steals your heart,
And in return gives hers forever,
Then steals it back by cunning art,
And leaves you love's strong cords to sever.

'Tis not the one whose painted cheeks
Are powdered up and crimsoned red,
Who primps her mouth up when she speaks,
Till words seem fast within her head.

'Tis not the handsome giddy jilt,
That by superior charm allures
Whose very conscience aches with guilt,
And guilt itself her soul insures.

'Tis not the quaint loquacious maid,
Whose flattering tongue inclines to move
In language that true hearts evade,
And virtue never can approve.

It is the maid whose potent mind,
Stands zealously at virtue's test,
Whose inmost being is refined,
And purity her soul's bequest.

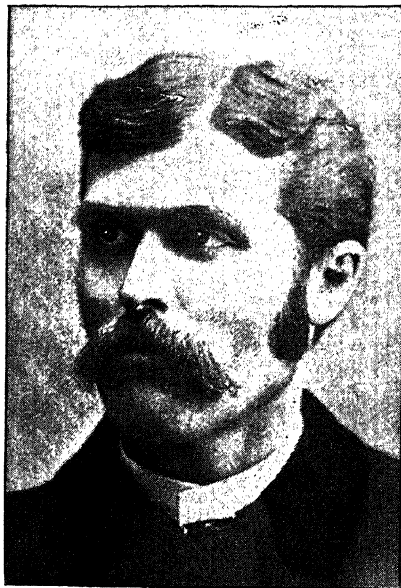
INTRODUCTORY ACROSTIC SONNET.

Naught this volume have I penn'd for praise
Or condemnation, and I shall disclaim
All early expectations of a name;
However, pleasant hours in early days
Came to me as I wrote these simple lays.
Lost in the labyrinthine bowers, or shame
Of poesy, it matters not — there came
Despondency to greet me, and the plays,
For sporting childhood, had no charm for me.
Enough to know, then, why I wrote to kill
Long time that drags me on against my will,
To the dark brink of vast eternity,
Encompass'd by oblivion's silence, still
Retiring in the vale of Lethe's hill.

CLINTON LYSANDER LUCE.

BORN: STOWE, VT., SEPT. 28, 1854.

At the age of eighteen Clint left home, his mother having died the same year, and went to Minnesota, near Albert Lea, making his home with an uncle. He never admired farming as an occupation, and consequently embraced an early opportunity to attend the high school of Albert Lea and fit himself for teaching, which calling, coupled with farming, he pursued until the autumn of 1878 when he



CLINTON LYSANDER LUCE.

entered the office of the Freeborn County Standard. In 1882 he became attached to the Albert Lea Enterprise in the capacity of associate editor, and in July of the next year he succeeded to a half interest in that paper, and still holds the position of editor and proprietor jointly with Hon. M. Halvorsen. Mr. Luce enjoys studying literature, ancient mythology and medicine, and writes more for other publications than his own, both in prose and verse.

DREAMS.

I dream of days now long forever fled —
 A time when life was earnest, real and true,
 Before the hope of happiness was dead;
 Before life's sorrows filled my heart anew
 With fleeting fancies — wishes never gained —
 Though oft they seemed close to my eager grasp;
 Ambition lured to heights I ne'er attained,

To friends whose hands I always failed to clasp.

I often dream of days that now are here,
 Of hopes that urge me on my toilsome way;
 Of stars that shine, my wayward path to cheer,
 Up to the realms of longed-for famed day.
 The more I strive the farther off it seems —
 This goal for which I vainly dream and hope,
 The sun obscured — to me it hides its beams —
 While I in doubt my rayless pathway grope.

Then I have dreams of life not yet begun,

Hidden away in years — long years — to be,
 On wheels of life — where golden threads are spun

When toil is done — the weary spirit free.

This dream is one I fain would realize;

To prove that life is not quite all in vain,

But if it reaches far beyond the skies —

Before death comes — oh, let me dream again.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

How deep our vigils or how flow our tears,
 Is not determined by the length of years
 We live — and living find how false a friend
 Can be. 'Tis thus we find the world does trend.

Who lives for friendship lives not wise or well,
 He yet will live to hear its funeral knell.

A ONCE FAMILIAR FOOTFALL.

I hear a footfall on the stair without,
 Ascending, now, how loud it greets mine ear,

I seek to know the owner — oh the doubt,
 That fills my soul with anguish and with fear.

How long that stairway — step by step I hear
 That sound once so familiar, now how rare —
 Upon my hearing comes the sound so clear,
 It seems to vibrate heaven and earth and air.

But list the top, the fatal step is passed!

It comes! My doorway close. It draweth by!
 Be still, sad heart! The world that is so vast
 Has little need for sorrow or its sigh.

My door is reached — and will he come to me —
 And take the chair now vacant — woe be-
 tide —

He enters not — that I should live to see —
 Him pass me by upon the other side.

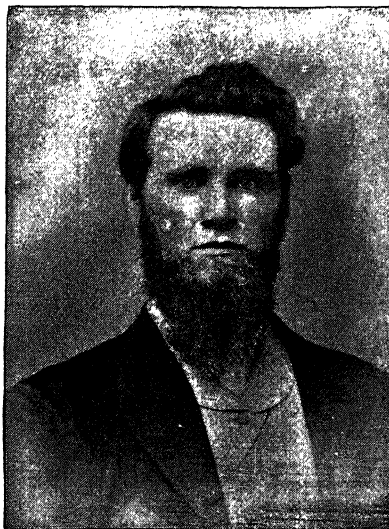
If this be life as others find, I swear,
 I get no pleasure from the useless strife —
 There is no happiness without despair,
 In every heart I find that woe is rife.

And so for footfalls now no more I list,
 How worse than foolish e'en to have a friend,
 I close my heart alike to one and all,
 And to the world no cordial greeting send.

REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

BORN: CLYDE, OHIO, DEC. 28, 1838.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Richards entered the ministry of the Methodist church, and has been stationed at Dixon, Prairie City, Sioux City, Fort Dodge, Spirit Lake and sev-



REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

eral other places in Iowa. He has written poetry more as a pastime. The poems of the Rev. Richards have appeared in the leading christian periodicals, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press.

AUTUMNAL.

Purple, and Green and Gold!
Lo! the year is growing old,
And the night-winds chill the dews
Until they are pale with cold;
New tastes old trappings refuse,
And the groves and prairie wide,
And landscapes on every side,
Are donning Autumnal hues
Of Purple, and Green and Gold.

Purple, and Green and Gold?
'Tis a painter skilled and bold
That is touching the picture fair;
And the tints he is seen to hold
In his hand, are rich and rare,
And they assume a Magic place
In the scene he deigns to grace,
While he shades it here and there
With Purple, and Green and Gold.
Purple, and Green and Gold!
There's a loveliness untold

In the fading grass and leaves,
And he who cannot behold
A glad beauty here, but grieves
At Autumn's change, stands aloof
From charms, and a somber woof
In life's web he throws, and weaves
No Purple, and Green and Gold.

Purple, and Green and Gold!
The buds which we saw unfold
In bursting Spring, spreading wide
Such a charm-spell uncontrolled,
But ope'd to the Autumn tide—
This brighter, maturer stage
Of verdure, and foliage,
And of fruits now glorified
In Purple, and Green and Gold.

Purple, and Green and Gold!
Oh! when we are growing old,
When youth and the ripening prime
Of life are past, and the cold,
Cold winds shall blow, may the time
Of our Autumnal show
A moral glory bright, and glow
In colors more sublime
Than Purple, and Green and Gold.

ANEMONE.

Wind-flower, blooming
In the spring,

Cosily,
Gracefully my path along,
Thou art coming,
And I'll sing —

List to me
While I chant a welcome song.

Wrapped in slumber —
Fast asleep —

Dreaming they,
All besides on Nature's breast —
All the number —
Vigils keep

Wind-flower gay,
Harbinger of all the rest.

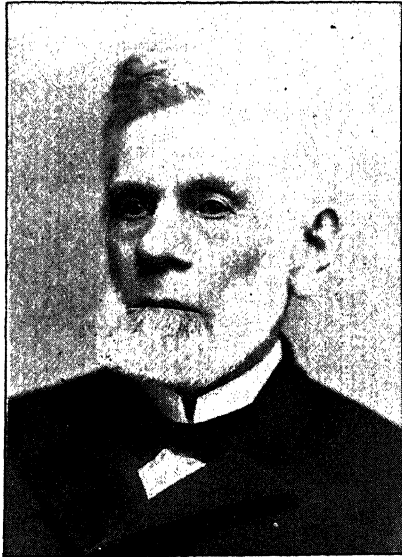
Tho' a tender,
Fragile thing,
Ere the snow
All has gone, and winter cold—
Strong tho' slender

Up you spring,
Quickly grow,
Then thy pretty blooms unfold.

Thee defending —
All around
(Queer defence)
Now thy downy guard-leaves stand;
They are lending,
With profound
Vigilance,
All the aid at their command.

MOODY CURRIER.

BORN: BOSCAWEN, N. H., APRIL 22, 1806.
GRADUATING in 1834 with high honors from the Dartmouth college, this gentleman has since received from his alma mater the degree of LL.D. For a number of years he practiced law at Manchester, N. H., and since 1848 has



MOODY CURRIER.

been a prominent banker. Mr. Currier was the governor of his state in 1884 and 1885 and has filled many other prominent political positions. In 1881 a neat volume of poems appeared from the pen of this gentleman, entitled *Early Poems*, which has had a wide sale and has received the encomiums of the press throughout the United States.

THE ADIEU.

Lady mine, I need not tell you
What the tears of anguish spoke,
When my fainting eyes beheld you,
As they gave the parting look.
In my bosom then were swelling
Feelings such as none can tell,
As, with tongue and heart unwilling,
Falt'ring sighed I, "Fare thee well."

Not my native land forsaking,
Where my infant lot was cast,
Where a thousand scenes awaken
Thoughts of friends and pleasures past;
Not to green and sunny bowers,
Where my childish moments flew;
Not to pleasure, scenes, or flowers,
Weeping, sighed I that adieu.

No, 'twas not companions leaving;
No, 'twas not the sweets of home:
Which was in my bosom heaving,—
'Twas the thoughts of thee alone.
Could I leave thee, vainly striving
To conceal what sighs might tell?
Not without the keenest anguish,
Could I utter, "Fare thee well."

HOPE.

Mary, the night may look black
With clouds, with tempest and storm;
But hope cheers the traveler's track,
With the speedy approaches of morn.
Mary, the shadows of woe
May threaten to burst on our head;
But sweeter the transports shall flow,
When the anguish of sorrow is fled.
Mary, misfortune may spread,
O'er the prospects of youth, its dark shroud;
But hope in its brightness will shed
Its sweet beams of joy o'er the cloud.
Mary, th' affections of youth,
And the soft smile of friendship may die;
But hope, like the fountains of truth,
Flow down from regions on high.
Mary, though life, like a flower,
May wither and fade in its bloom;
Hope points to a bright sunny bower,
Through shadows that hang o'er the tomb.

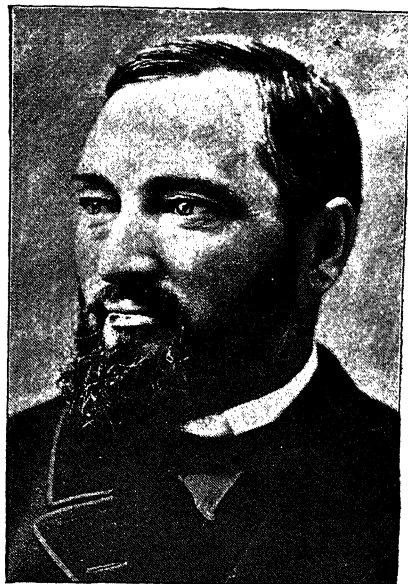
IF I WERE A CHILD.

If I were a child I'd sport and play;
I'd rove through woods and fields;
I'd pluck the earliest flowers of May,
And drink the sweets they yield.
I'd sit by the side of the babbling brook,
As the zephyrs passed along;
I'd hide in the alders' shady nook,
And mock the red-breast's song.
I'd find where the painted rainbows rise,
And chase them from morn till noon:
By night I'd watch at the foot of the skies,
And catch the rising moon.
I'd seek where the sweetest wild flowers blow;
I'd find where the streamlets run: [grow,
In the meadows I'd find where the fox-gloves
The tall wild grass among,
I'd make me wings to fly in the air;
I'd rise at the break of day,
And catch the larks that were singing there;
And drive the hawks away.
I'd build me a boat, a jolly boat,
As light as the lightest feather;
And on the dancing waves I'd float
In the bright and sunny weather.
If I were a child how sweet 'twould be
To prattle and laugh and play; [knee,
Then at eve to be rocked on my mother's
And sleep my cares away.

REV. JAMES H. EDWARDS.

BORN: COLUMBUS, IND., MARCH 16, 1839.

REARED on a farm, James continued on it until 1862, when he entered the Union army, serving in the Army of the Tennessee about three years. He then went to school and taught in the schools for about ten years. Afterward Mr. Edwards entered the ministry, and ever since has been actively engaged in it, serving



REV. JAMES H. EDWARDS.

some of the prominent churches of the Disciples in Indiana and elsewhere. In 1885 he received a call to a congregation in the city of Melbourne, Australia, which he accepted and served for thirteen months. Returning home via Adelaide S. A., Aden in Arabia, Egypt, Italy, England, Ireland and New York, Mr. Edwards thus circumnavigated the globe.

SYMPATHY.

Who can hear the heaving sigh,
Wrung from hearts forsaken;
Watch the dimmy, tear-set eye,
When the soul's o'ertaken
First with sorrow's bitter tide;
See the sets of jewel,
That upon the tear-paths ride
From a cause so cruel;
Hear the moans that cursed shame
Wrings when hearts are broken;
Witness rising up the flame
Which conscious guilt betoken;

And feel not to him 'tis wrong,
Shameful wrong, who, turning
Quick away with soulless song
From the anguish burning,
Careless heeds the ruin made,
Feeling naught of pity?
Cold the heart that never paid
Debts of sun-lit Sympathy!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Do you hear those silver chimes,
Ringing out so loud and clear!
Yes; 'tis merry Christmas times,
Gayest times of all the year:
CHO.—For, Happy hearts and happy voices
Sing the songs that Christmas brings;
And every little one rejoices
Over Santa Claus' things.
Let the children now alone,
Cheery words to them be said,
Blessed joys their spirits own,
As they dance in happy tread:
Once a year these glad some scenes
Bring to them their welcome cheer.
Drive away what intervenes,
If it mar their pleasures dear:
Be one day in every year
Consecrated to their glee.
Christmas be the children's cheer,
Cheery as glad cheer can be:

BETTER THAN A ROSE.

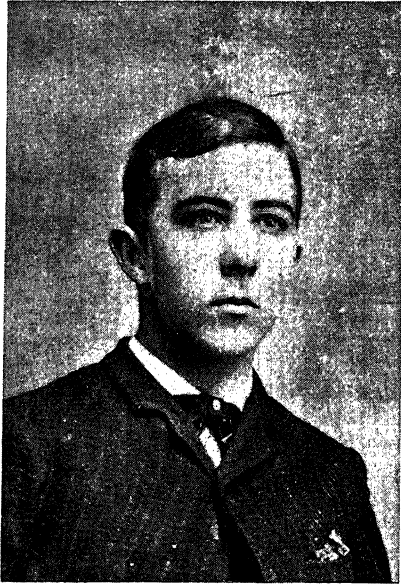
A little rose came forth one day,
And blush'd in hues of early morn;
Its odors sweet were borne away,
Where lay one feeble and forlorn.
Its beauty made the spirit glad,
And help'd to cheer a lonely hour;
Its fragrance sooth'd away the sad
And dreary gloom with silent pow'r.
A fretful wind broke off its stem,
(Its hues impal'd, its odors ceas'd,)
And, dropping down, it soon became,
Of things that were, the very least.

So, too, a little child was born,
And smil'd its innocent delight
Through all the day, from rosy morn
Till deepen'd shadows made the night.
The mother-heart soon learn'd to pride
Each token of its wak'ning pow'r;
But, like the rose, it drooped and died,
And cast its fragrance in an hour.
And yet, not like the rose which fell
And perish'd on the humid land,
This little one can rise and tell
The sweeter joys of a heav'nly band.

ELWOOD ELDENNE SMALL.

BORN: MARSHALL, MICH., JULY 22, 1869.

ATTENDING the high schools of Marshall and Valparaiso, Elwood later took a literary course in the University of Chicago, which institution conferred upon him the degree of Bachelor of Literature. A printer by trade, Mr. Small drifted into journalism and has pub-



ELWOOD ELDENNE SMALL.

lished various periodicals. His poems have appeared in the Chicago Times and Inter-Ocean, Cosmopolite of Cincinnati, and other prominent papers. In 1880 a small collection of the poems of Mr. Small were published under the title of *Rhymes with Reason and Without*, a work which received favorable mention.

THE "MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Oh, the "Might Have Been" is a lovely path,
Decked out with the sweetest flowers;
It leads from the dust of the world's highway,
Thro' eternal blooms
And sweet perfumes,
To lovelier, holier realms than ours.
Weary and dark is the world's highway;
But the "Might Have Been" path is fair.
Soft breezes blow o'er its pleasant length,
And on either side
The lilies in pride
Raise their lovely heads in the fragrant air.
As I plod in the heat of the common way,
A wondrous vision I see
In the "Might Have Been" of a dainty home,

And a woman fair,
With golden hair,
My wife, who is watching, half-beck'ning me.
And I do not mourn that I leave her there,
Away from the dust and heat
Of the path I trod, with my burdensome load
Of trouble and pain,
While my throbbing brain
Aches, as I plod on with faltering feet.
No. It is far better as it is.
My life may be lonely and drear;
But "my wife," the sweetest, most precious
Of sounds,
With an echo of love
From far above,—
From the heights of the "Might Have Been"
I hear.

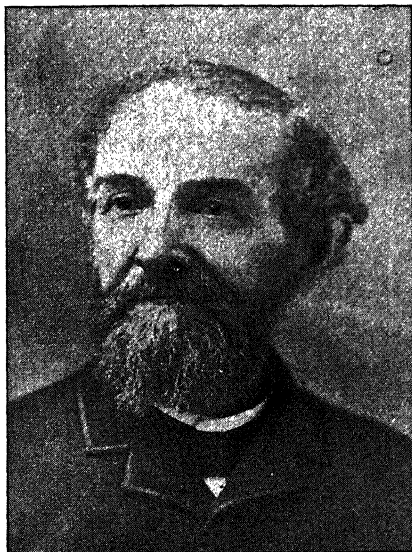
A MEMORY.

I sit to-night at my opened desk,
And turn its treasures o'er,
While my thoughts glide back on airy wing
To days of the happy yore.
And among the reminders of fleeing years,
I find,—Oh, pity me,
A token pale of a love long dead,
I ne'er thought more to see.
'Tis a lover's fond gift, a faded rose,
Pinned to a parchment white,
On which he wrote, "I'm coming, Maude,
Expect me by to-night,
To greet your waiting lips again.—
Your Harry." That is all.
But how my heart enraptured leapt
At Love's impassioned call!
And so he came! And my memory paints
Again that summer day,
With its wealth of joy and happiness,—
Which I thought would last alway.
The words of love he spoke, I'd hoped
Forgotten long ago,
When first I learned their treachery,
Oh, God! The pain and woe.
For he counted glittering wealth and pow'r
Worth more than love, true and pure,
And in the pride of vanity, bowed
To the tempter's golden lure.
But I would not that his pretty wife
Should know the heart and vow
He broke, or guess at the cruel wrong,
For she may be happy now.
So, I'll keep thee now, thou faded rose,
Lest, some day, in my ear,
Another may whisper his tale of love,
And I be tempted to hear.
But I'll look on thee, and my heart will turn
From his passionate words away,
For the lesson learned in that hour of pain
Cannot be forgot in a day.

GEORGE F. NUTTING.

BORN: MASON, N. H., DEC. 18, 1821.

THE poems of Mr. Nutting have appeared for the past quarter of a century in the Fitchburg Sentinel, Watchman, and various other



GEORGE FRANKLIN NUTTING.

publications. He has followed the occupation of train inspector and car painter for over thirty-five years. The poems of Mr. Nutting have been well received.

LONGFELLOW.

ACROSTIC.

Here now I wait, with staff in hand,
Encamped quite near the beulah land,
Near life's evening twilight, which seems
Reflected from some land of dreams.
Yellow and sere — I now appear

Worn and weary. Seventy-fifth year
At length comes round. These rolling years
Re-echo back their joys and tears.
Deep in my heart, a deeper joy
Sits there enthroned, than when a boy.
Within my heart, e'en then, I found,
Oft cropping out a rhyme, most drowned,
Revive afresh, when manhood came,
Till rhymes and poems led to fame.
Her honors yet I never sought,

Led thus along, dame nature taught,
Or muses fair, to wield my pen,
Not sword or sabre, killing men —

Gift most supernal, may your rays
From muses shine, to guide my lays,
E'en through the remnant of my days,
Like autumn leaves, o'er hill and plain,
Linked with the spring, the sun, the rain.
Oh! let me die; (and yet I may)
When autumn leaves are painted gay.

Silent emblems, yet how they fade—
Emblems of life, in light and shade,
Vainly I strive, and all in vain,
Endeavoring to be young again.
Nature's voices, and reason, too,
Teach me that all things die, below,
Yet mortal man, in sin and strife,

From earth, puts on immortal life—
In our Redeemer's work sublime,
Vain man may share, in every clime;
E'en here I rest — here ends my rhyme.

A SERENADE.

Not a sound was heard, nor a bugle-horn
note,

As on a fair cot a fair couple were sleeping,
Save, now and then, a snore from the throat
Of the bridegroom, and bride in his keep-
ing.

'Twas a hot summer night, and their screen-
ing was thin,
And the gauze window curtains much thin-
er.

The window was up, and here they came in,
This serenade band, now led by a sinner.

He now bids them halt, and then sails around,
Takes notes, sings a song, and then up and
kisses

The bride—singing anon—she hears not the
sound,

Nor the band in its chorus of blisses.

By a toot of his horn, the singers advance—
The ramparts unguarded, the sleepers are
snoring;

They strike up a march, as this couple in
trance

All the while this sweet music ignoring.

Like the zephyrs, they sing the best on the
wing,

(I venture, their wings do the singing) —
On their arms, on their face, in their ears they
will sing,

And kiss with their bills, while chorus is
ringing.

Oh! sweeter than nectar that Jupiter sips,
These honey-moon sleepers—oh! goodness,
Saint Peters!

John! look at my arms, my face and my lips—
We're covered completely with bites of mer-
sketeers."

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

SHE commenced writing verses at the age of eight. Her first poem appeared in Godey's Lady's Book in 1885. Since that time she has published several volumes of poems, among which might be mentioned Joy and Other Poems. Many of her poems have also appeared in miscellaneous periodicals.

PLEASURE.

Alas! I have an ancient enemy,
Whose robes are tinsel, and her face a lie,
Men call her Pleasure, but I know her twin
Is Pain; their age, Remorse; their Shadow, Sin.

MOON.

We dart through the void:
We have cries, we have laughter:
The phantom that haunts us
Comes silently after.
This Ghost-lady follows,
Though none hear her tread;
On, on, we are flying,
Still tracked by our Dead;
By this white, awful Mystery,
Haggard and dead.

DESIRE.

Come, dear Desire, and walk with me;
We'll gather sweets, and rob the bee;
Come, leave the dimness of your room,
We'll watch, how since the morning rain
The spider sitteth at her loom,
To weave her silken nets again.
I know a field where bluets blow
Like frost from fingers of the night,
And in a sheltered coppice grow
Arbutus trailers, blush and white.

THE RAINBOW.

We are akin, dear soul:
Akin as are the rainbow in the sky,
The tunnel on the knoll;
We are akin in spirit, you and I.
Ah! how serene and bright!
You stand with shining feet,
And lustrous arch complete
Of rounded life upon the cloudy height:
You catch the light of heaven and repeat
All its transcendent splendor in your face,
And beautify a place
With radiance of a glory and a grace.
Thus is your life, O soul!
But I am like the stream
That hurries down the knoll,
As changeful as a dream;
As restless and as wild
As an impatient child:
Yet thankful, dear, if in some tranquil space,
I may reflect the radiance of your face.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Thompson is chiefly known through his prose, perhaps his best work is poetry. Songs of Fair Weather are fresh and breezy as a May morning; Between the Poppy and the Rose is a gem; and Ceres is also a very fine piece of versification. He has been a member of the Indiana legislature, and has lately resigned the office of State Geologist of Indiana.

POETRY.

He is a Poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;
And like a brown bee works and sings,
With morning freshness on his wings,
And a gold burden on his thighs,—
The pollen-dust of centuries!

A FLIGHT SHOT.

We were twin Brothers, tall and hale,
Glad wanderers over hill and dale.
We stood within the twilight shade
Of pines that rimmed a Southern glade,
He said: "Let's settle, if we can,
Which of us is the stronger man.
We'll try a flight shot, high and good,
Across the green glade toward the wood."
And so we bent in sheer delight
Our old yew bows with all our might.
Our long keen shafts, drawn to the head,
Were poised a moment ere they sped,
As we leaned back a breath of air
Mingled the brown locks of our hair.
We loosed. As one our bow-cords rang,
As one away our arrows sprang.
Away they sprang; the wind of June
Thrilled to their softly whistled tune.
We watched their flight, and saw them strike
Deep in the ground slantwise alike,
So far away that they might pass
For two thin straws of broom-sedge grass!
Then arm in arm we doubting went
To find whose shaft was farthest sent,
Each fearing in his loving heart
That brother's shaft had fallen short.
But who could tell by such a plan
Which of us was the stronger man?
There at the margin of the wood,
Side by side our arrows stood,
Their red cock-feathers wing and wing,
Their amber nocks still quivering,
Their points deep-planted where they fell
An inch apart and parallel!
We clasped each other's hands; said he,
"Twin champions of the world are we!"

SAMUEL SLAYTON LUCE.

BORN: STOWE, VT., FEB. 1, 1819.

SINCE 1839 Mr. Luce has contributed both prose and verse to the periodical press generally, and published in 1876 a volume of poems in conjunction with his wife, who is also represented on this page. In 1881 Mr. Luce published a volume of poems entitled *Echoes of the Past*, and six years later appeared *The Woodman*. Since 1857 he has resided in Wisconsin at Galesville, where he established a newspaper in 1860. Five years later he sold out the publication and was elected county superintendent of schools, serving two terms of two years each. Mr. Luce next edited the *Galesville Independent*, which publication he bought two years later, editing the same until 1889, when it was sold.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

I see him still, as erst of yore,
With furrowed cheek and whitened brow;
Though he's been dead of years a score,
I see him stand before me now.

I seem to see his withered form
Beside his faithful white-faced mare,
With old brown saddle-bags behind,
Whose odor 'twas a grief to bear.

With chronic cough I hear him pass —
He digs his steed with vigorous heel,
Whose callous sides, from daily thumps,
Had long since lost the power to feel.

The constant grin upon his face —
His light "te-he!" at human pain,
As oft he wrenched the offending tooth,
Our memory ever will retain.

But deeply down within his breast,
Beneath a mail-like Milan steel,
'Twas said by those who knew him best,
"The doctor has a heart to feel."

'Twas in the old Green Mountain State,
'Mid deep, dread winter's drifting snow,
The evening hour was waxing late,
Some forty years or more ago.

We sat around the ample hearth,
Where maple logs were blazing bright;
Glad songs arose, and social mirth
Upon that dismal winter night.

The storm-cloud hung on Mansfield's brow —
The wind blew piercingly and chill;
Fierce through the leafless branches shrieked,
And roared along the fir-clad hill.

The deep'ning snow that all day long
Had fallen silently and fast,
Now densely filled the frosty air,
And piled in drifts before the blast.

And still we sat — the hours sped —
The storm increased with fearful might;—

"I hope," our tender mother said,
"No one's abroad this dreadful night."

Our mother's voice had hardly ceased,
When sudden through the opening door,
O'er drifts, the quaint old doctor sprang,
And forward fell upon the floor.

His brow was crusted o'er with ice,
And crisp and frozen was his cheek;
His limbs were paralyzed with cold;
For once, the doctor could not speak.

With genial warmth, and tender care,
He soon revived, and said: "Come Bill,
Be kind enough to get my mare,—
I must reach Martin's, on the hill."

Then on again, o'er trackless snow,
Against the biting winter blast,
Without the hope of worldly gain,
Through mountain drifts, the doctor passed.

Far up the winding mountain road,
Through forest dark and blinding snow,
He reached the desolate abode
Of sickness, poverty and woe.

Long years have passed; yet oft I ask,
As howls the tempest in its might,
While sitting by the evening fire,
"What faithful doctor rides to-night?"

Yes, faithful; though full well I know
The world is sparing of its praise;
And these self-sacrificing men
But seldom tempt the poet's lays.

And yet, I trust, when at the last,
They leave the world of human strife,
Like him "who loved his fellow men,"
Their names shall grace the Book of Life.

MRS. HANNAH GALE LUCE.

BORN: WATERBURY, VT., DEC. 28, 1824.

PRIOR to her marriage this lady taught school. Her poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and in 1876 she published, in conjunction with her husband, a beautiful volume of *Poems*, which has received favorable comment from press and public. She was married to Samuel Slayton Luce in 1847, and now resides in Galesville, Wis.

COMING WEST.

From the grand majestic mountains,
Where the storm-cloud loves to rest—
From the deep, delightful valleys,
They are coming, coming West.

From those eastern towns and cities,
Come forth earnest, noble men—
Men of labor—men of learning,
That can guide the plow or pen.

Not alone from dear New England,
But from other lands they come,

O'er the broad Atlantic's billows,
Here to find a peaceful home.
From green Erin, and brave Scotland —
From old England's pleasant shore,
And from Germany and Norway.
There are thousands coming o'er.
They are leaving home and country.
And the friends they love the best —
They are seeking wealth and freedom,
And shall find them in the West.
We extend a hearty welcome
To each brave, industrious hand;
He, whose heart is true and honest,
Is right worthy of our land.
With united, true devotion,
Let us work with earnest will;
All along our own broad prairies
And among our vales and hills;
We will build fair towns and cities.
Halls of wisdom — works of art —
Colleges, and schools and churches,
That shall honor mind and heart.
Here shall dwell a mighty people,
Poets, scholars, world-renowned:
Building up a vast Republic,
With a God-like glory crowned.

MRS. LYDIA M. S. MUDGETT.

BORN: CANADA, 1831.

THE poems of Mrs. Mudgett have appeared in the religious press and the local papers. She is now a resident of Elmore, Vt.

MUSINGS.

We're passing through a vale of tears;
We leave our sorrows, hopes and fears,
And go to wear a crown;
In that bright world our sinless feet
Shall walk the everlasting street
And by his side sit down.
The cadence sweet we list to hear,
A note or two strike on the ear
From that celestial plain,
Then Satan comes to make us doubt,
All pandemonium gives a shout;
We lose the magic strain.
The dark and chilling stream I fear,
And Jesus prayed when he was here
The cup might be removed;
But came to do his Father's will,
A heavenly mission to fulfill
Of never-dying love.
O Jesus, take my every care,
And all my sorrows help me bear,
And let me lean on thee;
The heavenly hosts thy praises sing,
Give glory to their God and king
Through all eternity.

MRS. HARRIET N. FOSS.

BORN: LIMINGTON, ME., 1819.

QUITE a number of the productions of this lady, both prose and poetry, have been pub-



MRS. HARRIET N. FOSS.

lished in the Maine newspapers. She has a pleasant home in South Limington, where she is surrounded by numerous friends.

THE CRADLE.

In an attic stands a cradle brown;
No longer swaying to and fro —
She who rocked it has long been gone —
Sleeping quietly under the snow!
As I pause, and sadly on it gaze,
In fancy I see my dear mother's form
As when she smiled on each baby face,
Quietly nestled in pillows warm.
Each child, in turn, found here a rest, —
Each shared alike her loving care;
Now, all have left the parent nest,
While all have silver in their hair.
Darling Father! Precious Mother!
We never shall forget your love.
God grant we may again together
Dwell in his glorious home above.
Farewell little cradle! — ancient thing,
Gladly I gaze again on thee;
Sacred thou art, for thou dost bring
Holy, sweet memories unto me!

MRS. HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

BORN: CHESTERFIELD, N. H., SEPT. 3, 1840.

THE subject of this sketch is a lady of medium height and form, possessing a very pretty figure. Her shapely head is adorned with luxuriant dark and curly hair, relieved by a silvering of gray. She has large, dark, expressive eyes, in whose liquid depths at times can be read her innermost thoughts; a complexion clear and bright; hands and feet small



MRS. HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

and of perfect mold, and is a handsome woman, with a heart overflowing with love and charity for the human race and a disposition remarkable for affection and gentleness. It is not to be wondered at that she gained the gratitude and esteem of the poor and needy, to whom she has ever been a faithful friend. Mrs. Comstock is possessed of a good education. Her intellect is clear, forcible, piquant and is kept bright and active by constant study. She has been a writer for the Chicago Tribune, has contributed to The Religio-Philosophical Journal, also to a Health Journal published in this city, and other periodicals. In her honored sphere of wife and mother she presents a shining example to her sex. With tender solicitude she ever seeks to secure the comfort and happiness of her husband and children, and her home at all times presents an appearance of neatness and cheerfulness that is gratifying and attractive to the family.

THOU'LT NEVER KNOW.

The years will come, the years will go,
While blessings from my heart will flow
To thee, my ever-cherished one,
Who art my life's immortal sun,
Drinking the dewy incense up
That rises from my soul's deep cup
In nectar sweet — I love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

Outflowing from the placid deeps
Of eyes where fairest soul-light sleeps,
Gleamed such a wealth of tenderness,
In language words can ne'er express,
Unconsciously my yearning heart
Grew of thy very self a part;
And now I love thee — love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

E'en now the light, caressing touch
Of soft, white hand, loved over-much,
To music-waves my soul-chords thrill,
While dainty, dewy lips distill
The acme of unmeasured bliss
Love's crowning joy, thy perfect kiss;
And O I love thee — love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

Rare jewels at thy feet I fling,
My worshiped, crowned, and sceptred King.
Withholding naught, I gave my all,
Nor would I now the gift recall.
Altho' apart the long years through
We'll one day meet like sun and dew,
My hearts best love to thee will go —
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

I watch no more across the street
The hurried tread of eager feet,
Hoping to catch one swift glance more,
From eyes that speak Love's mystic lore.
Gone is my sunny Summer-time;
My days are dark with frosty rime
And bitter cold, I miss you so —
But this my loved one cannot know.

I miss thy soft hand 'neath my curls,
And voice whose tones are liquid pearls,
And tender eyes — brow clear and white,
Where, grandly throned, sits Reason's light,
That speaks a soul intense to feel
Unmeasured depths of woe or weal, —
O soul most rare, I love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

O treasured joys, so rare and sweet,
With untold happiness replete,
Such perfectness of Love's sweet art
Can come but once to any heart,
Outflowing from the Love Divine,
To fill a life's most sacred shrine,
And O my own! I love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.
But years will come, and years will go,
While blessings evermore will flow

From out my life's deep chalice-cup,
As rich soul-nectar bubbles up
For thee to quaff, my love! my own!
Whose presence far too dear hath grown
For peace of mind, I love thee so,
The half, alas! thou'lt never know.

PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.

Sweeter than spring violets,
Asleep 'mong mosses rare,
Is one wee, budding blossom,
The darling of my care.

None fairer hath the summer,
When softest zephyrs curl;
My fragrant opening rose-bud;
My own dear little girl.

Love's sweet dream of beauty wrought
Her life's bright natal hour,
And Love hath tinted richly,
The petals of my flower.

Guarded by affection's hand,
She grows in childish grace;
Heaven narrows down to me
In her dear little face.

Jewels hide in lips and eyes,
Too costly for an Earl;
Fairest gem in all Love's crown,
My pure and priceless pearl.

Deeper grows Life's mystery
In her rose-heart of bliss;
Fondly all my being fold
My own to clasp and kiss.

Who would miss the strange, sweet
thrill,

Where baby-fingers rest?
Pure, exquisite happiness!
Unknown, 'tis all unguessed.

Sweet life, clinging 'round my heart
Doth softly curl and curl,
Drinking dainty dews of love,
My own dear little girl.

Yearning light in tender eyes,
And hair with sunshine glossed,
Dream-like bringeth back to me
A something I have lost.

Star-gem, O, so proudly worn!
My treasured gift of Love.

Dear God! shelter from life's storms
My bosom nestling dove.

IN THE DEPTHS.

O eyelids so heavy with weeping,
And tears that are yet unshed;
O heart, that so sorely is keeping
The half of its woe unsaid:

O soul-life, so grievously wounded,
Thy moans doth thy hurt betray,
And deeps that no mortal has sounded,
'Tis dark in thy depths to-day.

O bosom, with agony heaving,
O'er-swept by the tide of wrong,
Beneath the dark billows, yet breathing
The low, sweet cadence of song;

In misery's dark thou art sailing
O'er wild, tempestuous waves,
No beacon the darkness unveiling,
No beckoning light that saves.

O sister! thro' sorrow made kindred,
Have courage! be patient and strong;
I, also, have stemmed the dark current
Of falsehood, injustice and wrong;

And know there is sure compensation
For all of life's troubles and ills,
Thro' time and earth's discords unchang-
ing,

Which destiny ever fulfills.

O think not, in Love's dark Valhalla,
Thy spirit should still weep its dead,
Where all the past's bitter memories
Steal ever with phantom-like tread;

There are hearts whose love will not falter,
True souls that no dross can alloy,
According thee justly thy merits
The same thro' all trials and joy.

The flowers of thought breathe a fragrance
And healing naught else can impart,
With tenderest sympathies glowing,
If born in the true poet-heart.

O sensitive soul! gather comfort,
And singing, grow hopeful and strong;
For only the beautiful spirit
Can triumph o'er sorrow in song.

And others, less gifted, shall bless thee,
And feel as they read less alone,
For lifting another life's burden,
A blessing will fall on thine own.

LOVE'S DELIGHT.

Wafting us on, o'er-sea of gold,
In gem-lined barque of fairy mold:
Lingering long by happy isles,
Lighted with nature's choicest smiles;
Incense wafted from spice-groves rare,
Amber-tinted the sky and air,
Merging all sense in dreamy bliss,
Thrillingly sweet as rapture's kiss.
Airily skims our boat along,
Yet, pausing to the Naiad's song.
Liquid and low, 'till lulled to rest.
Old Neptune's gently swelling breast;
Reflected in the waters bright;
Each hue of day's declining light,
Advancing o'er the sylvan scene,
Twilight traileth her mystic screen;
Only our barque disdains the night,
Nearing the shore of "Love's Delight."

MRS. MADELINE D. MORTON.

BORN: NEW ORLEANS, LA., SEPT. 2, 1849.

As a girl this writer was very studious, and at an early age contributed to such publications as the Home Journal of New York, Celtic Magazine, Sunday Chronicle, New York Sunday Mercury, Redpath's Weekly and the St. Louis Magazine. In all the poems of Mrs. Morton every idea is expressed clear and sparkling as a diamond, and the pictures she



MRS. MADELINE D. MORTON.

draws from nature stand out very distinct. Before the close of the war this estimable lady entered into a romantic marriage with Dr. J. C. Morton, a young surgeon in the union army, and they have lived together ever since in happiness and prosperity in the city of New York. Mrs. Morton is a handsome lady of high literary attainments, a fascinating conversationalist, and has a host of ardent friends and admirers. Her prose writings are welcomed by the best literary publications, generally, however, appearing over a nom de plume or anonymously. Mrs. Morton intends soon to prepare for permanent publication a collection of her beautiful poems.

NATURE'S SONG.

The streamlet whispers on its winding way:

"I scatter life and health as on I glide,
And fringe my banks with flow'rets gay,
While verdure blooms on every side.

I murmur to the earth all bleak and bare
My happy, rippling, gladsome tune,—
Refresh and cool the dusky, burning air
Of summer's scorching heat in misty June."

The little bird with outspread fluttering
wings

And merry heart he gaily skims along;
Listen, for this is the song he sings:
"I cheer the mourner with my song,
I teach the drooping ones their ills to bear;
I tell the sinful from their ways to turn,—
To leave their earthly dross and care —
They will need them not in funeral urn."

The painted flower all joyous cries:
"How sweet the breath of my perfume —
My blended hues will gladden weary eyes,
And from the sorrowing lift their gloom.
Then come the humming bird and bee
To sip their fill from out my cup;
The butterfly from harm will flee —
Within my bloom safe covered up."

The shining star set twinkling high
In the evening's crown a gem of light,
This lesson writes upon the sky:
"He created us and all things right,—
He formed the worlds — a countless host —
And hurled them swinging into space;
At Heaven's gate we have our post
As beacons bright for human race."
And man in pride must not forget
To join this chorus raised on earth,
By bird, and stream, and flow'ret
And star of bright celestial birth.
Honored was He in this creation's past,
Being the soul, and tongue and heart,
'Til woman came! the last but not the least
Of the Creator's will — the perfect part!

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Beautiful things of every kind

God scatters with generous hand,
Charming the soul, delighting the eye,—
They are found in every land.

But woman's love — most precious of all! —
With the highest and holiest light —
Unwavering shines to illumine our lives,
Inspiring to good and the right.

We must delve very deep for the glittering
gems

That are buried so low in the mine; [bed
We must stir up the depths of old Neptune's
Where the pale pearls glimmering shine.
But woman's love — the queen of all gems! —
Is hidden from sight far down [truth,—
In her heart's deep well, with faith and
A jewel for life's bright crown.

In that richest of mines — a woman's heart —
The gleam of pure love is found,
Shedding its light o'er the suffering soul,
Spreading peace and all joys around;

Giving forth to the world its treasures rare,
 As a sister, a mother, or wife,
 And leading man upward to mystic heights
 Through the weary pathways of life.
 The gem of all worlds by the Deity wrought,
 Woman's worth no man may know [harp —
 'Til he stirs the chords of her soul's sweet
 When a song of true love will flow,
 And swell in music's low, rich tones
 With harmonies grandly divine,
 Awakening his soul, bringing better thoughts:
 O, woman such power is thine!

IN MY ROOM.

'Tis midnight hour, and in my room
 The lights are burning soft and low,
 The tree that stands my window near
 Its leafy boughs waves to and fro.
 A babe is sleeping sweetly nigh,
 Its tiny arms thrown out in rest —
 An image of pure innocence,
 The truest and the very best.
 Alone I sit and think of one
 With soft clear eyes and loving smile,
 Whose accents linger still with me,
 And many weary hours beguile.
 I can but think how bleak and drear
 My life would be without his love,
 Which fills my soul with echoes sweet,
 A faint resound from choirs above.
 I feel a love as strong and deep,
 As full and vast as ocean's tides,
 Where every pulse but for him beats,
 And all my bosom's faith abides.
 I've listened to his 'witching words,
 I've listened and I have believed;
 Into my dreams a voice has come
 And told me I am not deceived.
 But, oh! I feel that if, perchance,
 Should come the hour, with his love fled,
 The world for me had nothing left,
 For all my cherished hopes were dead.
 But no! I've felt his dear heart's beat,
 His strong arms firmly 'round me press'd,
 And when his eye's fond glance I meet
 My doubting soul finds quiet rest.
 In this sweet faith I'll firmly trust,
 Should glad joys shine or sorrows loom,
 And pray we be unparted when
 Another life dawns through the tomb.

BIRDS.

EXTRACT.

Birds, sweet birds, of lightsome wing,
 How ye sport and spring!
 Skimming over bank and brook,
 Mossy marge and grassy nook,
 Where you sit and sing.

THE REVEL OF THE WINTER WINDS.
 Hark! how the storm is raging without!
 In the distance it clamoring swells!
 All cheek and resistance it sternly defies,
 Its voice the fierce contest foretells!
 The trees shake bare branches in quivering
 dread
 As they bow their tall forms to the blast,
 Or measure the earth with their tall length
 And with swift-drifting snows are o'ercast.
 Up from the depths of the darkness it comes
 With a wail and a sobbing shout,
 Whispering, shrieking and sighing by turns —
 The wild spirits of air have come out!
 With a gusty bound, a rush and a whirl,
 It tears through the firs o'er the way,
 With the moanings that only sore anguish
 might know —
 Hoarse mutterings like giants in the fray.
 It piles up the snow in great, ghostly drifts;
 The moon hides her face in despair;
 Not one starry beam through the wild-rifted
 clouds
 Falls athwart the night's keen, cutting air!
 Now away in the distance it shuddering dies
 Like the sound of a lost soul's woe;
 Then it gathers new impulse and violent
 strength
 On its errand to blast and o'erthrow.
 What way will it take on its long journey
 hence
 To wander o'er lands distant far,
 With its lion-like roar, or its soft sleepy snore,
 Or clangor of storm-gods at war? [wild,
 O'er mountain, and vale and dense forest
 It hisses and sputters along,
 Sweeping the heights with impetuous force,
 Or again sings a lullaby song.
 Although with the hoarsest of voices it speaks
 Where the long roll beats on the drear shore,
 The wind blasts and waves croon a solemn re-
 frain
 Of eternity's vast Evermore. [war,
 But still while the winds and the waves wage
 And the snow king sweeps over the plain,
 We hear His clear voice 'mid the fiercest of
 storms,
 Saying: "Hope till the dawn comes again!"
 For to-morrow the snows from to-night's weird
 storm
 Will sparkle and flash in sunlight,
 A soft, fleecy robe o'er the earth's cold breast,
 All gone the mad dream of the night.
 And all will be peaceful — fled fear and
 alarm —
 We'll hear but the sleigh-bells' sweet jingle,
 And inside — the household all merry and
 glad,
 Gathered 'round the bright, cheery home
 ingle.

JONAH L. ROBINSON.

BORN: SPARTA, WIS., OCT. 19, 1856.

AFTER receiving his education Mr. Robinson taught school for several terms. He was admitted to the bar in 1882. Since 1883 he has maintained a law office at Watertown, Dakota, but has devoted much of his time to newspaper work and politics. He was editor of the Daily Courier in 1884, and has since been Cen-



JONAH L. ROBINSON.

tral Dakota editorial correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune. Mr. Robinson was appointed secretary of the Territorial Railroad and Warehouse Commission in 1889 by the governor of Dakota. Both his prose and verse have appeared in the press since his youth, generally under the name of Doane Robinson.

A DAKOTA YARN.

Which this talk of a teown that you mean to survey

All over the kentry for miles around here,
Makes me rekerlect what I seed one day,
When we struck the big Muddy at the town
of Fort Pierre.

For Johnny and me with a big lot of rockets,—
That 's what we boys called the bright nuggets
and knots,—

Distributed 'bout in our pantaloons' pockets
Had come down from the Hills to invest in
teown lots.

Big teown out there? Well now yer jes' talkin',

Ye'll doubt what I say, but I hope to die
Ef we didnt spend all day a walkin',
To some lots deown teown a fake hoped we'd
buy,

An' we camped over night on a gumbo hill,
Whar that boomer who took us for tender-
feet

Said "Fellars fore long this very spot will
Be the busiest part of the principal street."
But Johnny nor me want nary spring chicken,
To be ketched and picked by a fakir like him;
So we took the next train and next day was
kickin'

Round Huron the capital teown on the Jim,
Whar a smooth-muzzled covey soon got us in
tow,

An' he puffed up the town with amazin' good
skill [go

As a place to invest, then proposed we should
To his west site addition on Capital Hill.
Well we tramped out with him, while he kept
a showin'

Us objects of int'rest that we couldnt see,
College and factory (in his mind) a growin'
An' broad acres of parks with nary a tree.
At last we climbed up on a big cradle knoll,
An' it was jolly good fun to hear that rustler
tell,

O' the picteresk beauty and magnificent roll,
O' them lots he so badly wanted to sell.
How the Capital-house of the future grand
state

Would be built on that very identical spot;
That the chance for investment wain't never
so great,

An' he showed us all over the neighboring lot
Where we found whar but lately had burned
a camp-fire,

An' the hull place to me looked familiarly
queer:

You can blast my tongue for a cussed liar
If it wain't the same we had camped on in
Pierre.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Behold: the great, light-giving sun
Arose above the western hills,
While eastern skies, with stars bestud,
No promise gave of breaking day.
Its glowing face dispelled the gloom
And filled the land with light and life;
And while its warm breath bathed the earth,
Rich harvests, planted in the morn,
Were ripened at the midday bell.
But trait'rous weeds, grown rank and foul
In the dank, dark, late-ended night,
Withered and dried beneath its heat.
And when the well-spent day was done,
The rankest weeds of treason slain,
The rich sheaves safely garnered in,
The great sun found immortal rest.

MRS. JOSEPHINE B. CRUMP.

BORN: BLOUNT CO., TENN., SEPT. 13, 1841.

THE poems of Mrs. Crump have appeared quite extensively in the local press. She was married in 1866 to Col. G. J. Crump, who now



MRS. JOSEPHINE B. CRUMP.

follows the profession of an attorney at Harrison, Ark. In person Mrs. Crump is a little above the average height, rather robust, with light-brown hair and blue eyes.

THE SECRET.

When timid lips shrink back from words
That frame in prayer, the soul's desire,
When utter weakness wards off speech
That interchange of thoughts require;

When all we cannot understand,
The sudden grief, the staggering blow
May just be left in the kind hand
That finds a blessing in our woe.

The soothing sense of this dear way
Marked out by him who loves us best,
Must needs be full of love and faith
In attitude of gracious rest.

And the full value of this hush,
The confidence that baffles speech
Is more of eloquence to him
Than human ken can ever reach.

The unseen pulsings and heart throbs,
Are not disguised from divine eyes,
But with his talismanic touch
Expand in more than speech implies,

And as the human soul communes
In silence with this courtly Guest,
The baser self is ushered out—
The message brings its promised rest.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

With its mission banner flying
In love's service to and fro,
This grand boat with prow uplifted,
Breaks the rippling waters flow
As it laves the Mississippi,
While the waves on either hand
Kiss the banks that dimly mirror,
Charm of shore or shining strand.

On its track of mercy driving,
Sound of oar and splash of wave
Blend in harmony with voices
Long immured in living grave,
As the spirits seeking Balsam,
That kind nature hides so well
In her shady haunts and woodlands,
Are relaxed by pleasure's spell.

On it bounds with freight and tonnage,
Gathered from life's lowliest ways,
Steering to the goal where Freedom
Like a psalm is sung in praise,
In the odor of the flowers,
In the witchery of the wood,
Where the trees in mock defiance
Have for ages grandly stood.

We who woo the morning zephyrs,
And with dewdrops glad our eyes,
Never dream how bare existence,
In brick wall and pavement lies,
Where the chirp and song of warbler,
Where the leaping of the stream
And the breath of nature's wildings
Fill alone the feverish dream.

While we laud great deeds of power,
That have quelled the Giant Wrong,
Let this mission of the hour
Swell with fullness every song,
For the hands that dare to rescue
Victims from misfortune's blast,
Stamp (by time not even canceled)
Records sealed by heaven at last.

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

EXTRACT.

Then I watched the bud of your spirit
Unfold, as hour by hour
It developed in beauty and sweetness,
And rich in the promise of flowers.

Then I caught your soft, soothing prattle,
And laughed at your claiming as right,
With hands all dimpled and outstretched
Everything that came in your sight.

MRS. IDA V. JARVIS.

BORN: WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 20, 1844.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Gospel Advocate, Nashville Republican and the periodical press generally. She was mar-



MRS. IDA V. JARVIS.

ried in 1866 to J. J. Jarvis, a lawyer and banker of Fort Worth, Texas, where she now resides. The poems of Mrs. Jarvis have always been well and favorably received.

SUNSHINE.

There's sunshine o'er the mountain

That drives the mist away,

That pours a flood of glory

Adown the rocks so gray,

And lights each darksome crevice

With many a cheering ray.

There's sunshine o'er the forest

That makes the tree-tops glow,

With light from thousand restless leaves,

Where summer breezes blow,

And glancing through the leafy maze

Lights up the sward below.

There's sunshine on the river

O'er many a gloomy cave,

Where pure pelucid waters

The pearly pebbles lave,

And glowing, glittering glory

Crowns every crested wave.

O'er land and sea there's sunshine,

A beaming, brightening thing,

A free and heaven-born blessing,

For peasant and for king;

As flowers for all in every clime,

Their blooming beauty bring.

There's sunshine glad and glowing,

In this happy heart of mine,

Where voices loving, cheering,

Make all with pleasure shine,

And sunny smiles from those I love

Their brightest garlands twine.

There's sunshine o'er my spirit

That cometh from above,

And oft methinks there comes with it

The holy heaven-sent dove,

That whispers in its spirit voice

That God and Heaven are love.

Thank Heaven for the sunshine,

O'er earth, and heart, and soul,

And may that spirit radiance

In glorious billows roll,

Till every heart with blessed light

Grows warm from pole to pole.

AN INVITATION.

Come nearer, sweet warbler, don't stay in the tree,

Come build in the woodbine and sing here for me,

Its bright, blooming tendrils will twine 'round thy nest,

And night-winds so sweetly will soothe thee to rest;

They'll rock thee and lull thee through all the night long,

If thou wilt repay them, wild minstrel, with song.

Then come to the woodbine that climbs by my door,

Thy voice will bring gladness till summer is o'er.

The dove, ever plaintive, may stay in the grove,

Too sad in her lay, and too murmuring her love;

Though sweet the low cadence, there's grief in her song

As if 'twere bewailing unkindness and wrong.

Each heart, when she sings, can but echo her sadness,

But songs such as thine ever fill us with gladness.

Then come to the woodbine, red berries and flowers,

Will shade thy loved nest through the long summer hours.

Though others may boast of a plumage more bright,

Though colors more gorgeous may dazzle the sight,

Thy swift wing's too somber to glow in the sun,
 Yet thou art still peerless, thou musical one.
 With voice rich as thine not a hue can compare,
 As it gushes in song so bewild'ring and rare.
 Then come to the woodbine, 'twill make thee a home
 So blooming and lovely thou'lt ne'er wish to roam.
 Come on, sweet enchantress, no longer delay,
 The woodbine is beckoning this bright summer day —
 Just see how it spreads out its long, trailing arms
 And offers a shelter abounding in charms.
 Then when the bright May flowers in loveliness come,
 The clematis, too, will creep up to thy home.
 'Twill twine with the woodbine full many a bloom,
 And yield thee for incense the rarest perfume.
 Then come to the woodbine that climbs by my door,
 Come with thy gay carols, again I implore,
 Come sing 'mid the vine-leaves,—too long you've been roaming,
 Come haste to my lattice and sing till the gloaming,
 Then when the pale night queen in beauty shall shine
 Thou'lt warble her praise from thy home in the vine.
 Forever, sweet minstrel, I'd have thee here sing,
 Forever I'd have thy wild melodies ring.

THE WATER LILY—QUEEN OF THE LAKE.

On the limpid glassy waters,
 Sheltered in by many a brakelet,
 Reigns the queen of Flora's daughters,
 On a crystal inland lakelet,
 Where the bending, weeping willow
 Forms a canopy of green,
 There on many a mimic billow
 Floats the fairy water queen.
 Rules she in her waxen beauty
 By the magic power of love;
 All her subjects pay their duty,
 'Round about, beneath, above;
 Bend to her, who in the sunlight
 Cheering them with beaming smile,
 Breathing fragrance through the dark night,
 Does their slumber soft beguile.
 Where the babbling water gushes
 By the damp and miry banks,
 Thickly 'round her stand her rushes
 With their spears in serried ranks —

Watching there to ward off danger,
 From her in the willows shade,
 Quick to pierce the daring ranger
 Who her kingdom would invade.
 Rushes, such as guarded Moses
 From the current of the Nile,
 As the thorns protect the roses
 From the spoiler's crafty wile.

See behind her in the distance,
 Basking on a floating log,
 Quick to bring his queen assistance
 'Gainst marauders from the bog,
 Basks a scaly alligator
 Borne along above the flood,
 Fierce as Roman Gladiator
 Thirsting for the sight of blood.

In this monster we discern a
 Likeness to the Hydra dire
 Which, within the Marsh of Lerna,
 Hercules destroyed with fire.
 Or the Dragon who would grapple
 With the hero in his might,
 When he stole the golden apple
 From the daughters of the Night.
 'Round her feet are fishes gliding
 Through the liquid glassy waves,
 Who through all the night were hiding
 In their silent, darksome caves.
 How they make the wavelets quiver,
 Bearing messages afar,
 Flashing outward toward the river,
 Flashing like a shooting star

Butterfly with wings all glowing
 With their spots of beauty bright,
 Comes while summer winds are blowing,
 Glancing in the mellow light,
 Bearing words of love and greeting
 From the blushing hill-side rose,
 Then some gay-hued comrade meeting
 O'er the meadow green he goes.

Hark! there came a southern minstrel,
 Who, when winter's reign is o'er,
 Comes to praise in song his mistress,
 Like some gallant troubadour;
 Clad in dazzling, glittering plumage
 Borrowed from the southern sky,
 Rivaling in brilliant colors
 E'en the rainbow's richest dye.

Cloaked in green and crimson vested,
 Came the love-struck humming bird,
 And upon her bosom rested
 Breathing many a loving word.
 Telling her of all his travels,
 Why he thus had tarried long,
 And his tales of love unravels
 With his tireless wing of song.

See the cow so sleek and glossy
 Lowing homeward o'er the lea,

With her bell so sweetly sounding,

Stops beside the mimic sea;

Stops awhile the waters quaffing

With her soft and velvet lips,

Waves around her feet are laughing,

While she in their coolness dips.

Then she lows her obligation

To the waters and their queen,

Till the tintinnabulation

Faintly dies far o'er the green.

As the evening shades grow longer,

From the ferns within the glade,

Frogs, with voices sounding stronger

Croak their mighty serenade.

Serenade the lily sleeping

On the bosom of the lake,

While the stars their watch are keeping

With bright eyes all wide awake.

Thus upon the pearly lakelet

Passing days in love and sport,

Sheltered in by many a brakelet,

Dwell the Lily and her court.

They in every thought are loyal

To their dainty, snowy queen —

She well fitted for the royal

Rule o'er such a fairy scene.

Egypt's lovely star-eyed daughter,

When her scented siltken sails

Flashed on Cydnus' glowing water,

Breathing perfume on the gales,

Might have envied thee, sweet flower,

In thy purity and grace;

Thou might'st smile at all the power

Which we in her history trace.

Solomon in all his glory,

With his palaces and gold,

Famous in Judea's story,

With his riches still untold.

With his robes of glowing carmine,

Brought in ships across the sea,

With his purple and his ermine

Never was arrayed like thee.

All his pomp and all his splendor

Only nourished human pride,

Thou in lowliness art grander

Rocked upon the gleaming tide,

For thy robe of snowy whiteness

Was the work of God's own loom,

Dewdrops form thy crown of brightness,

And thy breath is rare perfume.

Then if God so clothe the Lily

Blooming in the forest wild,

Never in His goodness will He

E'en forget his humble child;

But through all life's devious mazes,

He, with His all seeing eye,

Guards us 'round as down He gazes,

From his throne beyond the sky.

CHARLES CHASE LORD.

BORN: SOUTH BERWICK, ME., JULY 7, 1841.

AFTER receiving his education Charles devoted himself to the christian ministry, but not finding that vocation congenial, he has mainly given his time to journalistic and literary pursuits. The poems from the pen of this writer cover a wide range of subjects, and have received recognition in the leading periodicals of America. Mr. Lord has for many years resided at Hopkinton, N. H., where he is now engaged in compiling a local history.

UNDER THE STARS.

Look up, sweet friend, the silent orbs behold,
The restless eyes that watched in other
years

Each mortal step, and to sages told

The secret end, of anxious hopes and fears.

Day droops in shadows, but the faithful
night [eyes

Smiles on the sleeping world and lures our

With cheerful gleams of ever present light,

Like life that tastes of death but never dies.

Thought glooms for fate, but love's bright
star imparts

A message like the mystic word of old;

Above earth's dark, it beams to tell our
hearts,

Ye beat through time and change and ne'er
grow cold.

ALTER EGO.

Though earth is dark, and cold, and bare,

My soul ignores the gloomy vast,

For far beyond the haunts of care,

My other self long since has passed.

Though bright, warm fields of leaf and bloom,

And fruitage under happy skies,

My other self, in amplest room,

E'er on some thankful mission flies.

So grief with hope will now abide,

And pain its wounded heart restore,

Till ruthless time and sense divide

My other self and me no more.

REVERIES.

I sit beside the restless sea,—

A bird within the wood sings "willow!"

And my heart for a song is sad in me,

And my soul tossed like a billow.

I sit beside the restless sea,—

The bird within the wood sings "willow!"

But my heart for the song is glad in me,

And my soul swims like the billow.

I sit beside the restless sea,—

A bird within the wood sings "willow!"

O my heart for a song is changed in me,

And my soul shifts like a billow!

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

BORN: NEWBURYPORT, MASS., FEB. 23, 1841.
As the editor and compiler of The Poets of Maine, George Bancroft Griffith has become well known. He has written some beautiful poems that have received publication in



GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, and other equally prominent journals. He is now engaged on a new work, The Poets of Massachusetts, which will be published in 1890.

LILACS.

Begemmed with April rain
They nodded in the lane,
The fragrant, purple clusters, the lilacs loved
of yore;
With gentle touch again
They tap the window pane,
Those sprays that waved so gracefully beside
our cottage door!

THE SPHINX OF THE WHITE HILLS.

Nature's grand sphinx art thou, O man of
stone,
With face colossal gazing from thy throne;
Not as the fabled monster stern and cold,
Though in wild majesty thou reign'st alone,
But set in splendid spheres
Of flame when morn appears,
Sublime for aye, unrivaled and world-old!
No iron circlet shall thy brow offend,—

Dawn's royal robe shall trailing splendors
lend,
And flaming leaves their golden glory show,
And light ineffable around thy forehead
blend;

Thy startling beauty free
Forever more shall be,
While silver fountains sing far, far below.
Nor tell me, worldling, that yon granite face,
Patterned by God, shall crumble from its
place—

That figure spanned by Eden's dazzling light!
Worshiped with awe by earliest unknown
race,

When spring's first breath was blown
Where holy flowers shone,
And starry lamps were hung o'er Chaos'
night!

Molded mute offspring from the solid rock,
Man's art with rugged grandeur e'er to mock;
With pulseless heart, yet speaking evermore
Of peace, of perfect rest;
Soothing each troubled breast
While light in satin sandals hovers o'er.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Though gathered are the sheaves,
Still glow the crimson leaves
By many a stream, my darling; and the sun,
Where the waves are all a-quiver,
Shows a pathway o'er the river,
When the dapple shades remind us day is
done.

Hark! robin's flute is heard,
Though no other summer bird
Dares to linger, Bessie, darling, by the pool;
What care we though the rose
Nor the lily longer blows,
And the dreamy noontide hour is growing
cool;

The shimmering meadow, still,
The woodland and the hill,
Have charms that woo us, darling, none the
less;
And till sudden change and spell
Blight the shrines we love so well,
Will the after summer soothe us, cheer and
bless!

OUR PUREST JOYS.

Our joys may oft be tender shadows
That grief alone had power to cast,
Yet shine, as shine in summer meadows,
The bright drops when the cloud has past.

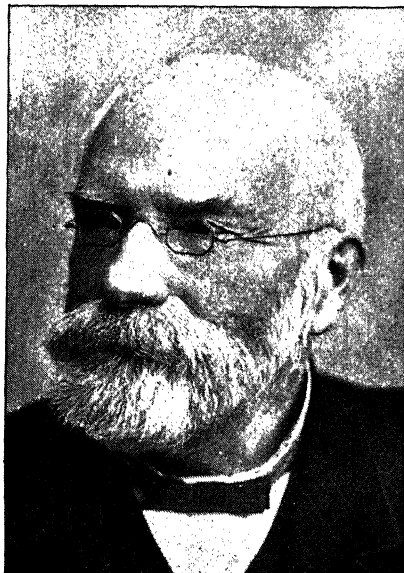
SELF SACRIFICE.

The coral worker but an atom gave
To help uprear the pile he ne'er could see,
But now it stands above the top-most wave,
He has a part in temples yet to be!

JOHN A. WILSTACH.

BORN: WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 14, 1834.

As lawyer, linguist, poet, Mr. Wilstach has earned quite a reputation. After receiving his education, he studied law and began practicing that profession in Indiana in 1850. For ten years he was a master in chancery, and in 1867 was sent to Paris as one of the United States commissioners to the Paris universal exposition. During 1867-72 Mr. Wilstach was



JOHN A. WILSTACH.

commissioner of immigration for the state of Indiana. His orations and speeches have frequently appeared in pamphlet form, and his numerous published works have been well received. A volume of Mr. Wilstach's original poems is in process of collection, and will be issued in book-form in 1890. Mr. Wilstach has gradually withdrawn from the practice of law, and devotes his time to literary study and the management of his private estate at La Fayette, Indiana, where he now resides.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE
ÆNEID.

THE SHADE OF ANCHISES DECLARES TO ÆNEAS
THE FUTURE HISTORY OF ROME.

“Who thee shall leave unmentioned Cato
great?

Or Cossus? Who the Gracchi's race? Or who
The Scipios grim, twin thunderbolts of war
And Libya's scourge? Fabricius strong,
though poor?

Or thee, Serranus, from thy furrows called?
Or where drive ye, great Fabii, wearied me,—
Ye, of whom thou the greatest, art the one
Who by delay to us the state restored?

More softly others may bright bronzes mold,
Until they seem to breathe, and better bring,
As freely I concede, from marble carved,
The living features forth, and better plead
The cause, and with apt lines the measures
trace

Of heaven, and tell where rise and set the
stars;

But thou, O Roman, mind thee the great arts
Of government to learn. These shall be thine.
Thou shalt thine empire on the peoples lay.
Thou shalt the ways of peace unto them teach.
Thou shalt the conquered spare, but shalt
fight down

The proud contemners of thy state and laws.”
Father Anchises thus had said; and then,
To those who heard and marveled at his
speech,

These further words he added thereunto:

FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF THE
INFERNO.

VIRGIL AND DANTE REACH THE GATEWAY OF
HELL AND BEGIN THEIR PROGRESS
THROUGH THE LOWER WORLD.

“Through me are found the grieving city's
walls,

Through me the way is to eternal pain,
Through me those lost are never found
again.

Justice the founder urged of my grim halls
And Power Divine which reared the courts
above

And Wisdom Infinite and Primal Love,
Save things eternal, was created naught
Before myself, eternal I and drear.

All hope surrender, ye who enter here.”

Mine eye the legend's sombre colors sought
Above a gateway's lofty arch of gloom;
“The meaning's hard, it speaks an awful
doom.”

I to my Master said; but he, as one
Prepared, made answer: “All distrust lay by,
Within thine heart let slavish terror die,
For we the place whereof I spoke have won,
Where we the souls shall see in misery tost
Who God, the mind's best dower and prop,
have lost.”

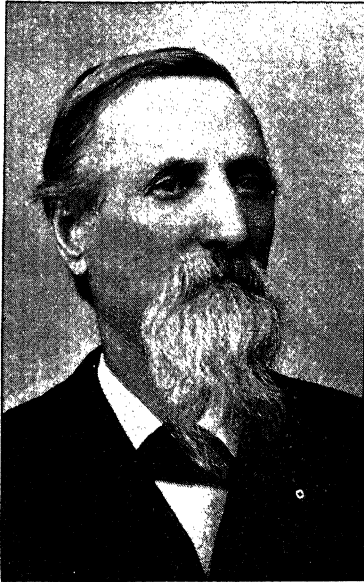
His looks were looks of joy, his welcome hand
Reached forth for mine, its clasp brought
sweet relief,

And into secret things led me my chief.
Her wailings deep and screams and sighs
Stirred all the starless air of that black deep,
Whereat at first I could not choose but weep.
Tongues diverse, deafening yells, and horror's
cries,

JOHN PARKER.

BORN: ENGLAND, JAN. 17, 1822.

SETTLING in Pennsylvania in 1849, Mr. Parker in 1864 went to Mahanoy City, editing *Anthracite Monitor*, the organ of the miner's and laborer's association of Pennsylvania. In 1872 he bought the Mahanoy Valley Record, which he



JOHN PARKER.

published as a weekly paper until 1877, when it was changed into a tri-weekly, of which he is still the sole publisher and proprietor. Mr. Parker has taken an active part in all labor movements, and served four years in the Pennsylvania senate, from 1878 to 1882.

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD.

Hold up your head! what need to cower?

Hold up your face to view the sun;

For tho' your worldly wealth be poor,

You've got the glorious form of man.

Let that not bend, but proud and high,

Erect your head toward the sky.

Hold up your head! that gaudy thing

With all its gorgeous pomp and show;

That bears the tarnished name of king;

To which base slaves bow down so low.

Without the toys that gild it now,

Is only flesh and blood like you.

Hold up your head! 'tis no disgrace

To show a visage marked with toil;

Far better sweat-drops wet thy face

Than live by rapine fraud or guile.
Thou'rt useful to the world, and thou
Can'st well afford to lift thy brow.

Hold up your head!— move boldly on,

To right or left— turn not aside;

Keep honor's beauteous path and shun

The devious ways of worldly pride;

Then those who may thy actions scan

Will say: "Behold an honest man!"

FRIENDSHIP.

When worldly sorrows o'er us throw

Their lowering clouds so dark and drear;

How sweet it is to feel— to know,

That friendly hearts are beating near,

That friendly smiles, amid the gloom,
Shines forth the darkness to illumine.

How sweet to know that other tears

Are mixed with ours— that other eyes

Are moist with sympathetic cares;

That friendly breast will heave with sighs

When ours pulsate with pain or grief,

And share the load or give relief.

Friendship! thy genial smile doth throw

A beauteous radiance o'er life's path;

Makes pleasures greater, lightens woe,

And gilds the dreary hour of death

With heavenly beams that softly shed

Their light around our dying bed.

THE FAIRIES.

In the silvery moonlight

Sporting merrily,

Dancing on the green sward

'Neath the old oak tree;

Little, laughing fairies,

Ever blithe and gay,

Reveling through the midnight

Fritter life away.

Drinking from the dewdrops

That hang upon the flowers;

Swinging on the green leaves,

In the shady bowers;

And when smiling morning

Sends the night away,

Deep among the rose leaves,

Sleeping through the day.

Happy, sportive creatures,

Free from every care;

Life to them is joyousness,

Ever bright and gay.

Oh, to be a fairy!

Frolicsome and gay,

Underneath the moonbeams

Dancing life away.

JESSIE LOVE.

Oh, sweet art thou my Jessie Love,

As flowers that grow in May;

As birds that sing at early dawn

Upon the pearly spray:

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

BORN: HARTFORD, CONN., OCT. 8, 1833

In 1849 he entered Yale college. Two years later he received first prize for his poem of Westminster Abbey. He edited various newspapers and contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

The writings from his pen during the last quarter of a century have been numerous. In 1884 a Household Edition of his poems was published. Mr. Stedman is now engaged in editing a Library of American Literature, to be completed in ten volumes, half of which have already appeared.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own,—
Henceforth we are mingled forever:
But in vain, all in vain I endeavor,
Though round thee my garlands are thrown
And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone,
To master the spell that alone
My hold on thy being sever.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
The story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry,
and Birney,

Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor
rose highest,

Where the dead lay in clumps through the
dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and
nighest,—

No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole
line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were
solemn,

Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still
held our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering
column,

And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a
bound:

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the
powder,—

His sword waved us on, and we answered the
sign:

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh
rang the louder,

"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the
whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw
his blade brighten

In the one hand still left,— and the reins in
his teeth!

He laughed like a boy when the holidays
heighten,

But a soldier's glance shot from his visor be-
neath.

Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,— through the clear-
ing or pine?

"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same,
Colonel.

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole
line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men
and tried!

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the
white lily,

The flower of our knighthood, the whole
army's pride!

Yet we dream that he still,— in that shadowy
region

Where the dead form their ranks at the wan
drummer's sign,—

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his le-
gion,

And the word still is Forward! along the
whole line.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

That year? Yes, doubtless I remember still,—
Though why take count of every wind that
blows!

'Twas plain, men said, that Fortune used me
ill

That year—the self-same year I met with
Rose.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, trea-
sure, land,

Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes
and goes.

One friend I had, but he too loosened his hand
Or was it I? the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks; some rumor, too,
Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows;
Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,
Throve, spite of all; but I,— I met with Rose!

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died:
Some trouble vexed her quiet heart,— who
knows?

Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

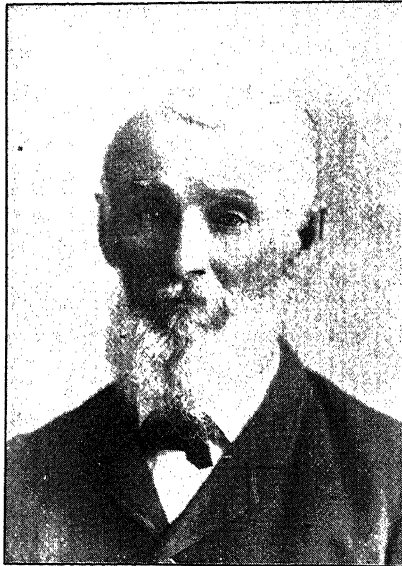
Was there no more? Yes, that year life began:
All life before a dream, false joys, light
woes,—

All after-life compressed within the span
Of that one year,— the year I met with Rose!

WILLIAM B. DOWNER.

BORN: FENNER, N. Y., DEC. 12, 1815.

SINCE his youth Mr. Downer has contributed verse more or less to the local press. He was



WILLIAM B. DOWNER.

married in 1839 and is still a resident of his native state at Cazenovia.

OUR PICNIC.

Once on a time, as poets say,
The tenth month and second day,
The weather being nice and fine,
In eighteen hundred sixty-nine—
Some friends whom I had known before
In district number twenty-four,
All looking well, for none were sick,
Came to my house for a picnic.
Their names I need not now rehearse,
And thereby much prolong my verse,
But of the doings of that day
Proceed to write without delay;
Not doubting but my friends will find
My narrative quite to their mind,
And nothing put in malice down,
To merit or receive a frown.

As fast as e'er my guests did come
Unto the place I call my home,
They were invited to alight,
An act in which they took delight,
For all had come a day to spend
With one they seemed to think a friend,
And what was kind, to say the least,
All brought an offering for the feast.

Then soon long tables three were spread,
With cakes and honey, pies and bread,
While other things, both good and nice,
Were added to them in a trice;
And then around those tables three
Were gathered quite a company,
And of those good things with a will,
Both one and all did eat their fill.

Once and again those tables 'round,
A new supply of guests was found,
And from the abundance there displayed,
Each one of them a dinner made;
Nor yet exhausted the supply
Of food and drink, though all kept dry,
For of the fragments there were still
Enough to many baskets fill.

The dinner through, the sports began,
Down to the lake some walked, some ran,
Nor waited they for wind or tide,
But in the boats all took a ride:
And on the waters of the bay
Some pleasant hours thus passed away,
For all did seek with happy mind
Their mutual pleasure thus to find.

Of other pleasures, too, I sing,
For many did enjoy the swing,
And what, perhaps, was not the least,
All had of grapes abundant feast:
And thus throughout the livelong day
The happy hours did glide away,
For all seemed joyous thus to spend
A social picnic with their friend.

But earthly joys are not for aye,
They come and go without delay,
And as the shades of night came on,
The joyous throng had come and gone;
Leaving to memory's thoughtful care
The face of those so young and fair,
Who kindly once endured my rule
As teacher of their district school.

And now, kind friends, permit me here
To tender thanks to you sincere,
And when again you care to spend
A pleasant picnic with a friend,
Remember that I'll be at home,
Whene'er to see me you may come,
And do my best in every way
To help you pass a pleasant day.

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.

The patriot loves his native land,
With its rocks, and mountains and rills,
And e'en its very poorest strand,
His heart with rapture thrills;
But still that love may change and die,
Or pass to other climes,
Yet this great truth will still apply:
A friend loveth at all times.

THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

BORN: NEAR MIDDLETOWN, MD., JAN. 3, 1849.

THOMAS CHALMERS HARBAUGH has written numerous poems of the events of the civil war. He has delivered many of his poems at regimental re-unions and grand army gatherings, and his presence always insures a large audience. In 1883 Mr. Harbaugh published a



THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

volume of poems entitled *Maple Leaves*, which was favorably received by press and public. He hopes soon to publish another volume of his poems. Mr. Harbaugh devotes the whole of his time to literature, working in his study for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon; and in his leisure hours he strolls around the fields and glens surrounding Cass-town, Ohio—very often with rod and gun.

THE ROSE OF WATERLOO.

How fragile art thou, little flow'r!
And yet how very fair;
The fragrance of thy one brief hour
Still lingers on the air.
Thy home is where the god of war
Trode down the brave and true,
And where went out an empire's star,
O rose from Waterloo!
The soil that nourished thee was red
With blood one summer day;

It groaned beneath its weight of dead
Where nations fought for sway.
The royal Timor of his age
Was conquered where ye grew,
To die within his ocean cage,
Fair rose from Waterloo!

The Belgian lion guards the plain,
And Mars' baptismal font;
The spectres of the gallant slain
Stand guard at Hugomont.
Thy sisters in the soft starlight
Receive the spotless dew,
And wonder where thou art to-night,
O rose from Waterloo!

The cannon ruts, those scars of hate,
Have vanished with the years;
The cricket calls his timid mate
Where died the grenadiers.
The soaring lark her matins sings
Amid the balmy blue;
With happy notes thy birth-place rings,
Sweet flower of Waterloo.

The lambkins sport where battle's wave
Beat high that fateful day,
And where the bravest of the brave
Went down, the children play.
The language that thy petals speak
They whisper 'neath the yew,
Till blushes crown the lassie's cheek,
O rose from Waterloo!
Now, as I look thee o'er and o'er,
And touch my lips to thine,
I hear the tide of war once more
Roll down the allied line!
But ah! the flags that floated then
Wave o'er a pensioned few,
And silent is thy native glen,
Lone rose from Waterloo!

GRANT—DYING.

It seemed to me "that yester-night
I heard the branches sighing
Beneath my window, soft and low:
"The great war chief is dying!"
His marches o'er, his battles won,
His bright sword sheathed forever,
The grand old hero stands beside
The dark and silent river;
Whilst fame for him a chaplet weaves
Within her fairest bowers,
Of Shiloh's never-fading leaves,
And Donelson's bright flowers;
Grim Vicksburg gives a crimson rose,
Embalmed in deathless story,
And Appomattox adds a star
To crown the wreath of glory.
He's dying now!—the angel Death,
Insatiate and impartial,
With icy fingers, stoops to touch
The Union's old field-marshal,

Who, like a soldier brave, awaits
 The summons so appalling,
 While o'er the land, from sea to sea,
 The silent tear is falling.

Still in his veterans' hearts to-day
 His battle drums are beating;
 His bugles always blew advance —
 With him was no retreating;
 And tenderly, with moistened eye,
 Columbia bends above him,
 And everywhere the sorrowed heart
 Tells how the people love him.

From golden-fruited orange groves
 To where the pines are sighing,
 The winds waft messages of love
 To Grant, the hero, dying.
 The Old World sends across the waves,
 A token of its sorrow:
 The greatest chief alive to-day
 May fall asleep to-morrow.

O touch the hero gently, Death! —
 The land is filled with weeping;
 And be his passing like a child's —
 The counterfeit of sleeping.
 A million boys in blue now stand
 Around their dying brother;
 The mighty world know but one Grant,
 'Twill never know another.

So let him die with honors crowned
 To live fore'er in story;
 The fields he won, the land he saved,
 Will be his lasting glory.

O mighty Ajax of the North!
 Old field-martial immortal!
 My saddened heart's with thee to-day
 Before the darkened portal.

I listened to the winds last night,
 How mournful was their sighing!
 It seemed to me a nation's sobs
 O'er Grant, the soldier, 'dying.
 O touch him, touch him softly, Death —
 Insatiate and impartial;
 He is the Union's mightest chief —
 My cherished old field-marshal!

PALMETTO AND PINE.

Once again the flow'rs are falling
 On the gallant and the true,
 Who to-day are sweetly dreaming
 'Neath the canopy of blue.
 'Tis for them we weave the chaplet,
 'Tis for them that we entwine
 The leaves of the palmetto
 With the branches of the pine.

Ah! methinks their drums are beating
 In their long deserted camps,
 And I seem to hear the music
 Of their grand and martial tramps.
 But I know they march no longer

Where the stars of southland shine —
 On the crest of the palmetto,
 And the plumage of the pine.

Where the waters in their beauty
 Oft through groves of orange run,
 Where the rivers seek the ocean
 Thro' the shadow and the sun,
 Sleep the boys who did their duty
 On the lurid battle line,
 Some around the tall palmetto,
 Others underneath the pine.

Once their camp-fires lit the darkness,
 Once their snowy tents were spread
 Where the bluebird woos his sweetheart,
 And the lily lifts her head.
 Long ago o'er hill and valley,
 Stretched their gleaming picket lines,
 From the fair sun-kiss'd palmettoes
 To the shadow of the pines.

O'er a country undivided
 Peace hath spread her gentle wings,
 Where the cannon hoarsely thundered,
 'Neath a leaf the cricket sings;
 And in hamlet, home and city,
 Lovely hands sweet chaplets twine
 For the graves beneath palmetto,
 And the mounds around the pine.

There are many gallant comrades
 Who from war will never come;
 They are those whose hearts beat gladly
 At the rattle of the drum.
 Over them from night till morning
 There's a guardianship divine,
 And above them bend in beauty
 The palmetto and the pine.

Many a patient one is waiting
 In an aureole of pray'r,
 And upon the shrouded hearthstone
 Stands to-day a vacant chair;
 Waiting for the hero sleeping
 Where the dark and dreamy vine
 Seeks the heart of the palmetto,
 And the coronets of pine.

Lips to be will chant their praises,
 Ages yet will come to tell
 How they marched to loyal music,
 How they fought and how they fell;
 And each year will grateful Freedom
 Deck anew her sacred shrines
 For the sleepers 'neath palmetto,
 For her sons among the pines.

In their silent camps of glory,
 Stretching far from sea to sea —
 Reaching from the land of snowflakes
 To the shade of cypress tree,
 Lie to-day our blue-clad warriors
 On an endless battle line —
 Guarding still their loved palmetto,
 Keeping free the waving pine.

Buds and blossoms sweet are falling,
 On the tender and the true,
 And the land we love does homage
 To her chevaliers in blue;
 While the flag for which the bravest
 Pour'd their blood like crimson wine,
 Waves aloft in spangled grandeur
 Over palmetto and pine!

Let it float! They fell around it,
 On the land and on the foam,
 From the fire and smoke of carnage
 Gallantly they bore it home;
 And till time is time no longer,
 May its stars with splendor shine
 On the home of the palmetto,
 And the birthland of the pine!

THE JINGLE OF THE BELLS.

Ah! the fleecy flakes are falling
 Through the frosty winter night,
 And December's winds are calling
 Us to scenes of rare delight!
 There are roguish eyes that glisten,
 As the snow of pleasure tells;
 And the rustic sweethearts listen
 For the jingle of the bells—
 For the jingle and the tingle
 Of the merry winter bells.

In the Cupid-haunted valley,
 'Twixt the old hills lying low,
 Where the summer breezes dally,
 Falls the lover-cherished snow;
 Oh! the silence of to-morrow
 Will be broken in the dells!
 And the heart will gladness borrow
 From the jingle of the bells—
 From the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
 Of the never-ceasing bells.

Jingle! jingle! in the starlight,
 Tinkle! tinkle! in the dark,
 Gliding swiftly toward the far light
 In the window but a spark!
 There can be no joys completer
 Than the ones the snow foretells;
 Ah! my darling, what is sweeter
 Than a kiss behind the bells—
 As they jingle, jingle, jingle
 O'er the snow, the sleighing bells!

Life is but a dream of pleasure
 That returns with every snow,
 Winter fills to-day the measure
 Emptied often long ago.
 'Neath the cutter's furry covers
 Many a heart with rapture swells,
 And the merry laugh of lovers
 Greets the jingle of the bells—
 Greets the laughter and the jingle
 Of the ever-merry bells.

On the road and in the wildwood
 Nature dons a robe of white,

And the happy laugh of childhood
 Will be heard to-morrow night!
 Everywhere the bells will jingle
 'Neath the starry sentinels,
 And the lassie's cheek will tingle
 With the kiss the sound impels—
 With a kiss that gently mingles
 With the laughter of the bells.

Oh, the bells my heart remembers,
 With their music soft and low!
 Oh, the sleigh bells of Decembers
 Buried in the long ago!
 I remember eyes that glistened
 When the snow was in the dells;
 I remember ears that listened
 For the jingle of the bells—
 For the jingle, jingle, jingle
 Of the rich December bells.

MRS. SARAH J. BLOUNT.

BORN: STOWE, VT., JUNE 17, 1842.

UNDER the nom de plume of Beth Thorne, many bright verses have appeared from the pen of this lady in the Chicago Inter-Ocean and other papers of equal prominence. Mrs. Blount has held prominent positions in the Grange as lecturer, master, etc.

MY MORNING GLORIES.

Out on the porch each morning I stand,
 At sunrise's dewy hour,
 Training the vines with a tender hand,
 Loving each dainty flower.

Sweet flowers that to the morning light
 Their loveliness enfold,
 And fairest hues of heaven smite
 With sunrise's brightest gold.

Over the vines of tenderest green,
 Blossoms of every hue,
 Purple and daintiest white I ween,
 And fairest shades of blue.

Some have the tint of the sea-shell caught,
 And others the rose's red,
 While some have brightest crimson brought
 The emerald vine to wed.

At sunset hour of purple and gold,
 Only vines and leaves of green;
 At dawn from silken buds unrolled,
 Bright flowers in silken sheen.

I do not envy the rich their gold,
 Their gems and jewels rare,
 The while my morning glories unfold
 Their blossoms to my care.

Their dainty beauty and purity,
 With every sense I drink,
 And their influence lingers round one
 To keep me pure I think.

MARGARET FAULK.

BORN: CLARKSTOWN, OHIO.

MISS FAULK follows the profession of teaching. Her poems have been published quite



MARGARET FAULK.

frequently in the eastern journals. She now resides in Beaver, Pennsylvania.

MAY.

The last of May! its close — so near,
The crowning days of another year;
The fresh sweet flowers opening to bloom,
Are strewn at the toilet, and over the tomb,
The fairest and sweetest of roses,
Are strewn where the hero reposes.

The thirtieth day, has come — 'tis here,
The old spangled banner has many a year
In triumph waved on land and sea,
Emblem of peace and liberty.

This day in peace she waves,
Over her country's braves.

Oh, the charming month of May,
Queen of the year, must pass away;
A smile for the living — for the dead a tear —
As we march along the rest of the year;
Smiles like the sunshine, tears as the dew,
In the great grand army of the brave and true.

The crowning day of all sometime,
Will dawn up in another clime;
The valiant soldier then will shine,
In glittering crowns pure and divine,
With never-fading flowers,
Found in celestial bowers.

A SOLDIER'S PICTURE.

Noble boy! all buttoned to the chin,
That patriot heart must surely victory win,
A smile upon those lips so sweetly plays!
The full blue eyes that seem at me to gaze
Are full of hope and beauty, Oh! for grace,
That I may look again upon his smiling face.

Noble soldier! off in the horseman's rank
The fairest brow in all that loyal flank!
The brightest locks, e'er fell on mortal brow,
Speak more than gold; sweet liberty e'en now
They seem to say: the glad, glad day is here,
When liberty brings every heart a cheer!

Gallant soldier! among the rebel crew,
Where shot and shell in thickest volleys flew;
That steed and armor through the battle came!
All honor to the gallant soldier's name,
„But where is he? 'tis only this I see!
The picture and the rose he sent to me.

„A rebel rose,” he said, „I send to thee,”
„Please bring back again to loyalty. [weight
That rose long pressed by old time's heavy
Now tells the story of its Northern fate;
And my wonder is if it can be
That he forgot his own loyalty.

Years have gone by; ah yes! full more,
If I should backward count than half a score,
Since boy and girl upon the school ground
played

The blue-eyed soldier and the dark-eyed maid—
All passed those days of yore,— war is turned
into peace,

Yet naught of his return,—since war's release.
Dead,—ah no,—that picture telleth me
Of life,—of hope,—of purest liberty,
Of battle's way, of dreadful wounds and scars
So nobly borne through all the cruel wars;
Of vanquished foes with heart of living grace,
I yet may see my soldier's smiling face.

THE CHARITY MAN.

EXTRACT.

Beautiful oceans, gulfs, seas and lakes;
Beautiful raindrops and pretty snowflakes;
Beautiful sky in the blue „far away;”
Beautiful earth in its mantle of gray; [plan
But the dearest and loveliest of God's holy
Was when he created the charity man.
Beautiful mountains, valleys and hills;
Beautiful rivers and rippling rills;
Beautiful sun in his glorious light;
Beautiful moon and stars so bright;
All the works of God's great plan,
But none to equal the creation of man.
Wanted, wanted — this charity man.
Where has he wandered since the world began?
Down in the little „dug-out” is he still?
No; he is everywhere, just at his will.
Up where the stars are fixed for his sight,
Down, 'neath the earth, in the regions of night.

LEMUEL G. WILSON.

BORN: MOUNT GILEAD, OHIO, APRIL 30, 1836.

MR. WILSON attended Cornell college for three years, and then taught school for a year. He next became a photographer, then started a store, and still later filled the position of commercial traveler for seven years. His wife



LEMUEL G. WILSON.

died in 1881. The poems of Mr. Wilson have appeared in the Chicago Current, Ledger, Inter-Ocean and other leading periodicals. He is at present engaged in horticulture at Westington Springs, Dakota.

BE EARNEST.

They tell me that 'mid Alpine snow,
And rock, and avalanche and storm,
Some flowers in regal splendor grow,
Beauteous alike in hue and form.

That, in old ocean's depths profound,
Where undisturbed the waters lie,
Are finer forms and flowers found,
Than ever greet the common eye.

That in the deepest, darkest mine
Is found the richest, purest gem
That e'er on regal breast did shine,
Or sparkle in a diadem.

From these I learn this single truth:
'Tis not the thoughtless, heedless throng
Who find earth's richest joys forsooth
Or live her grandest scenes among.

But rather they who seek with care,
In earnest action, word and thought,
And find them only when and where
The fickle crowd had never sought.

IS THERE ANY BY-AND-BY?

They tell me that 'tis all of life
To live, and toil and die;
Ending at once all care and strife,
There is no by-and-by.

Our cherished hopes that we shall find
A Heaven above the sky
Are but the merest mists of mind—
There is no by-and-by.

On "earth to earth and dust to dust"
Alone can we rely;

There's nothing further we can trust—
There is no by-and-by.

Oh! can it be that all our hopes
Of final home and heaven,—
Of life and rest, of joy and peace,
In one short hour are riven?

Will those dear friends we've loved so
true

In endless slumber lie?
No fond embrace — all ages through
No meeting — by-and-by?

This curious web we here call life —
Unfinished, soon must lie;
The rarest patterns incomplete
If there's no by-and-by.

Oh, tell me ye who look beyond
The range of mortal eye,
Is this alone the sum of life?
Is there no by-and-by.

Ah, yes, I hear a whispered tone —
A glad, exultant cry:
"There is a rest, a heaven, a home,
I've found the by-and-by."

WE MET AND PARTED.

We met and parted, you and I,
One year ago to-morrow;
You did not note, perhaps, a sigh
That 'scaped my lips in sorrow.

We parted by the garden gate —
No formal words were spoken,
You knew not what a heavy weight
Lay on my heart — now broken.

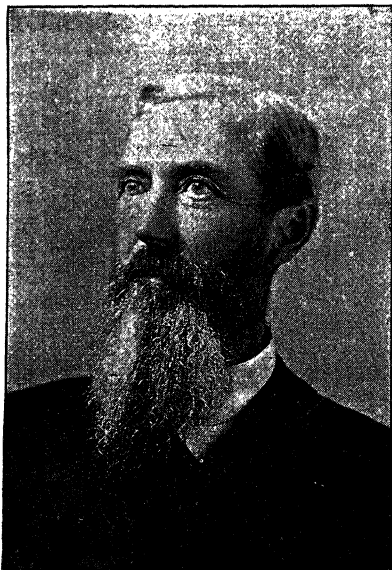
We parted, and you went away
With no sad thought at parting,
While I in sorrow knelt to pray,
The tears, unbidden, starting.

We parted — but you'll never know
How much of pain and sorrow
Was mingled in my cup of woe
One year ago — to-morrow.

JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

BORN: DAVIDSON CO., N. C.

THIS gentleman received his education at Catawba college at Newton. He was married early in life to Miss Louisa Jane Yokley. In 1857 Mr. Murphy joined the St. Louis conference of the M. E. Church South, and for twen-



JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

ty-two successive years he served as pastor in honored positions. In 1879 he was transferred to the northwest Texas conference, and is now located at Bronaugh, Mo. John Albert Murphy, A. M., D. D., has written numerous very fine poems, and has contributed extensively to the periodical press and many standard works.

THE FIRST FALLEN SOLDIER OF 1861.

The bow is in the clouds
Whose arch lies in the sky and spans the race,
With peace, slain hero, it enshrouds
Thy resting place.

The star is in the sky
That once illumed the sepulcher divine;
Now, in the march of centuries by,
It shines on thine.

There's sweetness in the air,
Lent for perfumes to constant nature's claim,
That she may, with her latest care,
Embalm thy name.

There's beauty on the lea;
Its myriad charms their ample wealth
combine,
And closing round, thy memory
And dust enshrine.

There's music everywhere,
In earth and sky, and in the ocean surge;
'Tis nature's mournful way to share
Thy funeral dirge.

There's light in heaven above;
Its burning lamps their shining station keep;
And day and night while cycles move,
They guard thy sleep.

There's love in human hearts
That over death achieves the victory,
And will, as hoary time departs,
Remember thee.

The gold-winged butterflies
In pensive groups display, like living bloom,
Their blended beauties e'er they rise
From off thy tomb.

Beneath the sod to lie;
If thus, perchance, thy comrades dared to
pause
To put thee there, who dared to die
For freedom's cause.

Death brought thee late renown;
But gave thee not the soul the patriot bears;
Nor put upon thy head the crown
The hero wears.

Thy bed of clay unknown,
The bitter tears of solitude receives,
And of the flowers by nature strown
A garland weaves.

Her deepest mourning wears;
Her brow and breast with flashing diamond
spread,
The sable virgin Night her tears
Weeps o'er thy head.

And Day, with vesture bright,
And lavish smiles upon the good and brave,
Awards to thee the soldier's right,
An honored grave.

No midnight bugle blast,
From peaceful sleep shall rouse thy valiant
soul,
Till heaven's Commander calls at last
The Judgment-roll.

Then, in the great review,
When uniforms and crowns shall never fade,
Hero, receive thy honors due
On grand parade.

MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

BORN: ENGLAND, MARCH 15, 1843.

By the title of Mother Jones this lady is known throughout the United States and Canada, and wears the badge and emblem of the B. of R. B. She is now editress of the Brake-



MRS. HENRY B. JONES.

men's Journal, published at Galesburg, Illinois. She has contributed to various local papers, and has edited several journals of prominence. She resides in Washington, Indiana, with her husband and children, of whom she has five.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Charley Singleton wrote a letter one day
To his friend, Frank Hunter, far away;
"There's a question that troubles me more
and more,
And oftentimes makes me feel quite sore;
So your advice I now will seek,
(For I know you can a secret keep,)
And I'll be your friend as long as I live,
If you your council to me will give.
Is marriage a failure?—I've puzzled so
An answer square to this to know—
But I think the dearest sweets of life,
Is to own a charming handsome wife."

Frank soon sat down and took up his pen,
And answered Charley there and then:

"Well, as to marriage, 'tis little I know,
But I'll tell you a fact I think is so,—
Courtship's a failure—at least in your case,
For in my mind it is dire disgrace
To so universally show your fears,
As to keep up courtship for years and years;
And as courtship seems such a failure to you,
I suggest that you try what marriage will do;
At least it will be a relief from the mode
Of the everlasting courtship code."

Frank now thought he had Charley fast,
And to his friend of years long past,
Mother Jones of Washington did go,
His send-off to Singleton to show.

She met him thus:—"You sly old fox,
Don't say a word—you're in the same box,
And a pair of gloves to me you will give,
Or I'll expose you in print as sure as I live."
The gloves were sent, and so—oh well,
The above will to your readers tell,
That those who live in glass-made zones,
Should at each other never throw stones.

For taking the part of both to-night
I expect to get a wedding invite;
If not, more tales I might tell that's true
Of Hunter and of Charley too;
And a closing request I here will make,
"Frank—Please remember that fishing
scrape."

NOW AND THEN.

When those restless hands are folded
Across my silent breast,
When my pen, so seldom idle now,
Shall lie, for aye, at rest,
When the snowflakes flutter downward,
Or the wind with rushing wave
Shall blow in all its fury
Upon my grassy grave.

The cars shall still be speeding
Across the western plain,
And my boys, as now, be keeping
Their watch upon the train.
I ask no greater favor than peacefully to lie
Within some graveyard's mossy slope
Where the trains go daily by.

If ever soul be granted
The freedom from above
To view with care and tenderness
The friends they used to love,
Then I shall ask that boon of heaven
No matter what its joys,
That I am granted still to watch
O'er my loving brakey boys.

I care not where they lay me down,
Where the summer sun shines forth,

Or the western breezes gently blow,
 Or in the icy north.
 I care not for a marble shaft,
 Or a granite headstone crave,
 But let me rest where my boys can come
 And look upon my grave.

And when the trumpet's blast shall shake
 That little grassy mound,
 And when the day of reckoning comes
 May our record clear be found.
 And as with radiant smiles we meet
 And grasp each other's hand,
 May I then, as now, the mother be
 Of our honored Brotherhood band.

TO THE B. OF L. E. IN CHICAGO.

Cheer up! take courage, noble brothers,
 Stand firm together for your right;
 And remember, now, unwavering,
 In this battle to unite.
 Fierce and long has been the struggle,
 But your hearts are true and good;
 Long on record be the bravery
 Of the noble Brotherhood.

Never heed the grim oppressor,
 Trust in God, and still keep firm;
 Let not capital in future
 Lead and crush you as a worm.
 Stand together now as brothers,
 Heart to heart and hand to hand;
 Sympathizers by the thousands
 You have gained throughout the land.

Think of those who dearly love you,
 Think of those you hold most dear;
 Many prayers ascend to Heaven
 For the sturdy engineer.
 In the pages of your history
 You have earned a golden fame;
 Now, tho' sorely tried, dear brothers,
 Still be worthy of your name.

Show the world what noble courage
 Beats within each manly breast;
 That as one your hearts are throbbing,
 North and south and east and west.
 Show the great, the high and mighty,
 The magnate and the millionaire,
 That you mean to fight as freemen,
 And for them you little care.

In brave Arthur you've a leader,
 Worthy he to be your chief;
 Then obey him as true brothers,
 Be the struggle long or brief.
 Shame that some should thus oppress you,
 Loyal men so true and good;
 But hurrah we'll shout in honor —
 Arthur and the Brotherhood!

MRS. EMMA A. TIFFANY.

BORN: JEFFERSON, OHIO, 1845.

BEING left a widow with two children, this lady then taught school for a livelihood, and later entered the mercantile business in which she is at present engaged. Her poems have



MRS. EMMA A. TIFFANY.

appeared from time to time in the local press, and have been favorably received. In person Mrs. Tiffany is a little above the medium height, is very frail and has brown hair and eyes. She is now a resident of her native state, at Orwell.

THE ISLE OF SOMEWHERE.

Oh, the beautiful isle of somewhere!
 That beyond our vision lies;
 The brush of the artist hath sketched it
 In crimson and purple dyes.

Oh, the tranquil isle of somewhere!
 Where the storm-tossed bark finds rest,
 Within the harbor its anchor cast,
 No more the waves 'twill breast.

Oh, the fragrant isle of somewhere!
 There blooms rose and eglantine,
 And 'mid the sturdy oak's foliage,
 The tender ivy-leaves twine.

Oh, the enchanted isle of somewhere
 Shall we reach it, you and I;
 And bask in the radiant sunlight
 Of the golden by-and-by?

LIZZIE WALDEN.

THE poems of Miss Walden have appeared in the local press for the past few years, and have been favorably received. She is a res-



LIZZIE WALDEN.

ident of Union City, Indiana, where she is well-known and greatly admired for her many attainments.

THE RING.

He kissed her rose-red lips —
 'Twas in the month of May —
 Her hand into his own, he slips,
 And softly whispers: May
 I place a little shining thing
 Upon your finger? Say —
 It's but a tiny gold ring.
 "I'll wear it night and day;
 And I'm the happiest of any
 Under the light-blue sky,"
 Thought the lady fair.
 Roses are her lips and golden her hair.
 Again he kissed her rose-red lips —
 The angels witnessed it above —
 And on her finger he slips
 The golden pledge of love,
 Wear it, dear, but don't put it by,
 This may change, but ne'er can I.
 "O, I am as happy as any
 Under the light-blue sky,"
 Thought the lady fair.
 Roses are her lips and golden her hair.
 The ring? I've worn it most a year;

And though her tears to him did peer,
 To give it back is queer;
 But, if I must? Why, here,
 And from her finger tore it,
 Saying, "If I had never worn it
 I would be as happy as any
 Under the light-blue sky,"
 Said the lady fair,
 Pale, pale, are her lips,
 Though golden is her hair.

A VOICE.

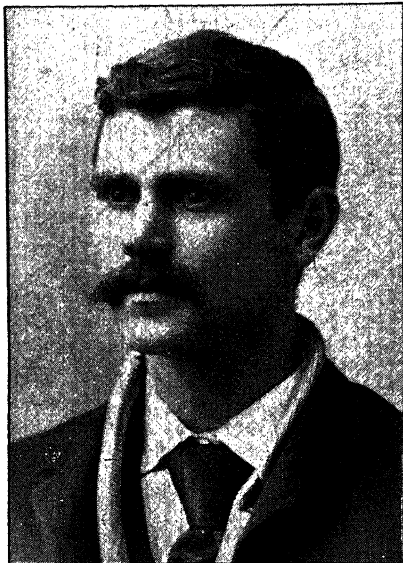
The resurrection day is nigh at hand
 Cried a voice from on high;
 Repent ye every nation of the land,
 An awful day is drawing nigh;
 When a storm with peals of thunder, [tion;
 Shall come to shake the earth's founda-
 Not a soul on earth shall slumber,
 'Twill be known to every nation.
 Lightnings flash, and look not slender,
 Leaping, dancing in mid-air;
 And to our wicked hearts will render,
 Greatest of agony and despair.

Many voices will be speaking,
 Asking why they are not saved;
 Many and many a soul be weeping,
 O'er his own neglected grave.
 Loud and clear are many voices,
 Some are shouting songs of praise;
 Others weeping, sorrowing, waiting,
 Down upon their knees.
 They raise their voice to ask forgiveness:
 Jesus answers them "Too late;—
 In life you did not ask for mercy,
 Now you're subject to your fate."
 Loud and clear, a Christian singing;
 "Glory to my Lord, my King;
 Closely to the cross I'm clinging,
 My conscience, heart at peace with him."
 Jesus with all his kindness,
 Deals with hearts of christian light;
 Go to him in your blindness,
 He will help you,— give you sight.
 Do not listen for the story
 To be told you o'er and o'er,—
 Hasten, hasten on to glory,
 Safely your heart with Jesus store.
 Call upon the Lord in prayer;
 Seek the Lord with confidence;
 He will keep you from the slayer
 At the end you recompense.
 When our voices to God we uplift,
 And our hearts to him are given,
 It seems but a step o'er a snow-white cliff
 And you're in the gates of Heaven.
 Methinks, how grand 'twill be
 When around God's throne we gather,
 Our God in all his glory we see,
 To serve him there forever.

JOSEPH BYRON BROWN.

BORN: ELDORADO, ILL., MARCH 30, 1861.

SINCE 1884 the poems of Mr. Brown have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. For awhile he was employed on the correspondence staff of the St. Louis Daily Republican, and was sent by that paper on a tour through Texas and Old Mexico. He next engaged with the Rocky Mountain News, and in 1888 returned to Morganfield and began the publication of a country newspaper, but soon disposed of that periodical. He then re-



JOSEPH BYRON BROWN.

turned to St. Louis Republican, and was sent abroad as traveling correspondent for that paper. He sailed from San Francisco to the Argentine Republic, traveled extensively in that country and Brazil. From Rio Janeiro he voyaged to Capetown, Africa, touched St. Helen's Islands and stopped for some time in the West Indies. His correspondence is a lasting record of this great voyage. After his return home he was appointed to a position in the signal service. He next received an appointment as Indian Inspector under Cleveland's administration. Since then he has been engaged in the mercantile business in Corydon, Ky.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

The dear old home I have left behind,
The home of love and truth,

No more to roam the woods and vales
As in the days of youth.

I have left the home I love so well
And my mother and father dear:
I have left them all — for another kind
To live through the coming year.

The home that sheltered me in childhood,
The fond mother that tended me well —
All left behind with loving regret
More deeply than words can tell.

My brother, too, I have given up
For another as loving and kind;
But my heart will cling to dear home ties
I have left so far behind.

I have bid farewell to the days of old,
To the friends I loved so dear;
I have passed from out their midst
With sad heart and bitter tears.

I have taken upon me the sacred vows
For better for worse, come weal, come woe;
What the future has in store for me
Only God in heaven knows.

How my heart turns back to the joys that's
past,

To the songs, the dance and mirth,
Before I left my father's roof —
The dearest spot on earth.

I do not regret the step I have taken:
Oh! no it could not be

That I would be so unjoint to one
Who has been so kind to me.

He sought me out from a world so full
Of damsels, both rich and fair;
I had neither beauty nor wealth to give,
But for this he did not care.

I won from him a heart as true
As ever beat in human breast;
I am happy from the choice I made,
For my lot is peace and rest.

We have left our home, our friends behind,
And started out together
To battle with cruel fate alone
Through storm or sunny weather.

FRANCES ANNIE GREGG.

BORN: ANDOVER, ME., 1860.

THE sprightly and melodious poems of Miss Gregg have appeared in various publications. She resides with her parents on the Pines' Stock Farm, a delightful summer resort in her native town.

THE COTTER'S SONG.

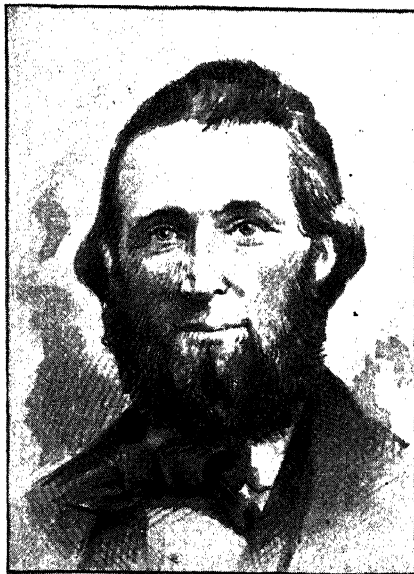
O, the snow lies deep and the snow blows
high;

The winds they shriek and moan and cry,
But what care I, O, what care I?

WILLIAM W. STOCKWELL.

BORN: NORTHAMPTON, MASS., FEB. 7, 1829.

THE poems of Mr. Stockwell have appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer, Kansas City Times and other papers of prominence. In 1864 Mr. Stockwell moved to Indianapolis, Ind., having contracted to carry the mail on two routes from that city. In the spring of 1865 he wrote



WILLIAM WATSON STOCKWELL.

Incidents in the Life of George W. Murray, treating of events of the civil war and Libby Prison. In 1886 Mr. Stockwell removed to Brown county, Ind., where he still resides. In 1888 he was elected trustee of the township. During the past thirty years he has written numerous poems, and will publish his productions in book-form at some future time.

RECONCILIATION.

When we differ from another
Whom we think to rashly err,
We shall ever act most wisely
Kindly with him to confer.

Friendly interchange of feeling
Fills no human heart with guile,
But with men of worthy motives
It will all hearts reconcile.

Friendly words can win to friendship
Hearts that are most cold with hate;
For where threats can never enter,
Friendly words can penetrate.

Threats avail mankind but little;
Harsh words grate upon the ear;
Words of sympathy and kindness
Mortals soonest bend to hear.

Yes, all words with coldness spoken
Further set our souls apart,
While the words that glow with friendship
Bring us nearer, heart to heart.

Then remember, ye who differ,
Ye whose hearts are filled with guile,
Friendly interchange of feelings
Always tends to reconcile.

STRANGE THINGS.

'Tis strange that men of common sense
Can be so taken in,
By drinking at their own expense,
Of whiskey, rum, and gin,
Which lead to every grave offense,
And every form of sin —
Since all should strive in going hence
A shining goal to win.

'Tis strange that men with open eyes
Will go where they must fall;
That men, professing to be wise,
Can stoop to things so small.
The soul to honor sinks and dies,
And sorrows dark appall,
When there's a path in which to rise,
Inviting to us all!

'Tis strange men choose a path so low,
When they might rise so high!
'Tis strange men buy the cup of woe,
When joy's free glass is nigh!
'Tis strange that men false colors show,
Since all disclaim to lie!

'Tis strange that men can live as though
They never were to die!

'Tis strange that while light paths lead up,
And dark paths lead us down;
While light will fill the soul with hope,
And darkness hope will drown —
So many will in darkness grope,
Who might enjoy renown,
And, like the world's most favored group,
Wear honor's shining crown.

HOW TO LIVE.

I hold that all should strive on earth
To gain life's richest treasure,
That which is of enduring worth,
And yields the purest pleasure;
Our powers of mind we should unfold —
Look forward hopeful ever,
And every day till we are old,
Grow strong through high endeavor.
Each should espouse some worthy cause,
From duty never swerving,

MRS. NELLIE MARIE BURNS.

THIS lady was married in 1878 to Thomas H. Burns, the actor and comedian. She was also a member of the dramatic profession, but abandoned it a few years after her marriage. For nearly a decade the poems of Mrs. Burns



MRS. NELLIE MARIE BURNS.

have appeared in the leading journals of the east, and she is now preparing a volume of her collected poems for publication. When not traveling with her husband, Mrs. Burns resides on the shores of the Atlantic, at Kittery Point, Maine.

CRICKET.

The golden-rod nods brightly,
The thistle-wraiths float lightly
Like a band of fairy goblins thro' the air;
Still Balder holds the fortress
And Nanna is the portress,
Yet this morn I heard a cricket chirping there.
O, banshee of the summer!
Thou sombre little comer,
In thy pallium of monasterial black,
Each tender breeze that passes
Thy synod midst the grasses,
Brings the burden of thy mournful coronach.
When merry sleigh-bells jingle,
Thy song beside the ingle
Is the lullaby of Baby, John and Dot,
While memory grows silly
At thought of stupid Tilly
Dreaming, open-mouthed, in Peerybingle's cot.

But for me beloved faces
From scented summer places
To the battle-field of life have gone away,
The ocean rote grows stronger,
The autumn evenings longer
When thy solemn little pibroch 'gins to play.
Though robin in the thicket
May drown thy chirping, cricket:
Yet the warning of thy prelude doth appear;
Thou'lt sing the flowers to sleeping,
Thy tiny masses keeping, [bier.
Till the last red leaf drifts downward to its

DREAMS.

Beyond the din and wrestling
Of this common life and woe,
'Mid fairy-forests nestling
The flowers of dreamland grow.
To the sombre hills of science
That would scatter fancies bright,
We waft back our defiance
From each narcotic height.
And the soul no more regretting
Its failures of the day:
In this lotus-land forgetting —
All trouble casts away.
"Adieu," we say to sorrow,
As those slumberous mountains rise;
While we rest until the morrow
In the realm of folded eyes.
From our hands we throw the burdens
That the weary senses weigh,
To find the waiting guerdon
'Mong isles of dreamland gray.

WINDS.

When the north winds blow and waysides lie
White in the arms of December;
My heart wakes up with a pitiful cry
To moan with the winds and remember.
And what say the winds from their far height
blown
Over the sunset towers?
Rending the air with such desolate moan,
That the frightened eagle cowers.
Shrieking aloud as they pass the door,
Hurrying on to the river:
Lashing the sea into maddened roar,
'Till the placid shore lands shiver.
"Hear, oh hear!" chant the sighing winds,
Thro' the outer turret waning;
"By a mighty power we are forced to find
Relief in our complaining."
"Wanderers we from our home of cloud,
Hiding in places dreary:
Goaded to wrath 'till we smite the proud,
Soothed 'till we fan the weary."
We are avengers who challenge the soul,
A Nemesis sad to awaken,
We are the steeds of creation, who roll
Our courses till worlds are shaken.

ALBERT ULYSSES LESHER.

BORN: FAYETTEVILLE, PA., OCT. 4, 1865.

AFTER receiving his education, Albert taught school during the winter months for seven years; he then read law and was admitted to the bar in 1890. Mr. Lesher has written a num-



ALBERT ULYSSES LESHER.

ber of poems which have been widely published in the papers throughout eastern Pennsylvania. He has held numerous positions of honor at Manheim in his native state.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

From Maine to California,
From Alleghanies' crest,
To where the Rocky Mountains
Stand guardians of the west;
From fair Dakota's fountains
To tropic Mexic wave —
From where the proud Potomac
Flows by our chieftain's grave —
Thou growest beauteous flower,
Sown by the hand of God;
Thou symbol of our power,
Thou blessed golden-rod.
When soft blow summer zephyrs,
When fall the autumn leaves,
Or when the wind of winter
Through lordly forests grieves —
Thou liftest still thy golden crest
Above the winter's snow

And heedest not November winds,
However fierce they blow.
Oh, lovely little flower,
Uplifting from the sod —
Thou symbol of our power —
Thou blessed golden-rod.

Like thee — the golden-crested,
Our mighty land has grown;
Like thee, the tempest breasted,
Like thee, her summer's known:
But God — the Great All Father —
Who marks the sparrow's fall,
Has raised both plant and nation,
Has watched and prospered all.
'Mid storm, 'mid hail, 'neath sunshine,
Still wave thy golden crest,
Still live the symbol flower —
The Shamrock of the West.
Though thrones and crowns may crum-
ble,
And kingdoms rise and fall,
Fair western land, the last and best,
Thou shalt survive them all;
For thee, the Great Jehovah,
Hath lifted from the sod,
And given thee, with many gifts,
The blessed golden-rod —
The golden-rod of empire,
Which shall endure alway,
Until the sun to darkness turns
And earth shall pass away.

WHEN THE FRIENDS OF YOUTH ARE GONE.

"There are gains," the poets tell us,
"For all losses" of the heart,
For the sorrows that subdue us,
For the tears that freely start,
For the golden sun of morning,
For the vanished stars that shone;
But there is no compensation
When the heart is left alone:

CHO.—For, though Heaven seem more near
thee

With life's battle fought and won,
Nothing on the earth can cheer thee
When the friends of youth are gone.

There are joyous hours for sorrow —
Future joy for present pain,
For to-day — a bright to-morrow,
For the draught-refreshing rain;
For the vanished years of childhood
Manhood's prime reserves reward;
For the desert stands a wildwood
Pleasant peace for gory sword:

There is consolation surely
In the thought of future life,
There is time for contemplation
In the rest that follows strife.
There are thoughts of old-time voices

In the future chorus grand,
 And the weary heart rejoices —
 Almost stirs the palsied hand:
 Like the noble gray-haired statesman,
 You may win life's battles all,—
 Victor triumph o'er your trials
 Like the sage of Donegal,
 Wear the civic crown of laurel
 When thy active life is done,
 But the joyous past will haunt thee
 When thy heart is left alone.

TWO HARVESTS.

As you look across the grain-fields,
 In the beautiful month of June,
 When all the voices of nature
 Blend in harmonious tune;
 As you see the golden harvest
 Gleam on the vernal hills;
 As the merry song of the reapers
 Your heart with rapture thrills;
 As you gaze in admiration
 On the earthly fields so fair,
 Do you think of the beautiful harvest —
 Of the Father over there?
 Of the harvest that lasts through the ages,
 In the Heaven that smiles above,
 Where all is light and glory,
 And peace, and joy and love?
 For it seems to me that in Heaven
 The blest have their work to do;
 That each by His wisdom is given
 Some object to pursue.
 Some exalted work for the Master,—
 Some task supremely blest;
 For the tireless labor of Heaven,
 Meaneth "eternal rest."

MRS. HANNAH E. M. ALLEN.

BORN: PARIS, ME., OCT. 6, 1831.

UNDER the nom de plume of Rose Sanborn, this lady has contributed quite extensively to the periodical press. She now resides in the state of Nebraska at Agnew, where she is well known and highly respected.

A WINTER PANSY.

Once in the morning twilight of our love,
 When Hope's first red had scarcely tinged the gray,
 I plucked a pansy from its winter bed
 And gave it you: In its fresh face, perchance,
 You read a vague, sweet prophecy of good,
 Of Love surviving life's autumnal chill,
 And blossoming even in its winter days.
 After long years, once more I pluck for you
 A pansy than hat braved a frosty sky
 And worn a snow-wreath on its purple brows,
 For a sweet sign that in our hearts to-day,
 We find the old-time prophecy come true.

MRS. JOSEPHINE JAMIESON.

BORN: DOVER, ARK., JULY 19, 1839.

FOR the past few years the poems of Mrs. Jamieson have appeared in the St. Louis Ad-



MRS. JOSEPHINE JAMIESON.

vocate and numerous other publications. She was married in 1856 to W. E. Jamieson, with whom she now resides at Dye, Texas.

THE SNOW.

The snow, the snow, the pure white snow,
 Coming down so soft and low,
 Whirling and drifting through the storm,
 Down on the earth to keep it warm.
 It comes, it comes through the chilly blast,
 Falling on woods and fields so fast;
 So quickly hiding them from sight
 Beneath its spotless robe of white.
 It goes, it goes to the home of the poor,
 It finds its way through the rich man's door;
 Making the hearts of children glad,
 Pinching the hungry and thinly clad.
 It flies, it flies, yes everywhere,
 Making diamonds here, crystals there;
 Bringing with it the chirping birds,
 The bleating lambs and lowing herd
 O see, O see the crystals shine,
 Reflections of that love divine
 That gave the world a sacred light—
 Making the gloomiest day grow bright. . .

MRS. LOUISE G. STAUNTON.

BORN: ALLEN CO., IND.

FOR the past decade the poems of this lady have been published far and wide, and have



MRS. LOUISE G. STAUNTON.

been well received. Mrs. Staunton has resided in Fort Wayne since 1858, was married there four years later, and left a widow in 1890. She has two children living.

THE SEA SHELL.

O beautiful shell from the murmuring sea,
Why sing of the charms of the ocean to me?
Whose strange, restless waters seem ever in quest

Of earth's brightest jewels to hide in its breast.

O pink-tinted shell from the dark, stormy sea,
Canst tell me if deep, gloomy caverns there be,
Where mermaids sport in the water's green light

Away from the moon and the sunbeams so bright?

Canst tell me of jewels so costly and rare,
That gleam in the bands of their radiant hair—

Those bright water-nymphs, who dwell under the wave,

Whose castles of coral the deep waters lave?

Do they love, do they hate, as other folks do,
In that strange nether world, quite hidden from view

By numberless fathoms of salt ocean spray,
That guard and protect them forever and aye?

And did the most lovely of all that fair band,
Stoop low 'mid the grasses and emerald sand,
To breathe in the ear of my wonderful shell
Those musical notes it forever must tell?

Forever? ah, yes, when this warm, beating heart

To dust has returned, having finished its part,
Keeping time to the rhythm of sorrow and tears,

Whose echoes are lost in the vanishing years.

But through the thick blackness there cometh a ray

That heralds the dawn of a happier day,
When the soul, free from fetters, shall pass to its rest

In the mansions of light, the home of the blest.

Then sing, pretty shell, of the days yet to be,
And the days that are gone, and of the deep sea
The home of the mermaid, gracious and fair,
And the mansions of light o'er the river of care.

EXCELSIOR.

Fair youth, within whose manly breast
The fires of genius smolder low,
Seek well to feed the flame aright,
With steady hand, both sure and slow.

Both sure and slow, remember well
The magic these few words contain,
Till, in the fullness of God's time,
It leaps and mounts a living flame.

A shaft of fire to lead the way
Far up the rugged path to fame,
Till on the summit's dizzy height
With dexter hand you write your name.

But when bright honor's diadem
Descends upon thy manly brow
Do not forget the low of earth,
Compelled beneath the yoke to bow.

Strike ever for the poor, the weak,
For this thy God hath made thee strong;
Hurl down the tyrant, lift the slave,
Oppressed by cruel, bitter wrong.

The more bright honor stoops to save,
The more it rises in its might,
But why remind a noble soul
Who conscious is of wrong and right?

Accept this floral wreath from one
Who knows thee not, but fain would know,

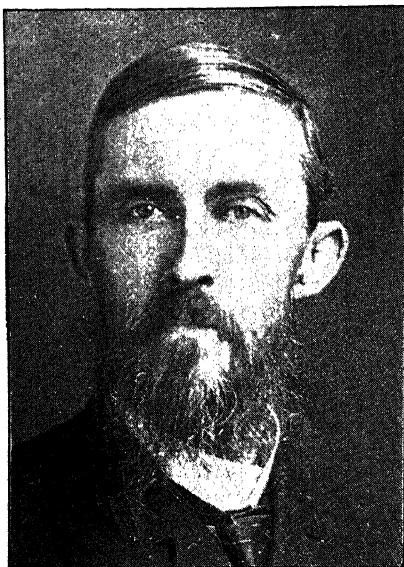
And wear the blossoms on thy breast
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.

And may their odors ever live
A tender memory in thy heart
Of youthful hopes, then pass beyond
When on life's stage you've played your part.

J. WARREN GARDINER.

BORN: NORTH KINGSTON, R. I., MARCH 2, 1836.

MR. GARDINER studied medicine for two years, and later became a school teacher. After his marriage he was admitted to the bar. His health compelled him to move to Florida. Mr. Gardiner has lived at different



J. WARREN GARDINER.

times in many of the states of the union, and has held many important public positions of trust. He has published several newspapers, and is at present editor and proprietor of the Dixie Optic, at Jefferson, N. C. He has a large amount of unpublished matter both in poetry and prose, which he hopes soon to publish.

THE PATCH.

When I see, beside the way,
The little urchin there at play,
With a patch on either knee,
What is it that impresses me?
Memory of a mother dear,
Laid long since upon her bier,
Who, when I was young and small,
Darned and mended for us all.
Patiently, with thread and thimble,
Eyes yet clear and fingers nimble,
While we nestled close in bed,
Through the patch the needle sped.
Hence the patch so comely, neat,
On little trousers knee or seat,
Speaks to me of comfort near,
Of a home and mother dear.

New clothes fit and trim may be
Worn by urchins whom we see;
Rags may flutter on the street,
Shoeless boys or shod may meet;
Still to us no sign they give,
Save that poor or rich they live,
Boys who wear the neat patch prove
A mother's care, a mother's love.

BRAIN VS. BRAWN.

Brain and Brawn were brothers,
Beginning life together,
Each reared to honest labor,
Inured to wind and weather.
The former by economy
And industry unceasing,
Found day by day his influence
And hoarded wealth increasing.
He spent no time at taverns
In drinking or carousing,
Was temperate in all his ways,
All honesty espousing.
Employers learned his worth to prize,
And valued him according.
True merit wins its way to wealth,
And is its own rewarding.
He slowly rose to eminence,
By home and friends surrounded,
In business of his own engaged,
And so his wealth abounded.
The latter to debauchery
His nights and Sundays giving,
Consumed his hard-earned wages
In folly and fast living.
So slowly at his daily task,
The weary hours he numbered,
And grumbled at his stubborn lot,
And thus success encumbered.
Employers learned his worth to gauge,
For energy was lacking;
Disorder with depressing hand
His frame was slowly sacking.
His home was misery and sloth,
By kindred friends surrounded,
He spent his time in bitter plaint,
And poverty abounded.
Advancing age now finds the two,
But mark what contrast bitter;
One rests upon a bed of down,
The other on a litter.
One occupies a high-stoop house,
Has stocks and bonds in store;
The other grovels in a hut
With rent-man at the door.
One has a healthy family,
Grown up and married well;
The other's sons are vile and low,
Fit for a prison cell.

MRS. S. HAZLETT-BEVIS.

BORN: ZANESVILLE, OHIO, JULY 17, 1846.

REMOVING to Cincinnati in 1884 from Marquette, Michigan, Mrs. Hazlett-Bervis has become well known as a journalist, and is now on the local staff of the Evening Post. She has the undoubted claim to author, poet and journalist; has recently issued a volume of poems;



MRS. S. HAZLETT-BEVIS.

and is also editing Noted Women of Cincinnati, which will be published in 1891. Mrs. Hazlett-Bervis organized the Woman's Press Club of Cincinnati, and was its first president. After many years of widowhood she was married in 1888 to Henry H. Bevis, now proprietor of The Cincinnati Elite News, of which Mrs. Bevis is the associate editor. The poems of this lady have appeared in the leading publications of America, and have been highly spoken of.

A LITTLE CHILD.

Only a tiny hand-clasp,
Only an accent mild:
Only a pattering footstep,
But that of a little child.
Only blue eyes uplifted,
Only a pleading fied;
Only a heart in yearning,
And that of a little child.
Only a trust in keeping,
Only to be beguiled;

Only glistening teardrops.
The blood of a little child.
Only a heart-grown callous.
Only a soul defiled:
Only a saddened memory —
A neglected little child.

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes, when all about is still,
And calmly wafts the evening air,
The pent-up feelings, and the will,
Both prostrate lie in deep despair.
Sometimes.

Sometimes in spite of reins well held,
Whose white hand-power is self-control,
With lips compressed, and bosom swelled
With heartache hunger of the soul.
Sometimes.

We cannot pray, we only moan,
And lie in misery so abject —
With hands clasped tensely, cold as stone,
And tears dried hotly — none suspect.
Sometimes.

We long for death, a sudden hush
To fall upon us as we sit:
Oblivion without noise or crush,
And thus the end, while shadows flit.
Sometimes.

Perhaps the dearest hopes of earth,
Our idols shattered, merest clay,
Long years of toil, that knew no girth,
By lightest breeze are swept away.
Sometimes.

We wonder if He knew or cared?
It seems so to our breaking heart,
Mocking the life that He hath spared,
Thinking naught of that greater part.
Sometimes.

SMILE AND BE GLAD.

Smile, though the heart be breaking;
Smile, though the clouds droop low;
Smile, in the morn awaking;
Smile, when to rest you go.

Think of the day with gladness,
Though toilful the hours, and long;
Banish all care and sadness,
Lighten your labors with song.

Open the doors of your sanctum,
That "Holy of Holies" — your heart;
Let in the sunshine that will come,
And be of you ever a part.

Speak kindly words to the erring;
Harsh ones embitter the soul;
Each to the other deferring,
Holding o'er self full control.

Be content, be kind, be loving;
Remember the shortness of life;
It's not worth while to be proving —
Constantly arguing with strife.

Every life hath its bitter,
As well as its sweets to drain;
It is not "all pomp and glitter,"
That's freest from sorrow and pain.

The "Golden Rule" is the best one,
To follow the whole journey through;
"Do unto others, as you alone,
Would have others do unto you."

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

One of these days when all the years so silent
Have passed into eternity at last,
And you and I stand face to face thus meet-
ing,

Shall we remember all the bitter past?

Shall we remember all the woe and heartache,
That met us on life's morn and sunlit path?
Shall we in awe stand back, the pain renewing,
As glance, to glance, the greater misery hath?

Will stifled moans, pale lips the torture hiding,
Be wrung from hearts whose cup is more
than full?

Will tears trace deeper, in the furrows graven?
Or shall an apathy our spirits lull?

Shall aching brain be horrified with vision,
Panoramic view of scenes we would forget?
Shall warm hands clinch, and make therein
incision,

And blood drip from a life full of regret?

Must all the thorns be tread upon as olden,
Our weary feet no rest as yet to feel?
Must burdens borne, bow lower in submission,
Before His touch our broken spirits heal?

If so, dear God, from out thy loving kindness,
Let one soul drift into a blissful naught —
My own — and if a wild mistaken blindness,
Forgive, and understand the silence bought.

MRS. JOHN McVICAR.

THE poems of this lady have been published
in Godey's Lady's Book and other magazines
of equal prominence. She is a resident of De-
troit, where her husband is the manager of
the Michigan State Printing and Binding.

DOUBT.

With weary feet we tread the barren waste,
O'er deep morass, up rocky, toilsome steep;
If blue breaks through the clouds, we scarce
can see,
To dim our eyes that only wake to weep.

Or, if we catch a glint of smiling sky,
For us a pleasant path seems opening out;
We question: Is this blue? Where does that
lead?

And lose perchance life's purest joy through
doubt.

A hand is stretched to us upon the way —
Coward, we pause ere yet we give our own,
Though yearning for its helpful clasp;
Doubt robs us, and again we are alone.

Blind cowards we, life's fairest blossoms,
Doubt withered, thickly strew our way;
And loyal, loving hearts turn from us,
The while it whispers: might they not be-
tray?

Doubt most insures the loss it dreads,
While perfect trust, if freely given,
Might so weld bonds we fear so frail
Not all of time should see them riven.

MRS. ELIZA H. RUBLE.

THE poems of this lady have appeared exten-
sively in the local press. She is now a resident
of Albert Lea, Minnesota.

WASHING DISHES.

Good exercise is well prescribed
To give ladies strength and health,
Ball, horseback-ride, or anything
That's consistent with their wealth.
There are roller-skates and tennis
To satisfy their wishes,

But recommend a lady fair
Who cares to wash the dishes —
Then do be spry and wipe them dry,
Don't frown or pout, or kick about
Such little things as dishes.

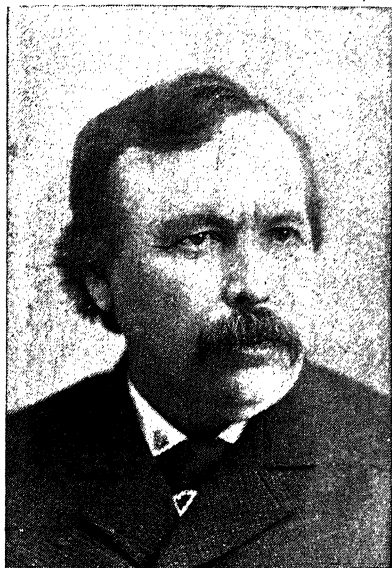
That's exercise of a good kind —
It serves a purpose double;
Adds strength to muscle and to will,
Gives "ma" of course less trouble.
It will brace your nerves in future
If all don't go delicious,
When with a score of other things
You've got to wash the dishes.
Then wash and dry and place them high
Each by themselves upon the shelves
Those harmless-looking dishes.

Performance on pianoforte
Is construed by all quite fine,
And rubbing on an old wash-board
Must be exercise divine.
Better than croquet or sliding,
Or angling for the fishes,
Is the present never-ending
Old game of washing dishes.
Then wash and rinse with many squirts,
Whate'er your fate, oh, do not hate
Those much neglected dishes.

JAMES M. L'COUNT.

BORN: LYONS, N. Y., SEPT. 24, 1835.

THE subject of this sketch is a descendant of the Huguenots that settled in Dutchess Co., N. Y. At an early age his father removed to Michigan, then to Ohio, and finally settled on a farm in Wisconsin. When twenty years of age James learned the tinsmiths' trade, and



JAMES M. L'COUNT.

later carried on a hardware business in Hartford, where he now resides. In 1876 Mr. Le Count bought the Hartford Press, which he still publishes. Since entering the publishing business the poems of Mr. LeCount have constantly appeared in the local press, and have received favorable mention. In 1890 he hopes to publish *The Hermit of Holy Hill*, a poem of five cantos in the style of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

THERE IS JOY IN OUR HOUSE.

There is joy in our house to-night—for I hear
The voices of children and wife; [dear
They are telling each other how father, so
Will wear the red ribbon for life.
Yes, hark! they are telling, while each heart
is swelling.

With a joy that it ne'er knew before—
How he's taken the vow, and the red ribbon
now

He will wear on his breast evermore.

There is joy in our house to-night, for I know
They believe I will honor the cause;

That manhood enough is left me to show
To the world that I'm not what I was.
Yes, hark! they're believing, that I am not
deceiving

Those dear ones who loved me in shame,
They've faith in the ribbon, for I wear it un-
hidden,

They have faith in the pledge to reclaim.

There is joy in our house to-night, I am sure,
For I hear their sweet chorus in song,
And I know they are happy, in feeling secure
That my pledge will be lasting and long.

Yes, hark! they are singing, each happy voice
ringing

Like the chorus from angels on high; [say,
And I list to the lay, and the words seem to
Keep the ribbon and pledge till you die.

There is joy in our house to-night, may it ever
Be thus, hark! I hear them implore—

O! God! in thy mercy protect him, and never
Again may he drink as before—

Yes, hark; they are praying—O! list what
they're saying:

God grant this our earnest request,
May his faith be unshaken, in the pledge he
has taken

And the ribbon he wears on his breast.

TO A BLUEBIRD.

Bluebird, messenger of spring,

Pausing in thy flight to-day,
Near my home I hear thee sing,
Making all the woodlands ring
With thy joyous, happy lay.

Couldst thou tell me of the clime,
Of that far-off southern land,
Where you pass the winter's time—
Is the landscape fair as mine?

Hills and forests there as grand?

When you wing your flight to where

The orange ripens all the year,
Midst the heated tropic air—

Do they greet thy coming there
With the joy that we do here?

Oh I've pondered and would know

Who directs thy wondrous flight—

Tells thee when to come and go
From the land of heat or snow,

Whose the hand that guides thee right?

Perchance this foresight is revealed

By Him who hath created all;

Who does the least from danger shield;

Who paints the lilies of the field,

Him who notes each sparrow's fall.

Bluebird, stay thy northern flight,

Soar not farther on thy way;

Thou art welcome to my sight,

And your songs are my delight—

Azure bird, I bid thee stay.

CATHERINE G. HATCHETT.

BORN: ENGLAND, JAN. 1, 1868.

THIS lady has received congratulations from the leading poets of America, on the promise



CATHERINE GRACE HATCHETT.

and beauty of her verses. She is a resident of Schuyler, Ncb., where she is very popular.

MENTAL MUSIC.

Mental Music is the grandest
That the human heart can know,
For it lightens every burden
And it lessens every woe.
In the world there's no musician
Who can with the muse compete,
For her symphonies are perfect,
And her chords divinely sweet.
Oft she'll take the Harp of Fancy,
And upon its tender wires
Willingly will play for hours
With a zeal that seldom tires.
Never heeding, tho' the moments
Onward speeding ne'er come back,
Tiny mites, by others followed,
Ever in the self same track.
And her unseen pearly fingers
Back and forth will gently sweep,
While the golden strings responsive
Sweetest harmony will keep.
Never clashing with a discord,
But with perfect tune and time,

Render music far more thrilling
Than was heard in any clime.
Minstrel music, beloved companion,
Unto thee I'll freely give,
Fancy's silver harp entirely —
If thou'lt play it whilst I live.
For thy tunes are so beguiling
They dispel all thought of care,
And their influence so charming
That it makes all things seem fair.
Therefore long as life remaineth,
And as flies each fleeting year,
With thy soothing power to solace
Minstrel music, oh be thou near.

ABANDONED.

Poor painted creature, whom the virtuous
shun,
'Twill not be long ere thy sad life is done;
And better so, aye it 'twere better far,
To yield at once than live on as you are.
For no one loves thee, thou hast not a friend,
Naught to prevent thee welcoming the end;
And life methinks, must seem to such as thee,
E'en at its best, a hideous mockery.
Thy very smiles thou art compelled to wear,
To hide thy hatred and to mask despair;
And it must tire, thine hopeless, hollow eyes,
To gaze so long on all they must despise.
The world to thee is but a shaky stage,
An actress thou, thy life a blotted page.
Men pass thee by upon the thoroughfare,
Nor deign to heed thee in the daylight glare,
But, when at last the heavy pall of night
Spreads o'er the earth and hides them from
the sight
And 'twill not do for outcasts such as I
To own repentance and to sob and sigh.
Mankind would laugh and womankind would
sneer,
If they could now my foolish ravings hear;
And so I'm lost, to infamy am doomed,
Ne'er to escape until for aye entombed.
Poor, helpless woman, with your fatal charms,
Once thou wert cradled in a mother's arms,
Who breathed a prayer that God would safely
guide
Her baby's footsteps to the Other Side.
Then thou wert pure, thy little head did'st
rest
In sweetest slumber on a loving breast.
But now, how changed, those happy hours
have fled,
And thou hast lived to wish that thou wert
dead.

MRS. LIZZIE A. SHIMMONS.

BORN: BROOKFIELD, VT., 1852.

UNDER the non de plume of Blanche Gray Mrs. Shimmons has written extensively for



MRS. LIZZIE A. SHIMMONS.

the local press. In 1889 she was married to John H. Shimmons, a merchant doing business at Lawrence, Kansas, where she now resides.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

It was long ago in violet time,
That an angel brought from the heavenly
clime

A message so pure, and rare and sweet,
That we felt for a time our joy complete.

For what shadow could ever come to us now,
With this shining coronet upon our brow,
This safeguard of hope borne from above
To hallow our lives, this blessing called love.
We lived in its sunlight, we basked in its
smile,

'Tis easy when loving fond hearts to beguile,
We dream not of deceit or malice or sin
While the heart filled with love is beating
within.

Sweet dreams of our youth are you fitting
away,

Have life's burdens and cares made the heart
grow cold?

If so, sweet angel, bring a message I pray,
And fresh pages of love to our hearts unfold.

THE FORGETFULNESS OF SLEEP.

Oh! blessed sleep could I but feel,
The soothing powers o'er my senses steal,
Methinks 'twould give my spirit rest,
To wander away from the cares that oppress.

And forget for a time life's sorrows and pain,
And live the bright past once over again,
To shed your halo on my troubled heart,
And sweet incense of sleep to my eyelids im-
part.

And lull me to sleep on your restful wing,
And awaken me not with memories that bring
Sad recollections to my weary brain
As I awake to the past again.

But rather let me gently glide,
Where peace and rest for me abide,
Where cares of earth can never come,—
In realms of bliss I'd have my home.

So welcome pure and gentle sleep,
Your arms entwined around me keep,
And when your hold on me is riven,
May I awake at last in Heaven.

ZITELLA COCKE.

BORN: PERRY CO., ALA.

THIS lady is an accomplished pianist and vo-
calist, and by profession is a teacher of music.
She has published several very fine musical
compositions. Literature has always occu-
pied a prominent place in her life. In 1878
her translations from German novels were
published, and the press at once commended
the purity of her style and the beauty of her
English. Her poems have appeared in the
Continent and various magazines of promi-
nence. The Baltimore American speaks in the
highest praise of Zitella Cocke's literary
ability.

HER NAME.

I pondered long — you've done the same
No doubt — on what should be the name
Of that fair one whom fate and I
Should choose for true love's constancy.
Mythology and legend, classic lore
I searched — and yet, I looked for something
more!

Should she be Helen? goddess? queen?
The very name pictures the scene
Of discord; I'll not put my Troy
At such a chance for such a toy.
That bard was blind, indeed, spite his renown,
Who thought a woman worth so fine a town!

Lucretia was a model dame:
Besides, I rather like the name;
But then, I'd fear a tragedy,
And heroines are not for me.

Cornelia's fair,—but then she had a way
Of repartee, and having the last say!

Virginia! Ah, a lovely wife!
But that I'd always see the knife
At her white throat. Iphigenia,—
A martyr that I much admire?
Aspasia's charms might suit great Pericles,
But she would never do for times like these!

Rebecca might please Ivanhoe
(It seems as if she didn't, though).
The beautiful and proud Rowena
I might have loved if I had seen her:
I'm glad I didn't. As for Rosamond,
She's just the woman I would most have
shunned!

O fair, unparagoned Elaine!
The very thought of her brings pain:
And as for royal Guinevere,
She's far too fine for daily wear;
And husbands of the nineteenth century
Griselda's patience must not look to see!

Aurora rises much too soon;
I like to see the sun at noon,
Preferring fashionable hours,
I do not care to wake the flowers.
Phyllis and Phoebe love the milking pail;
I love a beauty rather pale than hale.

Berthas that fill a poet's mind,
And Mauds to gardens I resigned.
In vain my wanton fancy roved—
I never found the name I loved
The girl I met—I love, yes, I adore her!
I never asked her name—they call her Nora!

GODS OF HELLAS.

O ye gods of sunny Hellas, are ye gone forevermore

From the crystal caves of Ocean and the singing, wave-kissed shore!

Are ye hiding in the mountains, do ye lurk within the streams?

Can ye come no more to mortals in their longings and their dreams?

Have ye quit serene Olympus,—is it o'er, your golden reign?

And the grand Ægean Mother with her fair immortal train,

Shall they never come again?

O ye gods of sunny Hellas, do the clouds enfold you now

From our mortal ken, as when ye leaped from high Olympus's brow

To the green Thessalian forests and the founts of Castaly,—

Or to fierce Scamander's raging tide, to fight for th' Atridæ?

Are Dodona's oaks forsaken, and the heaven-inspired Dove,—

Shall she never utter more within the dark and mystic grove—
The dread oracles of Jove?

Does the pure, untarnished Artemis, with silver-sandaled feet,

Lead her goddess-nymphs no longer to the chase,—a huntress fleet?

Nor the winged messenger of gods make bright the common air?

Nor the blue-eyed virgin Pallas heed the maiden's 'plaining prayer?

Does the Goddess of the Graces hold her prize of golden fruit!

Do the waters of bright Helicon awake Apollo's lute?

Are the Muses all grown mute!

Nay, the gods of sunny Hellas give us answer when we call;

We shall hear them, if our struggling souls, we loose from worldly thrall,—

Bring the eyes to see the substance in the shadow; for 'tis so,

Plastic Nature yields her secrets to the hearts that love her;—lo!

Echo lives on yonder hills—fair Dryads speak and zephyrs fan

Out of the brook-born reed-pipes, music sweet as when the great god Pan

After trembling Syrinx ran!

POMEGRANATES.

Pomegranates sweet and pomegranates sour
Hang in the red October sun:

Nobody knew, when they were in flower
And their life had just begun,

Which was the sweet and which was the sour,
Till they ripened one by one.

The blooms were hats of cardinal hue
And trumpets of yellow flame;

And as the fruits to perfection grew,
Their red-coats were just the same.

Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in two,

And their deep-red hearts burst out to view,
But till they were tasted, nobody knew

Where the sweet and the sour came,

For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat,

But a luscious thing is pomegranate sweet.

In youth-time's bright and rosy bower
A bevy of maidens play:

Their fresh young life is just in flower,

But which is the sweet and which is the sour,
Pray, who will dare to say?

But there will come a day

When life's sharp darts

Will cleave their hearts,

And taste we must in adversity's hour

Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

HORACE B. DURANT.

BORN: WASHINGTON CO., PA., DEC. 27, 1828.

THE subject of this sketch was educated at Jefferson College, and afterward studied medicine, which he practiced until the advent of the war in 1861, when he enlisted. He served four years in the civil war—first as a private



HORACE B. DURANT.

and afterward was promoted as a surgeon in his own regiment. At the close of the war Mr. Durant engaged in journalistic and literary pursuits. He is an earnest prohibitionist. On all current topics Mr. Durant is widely and favorably known as a vigorous and polished prose and poetic writer. He is a resident of his native state at Philadelphia.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

The night came down in sullen gloom,
The winds grew shrill and loud,
And swept like wail of human pain,
Through spar and sail and shroud.

The angry clouds, like trampling steeds,
Swept o'er the wrathful sky,
And crowned with crest of fiery foam,
The waves rolled mountain high.

On board the regal "Ocean Queen,"
Full fifteen hundred men
Were rocking on the stormy deep,
Whose thoughts went homeward then.

Then many an anxious, throbbing heart,
Went out in ardent prayer,
That Heaven would save their absent ones
That hour imperiled there!

Yes as unnumbered prayers went up,
But little did they know
The tempest wing that flapped above,
The waves that yawned below;

Or, how careening decks were paced
With calm yet hopeless tread,
That hollow sounded 'neath the feet,
Like coffins for their dead!

'Tis vivid in our men'ry still,
How all that fearful night,
We stood aloft, and tried to pierce
The gloom with straining sight.

While ever and anon, the swift
And blinding lightning's flash,
Came dragging o'er the shudd'ring depths,
The thunder's awful crash!

While mingled with the hissing spray,
Down came the slanting rain,
That swept across the trembling decks,
And smote the cheek with pain.

Ah, it was painful listening there,
To hear the timbers creak—
Creak all the long, long night, as though
They suffering, strove to speak!

'Twas sad to hear the struggling wheel
Turn with a plunging groan,
Within the trough of boiling waves,
Amid the tempest's moan!

It made the heart grow still with awe,
To hear the billows smite
Like giant blows against the bow,
And thundered past in might.

And one could not help but feel, the while,
That He alone could save,
Who reigns supreme upon the land,
And calms the stormy wave.

Long years may pass, and other scenes
From mem'ry fade away,
Yet comrades, ye can ne'er forget
That night of storm and spray!

And oft in summer twilight still,
Ye'll sit within the door,
And to an eager, listening band,
Relate your perils o'er;

Or, when the drifted snows lie deep,
On upland, glade and lea,
Rehearse beside the blazing fire,
That night upon the sea.

THE FROZEN SHIP.

O mariner brave, on the crested wave
 That rolls 'neath the tropic skies,
 Why seek ye the perils of frozen zone,
 That human research defies?
 In tempest or calm, ye may voyage safe
 To many a sunny strand;
 But ye may cruise in vain to that icy main,
 That girds the polar land.

Look out on that sea, if such it may be,
 Whose surges seem turned to stone;
 Lo, a bark lies there, in the north-light glare,
 And her decks are still and lone!
 No audible sound breaks the silence
 'round

But the groan of the ice-floe's shock,
 Or the shivering fall of some glacier wall
 From the brow of the crystal rock!

The auroral gleam sheds its wizard beam
 From the deck to cabin and hold;
 The motionless watch leans against the rail—
 But he feels not the bitter cold!
 The mate with his tinder-box kneels to light
 His last chip of wood below;
 But the feeble flame, if it ever came,
 Warmed him not with its transient glow.

Looking up with pen half raised, as if then
 He listened some painful cry,
 The captain sits there with a sorrowful gaze,
 That is fixed in his motionless eye!
 On the open page of his log-book read
 The words he has written last—
 "All frozen but me!" He is ice, as you see,
 With the pen in his fingers fast!

They seem life-like so, in the arctic glow,
 We scarcely can think it death;
 As they dream away unharmed by decay—
 Just touched by the frost-king's breath!
 They sit or recline; they stand or they kneel;
 All perfect in feature and form;
 But their dirge is the wail of the freezing
 gale,
 The roar of eternal storm!

All the ages through, with that ghostly crew,
 The wind-gods their revels shall keep;
 And mutter and moan in each dull cold ear,
 Yet never shall waken their sleep!
 Their marble-like forms shall never require
 Any funeral rites to be paid;
 Neither coffin is meet, nor a winding sheet,
 Nor a grave-digger's solemn spade!

O, mortal, seek not that desolate spot,
 Where chaos forever reigns;
 Where the icy spires freeze in sunless fires
 And the ocean is bound in chains.
 On the stormiest billows rather glide;
 Go wander each other clime;
 But the mystic pole shall solemnly roll,
 Unapproached to the end of time.

JAMES STUART DONNAN.

BORN. SCOTLAND, FEB. 28, 1835.

FOR many years the poems of Mr. Donnan have appeared in the periodical press. He was married in 1884, and now resides in Long Island, where he is very popular.

'T WAS ANOTHER DREAM.

'Twas another dream my darling,
 And my eyes were filled with tears,
 As I woke from restless slumbers,
 Full of heart unburdened fears.

'Twas the terror born of waiting,
 'Twas the anguish of the soul,
 'Twas the essence of misgiving,
 'Twas of bitterness the goal.

A million fancied dangers
 Crowded in a moment's time,
 The world seemed full of demons,
 There was nothing left but crime.

Such, darling, was the struggle,
 Of my wearied frenzied brain,
 Such, dearest, was the sorrow
 Of a love by absence slain.

'Twas another dream, my darling,
 A dream and nothing more,
 But it made you dearer, darling
 Than you ever were before.

TELL ME DARLING.

Tell me darling, tell me pray,
 Why there's not a night or day,
 In the Calendar of time,
 Is not filled with thoughts sublime,
 Thoughts of thee, my sweet, my own,
 Queen of love's eternal throne?

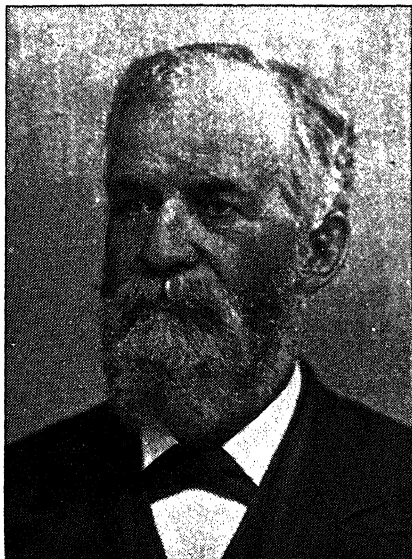
Tell me darling if you can,
 Why there's not a scheme or plan,
 Passing through my weary brain,
 Is not filled with joy and pain,
 Joy to know that you are mine,
 Grief to think that at some time

When upon the verge of life,
 Weary with the cares and strife
 Which surround our path below,
 Full of sorrow, full of woe.
 One must be the first to say
 Darling, I am called away.

JOHN WILLIAM BOXELL.

BORN: MUSKINGUM CO., OHIO, FEB. 6, 1824.

IN 1848 this gentleman was married to Miss Mary Shaw. His verses have appeared in various newspapers in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Minnesota, and he has written



JOHN WILLIAM BOXELL.

both prose and verse quite extensively for the Northwest Magazine. Mr. Boxell served in the union army; and his father was in the war of 1812. Mr. Boxell came to Minnesota Territory in 1854, and is now a resident of St. Paul. This gentleman has seven sons and two daughter living, and eighteen grandchildren.

THE ELMS OF ELMO.

O Mary, put your work away,
And let us for a while be gay,
And watch the yellow perches play
Beneath the elms of Elmo.

The summer now is in its prime,
And, just to pass away the time,
I'll make a simple little rhyme
About the elms of Elmo.

The brown thrush sings on every tree,
The cat-bird trills his gushing glee,
And not less happy, love, are we
By the triplet elms of Elmo.

The grossbeak with his rosy breast,
The oriole in orange dressed,
With music welcome every guest
That seeks the elms of Elmo.

Wild roses bloom along the shore
With pinks and harebells covered o'er;—
Their fragrance on the breeze they pour
That stirs the elms of Elmo.

The boatman sets his snowy sail
To catch the gentle evening gale,
While lovers tell the ancient tale
Around the elms of Elmo.

That tender tale so often told
When sheep are gathering to the fold;—
Though ancient, it will ne'er be old
Beneath the elms of Elmo.

As with our boat we smoothly glide,
We'll watch the water-lilies ride
Upon the gently-heaving tide
That laves the elms of Elmo.

We'll watch the roving dragon-fly
Dart to and fro across the sky,
As free from care as you and I,
Or the happy elms of elmo.

Should coming years, to you and me,
Bring thoughtfulness, as it may be,
Yet still, in fancy, we shall see
The three green elms of Elmo.

And in our life's declining day,
We'll not forget, though far away,
That youthful lovers still are gay
Beneath the elms of Elmo.

Come, Mary, leave your work to-day,
And let us watch the perches play,
And while the pleasant hours away
By the bonnie elms of Elmo.

A WINTER LAMENT.

Our ladies sit out in the parks every day
And sigh for the gliding toboggan and sleigh.
Each evening the dust is swept up from the
street

That nothing may soil the most delicate feet.
'Tis said—very odd! yet so does the law go—
The feet are much bigger than flatten Chicago.
The richest of furs are poked under the bed,
Hung up in the wardrobe, or thrown in the
shed.

Mink, beaver and otter have all gone to grass,
Unworn and quite useless, indeed, and Alas-
Ka seal cloaks are no longer the go
In a winter that brings neither cold, ice nor
snow.

From Itasca, not Glazier, clear down to the sea,
The Father of Waters flows open and free;
Our weather is perfect, our roads very fine,
Our skies are the brightest, and still we
repine.

Oh, give us our old-fashioned winter, we pray,
Not miscegenistic December and May;
Or even a breath from the blizzardy East
To enliven this mildness and calmness, at
least.

WHITE BEAR LAKE

If you would know the fairest spot
 In all this pictured northern land,
 Where every care may be forgot,
 With peace and rest at your command,
 Go ask the happy birds that tune
 Their joyful lays in leafy June
 Where White Bear Lake in beauty lies
 Beneath the Minnesota skies,
 And crystal waters lave the shore
 With quartz and agates pebbled o'er.

On either side, where'er you stray,
 Kind nature's hand has decked the way.
 Upon the west a wooded plain,
 Where native oak trees still remain,
 With avenues and lawns and glades
 Amid primeval forest shades,
 And many a vista opening wide,
 With sylvan scenes on either side;
 A lovers' walk along the shore,
 With bowery branches arbores o'er,
 Where many a tender word is said
 Beneath the green leaves overhead.
 May Heaven guard that naught but good
 Shall e'er be spoken in this wood!

Elsewhere around are gentle swells,
 And wooded hills and flowery dells,
 Where to the singing birds repair
 And vocalize the fragrant air.
 Upon the high peninsula, [pines,
 Fringed round the shore with feathery
 The softest summer breezes play
 Through lofty trees and tangled vines;
 A true Arcadian spot is this,
 Where but to be is almost bliss.

How shall words paint the lovely isle
 That seems an island of the blest?
 Sweet as the little infant's smile
 That sleeps upon its mother's breast,
 When angels whisper in its ear
 The loving words we cannot hear.
 These grand old elms that tower so high,
 For many a year have pierced the sky;
 For many a year these linden trees
 Have given their perfume to the breeze;
 Nah-do-beed, the sap-carrier here
 Made maple sugar many a year,
 And many a dark-haired Indian maid
 Beneath these sugar trees has played.
 The Manitou that guards from harm

This Spirit Island in the lake,
 Has given it a magic charm
 No evil power can ever break.
 Not strange, the enterprising bear,
 That once forsook the Arctic shore
 And traveled all the country o'er,
 Upon this island made his lair,
 And gave this lake his noble name,
 And won a never-dying fame

When first I stood by White Bear Lake
 The wild deer came his thirst to slake;
 The Pelican, with scarce a wish,
 Could fill his pouch with finest fish;
 The eagle and the whooping crane
 Found here a genial home and reign;
 And here the owl and loud-voiced loon
 Called nightly to the listening moon;
 Here, then, the wild goose hatched her young,
 And here the wild swan dying sung —
 If swans thus sing, as poets' lays
 Tell us they did in ancient days.

The wild swan, fearing now to light,
 Far to the northward wings his flight,
 To find, if haply still he can,
 Some spot unvexed by meddling man;
 But all his beauty, all his grace
 Are found in many a form and face
 That comes from all the country o'er
 To summer on this charming shore.
 Around the isle of beauty steering,
 Behold a hundred sail-boats veering,
 With all their snowy canvas spread,
 As graceful as the gulls o'erhead.
 O hopeful youths, O happy daughters,
 Enjoy young life upon the waters!
 Killarney, Katrine, Windermere,
 Are surely more than rivaled here.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

When unrelenting sorrow wraps her shroud
 Around the tender feelings of the heart,
 And to the troubled mind a restless crowd
 Of agonizing thoughts their woe impart,
 Where can the tortured spirit find a balm
 To heal the broken heart, the sea of grief to
 calm?

When darkness overspreads the face of day,
 And fearful phantoms pass before the eyes
 And strike the doubting soul with deep dismay
 While boding sounds are heard along the skies,
 Where can we find a shield of armor bright?
 Where can we turn to find one ray of living
 light?

When thro' the cold and heartless world we
 Our weary footsteps in life's pilgrimage, [wend
 When faith is broken by our nearest friend,
 And tears bedim the leaf of memory's page,
 Where can the crush'd affections find a stay?
 Where find a faithful one that never will be-
 tray?

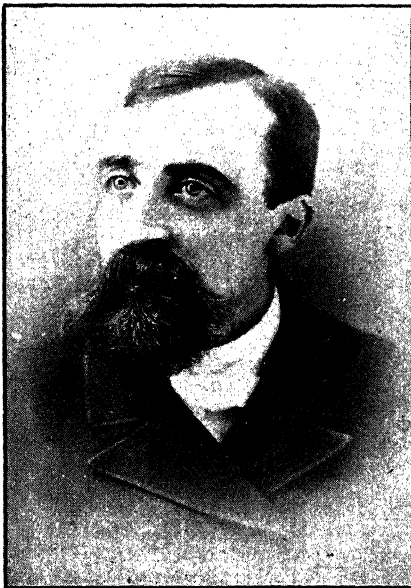
When roaming o'er the desert waste, our
 tracks
 Lead thro' the scenes of deadly hate and strife,
 Or struggling 'mid the furious waves and
 wrecks

When tempest-tost upon the sea of life —
 He who has not forgot his mother's prayer,
 The haven she pointed out, will cast his
 anchor there.

REV. JOHN G. VAN NESS.

BORN: FULTON COUNTY, N.Y., DEC. 6, 1852.

AFTER graduating at Union College the Rev. John G. Van Ness entered upon his labors as a clergyman and is now minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Maquoketa, Ia. His



REV. JOHN G. VAN NESS.

poems have appeared in the secular papers of Iowa, and in religious publications generally. Rev. Van Ness has been prominent in temperance work of his state; and has also met with great success as a lecturer.

THE WINGED BABY.

Out of the realm of gladness one bright December morn,

With angels to watch its progress and guard the spirit form,

A baby soul went winging its pathway to the earth,

To bless the home that waited, to give it earthly birth.

Down, down it swept, far downward, past planet, star and mist;

Past where the clouds draw water, and winds hide where they list;

Past mountains always snow-crowned and valleys famed in song,

Like shafts of glory falling the convoy sped along.

The stars sang in their orbits, a question as they flashed

The spheres in heavenly music the same odd query asked,
And voiceful were all the spaces, while angels laughed or smiled

To each interrogation, Why this is love's own child.

The travelers reach a doorway, and find a chamber fair,

Where wifely heart beats promise to make a mother rare;

Then hastening down a staircase love casting out all fear,

The angels leave the baby with papa and mama near.

The eyes so laughing loving caught from the haze of blue,

Bring tears on grandpa's wringles, (I'm sure that this is true;)

A straying beam of sunshine makes lips pink round and sweet,

While grandma's snowy tresses frost dimples in each cheek.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

We played together, Will and I,
One summer long ago.

His body full of life and joy —

Mine full of pain and woe;

His flashing eyes, his tempting lips,

I think I see them yet:

His chubby arms around my neck

How lovingly they met.

We wandered 'neath the orchard boughs,
With unripe fruit now laden;

Where lazily the swing hung down,

Untouched by boy or maiden.

With salt in hand we watched the birds,

Our flowers we often traded;

We shut the bees in milkweed pods,

And then were serenaded.

He asked for pears, and grapes and plums,
This curly-headed Will;

When they are ripe, love held the land,

You sure may have your fill.

We lift our hearts for fruits unripe,

On branches growing high;

God hears the prayer, His heart is touched,

Yes, dear one, by and by.—

We climbed the kitchen's half-worn stairs,
And found three kitties new,

With shut up eyes and dainty paws

And plaintive little mew.

He stroked them all, this three year old —

His voice like fairy's pipe:

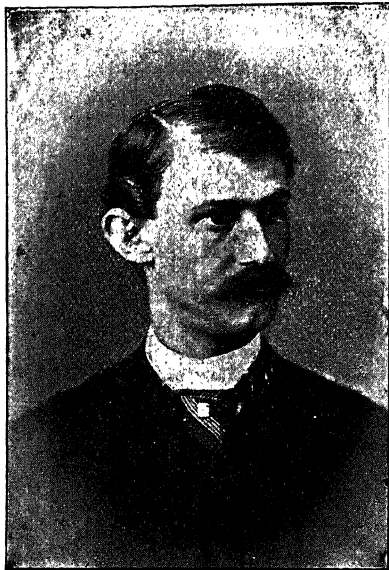
Say uncle Don, tan I have one,

When 'tittle tats are ripe.

GEORGE C. RHODERICK, JR.

BORN: MIDDLETOWN, MD., FEB. 19, 1861.

AFTER receiving a limited education at the public and private schools of Middletown, George entered the printing establishment of



GEORGE C. RHODERICK, JR.

his father, where he still remains, doing general newspaper work. His poems have appeared from time to time since 1884.

FALSE.

The silken tie that once did bind
This heart to thine, fair one,
Lies torn and severed at thy feet,
Its work forever done.

The hopes that once thou gave to me,
How quickly have they flown;
The joys that once I knew with thee,
Are like the wind's sad moan.

The years have come, the years have gone,
And falser hast thou grown,
Till now at last I find my hopes
Left silently alone.

Ah! thou art fair to look upon,
But oh! how false thy heart;
Ere this I knew thee as thou seemed,
Now know thee as thou art.

So now to thee I say farewell,
With wishes for thy peace;
But from this moment ever on,
My love for thee shall cease.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

With retrospective thought I sit
Beside Time's flowing river;
Beside the ebbing, surging tide
That floweth on forever.
And as I gaze upon this stream,
I see the ceaseless glide
Of countless crafts of human freight
All drifting with the tide.

I see the waves beat to and fro,
I hear their sullen roar,
As ever and anon they dash
With force from shore to shore.
I see the ever constant stream
Bear on its bosom wide,
The rapid flow of precious souls,
All drifting with the tide.

Ah! mem'ry crowds my vision dim
With those who've passed before—[safe
With those who've long since anchored
Upon the other shore.
I count the friends most dear to me
Who once were by my side;
But now, alas, they are no more—
They've drifted with the tide.

Ah! soon my frail bark, too, will launch
Upon Time's boundless sea,
And drift upon its bosom wide
Into eternity.
And on will flow the mighty deep,
And on the years will glide,
While countless more will swiftly sweep
Down with the rushing tide.

THE FLOOD.

Onward speeds the mighty rivers,
In their mad and wild career;
Down through cities, towns and hamlets,
Causing misery far and near.
On through fertile plains and valleys,
On the raging billows ride;
Carrying with them deep destruction
And distress on every side.

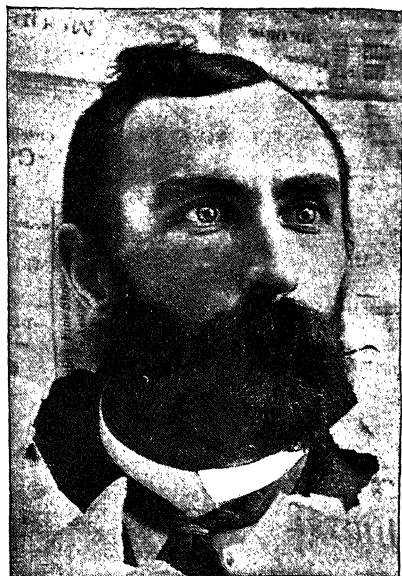
Higher, higher, grows the flood-tide,
Deeper, deeper, is the gloom;
Homeless thousands, starving hundreds,
Is the city's awful doom.
Busy streets turned into rivers—
Quiet homes made desolate,—
Awful ruin, dire destruction,
Is the city's sad, sad fate.

Oh! hear the saddened cry for help—
The wail of sore distress;
Oh! hear the awful cry of woe
That comes from out the west.
Oh! sky of dark and sullen clouds,
Give way to sunshine's rays;
Oh! dashing waves that spread the land,
Give way to happier days.

CHARLES A. DEWITT.

BORN: BOSCOBEL, WIS., SEPT. 25, 1859.

In his youth Charles was apprenticed to the printing business, and has ever since followed that occupation. He has contributed many short sketches and stories to leading papers and literary bureaus. In 1888 Mr. DeWitt



CHARLES A. DE WITT.

established in Wisconsin the Cassville Index; the following year he sold that publication and purchased the Republican-News, published at Lanark, Ill., of which he is proprietor.

"THE VEIL LIFTS."

A marble statue, symmetrical and grand,
Rises like Phoenix from the sun-kissed land;
And 'neath the shadow of the old elm trees,
That spread their foliage to the morning breeze,

The people gather and their homage pay
To the creator of a lifeless clay.

The sculptor stands the center of all eyes,
Unconscious fully of the surging throng;
The hour is coming when a glad surprise
Shall wake the land with praises loud and long,
And from each quivering lip the cry be hurled:
" 'Tis Liberty enlightening the world."

Fair is the statue, but its drapery hides
The face from view, and the greatest con-
course bides

All too impatiently the signal gun,
When, in the glory of the golden sun,

'Neath heaven's dome and azure-tinted field
The drapery falls—the statue stands revealed.

Hushed for a moment are the words of men;—
Fast beats the heart, immortal souls are filled
With wonder at its majesty and then
The air is rent with praise of him who willed
That man should be the instrument of God
To fashion beauty from a shapeless clod.

Inferior man, abashed by works of art
That magnify and yet decrease his power.
Within the inmost recess of his heart
Feels his deep need of culture for the hour
When reason's blazing torch shall light the way

To nobler things — where intellect holds sway.
The student like the rough and unheavened stone,
Possesses qualities which need the hand
Of truest sculptor worlds have ever known —
Deep hidden in the mind, as yet unscanned;
This sculptor, education, once availed
The beauties of the soul are thus unveiled.
Mind, heart and soul are Nature's trinity
Which mold and rule eternal destiny.
Reason holds on her course, yet undismayed
By homage to deep superstition paid;
She proudly climbs o'er every hill and dale
And from the Golden Future "Lifts the Veil."

THE ANGLER.

He often seeks, 'neath cooling shade,
The murmuring woodland stream;
Where calm, clear pools lie deep and still
And dancing ripples gleam,
Where shady nook 'neath waving bough
Invites the angler's skill,

And where the speckled beauties lie
The monarchs of the rill.

With beating heart he casts his line

From trembling lancewood tip;

The gauzy flies, like nature's own,

O'er dancing water's skip;

Now fluttering o'er the ripples broad,

Then floating o'er the pool,

All gleaming in the golden sun

Or dimmed in shadows cool.

Then from beneath o'erhanging bank

A flash of living light

Darts upward toward the dancing flies —

Then safety seeks in flight.

The silken line cuts thro' the air,

The supple rod bends low,—

While mirrored in the limpid stream

The dazzling sunbeams glow.

Then rises from the troubled stream

To meet the angler's glance,

(Like jewels rare from ocean cave,

Whose rays the soul entrance,)

With gleaming sides of golden hue

The monarch of the rill;—

A flash in air!—on land he lies

A trophy of man's skill.

NETTIE H. PELHAM.

BORN: GALESBURG, MICH., DEC. 20, 1860.

TEACHING school for two years, Nettie subsequently entered Michigan university at the age of twenty. Since 1884 she has written poems for the Detroit Commercial Advertiser.



NETTIE H. PELHAM.

Journal, and the Chicago Union Signal under the nom de plume of Edith Carle. Miss Pelham has written several plays for children which have received publication. She is now a resident of Plymouth, in her native state.

E'EN AS THE SNOW.

Over the earth so bare and brown,
Silvery flakes are falling down,
Robing it rich as an ermine gown
Fashioned for fairest queen.

Silvery flakes that, here and there,
Glisten and glint thro' the sunlit air
Brilliant as gems a belle might wear
Decked for her wedding day.

Glittering flakes, ah, who could tell
Since the bare old earth, they clothe so
well,

That, underneath where they softly fell,
Desolate fields now lie.

E'en as the snow, with mantle bright,
Covers the dreary land from sight
And robes it with garment pure and white
As garment e'er can be;

So may the Father, who ruleth all,
Over my faults, both great and small.
Soft let the flakes of His mercy fall
Till He hides them from His sight.

THE NEW PAUL REVERE.

A cloud of dust in Johnstown's street,
The sound of a horse's flying feet,
And down the road, at a fearful speed,
Like a lightning flash, comes a gallant steed.
There's scarce a glimpse of the rider's face,
As the horse skims on at his maddened pace,
But loud on the air the warning thrills,
"Run for your lives, to the hills! to the hills!"
The startled people gather 'round,
As the horse leaps on with mighty bound.
"Who is the man?" "Whence has he come?"
Are the eager questions asked by some,
While some are dumb with a sickening fear,
As the warning words ring loud and clear,
And echo back, on the stirring breeze,
As swift thro' the street the rider flees.
Still, fast and faster, upon his course,
His voice grows still more wild and hoarse,
As, over and over, he shouts aloud
His warning cry to the startled crowd,
To children at play, to maids and wives,
"To the hills! to the hills! Run for your lives!"
And only the rider knows the need
Of the cruel race or the reckless speed.
But the awful riddle is solved at last,
And the torrent comes, O God! so fast —
Chasing the rider along his course,
On, on it comes with a fearful force;
Down the alleys and swift along,
O'erturning, alike, the weak and strong,
Engulfing them all in its billows dread,
Forms of the living, forms of the dead.
Ponderous buildings that meet and crash,
As the surging billows around them dash;
On speeds the rider, on sweeps the wave,
No hand is raised, no power can save,
And buried at last, 'neath the torrent's height,
The horse and rider are swept from sight.
The few who heeded the warning well,
And fled to the hills, shall live to tell
The story over, in after years,
With thankful hearts and silent tears,
And a prayer for blessings on the head
Of that hero among the nameless dead.
And ye who sing of the days of old,
Of its faithful knights so brave and bold,
O, was there ever, in ancient time,
A knight more worthy of poet's rhyme
Than the valiant rider who swiftly sped
To warn the town of its danger dread?
O, Hero, brave, with an unknown name,
None, none can tell us whence you came;
But we write your name on history's page,
"The Paul Revere of the present age."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BORN: LITCHFIELD, CONN., JUNE 14, 1812.

WHEN about twelve years of age Harriet went to Hartford, where her sister Catherine had opened a school. In 1832 she went to Cincinnati, and four years later was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, a man of learning and distinction.

For several years before her marriage she had contributed occasionally to the periodical



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

literature of the day, and gave promise of becoming noted among men and women of letters. At the meeting of the Semicolon Club in Cincinnati, she first became conscious of the power she could wield with her pen; and shortly after her marriage published *Mayflower*.

In 1852 Mrs. Stowe took up her residence at Andover, and soon after went abroad to recuperate her exhausted strength. Her visit was one continuous ovation; and a year later, she gave to the public her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. Subsequently she wrote *Dred*: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp, *The Minister's Wooing*, *Agnes of Sorrento*, and several novels of quite domestic interest. This gifted woman has produced poetry, some of which has been published. It is chiefly religious and pathetic in character.

SIMON THE CYRENIAN.

But lo! a crowd:— he stops,— with curious eye
A fainting form all pressed to earth he sees;
The hard, rough burden of the bitter cross
Hath bowed the drooping head and feeble knees.

Ho! lay the cross upon yon stranger there,
For he hath breadth of chest and strength of limb!

Straight it is done; and heavy-laden thus,
With Jesus' cross, he turns and follows him.

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,
Prompt with the holy sufferer to endure,
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;

Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek:
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voice doth whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred.
And palpitates the veil between
With breathing almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or to partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,
So near to press they seem,
Thy lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see

How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this,—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel an evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still!
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide!

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BORN: PORTSMOUTH, N. H., NOV. 11, 1836.

THE early youth of this poet was spent in Louisiana. At the death of his father he entered the counting-room of his uncle in New York, where he remained three years. During this time he began to contribute prose and verse to various journals. His *Ballad of Babie Bell* won universal favor, and other successes followed. Ever since he has been engaged in literary work, and his poems and prose writings are read throughout Europe and America.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was
low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the churchyard
paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old
dream over;
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirp-
ed from the nest.
And lo! in the meadow sweet was the grave of
a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy
running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and
over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little
mound up-piled.
Stricken with nameless fears she shrank and
clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sor-
row I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her
tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that
was to be!

ON LYNN TERRACE.

All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore,—
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished and the weary hours;
That long wave bears me softly back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and
clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;

And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow coves of night!

IDENTITY.

Somewhere,—in desolate, wind-swept space,—
In Twilight-land, in No-man's-land,—
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the glooming light.
"I do not know," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

SLEEP.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To rosy daybreak—little thought we pay

To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The sharp swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.

Till we awake, ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed:
For this brief space, the loud world's voice is
still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

UNSUNG

As sweet as the breath that goes
From the lips of the white rose,
As weird as the elfin lights
That glimmer of frosty nights,
As wild as the winds that tear
The curled red leaf in the air,
Is the song I have never sung.

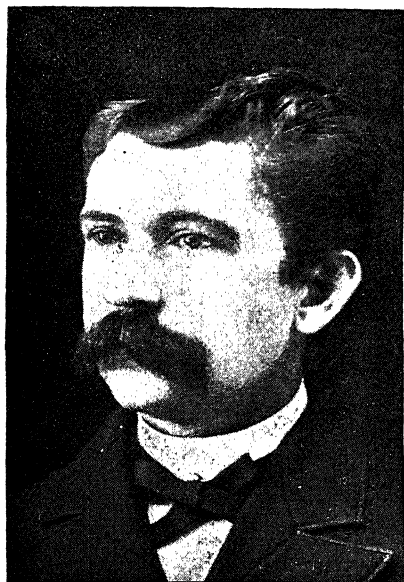
In slumber, a hundred times
I've said she enchanted rhymes,
But ere I open my eyes
This ghost of a poem flies;
Of the interfluent strains
Not even a note remains:
I know by my pulses' beat
It was something wild and sweet,
And my heart is strangely stirred
By an unremembered word.

I strive, but I strive in vain,
To recall the lost refrain.
On some miraculous day
Perhaps it will come and stay;
In some unimagined Spring
I may find my voice, and sing
The song I have never sung.

RICHARD P. KEPLINGER.

BORN: WAVERLY, ILL., APRIL 22, 1856.

THIS writer is well known as The Poet of the Plains. After receiving a thorough education, he began teaching school in 1878. In 1885 he removed to Kansas, where he took a special course in the Kansas Central Normal College,



RICHARD PRESTON KEPLINGER.

and he is again working in the field of education. His poems have appeared constantly in the local press for the past few years. Mr. Keplinger is now residing with his family in Larned, Kansas.

EULOGY ON WOMAN.

From Genesis, chapter one,
I draw this true conclusion:
The Author of creation
Created by progression.
After creating the earth,
He gave day and night their birth;
And following after these,
He divided land and seas;
And afterward, at a word
He made the grass, flowers and herb;
Then the sun to rule the day,
In his daily course and way.
Next he made the moon so bright,
And the stars to rule the night.
Of creatures created He
First the fish within the sea;

And next the fowl of the air
And bird of paradise fair.
Then, the beast to till our grain,
The cattle on hill and plain;
Next man in his own likeness,
But lacking in politeness,
Last fairest and purest, too,
Woman, God created you.

Yes, woman, you've become the capstone
And crown of God's Allwise creation.
For, after creating all the rest,
He then made woman, though last, the best.
Woman is man's fair benefactor —
Although he's oft her malefactor.

For by your loving, angelic ways
His drooping spirits you cheer and raise.
Woman's presence makes man more polite,
Her loving smiles chase away his night.
In fact, like an angel from above,
She is man's fair messenger of love.

She's the magnet of influence, too,
With her loving heart so kind and true,
And she's the compass and guiding star
That beckons man toward the "Gates Ajar."
'Tis woman's counsel and loving rule [school
That molds great minds in the home and

Your worth consists not in these alone.
Woman's most angelic sway 's at home—
The citadel of earth's paradise—
Where alas! you too oft sacrifice
Your talents and life for those you love,—
Your most constant devotion to prove.

Woman's jealous nature doth but prove
Her fitness to be loved and to love.
'Tis a universal admission
She excels man in intuition;
And more power for good in woman lies
Than in the press, pen, or statesman wise.

Of all earth's gifts, sure there's no other
Dearer than sister, wife and mother.
Fair personage of human neatness,
Purest type of angelic sweetness,
Type of beauty and chaste demeanor,
And mother of the world's Redeemer.

GEMS.

Let him who cannot wield the poet's pen,
Remember there is a grace far more sweet,—
Though alas more rare in women and men,—
'Tis that priceless gift of being discreet.

When you number the drops in ocean blue,
Or e'en the stars of heaven above,
Then, but not till then, I'll define for you,
That purest emotion that men call love.

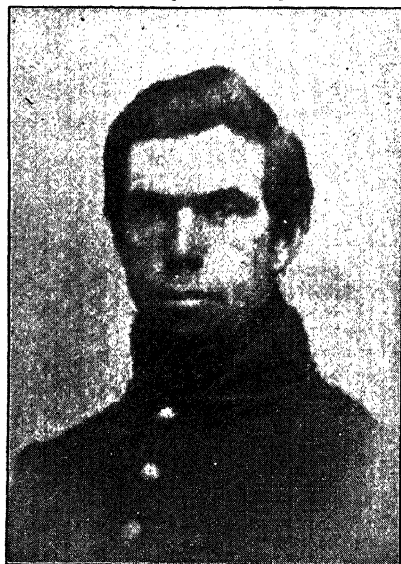
Of all the agents that beckon the soul above
The most potent are music, poetry and love.

Of all the dear names to men in life,
The dearest are mother, lover, wife.

P. CUDMORE.

BORN: IRELAND, 1831.

As lawyer and author this gentleman has gained quite a reputation and now practices his profession at Faribault, Minn. He served in the union army through the war, and in 1868 was elected county attorney for Le Sueur, Minn. In 1871 he published a prose work en-



P. CUDMORE.

titled *The Irish Republic*, and in 1875 *Civil Government of the United States*. In 1880 Mr. Cudmore published two editions of a large pamphlet of poems and songs, and in 1885 published a volume entitled *Songs and Satires*, a fine work of over two hundred pages. Mr. Cudmore is now engaged in literary work and practicing law.

FAME.

To gain the world's praise bad men do well,
And fame incites others to excel —
For immortal fame, the world's flattery,
Men brave the waves and storm a battery.
To the love of fame happiness must yield,
Millions perish on the battle-field!
What toil, what misery will not man brave,
For a bust, an epitaph, a name!
He will brave the plague and the battle gory,
To live in song and immortal story! [fame,
In some men's hearts there is a burning
Which prompts great deeds to gain immortal
fame!

Millions venture on fame's stormy way,
Numbers falter, others go astray.

Patriots, who the despot's chain do sever,
Will live in fame ever and for ever!
The liberator's tomb of brass or stone,
Is more precious than the monarch's throne.
And in fame's temple to have a niche,
Men write and kill — such is their fond wish.
And he who climbs to the cliffs of fame,
Never dies, for he lives in a name!
Millions perish in battle and in foray,
That some hero may ever live in story.
Th' poet needs no monument, shrine or fane
Of brass or stone to immortalize his name!
A thirst for fame has been the rage,
With the ambitious in every clime and age.
Fame is their great concern and creed,
And to gain it they would ever bleed!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When a woman wants your love,
She will try to please you:
When a woman has your love,
She will try to tease you.
She will please you,
She will tease you.
When a woman wants your love
She will try to please you.

AN EPIGRAM.

The western farmers will find when late,
That big farms are a curse to the state:
The farmers will yet lose much property,
By weeds in the roads, that's my prophecy.

FORGET ME NOT.

Pleasanter the time is fleeting,
When dearest friends are meeting;
Alas! the sadness of the mind,
When loving friends we leave behind;
For to mingle with the stranger,
Braving fortune, toil, and danger;
But whatever may be our lot,
My dearest friend, forget me not.

SORROW.

Sorrow is a vain regret,
For something we can never get,
Be it happiness or beauty,
Love, friendship, pleasure or money;
Honor, power, or great fame;
Or the splendor of a name.
Let us never, never borrow,
Pain for what has no to-morrow.
Yesterday should not make us sad;
To-morrow we should leave to God.
What we miss oft gives us a pain,
What seems a loss may be gain
Let contentment be our aim,
Then no sorrow will remain.

CLARENCE A. SHALER.

BORN: MACKFORD, WIS., MAY 29, 1860.

AFTER receiving a good education he returned to his father's farm. On the death of his father in 1882, the care of the farm, some six hundred acres, devolved upon the subject of this sketch. Since that time Mr. Shaler has



CLARENCE A. SHALER.

invented several labor-saving machines, two of which have been patented. He has become quite skillful with brush and pencil, and during the long winter evenings he devotes himself to the muses. For the past fifteen years his poems have received publication.

THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.

I lay dreaming, my soul filled with music,
Like a shell that is cast in the depths of the
sea; [bers
And over the chords of my feeling sweet num-
Were trembling in light and subdued har-
mony.

Oh, was it the waves that were lonely thus
sighing,
If so, could I dwell in the depths of the sea,
Where my soul to their music forever could
listen, [rest unto me.
And their beatings would bring their sweet
They were strains only such as the soul can
remember, [ing ear,
Those chords that were played to my slumber-

For no hands that are mortal could wake with
each murmur
A thrill of glad joy, and a heart-rending tear.
They were tones that awake the soul to new
beauties, [cold ear;
They were tones played too fine for a mortal's
I slept on as a man, yet my dreams were of
angels, [near.
And I felt that their heavenly presence was
Oh, will they come back, those numbers not
mortal,
Or will they be ever again breathed to me,
Those strains that I heard like soft music
from heaven,
As I lay in deep slumber beside of the sea.

THE BROKEN HARP.

Ah, silent is the harp to-night,
Its strings are all unstrung;
Oh let us weep for her that died
In that she died so young.
For evermore its golden throat
Is dumb to mortal ears,
For oh! we heard each breaking string,
Ring though the moisture of our tears.
The harmony of former days
Around them still doth cling,
But never more will tremble o'er
Each light and airy string.
Ah, silent is the harp to-night,
'T has lost the master's will;
And shall those sweet tones be forgot —
Those lips that now are still.
Her spirit was a lovely sound
That dwelt around a string,
But when that sweet sound died away,
Her soul had taken wing
And wafted her to skies beyond,
Where she again shall reign,
And there has strung her harp anew
Unto a sweeter strain.
Ah, shall we chant for her a song,
An anthem o'er the dead,
When her bright soul has flown before,
Upon the strains she led.
Ah, nevermore, but let us weep
Over the broken lyre,
And listen for those heavenly strains
Lit by celestial fire.

COME TO ME ANNA!

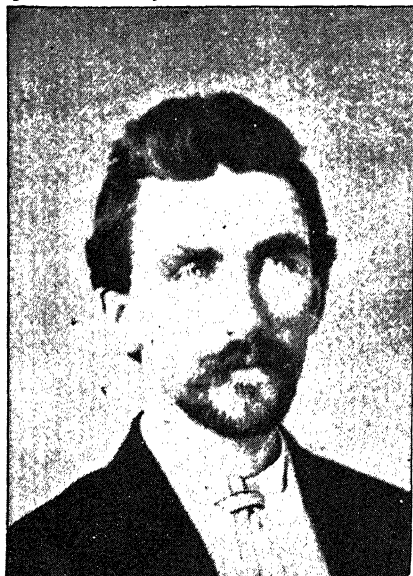
EXTRACT.

Yes, Anna come, and lay your white
Arm 'round my neck, as oft of yore,
My gloomy fancies will take flight,
And the whole world look brighter than it
has before;
'Tis joy to feel that there is one,
Adown beside life's pathway waits,
Will weep when my short race is run
And softly close life's glimmering gates.

JEREMIAH LONG.

BORN: IRELAND, SEPT. 29, 1838.

THE poems of Jeremiah Long have appeared quite extensively in the local press. He was



JEREMIAH LONG.

married in 1870, and now resides on a farm near Madison, Nebraska.

THE TELEPHONE.

O, listen to the telephone, hello;
Go turn the crank to make it known
You hear the bell, then telephone, hello;
Now place the trumpet to your ear,
A message comes distinct and clear,
As if some person standing near
Your elbow said, "my friend I'm here, hello."

'Tis thus inventive genius flings
Along the wire the song he sings,
A flash, a glance, no faster go
Than does the telephone's hello.

Perhaps it may be by next June
The earth will telephone the moon
To ask the man we see up there
What kind of folks his people are:
Let doubting cease, kind nature lies
Revealed by art before our eyes,
And time and distance have to yield
Control to science of their field,
For time and distance are outdone
By that inventor, Edison.

THE BARBER POPS THE QUESTION.

It was in the season of the year
When leaves are changing yellow,
When skies are blue and evenings clear,
And fruit looks ripe and mellow;
The sleekest barber in the town
Put up his brush and razor,
And took his girl with hair so brown
Out courting and to praise her.

A crabbed cynic would feel good
To see the pair together,
While, side by side, they walked or stood,
It seemed they cared not whether;
Thus on they roved where none could hear,
Upon the grassy prairie:
He was a gay young gambolèer,
And she, no sprite or fairy.

Love led them where they still did roam
Among some vines and bushes,
Which during summer was the home
Of nightingales and thrushes;
The nests remaining on the boughs
The maiden loved to mention,
Her wondering "o's," and "mys" and
"how's,"
Woke up the boy's attention.

He told her why the nests were made
So prettily and cosy,
In that secluded sylvan shade,
All fragrant with the ros;,
His love for her he tried to tell
Was more than for a sister,
She, laughing, answered, "very well;"
And then he kissed and kissed her.

Through all the changing scenes of life
Those pleasant days are brightest,
When lover courts his future wife
With words and looks politest;
Returning home another way
Fond Cupid urged suggestion;
Beneath the pale moon's silvery ray
The barber popped the question.

THE INCUBATOR.

That incubator beats the dickens
For hatching little downy chickens;
To get two hundred in a batch
Looks like the proper way to hatch,
And seems to beat the old way hollow—
And is, perhaps, the best to follow:

Besides it gives the hens a rest
From three weeks' sitting on a nest,
And saves that time to use their legs,
To sing, and rustle and lay eggs;
But nature mourns her trade departed,
And clucking hens feel broken-hearted.

ALLEN DORMAN.

BORN: FIELD'S CREEK, MO., SEP. 9, 1837.

THIS rising young poet has written both prose and verse for the local press since 1873, and has a collection of over six hundred poems which he hopes to publish in book-form at an early date. Allen has lived all his life on a



ALLEN DORMAN.

farm near Clinton, Missouri, where he still resides. The poems of Mr. Dorman have appeared in some of the leading publications of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. We predict for this young litterateur a bright future.

GREAT MEN.

Great men are bright and shining lights,
They help the world to shine,
And luminate the firmament
Of turmoil and of time;
And when the clouds of darkness spread
O'er every plain and hill,
And when the foe oppress them most
They shine the brighter still.

Great men, we know them by their deeds,
And see their actions bright;
They rule and sway the hearts of men,
For they are gems of light.
So let us all determ'd to be,
As all great persons should,
And honor merit in great men,
The worthy and the good.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

The bright gems and the worthy,
The jewels of the earth,
Are with the human sacred
Of real gist and worth;
The diamonds of the human,
In merit pure and fine,
The highest and the rarest
Of mortal most divine.

And thus it was with Henry,
Divine that he shall live,
A gem for earth and heaven,
The purest earth could give;
A light of hope and glory,
A lonely star to shine
In this great world of darkness,
For ages and for time.

GIVE ME LOVE.

Give me love — pure sacred love —
With all its hopes and pleasure,
Sweet maiden's love and heaven's love
Are man's best gift and treasure.

Oh, when I die, pray let me die
The death of lovers sighing;
The death of love, pure happy love,
A thousand years a-dying.

LIFT THE FALLEN.

Go help your fallen brothers,
And help them like a man;
Go cheer them with your presence,
Go lend a helping hand.

In helping fallen brothers,
The Lord will surely see
And give the heart due credit
Out in eternity.

HOMER.

Homer, Homer, epic Homer,
Distant far away,
Like a lonely star of glory,
Stationed there to stay;
Shining lonely in its distance,
With a lucid hue,
Tinted with a diamond lustre,
Ever beaming new.

Yes, a name of ancient glory,
Real far away,
Bearing us much light and story
Of his ancient day;
Thus the great men of the present
Will in future be,
Distant like the ancient Homer
Is with you and me.

EVENING SHADES.

The evening shades how still they grow,
 And hasten in their length,
 Until the glorious sun is set
 In all his might and strength.
 The evening shades, how oft they come,
 At close of sunny days,
 And tho' their scenes are sometimes sad,
 May have their mirth and praise.
 'Tis sweet to watch the evening shades
 The little shadows move;
 The little lessons that they teach,
 Yet mighty problems prove.
 And as the shades of evening come,
 Will come the shades of time,
 And hearts will vanish in the dark,
 That have no lights to shine.

AT EARLY MORN.

How bright the morn is dawning,
 And opening into day,
 And melting thoughts of sadness,
 And driving them away.
 It is indeed delightful,
 To see the rising sun
 Shed forth his rays of gladness
 Around for every one.
 We feel it is a blessing,
 The sun alone can give,
 That we so much enjoy,
 So frequent while we live;
 And as our sun that rises
 And opens into morn,
 The sun of life eternal
 Will likewise truly dawn.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Of all great men who ever lived
 In this great world of ours,
 There's none that's swayed more human
 hearts,
 In conquest with earth's powers.
 He awed the world with monarch force,
 More dreadful than a flood
 Was cannon fright along his trail
 That flowed with human blood.
 Oh shall who fought to check his march,
 Still hope for victory;
 Or shall their wounds go unrevenged
 Out in eternity.
 Yet he was great, we call him great,
 As his great actions show;
 He often tried to do the right
 To overcome life's foe.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, beauty, charming beauty
 Making every heart so glad,
 Is a screen that hides the ugly,
 Tho' it may be good or bad.

Beauty charms and beauty praises;
 Beauty hides the art of sin,
 With the shroud of its discretion
 Fastens what it gets within.
 Beauty serves a noble purpose;
 God is beauty and divine;
 And we all should claim it ever,
 Let our deeds with beauty shine.
 Beauty sweet is fascinating;
 Fancied colors light and gay
 Charms the heart till it is blinded,
 And he's rich who feels that way.

MOTHER IS DEAD.

Oh, Lord, my God, my Savior,
 My heart is filled with pain:
 My mother, O, my mother,
 I ne'er shall see again;
 In death she sweetly slumbers,
 I ne'er shall see her more—
 Her face, her form, and features,—
 Or pleasant smiles she wore.
 With her, bright hopes have perished,
 Bright hopes within my breast,
 Yet one that I must cherish,
 Is that she's with the blest.
 We hope to meet thee, mother,
 On heaven's far-off shore;
 Yes meet and greet thee mother,
 Where we shall part no more.

HENRY CLAY.

The great men and the useful men,
 The worthy and the true,
 We love to praise and imitate
 In much they say and do.
 Yes, great names, and the cherished names
 That glow in history bright,
 They shine like lone and stationed stars,
 Or burning suns of light.
 They help the world, they bless the world,
 In all their might and main:
 Their lives and deeds are shining lights,
 Of what we should attain.
 Oh to the hearts that rule the world,
 By worthy deeds and ways,
 We owe a debt of gratitude,
 Of honor and of praise.

GLORIOUS.

All glorious, glorious,
 Happy and divine,
 She helped me pop the question—
 Said she would be mine.
 Now if you'll be my lover,
 My sweet pretty maid,
 Just give me your hand gently,
 And call it a trade.

MRS. VESTA A. R. CROCKETT.

BORN: CANTON, ME., FEB. 22, 1836.

THIS lady received her education in Livermore and Canton. Under the nom de plume of Inez she wrote quite extensively for the Boston Cultivator, Ladies' Enterprise, and other prominent eastern publications. In her early life she took great delight in writing



MRS. VESTA A. R. CROCKETT.

humorous and dramatic poems. She still resides in her native state at Portland, where her husband, J. Henry Crockett, is engaged in business. Mrs. Crockett is fully represented in The Poets and Poetry of Maine, in which state she is very popular—not only for her high literary standing but also for her many amiable and social qualities.

ASPIRATION.

Oh loose the chains that bind me prone to earth

In one continuous thralldom, blindly sweet,
And hold me in their fond and close embrace;
That o'er my soul their ceaseless vigils keep.
Oh lift me out from filmy folds of flesh,
Which close around me wrapping, day by day,
Which I dream not, in my obscured retreat
Shut out from beckoning light of inner day.

But guide my instincts, dimmed, obscure and blunt,

Into the radiance of inner light,

Just so I see my gropings in the flesh,
Within the corridor of star-dimmed night.
Let me not walk the desert wastes of time,
And gather bubbles, shining to my eyes,
When on the other hand are broad plateaus
Which must be traversed ere I gain the prize.

Release me from the lesser two-fold grasp,
And let me struggle with its bland content;
Oh, let me loose from earthly trappings, all,
And seek the garniture from Heaven sent.
From out the gilded rubbish fondly worn,
Beheld by blinded sense to be the true;
Let me emerge and take one primal look
Where Inspiration spreads her softening dew.

Let me just catch one glimpse of inner life
Which circles 'round and 'round me rich and clear — [through—

A life which permeates me through and
Which holds in me all that which is most dear — [source,

A life which links my being with infinite
Whose truth absorbs the human in the divine,
Which subtly leads me in its mystic course
Within the illumined center of my chime.

'Tis answered, and from out my soul a hymn
Of praise spontaneous, wings its upward flight,
In aspiration's depths I found within
My own real self, revealed by inner light,
Nor tide, nor flood, nor sweeping storm, nor wind,

Nor all the flush allurements, which abound,
Can me again unto that darkness bind;
A stronger light has compassed me around.

A deeper phase of life has on me dawned —
I find myself within its Author, God;
A purer fire has all my spirit warmed;
I find within myself its Author, God —
A richer landscape mirrors on my soul,
With colorings deep, in tints, oh, unsurpassed.
Each innate charm that opens on the roll
Reveals a deeper, ripper glory than the last.

A rapturous grandeur, impartation keen,
Seems breathing in my spirit's every vein,
Sweet intuitions softly float between,
Then answer back the soft and hushed refrain;

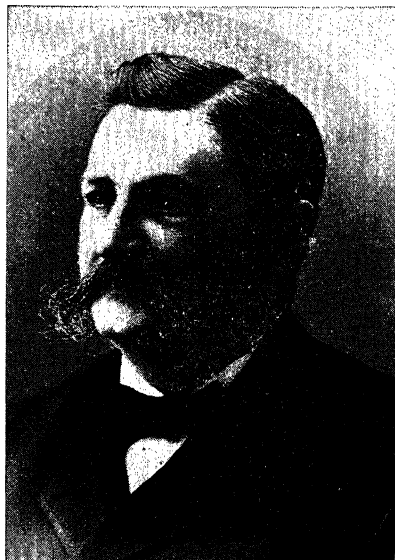
Each gladsome tendril seems to waft to me
A voice of chiming and impassioned song,
While each pulsation joins the minstrelsy
In leaps aloft, on pinions soft and strong.
A halo glorious with the blended light
That comes from higher commune, soul with souls,

Reveals a smile, so strangely sweet, so bright
It melts within her opal, shimmering folds.
Oh! deep-felt harmony, thy living strains
But set my heart athrill with broadening love,
While Inspiration with her soft refrains
Enlinks me with my higher life above.

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

BORN: CANTON, MASS., OCT. 10, 1836.

WHEN but fourteen years of age Simeon Tucker Clark determined that he would make his life a success, and he certainly has succeeded in a marked degree. He has obtained the Master's degree in arts, become a doctor in medicine, and holds many positions of pro-



SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

minence. His writings have appeared in the magazines of Appleton, Scribner, Godey, Peterson, and other publications, from which they have been extensively copied by the periodical press from Maine to California. As a lecturer, Dr. Clark has always attracted enthusiastic audiences. Besides his successful practice as a physician, Dr. Clark is an indefatigable student, and is a member of many of the most important scientific bodies in the United States. His place of residence is Rockport, in the state of New York.

THE DEAD VIOLINIST.

In grief, I sing for those alone
Whose heart-strings are so sadly strung,
They only tremble when a moan
From Music's soul is wrung.
They dare to sit with me to-night,
Where, like a statue cold and still
The master lies—the man whose might
Brought smiles or tears at will!
Ask neither wife nor child to speak;
Nor man nor maid a word to lend.

In yonder well worn case we seek
The dead man's fondest friend!
His violin. He touched and heard
The soul-throbs of that instrument,
And every pressure, every word,
With his caress was blent.
His viol. Raise with reverent fear
And press it to your tear-stained cheek
As was his wont, and you shall hear
What words the dead would speak!
Hear them and heed, but not repeat,
There are so few that understand
The Sons of Genius, till their feet
Have touched death's silent land!
To speak were casting pearls away;
Who needs to be forgiven, forgives!
Where night is lost in endless day
Our great musician lives!
We who have loved will not forget
The rosy-thorny path he trod!
Beyond upbraiding or regret
We leave him safe with God!

AFTER THE HARVEST.

The wonders of harvest are manifold
As mystical words from the sphinx of old,
When over the meadows the sheaves are rolled,
The barley like silver, the wheat like gold;
But the darkest riddle of life is told,
When love like the grain, for a price is sold!
Janett and I with the reapers wrought
As a lowly lad and a lassie ought,
When little is said, but much is thought;
What did I garner but sorrow? Naught!
As over the meadows the sheaves we rolled;
And barley was silver and wheat was gold!
She was a woman wondrous fair,
A score of summers had sunned her hair;
My lips were beardless, my brown cheeks bare;
For sixteen seasons had brought no care
If barley was silver, or wheat was gold—
Or love, like the grain, for a price was sold!
This was the way my love was won—
She turned to me when our task was done,
As ripe grain turns to the glowing sun
Before the harvesting is begun!
A riddle alike to the young and old
When barley seems silver and wheat pure gold.
We kissed! Before, but a mother's kiss
Had blended with mine; but this, Oh! this
Discovered and filled my soul's abyss
With life's best vintage—a lover's bliss!
But the story of harvest will never be told;
And the wonders of loving are manifold!
Next day I wrought in the fields alone,
The heart in my bosom a blood-red stone,
For I heard the winds to the stubble moan;
"The lord of these lands has wedded his own!"
When love like the grain for a price is sold,
No barley seems silver, no wheat like gold!

C. DREW.

BORN: ALEXANDRIA, VA., JAN. 6, 1820.

IN 1833 Mr. Drew entered Gale's & Seaton's office in Washington as an assistant to one of the proof-readers, where, by way of pastime he soon picked up a knowledge of type setting. In 1845 he became associated with James M. Davis in the publication of The



C. DREW.

American, at Washington. Three years later he removed to Florida and published a newspaper in Jacksonville, where he finally opened a book store, which is still conducted on a good scale by his sons — Horace Drew & Bro. Mr. Drew served four years as state comptroller of Florida, and he has also held other public positions of trust. The poems of Mr. Drew have appeared from time to time in the periodical press since his youth.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

I marked a lonely grave among
The mansions of the dead,
Where slept an humble child of song,
His notes forever fled,
Save when their echoes gently stole
Back to the haunts where he
Poured forth the music of his soul
In numbers wild and free.

I knew it was the poet's grave,
Although no sculptured stone,
Nor urn, nor towering column, gave

His memory its own;
Some loved one who had known his worth,
Unable to do more,
Had smoothed the rugged mound of earth
And turf'd it greenly o'er.

The sauntering crowd passed heedless by
That lowly place of rest,
To view the marble piled on high
Above the rich man's breast;
But they forget the wreath of love
That lives when gold and stone
Have perished from the earth above
And left the dust alone.

They knew not that the form laid nigh
By lowly, loving hands,
In memory's mystic alchemy
Would turn to golden sands;
For had they felt one throb that stirred
The loving hearts that knew
The poet's grave, their ears had heard
His lingering music too.

The crowd will linger by the scene
Where marble shafts uprise,
But some will seek the hillock green
And precious in their eyes;
For well they know who sleeps below,
Whose pillow they could crave —
The one below the shaft of snow,
Or 'neath the poet's grave.

THE FADED FACE.

There are faded faces we sometimes see
Haloed in eloquent mystery,
Even though every trace marked there
Be the sign of sorrow, the seal of care,
Often, it seems, a beautiful grace
Covers the lines of the faded face.

After the bloom of the fragile rose,
The petals fall as the summer goes,
And the rose tree sinks to its winter sleep,
In the valleys the germs of springtime keep;
But there's never a season, there's never a
place,
We read not the tale of a faded face.

If sight were ne'er glad with a rouge-leaf more,
The mind could have spring — time o'er and
o'er,

And joy fill our souls as the seasons came:
The breast should fill with shame, with shame,
If we could not, in loving, before us spread
The heart's repast of the leaves still red.

And every true heart should have a place
To keep the bloom of a faded face,
For love and fancy to paint sublime
With the brighter tints of an olden time —
Even its pallor will change and glow
For the heart that sees it turning so.

JAMES FRANCIS GELLETLY.

BORN IN SCOTLAND, 1848.

In his youth James was apprenticed to the silversmiths' trade, at which he worked for six years, when he came to America. He has



JAMES FRANCIS GELLETLY.

always taken a great interest in literature, and has a volume of poems that he hopes soon to place upon the market.

HOPE.

I am embarked on life's tempestuous sea,
 I hear the roar
 Of billows as they beat destructions shore
 Awaiting me
 The cloudy darkness deepens into night,
 And the bright sheen
 Of starry prospects now no more is seen
 To shed its light.
 Fear, passion, doubt, the treacherous friend,
 the foe
 Strain hard my bark
 That toils upon their surges in the dark,
 Rocked to and fro.
 Through deepening shades no longer will I
 grope
 My devious way,
 I cast beneath the billows as they sway
 The anchor Hope.
 And while the warring elements fierce fight
 With clamorous sound,

Here will I rest deep-grappled in the ground,
 Waiting for light.

Oh God! On whose vast bosom I lay hold,
 Hear! thou my prayer,
 And give me patient fortitude to bear
 Life's waters cold.

And in the fury of the muffled night,
 While tempests roll, [soul
 Strengthen the cords that bind my wavering
 To thy great might.

THE ARTIFICIAL AND THE NATURAL.

You take a yokel, lumbering in his walk,
 And put him in your military school,
 Braced to a ramrod, teach him how to stalk,
 And dress him like a monkey, or a fool,
 Boss him well down, and wheel him 'round
 about,

And you will turn a first-rate soldier out.
 To make a priest you take the "family
 dunce,"

What little sense he has you strain away,
 Cram him with cant theology at once, [may—
 And mold, or dish him for what sect you
 Just as the French cooks fix up frogs or snails,
 Or pig-iron's fused and rolled out into rails.

To make a lawyer — best to take a knave,
 But sometimes you can work an honest man,
 If for some "paying office" he should crave —
 And strives to stretch his conscience all he
 can, [aye—
 Keeping a sharp look out for "number one"
 Most likely he'll die rich — at least in money.

Doctors are formed of somewhat different
 stuff:

The minimum of wit allowed by law
 Will make out, if the stomach's strong enough
 To see dead negro paupers carved up raw;
 Still they must have for "stock in trade" —
 complete

Some little knowledge, and the rest conceit.
 Artists are built by unremitting toil,
 Combined with natural taste and aptitude;
 But poets spring spontaneous from the soil,
 Wild flowers adorning herbage the most
 rude,
 And like the love-begetting mistletoe,
 Must ever flourish wild if they would grow.

RULE FOR INDIVIDUAL ACTION.

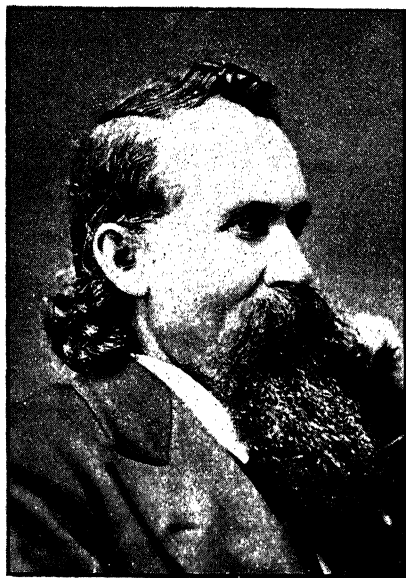
When compassed 'round by factious zealots
 who

Would fain proscribe and prescribe from
 mankind, [bind,
 Contemn the treacherous burdens they would
 Who gave the thy volition, gave thee too
 A monitor within — to that be true —
 And let none shackle thee in limb or mind,
 And let no fog of logic make thee blind
 Concerning what thou shalt or shalt not do.

ADLINE SILLIMAN KIEFFER

BORN: MIAMI, MO., AUG. 1, 1840.

FROM AN early age this writer has contributed both prose and verse to the press. He has followed the profession of printer and journalist, and is now part proprietor and



ALDINE SILLIMAN KIEFFER.

editor of the Musical Million, published at Dayton, Va., where he now resides. Mr. Kieffer has published a neat volume of poems entitled *Vigil and Vision*, which has had a very extensive sale.

DEPARTED DAYS.

O dear departed days!
O days that come no more!
O sea of joy, whose wave hath ebbed
From mortal shore!

Thy tide shall flow no more;
Thy wrecks lie on the strand;
And Memory walks with shoeless feet
Thy barren sand.

I tread where thou hast been
O sea of days! gone by—
An arid waste lies out beneath
An ashen sky.

Here lies Hope's painted hull;
Her broken masts are gone,—
Her rotten decks scarce hold the ghosts
That walk thereon.

Love's fairy craft lies there,
Round which the sad winds sing:
The tide went out, returned no more,—
Poor, stranded thing!

Where are the radiant forms
Whose gentle, lily hands
Once bound each other's golden curls
With silken bands?

Aye, they have perished too,
Along life's ocean strand:
The fire of lovestrewn ashes here
Upon the sand.

Light ghosts go tripping by:—
No perfume in their hair,
No song, no voice, no whispered breath
Disturbs the air.

O sea! O bark! O soul!
O days that come no more!
O Memory, why walk ye here
This dreary shore?

KISSING BY THE WELL.

In the land of eastern story
Strewn with wrecks of ancient glory,
Like a lawn with autumn leaves,
There are ruins that surprise us,—
Temple walls whose age defies us,—
Broken shrines that solemnize us,—
Yet the heart for glory grieves.

In that land of faded glories,
Where the dust is full of stories
That no tongue can ever tell!
There's a spot I love to think of,
Where in olden days, the pink of
Eastern beauties came to drink of
Our old father Jacob's well.

Ah, those pretty maids of Sychem!
(Who with soul could help but like them!)
With their eyes of wondrous light?
Even yet the whispering fairies
Tell the loves of Ruths and Marys,
Gentle Magdalenes and Sarahs,
Round this olden well at night.

There in mystic, antique ages,
Prophets, bards and royal sages,
Told their loves when twilight fell;—
Breathed soft words in love's warm measure;—
Dreamed sweet dreams of fame and pleasure,—
Drew sweet draughts of living pleasure
From the heart's unfailing well.

By a well of living water
Jacob kissed old Laban's daughter —
Fair-faced Rachel, half-divine;
And though earth with age is hoary,

Still she owes one-half her glory,
More than half her sacred story,
Rachel, to that kiss of thine!

Though thy heart with dust hath blended,
Thy heart's love hath never ended!

Israel's daughters live to day!
Rachels, with their sunny faces
Still make glad the olden places,
Leaving on Time's page new traces,
As the old years die away.

Lips of love! ah me, the blessing.
What, but for their sweet caressing
Were this tear-stained world of ours?
Lips of Love have soothed the weary —
Lips of Love have blessed the dreary —
Making life's wild pathway cheery
With sweet smiles and sunny hours.

Gentle reader, boy or maiden,
If your heart with love is laden,
Kiss beside Life's wayside well,
Keep your young hearts pure and stain-
less,—

So shall Love's sweet life prove painless,—
And life's dream be not the gainless,
Joyless thing that poets tell.

DREAMS.

Hideous dreams! terrible dreams!
Visit my nights of despair;—
Wearisome birds are they,
Clad in their sable and gray,
Driven by storms on the spray
O'er the shoreless Ocean of Time,
Perching themselves on my bed,
Pecking their bills in my heart;
Flapping their wings on my head—
Lifting themselves with a start,
Only to light again,
To feast themselves on my brain;
O horrible birds! terrible birds!
Devilish dream-birds of prey!

EVALINE WRIGHT NELSON.

BORN: NEW LISBON, O., APRIL 13, 1854.

THIS lady is a member of the Ohio Woman's Press Association, and is a regular correspondent to the Wellsville Daily Union. Both her prose and verse have appeared in some of the leading magazines. Miss Nelson is still a resident of her native town.

DREAMS.

This fair land of ours I've traversed
Without inconvenience or cost;
I've come, and I've gone, and none missed
me,
The time—I have not counted lost.

I've oft watched the poor blind birdies
Gainst Liberty's Light dash and die,
And long at the Golden Gate tarried
With many a laugh and a sigh,
In my dreams.

I've heard Niagara's thundering roar,
And felt the damp spray in my face;
And I have gathered in Florida,
Moss, finer than exquisite lace.
I've crossed the tempestuous ocean
Quite often without any fear,
And wonderful thoughts have come to me
With only the sea and sky near,
In my dreams.

I've visited Shakespeare at Avon,
And Tennyson, Browning and Burns;
I've fished in the Lakes of Killarney;
In Scotland I've oft gathered ferns.
I've been the guest of Victoria,
I've looked at the weird "Midnight Sun;"
I've traveled in every direction,
And O, but I've had fun, fun, fun,
In my dreams.

I've taken Bibles to heathendom,
And cheering words to workers there,
And freedom sweet to the shackled ones
Who blot Siberia, the fair;
I've rescued the weak from power's grip,
And happiness brought to the sad;
Why, I cannot tell all that I've done,
How glad I have been, glad, glad, glad,
In my dreams.

Been courted? Of course; and married too?
Yes, many a time, who has not?
With noblest and truest of lovers
I have lived in mansion and cot.
All lovers are knightly, maid noble,
And happiness easy to find;
But I'm not to tell all the secrets
Of this realm, you must mind, mind, mind,
Of our dreams.

There's naught that is fine in the landscape,
In poetry, music or art,
But touches me more as a memory
Than something quite new to my heart;
I've seen it, I've heard it, I've known it
Some time in the past, and it seems
A part of the infinite empire
I own and control in my dreams,
In my dreams.

Cloud-pictures, a rainbow, a sunset;
Ah! these have a mission, believe;
He misses a glory worth having
Who will not their beauty perceive.
They've helped me to weave brightest fancies,
For them I am richer to-day:
Can beautiful dreams hurt one who feels
Reality's better than they?
Dear old dreams.

SARA J. SITTLER.

THIS lady is a resident of Jefferson, Iowa. She has written quite extensively very credible



SARA J. SITTLER.

poems for the press, which have been highly commented upon by her friends and admirers.

A MOURNING DOVE.

Ah mournful, mournful bird,
The music that I've heard
Has driven me almost mad.
Thy "boo-oo-oo" uttered so far apart
Lies deep within my heart,
'Tis oh so sad! so sad!
Wilt thou cease thy strain so dreary?
For it makes me feel so weary
When thy mournful voice I hear.
And my heart sinks low,
As I through the wildwood go
To the brook that runneth clear.
If O, bird! thy strain you'd change,
To some song that's sweet and strange,
It would please me more.
But thy "boo-oo-oo" beyond the tree
Still keeps echoing back to me —
Cursed bird! repeat it o'er

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, thou art everything;
Without thee this world would be
Nothing but woe.
Pure are the lives that keep thee,
As onward through life they go.

You bless the poor home, Contentment —
The poor man's hand you grasp
With the kindest regard.
The rich man's soul without thee will perish,
For thou art a reward.

Pure are the lives that possess thee,
From the unselfishness of the world
They are free.
They take their reward according to rule
And all agree.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

She sat by the dim firelight;
And the moon cast her beams on the wall.
He came of course as he promised,
To give her an evening call.

She gently said, "Good-evening;"
Her voice was sweet and clear;
But to him it was not natural
As it fell upon the ear.

And she, herself was not the same;
She treated him so cold.
He longed to speak the words of love,
But feared that he'd get sold.

His thoughts were off in dreamland
As they sat so far apart;
And the silence of his once talkative love,
Cast darkness over his heart.

At last he arose to kiss her
As parting time drew nigh;
But I hardly think he finished kissing,
For something met his eye. -

What was it? It was the servant girl
Dressed in her mistress' gown:
While she, the mistress was in the sleigh
With a gay young chap from town.

'TIS ONLY A PICTURE.

'Tis only a picture — that is all:
Yet naught can from my heart erase,
The form that's penciled with such grace,
The picture of my father's face —
My angel father?

'Tis only a picture — that is all:
Yet it helps to keep his memory clear;
And often helps my heart to cheer,
When clouds float low — and life seems
drear,

O angel father?

'Tis only a picture — that is all:—
Yet it brings to me another day,
When near his knee I loved to play;
When I grew older loved to say,
"Dearest father!"

'Tis only a picture — that is all:
But as long as the stars shine from above,
To light my pathway as I rove,
There will remain a daughter's love,
O angel father.

MARIE WALSH-CAHILL.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, ABOUT 1850.

As the author of *Hazel Kirke*, *The World*, and *Saints and Sinners* (novelized from plays), and the original novel of *His Wife or his Widow*, this lady has gained quite a reputation in the world of literature. Commencing her literary career when very young by writing for a *Boston Weekly*, she has since dramatized a num-



MRS. MARIE WALSH-CAHILL.

ber of popular novels and written several original dramas, which have been produced in the leading cities of America. In 1867 the subject of this sketch became the wife of Edward Walsh, a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York City. She was left a widow in 1883, and resided in Brooklyn until 1890, when she married M. J. Cahill, the popular Chicago publisher.

O'ER PAMPAS WILD.

O'er pampas wild, through tall mesquite,
Our mustangs swift like lightning flash —
Our mustangs fly like north winds fleet,
The buffalo before us dash,
While through the plains we onward flash,
For curled upon our pommels high
A trusty lasso bear we all;
The frightened herds before us fly,—
Our lasso's chains are strong, though small;
It is the serpent of the plain,
The victims rear and plunge in vain.

And so! And so
Our lassos thus we throw!
Car-r-r-r-rambo!
Our leather rings we throw!

O'er pampas wild, through tall mesquite,
The plembos rush, like storms along,
The herds fly fast, for life is sweet;
Away we go with jest and songs
Relying on our trusty thongs.
The plembo always gains his prey;
His arm is strong, his lasso swift;
He rides his mustang all the day,
Then taketh sleep, the great king's gift;
We are the monarchs of the plain —
His lasso never coils in vain.

And so! And so
Our lassos thus we throw!
Car-r-r-r-rambo!
Our lassos thus we throw!

A LOVER OF MINE.

A lover of mine comes ev'ry night,
But never once by day,
And yet he loves the candle light;
He always sings this way:
Hum! hum! hum!
Hum! hum! hum!

He clasps my hand all in the dark,
He whispers low to me,
His kisses always leave a mark,
Though him I seldom see!
Hum! hum! hum!
Hum! hum! hum!

And you are like this lover o' mine,
Mosquito, vile and mean! [wine
For you've tried in vain to drink love's
From all the lips you've seen!
Hum! hum! hum!
Hum! hum! hum!

You buff, you fly, you try to sting,—
Mosquito! Nothing more!
You hum and sing, you mean old thing,—
You're such an awful love!
Hum! hum! hum!
Hum! hum! hum!

Though stiff and old, you try to sip,
(Leave that to younger men!)
Rich, red blood from each rosy lip,
Oh! don't try it again!
Hum! hum! hum!
Hum! hum! hum!

EXTRACT.

I once had a sister —
The sunlight oft kissed her —
For a flower mistook her
And never forsook her;
As onyx her skin fair,
As roses her lips rare,
As fair skies her eyes blue.

MARY J. KING.

BORN: SOUTH SCITUATE, R. I., MARCH 10, 1852.

COMMENCING to write poems at an early age, they have since appeared from time to time in



MARY J. KING.

the local press. Miss King follows the occupation of a weaver, at Crompton, R. I.

MOTHER.

Dear, gentle, loving mother,
 Ofttimes we think of thee,
 In the midst of life's stern duties
 Thy form we seem to see;
 And when the shades of evening
 Are deepening in the sky,
 In some bright star we fancy
 We see thy gentle eye.
 We seem to hear thy loving voice
 In the twilight still and calm,
 Murmuring, "God protect my children
 And keep them from all harm;"
 Oh! for thy deep, true fervent love,
 How oft our hearts doth yearn,
 For thou hast past away from earth,
 And never shall return.
 Dear mother, by thy gentle side
 How oft we have knelt in prayer,
 And you bade us look to heaven,
 And told us God was there;
 And then thy hand so lovingly,
 Would press each little head,

And give to each one fond embrace,
 When evening prayers were said.
 What was it in the morning
 Awoke us from dreams of bliss,
 As it sweetly brushed each little cheek?
 It was our mother's kiss.
 As fond memories recall the past,
 With tears our eyes oft fill,
 When we think of thee, dear mother,
 Now in death forever still.
 Oh! What sadness filled our dwelling,
 When we knelt around thy bed,
 When thine eyelids closed forever,
 And thy gentle soul had fled;
 'Twas our blessed Savior called thee
 From this world of sin and care,
 And heaven to us seems nearer,
 Because our mother's there.
 Thou didst suffer long and patiently,
 But thy sufferings now are o'er,
 And we hope in heaven to meet thee,
 Thou art only gone before;
 Thy gentle form lies sleeping
 In St. Mary's hallowed ground,
 And we hope among God's saints
 Thy name has been enrolled.
 We will ask our Savior's mother
 To pray to her dear Son,
 That He may reunite us
 When our task on earth is done;
 We trust for us she is pleading
 Before our Savior's throne;
 Oh! how sweet will be our union there
 Where parting is unknown.

JOHN A. VINEY.

BORN: BODKINS, OHIO, MAY 28, 1853.

AFTER receiving his education at the Biddle university of North Carolina, John A. Viney entered the ministry, and is now located at El Paso, Texas. Since 1881 he has written quite a few poems that have been published.

SAVED AT LAST.

When waked by the alarm of death
 That sin had long her portion been;
 Then she did fly to Jesus' breast
 And humbly begged an entrance in.
 Is Jesus the vile sinner's friend,
 When hope of life's forever gone?
 Would he in mercy thus transcend
 And prove his pow'r to utmost bound?
 Yes children, hung there on his cross,
 A thief close by his Savior's side;
 When hope of life to him was lost,
 Was saved by faith in Christ, then died.
 Take hope then you whose mothers gone,
 Who sought her God in dying breath;
 She safely was convoyed beyond —
 To the sweet saints' immortal rest.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

BORN: CANADA, NOV. 26, 1837.

At the age of twenty-six Miss Mountcastle entered a private school as teacher, which position she held for two years. She then studied painting in water colors and in 1870 took five prizes. Since that time she has taught drawing in many prominent schools.



CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

In 1882 she published the *Mission of Love and Other Poems*, and later published a novel. As a mark of appreciation of her literary work, Miss Mountcastle was in 1889 unanimously elected as honorary member of the Trinity Historical Society of Dallas, Texas.

MY SISTERS AND I.

The years roll on, youth flies apace;
And age o'ertakes us in the race;
While poverty runs "neck and neck,"
And little doth the oppressor reck,
That oft he sets his iron heel
Upon the corn we sorest feel.
He goads us onward o'er the ground,
And lacerates each half-healed wound.
More slowly moves the tide of life,
As thus we meet the unequal strife;
A weight seems clinging to our feet;
The tired hearts forget to beat—
The spirits faint—the strength is gone:
Yet weary limbs are toiling on
Along the paths that lead to thee;
Thou vast, unknown, eternity.

ART THOU THINKING OF ME.

Art thou thinking of me, my beloved?
Though distance doth sever us wide,
The fancy still haunts me, my darling,
That thou art again by my side.

I feel an intangible presence,
About me wherever I move—
A something that whispers, my darling,
Of thee and thy passionate love.

My spirit communes with thy spirit;
My thoughts cannot wander from thee;
Thy aerial presence enchains them,
And haunts me wherever I be.

There is naught in this world that can give
me

A tithe of the joy that doth fill
My being, when whispers thy spirit
To mine that thou lovest me still.

MRS. VITULA M. CLARK.

BORN: MINIER, ILL., JAN. 30, 1867.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the *Bloomington papers*. She was married in 1889 to Mr. J. H. Clark of Fern Hill, where she now resides.

NIGHT.

The stars gleam forth their soft and silvery
light,

The sad winds moan and sigh;
And fleecy clouds of grayish white
Sail slowly o'er the sky.

Hushed are the many sounds of day;
Tranquil is the busy street,
Mournfully the dark waves play
O'er the mighty deep.

Clasped in slumber's sweet embrace,
Happy in the land of dreams;
Sorrows from our hearts are chased,
Till morning brightly beams.

The wild beasts rest within their hidden lair;
The cattle on the hillside peaceful dream,
Forgetful of the day however fair, [stream.
Lulled to blissful slumber by the rippling

And little children free from every care,
Now sweetly sleep upon their snowy beds:
Hushed are the lips—that lisped their even-
ing prayer, [heads.

To Him who watches o'er their youthful
O! night, how heavenly sweet art thou:
O'er rich and poor, thy dewy breath doth
fall,

Upon the homeless wanderer's brow;
O'er high and low, o'er great and small.

Night, lovely night: thy holy balm doth steal
Into many a breaking heart,
Alas! that cannot heal;
God's blessing to impart.

GRANT LEE SHUMWAY.

BORN: NEW WINDSOR, ILL., MARCH 7, 1865.

REMOVING to Nebraska at the age of twenty, Mr. Shumway has made that state his headquarters ever since. He has published a poem in book-form, entitled *The Sod Cabin*,



GRANT LEE SHUMWAY.

which is a very able and interesting production. Mr. Shumway now has the management of the *Ashford Advocate*, a position that affords him better opportunities for literary work than he has heretofore enjoyed.

SUNSET ON THE PLATTE.

Upon the bridge, above the flowing river,
There we admired the fast declining day,
Like those dark waters, moving on forever,
Each heart was borne, in ecstasy, away.

The sun sank low behind the horizon;
It lighted up the fleecy western sky: [gone;
An emblem of great persons, when they're
They leave a brilliant lustre, when they die.

The sky back to the stream, reflecting, cast
Resplendent light, of purple and of gold;
And all the rainbow colors, changing fast
From lurid red, 'til fading gray, turns cold.

But here and there the shimmering surface
mars

Its glossy face, by interceding bars;
And where the elements each other wars,
The spray-fleck'd sand shone like bright
Glittering stars.

A pine root clinging to some shoal, here,
Reached forth its various prongs, and separate,

Resembling the antlers of a deer,
Whose form lies 'neath the stream,
Inanimate.

One lovely islet, deck'd with foliage green,
Breaks the bright scene, reaching from
Shore to shore.

Tranquil, she reigns, an Oriental queen;
In majesty and silence, wields her power.

Far, to the southwest, reared a silent tower,
A temple, in which human ne'er has trod,
Erected by the Omnipotent power;
To man is given, a symbol of his God.

An intervening gap, and then another
Great edifice, its head to Heaven doth rear,
In silent mem'ry of an ancient brother,
Who used it in defense of country, dear.

Time-traces on its crest are visible;
The wall is slowly crumbling to decay;
And like an earlier relic, doth it tell
Its history in its own inspiring way.

But, from the crag of noble grandeur, leaping,

Our vision falls upon the level plain.
Swift, over it, the evening shadows creeping
Leaves a dull, dreary waste upon the main.

Beneath the plain, a wall of dingy brown
Obscured the last faint rays of waning light
The lark's last note sounds through the
Twilight gloom,

As monitory of the coming night.

Along the surface of of the golden river,
A sleepy swallow skims the water's brim;
So close it makes the glossy surface shiver
The light, translucent, flashing thro' the dim.

We gaze upon the fine artistic work
By nature drawn, and painted on the sky
On island and on shore that's growing dark
And on the turbid water, murmuring by.

It fades, the picture was too rare a kind
To linger long and gladden mortal sight.
Like every earthly pleasure, leaves behind
Dark shadows, creeping on to darker night.

THE SOD CABIN.

EXTRACTS.

"Will," she began, "you know that you
Once told me of your fair-haired lass,
What would she think poor girl? Alas!
If you in absence prove untrue.
Ah! This must never come to pass —
Go back to her — Come not to me —
Unless she kindly sets you free
Of her free will.

I cannot speak
The love I have for you, but ere

I'd have you her engagement break,
 Let base dishonor your name share,
 I'd suffer pain no tongue could tell,
 My heart with anguish overflow,
 My life-blood break its prison cell
 And make a crimson flood for you.
 Go back to your fair Isabelle,
 Forget the wild girl in the dell."
 One sad reproachful look she gave
 Him as she slowly turned to leave.
 A stinging pain shot to his heart
 And pierced it like a quivering dart.
 His countenance was flushed with shame
 To join dishonor with his name.
 "Please, Lilly, do not leave me so,
 Your virtues I more highly prize
 On hearing what you've said.

But know,
 Will Curtis will not tell you lies.
 So when I tell you I am free,
 Bound by no promises or ties,
 Perhaps you'll kindly think of me.
 Here read this note." With trembling hand
 He cast a letter on the sand
 Before her heavy downcast eyes.
 She picks it up — her eyes she dries —
 And reads the missive's contents through:

Viola, State of _____
 March 27th, '75.

Will Curtis:

Sir,—I freely give
 You back the longed-for liberty:
 Am glad to know that I am free.
 Our promises were premature
 And brought about by other hands.
 Neither are satisfied I'm sure
 While our engagement stands. *
 Like you, my heart for freedom yearned
 Until you did that freedom send.
 With this your kindness I've returned.

Remember me

Your sincere friend

Belle Morton.

"Will, another star

Shall guide my future, brighter far
 Than any I have ever known
 Save one, and that from heaven shone.
 This letter has revealed to me
 Your noble heart, and that it's free.
 So if on me, unworthy me,
 You would its tenderness bestow,
 I'll gladly give my heart to thee,—
 You'll gently care for it I know."
 Again he clasped her to his breast
 And joyous rapturous kisses pressed
 To her sweet lips upturned to his
 As if to seal eternal bliss.
 While standing thus in close embrace,
 Her face upturned to meet his face,
 Some power seemed to bear away
 Her mind in which bright visions play,

A stately mansion on a hill
 In which were dwelling her and Will.
 Rich paintings on the frescoed wall,
 Lace drapery and curtains fall,
 The rustling silk, the marble floors,
 While servants came at her command,
 Their footsteps heard on every hand
 Resounding through the corridors.
 The mist float from before her eyes,
 'Twas but a dream of paradise.
 Their future sealed their homeward way
 They step with hearts so light and gay.

MRS. ANSELINA E. DWYER.

BORN: ENGLAND, OCT. 7, 1846.

A FEW of the poems of this lady have appeared in the Transcript of Lynn, Mass., in which city she now resides.

MY WINDOW GARDEN.

A tiny garden I possess,
 Hid in a window's deep recess;
 Grateful beneath the sun's caress
 Expands its leafy loveliness.
 And when the sun lights up the green,
 And quivering shadows play between,
 The blossoms on my ivy screen
 Like dewdrops glisten in its sheen.
 My stately calla pearly crowned,—
 No queenlier flower e'er was found—
 And lesser beauties grouped around
 Rare fragrance, sweet, shed o'er the mound.
 A symbol in the passion vine
 I see, transfixed the Man Divine,
 The whips, the nails, the cords that twine
 Around his limbs, the halo's shine.
 And here in emerald velvet dressed
 Geraniums lift their scarlet crest;
 Pinks, fuschias, lilies 'mong the rest,
 And soulful pansies—loved the best.
 No florists' skill I boast, or know
 The names which science doth bestow;
 But knowledge greater far they show;
 God's loving care to all below.

THE POETRY OF THE SOUL.

'Tis not confined to bards alone,
 The poetry of the soul;
 It is a great and glorious theme
 Which few men can control.
 It is a pure and virtuous life,
 High-minded, true, sincere,
 Which makes the soul so beautiful,
 And life so happy here.
 Sweet are the songs that poets sing
 When the muses them control;
 But really nothing can compare
 With the poetry of the soul.

SAMUEL W. GOLDBERG.

BORN IN RUSSIA, MAY 1, 1858.

THE poems of Mr. Goldberg have appeared in many of the leading American publications. In person he is a little above the average height and weight, and is of good stature,



SAMUEL W. GOLDBERG.

with brown hair and eyes. Mr. Goldberg is a book-keeper by profession, and now resides at Dallas, Texas. The poems of this writer have generally appeared under the nom de plume of Schirhaschirim.

TWO SHOULDERS AT THE WHEEL.

Should you meet a troubled brother,
Then a kindred spirit feel;
Heavy burdens might be lifted
With two shoulders at the wheel.
Let him know you take an interest,
'Twill not take him long to see
Whether you're a true well-wisher
Or a shamming Pharisee.
And the time might not be distant
When you'll lack both strength and zeal —
When perhaps you would be grateful
For one extra at your wheel.
Do not turn your back upon him,
Do not coolly walk away,
Just because you think you're made of
Some superior sort of clay.
When we come to think about it—

As sometimes we mortals must —
There is nothing very striking
In the finest kind of dust!
More than that, we cannot claim it;
'Tis but lent to us on trust,
And, pray, what is there to boast of
In ashes, clay, or dust?

NIGHT AND MORN.

Night, and a clouded moon,
With a dark and stormy sky;
While the eyes that are watching
Are wet with tears,
And the bosom is weary
With unknown fears,
And heaving with deep, sad sighs.
Morn, and a smiling sky,
A dawning fair and sweet;
While the tears that are falling
Are chased away,
And glances as bright
As this glad some day,
In unison fondly meet.

Such are our lives, dear,
A night and a day;
And love ever chases
The clouds away.

ENVY.

In life's fair paradise there lurks a snake,
Envy its name. The nobler, more sublime
An act, the easier it doth envy wake;
And envy, awakened once, wakes for all time.
Green-eyed and pale, it poisons every pleasure,
It hates good-doing and humanity's creed,
And wages war with its heart's dearest treasure.
Good will, which bids him help his neighbor's need.

INGRATITUDE.

There was a peasant found a frozen snake,
And, with a sweet simplicity sublime,
He placed it by the fire, that it might wake
To thoughts of comfort, for 'twas winter-time.
The snake began to writhe and curl with pleasure,
And, in accordance with its snakish creed,
It turned around (the fascinating treasure),
And stung its too-confiding "Friend in need!"

CHILDHOOD.

In our childhood's springtime,
Basking in the glade,
How we listened to the chime
Which the sweet bells made!
Childhood, happy childhood!
Days that swiftly go!

HENRY M. DOWNING.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., SEPT. 7, 1852.

At the age of fourteen Henry went to sea and made three voyages to India, and next joined a steamship running from 'Frisco to Panama. For a time he was in the Indian service. For several years Mr. Downing was the marine



HENRY MARLTON DOWNING.

editor of the Boston Daily Post, and is now engaged in special work on the Boston Globe. He has written principally stories, and both his prose and verse have appeared in the leading publications of America. Mr. Downing was married in 1873 to Miss Sarah Thayer.

A BABY'S SHOE.

The wind was cold, the night was dark,
The ice made thick and fast,
A bark drew near the rugged rocks
Before the wintry blast.

The craft unpeopled, saving one,
And he at the helm lashed,
His beard was iced, and his frame was chilled,
By the spray that o'er him dashed.

The noble ship pursued her course,
Approaching fast her doom,
But still that single soul remained
Enshrouded in the gloom.

He recked not of the solitude,
Nor felt the dashing spray,
For while his hand was on the wheel,
His heart was far away.

He saw a little cottage home,
A picture pure and fair,
An infant's cot, a sailor's wife,
Upon her knees in prayer.

A smile broke o'er his freezing face,
His hand his bosom sought,
And tenderly, with wiser care,
Some treasure forth he brought.

He pressed it fondly to his lips,
His lips so pale and cold,
And tears gushed from his eyes, which froze,
As down his cheeks they rolled.

A mighty wave! A sudden shock!
She strikes—and all is o'er;
The noble vessel lies a wreck,
Upon the rocky shore.

The sun climbed up the eastern arch,
And shone with baleful glare,
And tranquilly looked down upon
The desolation there.

Among the weed the bodies lay
A cold and icy bed,
And on each frozen face was stamped
Death's horror and its dread—
Save one—a smile was on his lips,
Damp with death's clammy dew,
And in his rigid hand was clasped,
A little baby's shoe.

H. DWIGHT BENJAMIN.

BORN: HAMPSHIRE CO., MASS., DEC. 18, 1824.

THE poems of Mr. Benjamin have appeared in the Rochester Advent Harbinger, Portsmouth Republican and other papers. Mr. Benjamin occasionally preaches, but is by occupation a farmer. He resides at Lucasville, O.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Be true to all, and ever true;
Pay what you owe when it is due,
Sing "Psalms and Hymns," and songs, a few,
To cheer you o'er the river.

CHO.—Oh! sing and pray and happy be,
From death we all shall soon be free,
Then free from sin forever be,
And free from death forever.

As you would have all do to you,
So do to them, for God is true;
Your ways be fair, your words be few,
"God loves the cheerful giver."

Thus on your way both sing and pray;
Do good, not bad, from day to day,
And sin, no never, never "nay,"
Then sin, no never, never.

Then when you die most happy be,—
If pain afflict you'll soon be free;
Then free from sin, forever free,—
Then free from death forever.

MRS. R. N. HEBBARD.

BORN: DEERFIELD, N. Y., SEPT. 19, 1836.

AFTER receiving her education, this lady taught school in Deerfield, Marcy, Whitestown and Utica, and also at St. Joseph, Mo. The poems of Mrs. Hebbard have received publication in the Boston Waverly Magazine and



MRS. R. N. HEBBARD.

many prominent western periodicals. She has devoted considerable time to prose, and has delivered lectures upon literary and economic subjects at the Atchison institute at Topeka, and other points in Kansas and Nebraska. Mrs. Hebbard has a daughter.

THE OPEN SEA.

Aloft, on an icy pinnacle, grand,
 'Mid the tints of a polar sky,
 An anxious, weary and footworn band
 In the distance a sea desery.
 Through ills, disaster and wild unrest,
 They have yielded to no dismay,
 While their comrades fatigued in the fruitless
 quest
 Retraced their wearisome way.
 O'er glist'ning glaciers with perilous haste,
 'Mid the gloom of a polar night,
 They have journeyed afar on an icy waste
 To gain but this far-off sight.
 And now as they gaze from the distant view,
 Transfixed, as it were, they stand.

For myriad obstacles strangely new
 Reach forward on every hand.

Alas! what a sad fruition they sigh,
 For effort so earnest and true;
 Its ice-bound brink we shall never draw nigh
 Or sail on its boundless blue.

A throng of adventurers, timid and bold,
 Yet with purpose alike are we,
 Amid life's barriers and icebergs cold,
 In search of the open sea.

Though glaciers of doubt tower over us steep
 And ills like a current may roll,
 From fragment to fragment for footing we
 leap,

In hopes we are nearing the goal.
 Now clambering summits, assured from some
 height,

We shall gaze on that silvery sheen;
 Alas! each disclose through Time's polar
 light

The barriers that still intervene.

Strange concourse! our beacon, one mystical
 star

Even Hope, how delusive its light,
 Its rays give a parallax greater by far
 Than each orb in the blue vault of night.

Her vistas still widen with each advance,
 Yet when for the goal do we sigh,
 And from some high cliff of Ambition per-
 chance

Its far distant azure desery.

We find it is flecked with some fragments still
 That float ever on with its tide,
 Defying each resolute human will
 That over its water would glide.

Oh! why so strive in a race, all so vain?
 It is folly for you and for me,
 For never while here on this earthly plane
 Shall we sail on this Open Sea.

TO-DAY'S DUTIES.

EXTRACT.

Though others would move with the many,
 Fear not to be found with the few;
 Nor court the approval of any,
 Save the thoughtful, the earnest and true.

Have a well-defined cause for opinions,
 Nor let gold cast its glittering veil;
 Truth's balance, trust not to its minions,
 Judge yourself of the poise on its scale.

Though new obstacles round you may cluster,
 Let your standard ne'er trail in the dust;
 Give the cause you espouse a new lustre,
 By your patient adherence, and trust.

Duty's call transfer ne'er to your neighbor,
 Nor adjudge that your cause may be lost;
 In the great moral vineyard of labor,
 A unit may count as a host.

MRS. BERTA W. BOWEN.

BORN: VICTORIA, TEX., SEPT. 28, 1854.

IN 1874 this lady was married to Walter C. Bowen, at that time editor of a weekly paper published at Oakville, Texas. In 1883 Mr. Bowen and his wife established the Cotulla Ledger, which they still own and control.



MRS. BERTA W. BOWEN.

Since 1879 Mrs. Bowen has written both prose and verse for different papers and magazines, which have always been favorably received. Mrs. Bowen has a family of four boys, and consequently has led a busy life. This lady is of medium height, with dark-brown hair and dark amber gray eyes, and is possessed of a spirit full of pride and determination.

LOST AT SEA.

Life's day hath lost its golden glow,
 A down life's west the sun is low,
 And soon into the great unknown,
 My spirit barque must drift alone.
 It is not age — age is not all,
 Griefs blighting snow as heavy fall,
 And touched by sorrow's icy breath,
 Life's flow'ret withers off in death.
 I stand upon the wondrous strand,
 Laved by the tide of vanished years,
 With aching heart and outstretched hands,
 With crying strong and bitter tears.
 I plead unto the voiceless main,
 To bring my treasures back again,

With white sails spread, I sent my fleet,
 To bring me happiness complete.
 All, all were lost upon the main,
 And prayer and tear alike are vain!
 And some went down 'neath fairest sky,
 And many fathoms deep they lie.
 Some knew a darker, fiercer death,
 Tossed on the waves by tempests' breath,
 Until the masts and sails all worn,
 They on the cruel reefs were driven.
 And one — the fairest of the fleet,
 Laden with youth and hope and love,
 I sent — the sky was fair above,
 And bright the sparkling waters 'neath.
 O, coward heart, be brave, I cried,
 No ill can this strong ship betide,
 But scarcely had it sailed away
 Before a cloud o'ercast the day.

I saw the angry tempest rise,
 And lightnings flash along the skies,
 Then soon the muttering thunder rolled,
 That danger to my ship foretold.
 And soon the billows, wild and dark,
 Assailed my fair love-freighted bark,
 But scornng Neptune's proffered grave,
 It triumphed long o'er wind and wave.
 At last upon a rock 'twas cast —
 O, heart! thy greatest loss is past!
 No other canst thou ever know
 With half its bitterness and woe.
 Oh! sea, I cry, oh, cruel sea!
 Return my treasures unto me!
 The hissing waters mock my moan,
 As on the strand the wrecks are strewn.

So standing by life's troubled main,
 I watch and wait but all in vain,
 No white sail flutters o'er the sea,
 To herald a coming ship to me.
 Peace, peace! be still, O heart of mine!
 Sorrow and loss were ever thine,
 Soon will life's troubled dream be o'er,
 And thou shalt seek another shore,
 Where wreck and loss are known no more.

LIFE'S SADDEST LOSS.

O, heart of mine! why do you grieve,
 The shores of loss and time to leave;
 As our barque glides slowly out to sea,
 The great dark sea of eternity?
 Why backward turn with longing and tears?
 What have they brought you — those vanished years?

I remember well, how in sweet childhood,
 When I thought the world all pure and good,
 To you I said: How sweet is life!
 Ah! little we recked of its cruel strife!
 But we've learned since then, have not we,
 heart? [to part.
 We were young when first called with a hope

MRS. LOU GREER BUTLER.

BORN: SANTA ROSA, CAL., FEB. 4, 1855.

THIS lady is the wife of J. C. Butler, sheriff at Little Rock, Ark. She takes great delight in crayon, pastel and landscape drawing, and has a photographic establishment in connection with her studio. She is an artist well known throughout the west, and has received



MRS. LOU GREER BUTLER.

several premiums on pictures painted on canvass. As a poet, Mrs. Butler has gained an enviable reputation in the field of literature. Her poems have appeared in the leading periodicals of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. In person this lady is a blonde with auburn hair, and of a very amiable and social disposition.

DELUSION.

We madly follow pleasure,
The phantom of a day;
We dance to folly's measure
While with remorse we pay.
We flatter those above us,
Their frailties imitate,
Neglecting friends who love us
To fawn on those we hate.
Each has his beau ideal
And each deplores his lot;
We overlook the real
In search of what is not.

We hear the voice of reason
Resolve and hesitate;
Defer then for a season
And heed it when too late.
While happiness pursuing
O'er land and sea we roam;
The goddess thus we're wooing
Is waiting us at home.
Still counting on the morrow,
We reach the end at last;
Then worlds would give to borrow
One moment from the past.

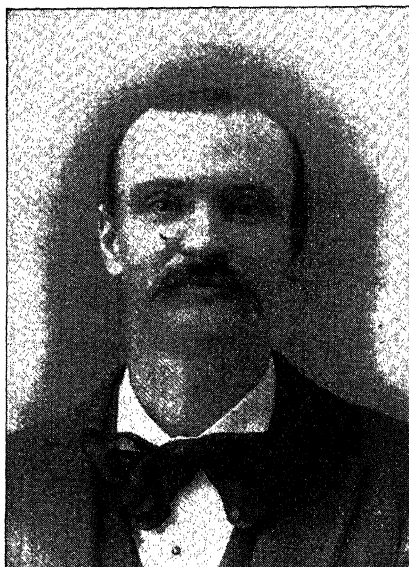
TWO GRAVES.

"Come forth," and forth he came from out
the gloom,
The wandering man who had been dead four
days, [tomb
"Loose him and let him go!" and from the
Back into Bethany he went his ways.
Yet once again the sable shadow fell
Upon the home where Jesus oft had stayed,
And Lazarus did die; but who shall tell
Where in this world of graves his dust was
laid?
Mingled with grass and flowers, and all fair
things,
Somewhere it sleeps beneath the star-lit
skies, [sings,
Deaf to the rippling stream, the lark that
Waiting until the dead in Christ shall rise.
"If thou hast borne Him hence," she sadly
said,
Standing beside the tomb at break of day,
"Say where the body of the Lord is laid,
That I may go and carry it away."
Then from the lips divine one word there
came,
The loving lips of Him, the crucified,
The sweet, soft music of her humble name,
"Mary!" and she "Rabboni!" faintly sighed.
No sepulcher the Master's form e'er kept;
By Him captivity was captive led;
Become the first-fruits He of them that slept;
The Savior ever liveth that was dead.
And we, because the Savior lives, shall live
No matter where our moldering forms may
sleep;
All graves upon the rolling globe shall give
Their silent retinue that death doth keep.
The coroneted dust from vaulted naves,
And dust of saints from country church-
yards, where
The simple folks do rest, whose lowly graves
Are grass-clad, with a daisy here and there.
"Thanks be to God, who giveth victory [rise!
Through Jesus Christ our Lord, in whom we
Their loud triumphant song of praise shall be,
When Jesus cometh in the opening skies.

JOHN B. TORRANS.

BORN: JEFFERSON, TEX., MARCH 11, 1862.

EVINCING a taste for poetry at a very early age, the poems of Mr. Torrans have from his youth appeared from time to time in the periodical press. He now follows the occupa-



JOHN BEAUREGARD TORRANS.

tion of a merchant, but devotes much of his spare time to literary work. Mr. Torrans is very fond of literature, and at one time had a library of some six hundred choice books.

THIS SIDE.

Across the deeps of my despair
I call to thee but thou art dumb;
And can it be thou dost not hear?
O, for one word by which to come
To thee, as though by beacon light
The boat, delayed, comes home at night.

My heart cries out against such fate;
I know thou hast not callous grown,
I feel you somewhere watch and wait;
Aye, watch and wait for me alone.
O, vasty deeps of my despair,
That intervene from here to there.

IN PEACE.

Two little slender hands,
Snowy and stark,

Clasping my baby girl
Close in the dark;
Ah, me, how motherly,
On that fond breast,
Where, in all time to come
Baby shall rest.

Was it not merciful?
Aye, even so;
Life, in her tenderness,
Let them both go;
Go in the arms of death,
Smiling and pure,
Hence, from the unsure,
Unto the sure.

AFTERWARD.

O, slender grave in grasses set,
No marble gleaming overhead
Now I remember, they forget,
And after all was done and said.

Aye, they forget, and it is well,
And meet it is that I remember
One April's grief, an immortelle,
To have through all my life's December.

Dear God, so be it and forever,
I would not have it otherwise;
Nor she, for which a soul is never
More glad than her's, in Paradise.

A HANDFUL OF BITTER-SWEET.

Restless as a restless tide,
Nowhere here do I abide,
In this world of ours.
Always meeting, greeting, passing,
And the heart its grief amassing,
Losing all those fragrant flowers
That I gathered on the way,
When my heart was pure as they.

Here to hate where I should love,
Now relinquish where I strove,
What does it avail.
All youth's dreams are less than dust,
Brightest swords can only rust,
Some where soon fate furl thy sail,
Loose the saddles from my feet,
Dead hands hold no bitter-sweet.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

O gamesome lad and gamesome lass,
Who gather cowslips fair;
Say, know ye not, that in the grass
A snake may hide him there.
O gamesome lad and gamesome lass,
I warn ye, well and fair;
Let not my warning lightly pass,
Beware, beware, beware!

MAY CLIFFORD.

BORN: NAPA CITY, CAL., SEP. 2, 1866.

SINCE 1884 Miss Clifford has written poems for the California papers. She received a colleg-



MAY CLIFFORD.

iate education, and is now engaged in teaching, painting and drawing. She resides with her father, a clergyman, at Santa Rosa.

UNEXPRESSED.

Put by the pencil! throw down the brush!
 Words are too weak to-day,
 And nothing my palette holds, compares
 With the tints on the hills, that play.
 The lark is singing a vesper song,
 As she soars up into the light,
 While down in the hollow the wild flowers
 close,
 Awaiting the coming night.
 You hear the brook as it gaily flows;
 See shadow of drifting cloud,
 As over the mountain it softly draws
 The dead day's filmy shroud.
 And oh! it is glorious music
 The pine harp grandly sings,
 As the wind sweeps fairy fingers
 Across its thousand strings.
 But drop the pencil and fold the hands,
 Let words give place to thought;
 Listen! all nature's voices cry,
 Behold what God hath wrought.

THE LIFE WEB.

The lattice is open, the roses nod
 Over the casement gray;
 The web is there with the silken floss;
 A fair hand tosses the shuttle across,
 And a bird sings over the way.
 The sun mounts high, and the roses fade;
 Unheeded falls the song;
 The pattern is still for the weaver spread,
 But the work is marred by the tangled thread;
 Life's noon is dull and long.
 The thread is broken, the shuttle is still,
 The worker has gone away;
 The lattice is closed for the hours of rest,
 And the crimson dies in the darkening west;
 So ends a wearisome day.
 Ah, the web is there with its broken threads —
 Its tangled skein, and all;
 But the bird has flown and the snow lies
 deep;
 The worker is sleeping her last long sleep
 Under the pure white pall.

VOICELESS.

If I could sweep these mists of life away,
 Then stand where God omnipotent would
 speak,
 And grasp his thought and feel the pulse of
 power —
 But when I strive earth binds me, helpless,
 weak.

If I could paint the picture of a soul —
 A thought creation, wondrous, infinite —
 The beauty of God's image shadow forth,
 The coming glories that our spirits wait;
 If nerves of fingers could but strike the
 chords
 That nature whispers in the ear of thought;
 The melody of ocean's chant, winds wail;
 Some echo from the crystal sea be caught.
 My soul is dumb! I broke the golden pen;
 I hid my brush and colors from my sight;
 I swept the organ keys in one wild cry,
 And bowed my head amid a darksome night.

LEGEND OF THE PINE.

EXTRACT.

When all the battles in heaven were o'er,
 And Lucifer cast into hell,
 The victors gathered the crowns and harps
 Of the angels that sinned and fell.
 The broken fragments were ground to dust
 And hid in the rocks of the earth;
 The strings of the harps, without a hand
 To give to their music birth,
 God gathered together and gave them all,
 As leaves to the pine tree cold,
 But the wroughten band that held them fast
 Was hid with the crowns of gold.

MRS. FANNIE L. FANCHER.

BORN: LITCHFIELD, O., JUNE 21, 1849.

THE poems of Mrs. Fancher have appeared in the New York Observer, Ladies' Home Journal, Godey's Lady's Magazine, and other papers of equal prominence. She was married



MRS. FANNIE LINDSLEY FANCHER.

in 1870 to John K. Fancher, and now resides in Dodge Center, Minn. Mrs. Fancher follows the profession of a music teacher, and devotes quite a little time to literary pursuits. She has also composed several pieces of music.

ENDEAVOR.

Our life is but a meager thing
If into it there never creeps
A longing that we yet may wing
A flight to nobler, grander steeps.
The blood, which courseth in our veins,
And feels not soaring fever,
Flows slowly, at the best, and wanes
From lack of earnest, true endeavor.
If on the plains, where now we grope,
A satisfied content is ours,
Ne'er will we climb the upward slope
Where spirit growth enlarge our powers.
Aye, living's, but a failure dire,
Hath we no aim, or purpose great;
Achieving naught; naught to aspire,
Earth's groveling beasts, we emulate!
Oh, speed the heart that beateth strong
With hopes of highest good to gain;
That climbs the thorny paths along

The rugged steeps it would attain!
Aye! speed it upward to its goal,
With helpful word and earnest prayer;
Full well we ken, there bides a soul,
Deserving of a crown to wear.

ARTIST AND PEASANT.

"I wish, Mr. Painter, a pictur —
A model o' beauty to me —
An' if ye can paint it like life, sir,
This stout bag of gold is yer fee.
The task will be naught, sure, for ye, sir;
A little brown hand full o' flowers;
Wild roses, an' ferns, an' field blossoms,
Thet grew in the meader o' ours.
On course, we'd prefer the whole pictur,
With eyes all aglow, an' her hair
Full o' sunbeams, thet lingered caressin',
'S if loth tu escape from their lair.
No artist could paint that, I'm sure, sir,
The face o' that baby o' ours;
So joyous she held up that hand, sir,
Sayin', 'Papa, I've dot 'oo some f'owers!'
We thought, p'raps the hand an' the flowers —
So purty they looked thet June day —
A master might make, 'like as life,' sir,
If so, I'm right willin' tu pay."
"I think, my good man, I can do it,
The little one bring for your quest,
One sitting, perhaps, will suffice me,
I'll do what I can — do my best.
And when she's before me, I'll try then,
Those eyes, and locks kissed by the sun;
Perchance, the sweet babe in her beauty,
You'll find on the canvas when done."
"What! bring her 'round here? Why, I can't
sir!
She lies with flowers clasped to her breast —
Clasped loose, in that little dead hand, sir,
The way we have laid her to rest;
We thought p'raps ye might easy do it,
If told, or made plain to yer eye; [sir,
Well-a-day! there are things we would have,
That money, though mighty, can't buy."

• MRS. MAGGIE F. MCBRIDE.

BORN: CANADA, DEC. 31, 1863.

THE poems of Mrs. McBride have been generally upon religious topics, and they have appeared in the Messiah's Herald of Boston, Independent Christian and the local press.

EXTRACT.

Oh! let us gird our armor on,
And keep our weapons bright;
And our lamps all trimmed and burning,
For apace comes on the night.
Our Bridegroom soon is coming
For to call his Bride-Church home,
And to those who wait his coming,
He will give a glory crown.

MRS. KATE T. WOODS.

BORN: PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

THIS writer has published some sixteen volumes of prose, and numerous poems. She



MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

is the wife of Col. George H. Woods, of Salem, Mass., where she now resides.

DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right,"
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in his chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, working, busy life,
"Smart woman,
Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks "how the work has gone?"
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done — Dan reads at ease,
Happy Dan, but one to please.

Children must be put to bed —
All their little prayers are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bed clothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, noisy, wearing life,
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep,
See the woman softly creep,
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending basket full to top —
Stockings, shirts and little frock —
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain —
"Never mind, 'twill pass away;"
She must work, but never play,
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to cosy nooks,
Brightness faded out of life,
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Up stairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low,
Children wander, free to play,
When and where they will to-day.
Bridget loiters — dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face;
Steady hand — so weak, but true —
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now — and laid away;
Work of six, in one short life.
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

MRS. ANNIE P. OLIN.

BORN: DE RUYTER, N. Y., MARCH 31, 1833.

AFTER receiving her education this lady taught school for a while, and subsequently was married to H. S. Olin. Her poems have received publication in the local press.

WELCOME CHILDREN.

Welcome children, happy children,
Come from busy toil or play,
Here to cheer us by your presence,
All for you this picnic day.

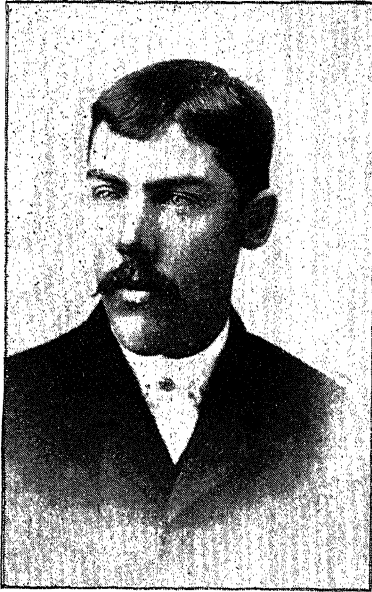
Don't you think the birds are happy
Singing from the boughs so high;
Not as blithe as you, our children.
Nor so artless — watch them fly!

Then, how fly your thoughts, the echoes
Coming from your store of mind,
And these prompting grow to motives
'Till your character we find.

MORTIMER CRANE BROWN.

BORN: ROME, N.Y., SEPT. 11, 1857.

WHILE following alternately the occupation of farming and teaching, Mr. Brown occasionally finds time to court the muse, and his pro-



MORTIMER CRANE BROWN.

ductions have been published in the *Yankee Blade*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the local papers generally. Mr. Brown is now living in South Dakota, at Beresford.

AUTUMN DREAMS.

When the maples turn to crimson
 'Neath the fingers of the frost,
 When the gardens and the meadows
 All their summer bloom have lost;
 When from off the lowland marshes
 Blue ethereal vapors rise,
 And a dreamy haze is floating,
 Thro' the mellow, sunlit skies.—
 Then I know the year is dying,
 Soon the summer will be dead;
 I can trace it in the flying
 Of the black crows overhead.
 I can hear it in the rustle
 Of the dead leaves, as I pass,
 And the south wind's plaintive sighing
 Thro' the dry and withered grass.
 Ah, 'tis then I love to wander,
 Wander idly and alone;
 Listening to the solemn music

Of sweet nature's undertone;
 Wrapt in thoughts I cannot utter,
 Dreams my tongue cannot express,
 Dreams that match the autumn's sadness
 In their longing tenderness.

Thoughts of friends my heart hath cherished
 In the summer days gone by;
 Hopes that all too soon have perished,
 E'en as summer blossoms die.
 Luckless plans and vain ambitions,
 Stranded, long ere summer's prime,
 Buried, as will be the flowers,
 'Neath the winter-snows of time.

Yet, altho' my thoughts are sadder
 Than in summer's wealth of bloom,
 'Tis a sadness that makes better,
 And is not akin to gloom.
 Ah, the human heart seems purer,
 Much of earth's defilement lost,
 When the maple turns to crimson
 'Neath the fingers of the frost.

AFTER.

After the burning heat of day,
 After the stifling, dusty way,
 After the weary hours of strife
 That dim the eye and try the heart,
 Cometh the restful, cooling breeze,
 Cometh the dewy touch of trees,
 Where balmy fragrance soothes the brow,
 And bids each throbbing pain depart.

After the round of household cares,
 The daily cross each mother bears,
 After the thickly crowded hours
 That leave no time to rest or pray,
 Cometh the evening, calm and sweet,
 Cometh the tread of home-bound feet,
 And clinging clasp of loving arms,
 Beguiling every care away.

After the battle-field of life,
 After the hours with danger rife,
 After the weary, uphill toil
 That marks each day of life below
 Cometh a certain recompense,
 Cometh the soul's inheritance,
 The goodly land where crystal streams
 Through verdant meadows gently flow.

LULLABY.

EXTRACT.

Evening shadows, sweetly falling,
 Lull the little one to sleep,
 And the night bird's gentle calling
 Echoes through the silence deep.
 Sleep, my baby, do not fear,
 Mother is beside thee,
 Holy angels hover near,
 Harm cannot betide thee.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

BORN: COUNCIL GROVE, KAN., 1862.

UNDER the nom de plume of The Countess, Ella has written quite extensively for Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's Magazine, Once a Week, Youth's Companion, Peterson's Maga-



ELLA HIGGINSON.

zine and numerous publications of equal prominence. Miss Higginson resided in Oregon City and Portland until 1888, when she removed to Sehome on Puget Sound, where she is at present located, engaged as a druggist.

HOW I LOVE THEE.

How do I love thee, sweet? I love thee so,
 I tremble when thy low, soft voice I hear;
 I scarce dare lift my eyes when thou art
 near,
 Lest something of my passion thou shouldst
 know;
 My voice is tremulous, my words are slow,
 When I can speak at all. I love thee, dear,
 With all my heart and soul; thy glance so
 clear, [flow
 And true, can make the blood more calmly
 Along my swelling veins. I long to press
 My lips upon thy brow — against thy hair,
 Yea, in the cleft that beats within thy
 throat — [yes.
 Yet would not touch them till thy lips breathe
 I love thee, yet would save thee from love's
 care,
 And gladly all my life to thee devote.

LIFE AND DEATH.

As one may breathe without a sigh,
 Yet cannot sigh without a breath:
 So love may life to passion be,
 While passion unto love is — death.

SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND.

Broad wave on wave of scarlet fleck'd with
 gold,
 Outstretched beneath an opalescent sky,
 Wherein pale tints with glowing colors vie;
 From their birth-place within the sea are
 rolled
 Sweet perfumes by the sea breeze strong and
 cold.
 Here, white sails gleam and soft cloud-
 shadows lie,
 And isles are kissed by winds that wanton
 by,
 Or rocked by gales in unchecked passion bold.
 Locked in by swelling, fir-clad hills it lies —
 One stretch of purpling, heavy gold; serene,
 It laughs and dimples under sunset skies,
 Toward which the chaste Olympics, snow-girt,
 lean,
 And, bathing in that flood of glory, make
 Fit setting for that burnished ocean lake.

ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

On the lowest round of the ladder,
 I firmly planted my feet,
 And looked up at the dim, vast distance
 That made my future so sweet.
 I climbed till my vision grew weary,
 I climbed till my brain was on fire;
 I planted each footstep with wisdom —
 Yet I never seemed to get higher.
 For this round was glazed with indifference,
 And that one was gilded with scorn,
 And when I grasped firmly another,
 I found, under velvet, a thorn.
 Till my brain grew weary of planning.
 And my heart-strength began to fail,
 And the flush of the morning's excitement
 Ere evening commenced to pale.
 But just when my hands were unloosing
 Their hold on the last gained round,
 When my hopes, coming back from the fu-
 ture,
 Were sinking again to the ground,—
 One who has climbed near to the summit
 Reached backward a helping hand;
 But strengthened, encouraged and fresh-
 ened,
 I took, once again, my stand.
 And I wish — O, I wish — that the climbers
 Would never forget, as they go,
 That, though weary may seem their climb-
 ing,
 There is always some one below.

MRS. MARTHA A. STEWART.

BORN: PRINCETON, WIS., AUG. 6, 1860.

THIS lady occasionally reads and speaks in public, and has been admired for her dramatic talents in social entertainments. She takes great interest in temperance work, and be-



MRS. MARTHA A. STEWART.

longs to the church. Mrs. Stewart has written poems since a child which have received extensive publication. This lady is still a resident of her native state, at Tomahawk, where she is held in high esteem.

CONSTANCY.

There are teardrops on my cheeks, darling,
Falling, falling;
There's a low voice in my heart, darling,
Calling, calling
Thy loved name to me so dear,
Which, I once with joy could hear,
How it brings the blinding tear,
Darling, darling.
There's a promise in my heart, darling,
Sleeping, sleeping,
But an angel standeth watch, darling,
Keeping, keeping
Guard above the promise true,
That I pledged sweet love to you
'Neath the gaslight and the dew,
Darling, darling.
There's a bright hope in my heart, darling,
Burning, burning,

And it soothes my spirit oft, darling,

Yearning, yearning,
'Tis a hope that I shall see
Brighter days again with thee!
Then my heart at rest will be
With thee, darling.

EVENTIDE.

Evening settled pure and gentle
'Mid the tinted hills of red,
While the rifts of golden sunset
Lent their arrows ere they fled —
Leaving room for purple night-fall
As she pined her veil with stars,
And her crown, the pale, sweet crescent,
Rides to meet the warrior Mars.

'Tis the hour when love enchanted
Binds the heart with rapturous kiss,
And the maiden with her lover
Steals away to meet such bliss.
But if sorrow-shedding teardrops
Heedeth not the lovers' way,
They must reap the pearls she scatters —
Even bright-winged hope will stray.

'Tis the hour when sad thoughts wander
Back to childhood's happy home —
Where we knelt to pray with mother
Ere our feet had learned to roam.
Now her face seems like an angel's, —
Mystic, yet so fair to see,
Let me wipe away these teardrops
Ere they fall too fast for me.

'Tis the hour when music, laden
With sweet strains from angel bands,
Enters in the soul and waits us
Upward, while blest guardian hands
Lead us from the path of sorrow —
Point us to a brighter day,
Where the soul unfettered, riseth,
Lost in sweetest ecstasy.

Oh! then why not make the sunset
Of our lives sublimely pure?
Steal away when evening settles
In with death, which comes to live —
Steal away to rest with Jesus, —
Pass from labor into love
While the rifts of golden sunset
Settles with the spirit dove.

EXTRACT.

I'll sing of him who is away —
My gallant lover, — still some say
He is not true to me,
And that is why my heart is sad:
But I will seek to make it glad
And wave sad destiny;
I'll find some hope, some treasure yet
Within the walls of memory set,
And sing its charms to-night:
And strive to make thought bright.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

BORN: HINGHAM, MASS., JULY 2, 1825.

STODDARD had written verses from his early years, and in 1849 printed privately a collection in a small volume called *Footprints*, the edition of which he afterward destroyed. In 1852 a volume of poems appeared entitled *Knickerbocker*. From 1853 to 1870 he held a position in the custom-house, serving various other capacities later on. From 1860 to 1870 he was literary reviewer of the *New York World*; also on the *Mail*; and the *Mail and Express* since 1880. His works are numerous, *Songs of Summer*, especially, abounding in luxuriant imagination. Mr. Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Barstow, is also a poet of national reputation.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING.

I met a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away
As lightly as a feather,
She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand
That ditty of a distant land,
"The flower of love-lies-bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow-grass,
To where a brook was flowing,
Across the brook like wind did pass,
Wherever flowers were growing.
Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading;
"Whose butterfly," I said, "are you,
And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
"The flowers of love-lies-bleeding."

I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
And found the tiger-lily,

The blue flag by the water's edge,
The dancing daffodilly,
King-cups and pansies, every flower
Except the one I'm needing;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And opens at a later hour,
This flower of love-lies-bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"For you can do without it;
There's no such flower." She shook her head,
"But I have read about it!"
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding;
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word,
"The flower of love-lies-bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind it;
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it.
I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know,
I see why you are weeping so —
Your flower of love-lies-bleeding!"

SONGS UNSUNG.

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song:
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
Not because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young,
For the poet of his choice.
O, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet
They know how to heal the heart;
Ay, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth,
Try me, merry Muses, now!
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
O my son that is to be,
Sing my songs, and think of me!

ELIZABETH KAUTZ.

SINCE her childhood Miss Kautz has shown unusual musical and poetical talent. Her poems have occasionally appeared in the local press. At one time she studied with the



ELIZABETH KAUTZ.

intention of becoming a professional musician, but was unable to endure the severe practice necessary. Elizabeth is the daughter of Mrs. Julia Kautz, who is represented elsewhere in this work.

LOST.

What was the lovely, dainty thing
That perished with the flow'ry spring?
That something passed, I know full well,
But what it was I cannot tell.
For when the blossoms decked the trees
My heart was glad, my soul at ease.
And now from earth and sky, I miss
Something, but know not what it is.
Some fair thing perished — this full well
I know — but what, I cannot tell.

LONELINESS.

O, my darling, come!
Birds have ceas'd their shrill, sweet calling,
Dew upon the flow'rs is falling,
O, my darling, come!
Come home!
O, my darling, come!
From the sky the stars are peeping

On a world where all is sleeping;
Oh, my darling, come,
Come home!

Thou wilt never come —
O'er thy grave the moon is beaming,
'Round thy rest its light is streaming —
Thou wilt never more
Come home!

Thou wilt never come;
Ev'ning comes, — but thou, ah never,
Thou art gone from me forever;
Thou wilt never more
Come home!

REMEMBER ME.

Dear Savior, through life's pathway as I
stray,

Forgetful oft of thee,
Watch o'er me all along the weary way;
Oh Lord, remember me!

About the rugged path which I must tread
Apart from any friend,
The winds rage fiercely, and the clouds o'er-
head

With deepest darkness blend.

There in the gloom before me gleams a star,
With clear and tender light;

I know it is Thy City, that afar
Breaks dimly on my sight.

O guide me! guard me safely from the fear
That 'round my path may be;
Thy presence will the gloom and sorrow cheer,
Dear Lord, remember me!

EMMA L. SOUTHWORTH.

THE poems of this lady have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. She is a resident of Flint, Michigan.

EVENING SONNET.

How cold and clear the stars this wintry night
Gleam forth. Each star shines with a light
as pure

As that on Vesta's altar doth endure.
Ye rays serene, my soul uplift, and Light,
From worlds remote, illumine for me aright
Night's lessons. List ye what they teach: Se-
cure

The portals of thy heart from sin; assure
Thy soul with steadfast virtue. Calm and
bright

And constant let thy spirit ever be.
Serene and peaceful move upon thy way.
So shalt thy daily life in beauty shine.
Thus taught, I raise in trust, my heart to
thee,

Eternal One, and earnestly I pray
That Thou wilt strength bestow, and grace
divine.

MRS. MELISSA E. BANTA.

BORN: CINCINNATI, O., MARCH 27, 1834.

In 1856 this lady was married to Judge D. Banta, then a college student at Bloomington, Indiana, with whom she now resides at Frank-



MRS. MELISSA E. BANTA.

lin, Ind., together with her sons and daughter. Mrs. Banta has written poems from her youth which have mainly received publication in the literary papers of Indianapolis.

ALONE.

Down from the hospital's lonesome tower,
In wind or calm, sunshine or rain,
Come autumn, or spring, or winter time,
Fell ever the sound of this sad refrain:
"Not a friend in the world, alone, alone!"
Year in, year out, wailed this desolate moan.
There was woe as vast as the mighty waste
Of the broad Atlantic's sullen deep,
When the north wind's wrath sets tempests
loose
Bearing wreck and death in its furious
sweep,
In this desolate cry from the tower alone—
"Not a friend in the world, alone, alone!"
The story was never told to me
What brought to the hospital's tower lone,
This frozen soul from a ruined life,
Making forever its desolate moan,
"Not a friend in the world, alone, alone!"
But I knew that despair had won its own.

And fancy pictured a woman fair,
With every gift of womanhood rare—
For the voice, like a flute, was clear and low,
That wailed from the tower its deathless
woe—

Forsaken despair in every tone—
"Not a friend in the world, alone, alone!"
What human wrong and loss had broke
The poor mad-woman's heart in the tower,
Grated all apart from her kind,—
Shut up with despair to her dying hour?
I only know, when all love his flown
From a woman's life, that her life is done.

PARTING WORDS.

When lovers part at eventide
To meet again to-morrow,
With laughing lips and backward glance,
Undimmed by thought of sorrow
Ah, then, as glows the sickle moon,
And soft distills the dew,
What other word so fitting sweet
As: "Love, adieu, adieu?"

When true friends part whose lives in one,
Like rippling streamlets blended,
As clinging hands and tearful eyes
Bespeak that all is ended
Ah, then beneath life's summer noon,
Or autumn's stormier sky,
What word so fond on friendship's lips,
As: "Friend, good-by, good-by?"

When o'er some life knit to our own
Death's darkness settles stilly,
As fades the love-light from the eyes,
And falls the clasped hand chilly;
With raining tears and aching loss
That tears may not dispel,
The tortured heart throbs to the lips,
"Farewell, beloved, farewell."

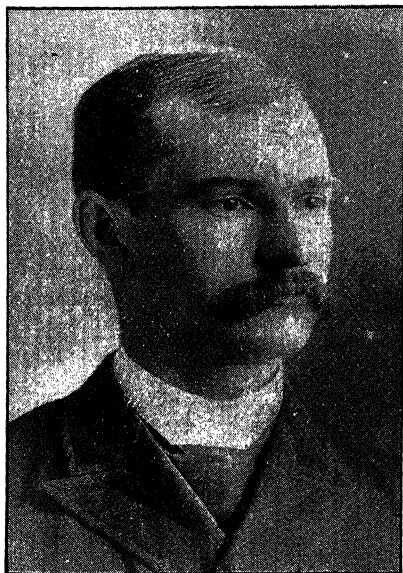
EXTRACT.

A woman sat by the cabin fire
With a hand on either knee,
Her hair as gray as the snowy sky
On a winter's day would be;
And the fitful firelight leaped and fell
O'er the quaint old woman's face,—
Her sad brown eyes, so deep with thought,
Gazing into the fire-place.
"Ah, me! it is five and thirty years
Since we kissed and said good-by, [pink
Where the laurel blossoms were clustered
Underneath the sweet June sky,
Yet I seem to see the speckled trout
'Mong the rocks of the mountain stream—
Where the honeysuckle, white and sweet,
O'ershadowed its shining gleam.
And I look in the tops of the fragrant pines,
As they whisper sweet and low,
With your arm around me as we kissed
And parted so long ago.

WILLIAM F. WATSON.

BORN: CANADA, MAY 11, 1862.

COMMENCING to teach in the State of Maine at the age of seventeen, he later completed the classical course at Houlton academy. Mr. Watson next entered the Colby university at Waterville and graduated therefrom in 1887. He is now professor of chemistry in Furman



WILLIAM FRANKLIN WATSON.

university at Greenville, S. C. Prof. Watson has written poems from his youth, and has published a neat work entitled *The Children of the Sun and Miscellaneous Poems*. The professor was married in 1889 to Miss Clara Norwood.

VERY LONG.

"So very long," said the little boy,
 "To sit in the schoolhouse old and gray,
 When I like so much to be at play:
 It's oh so hard!" said the little boy,
 But he turned his eyes to the dog-eared book,
 Forgot his master, stern and cold,
 Unconscious how the moments rolled.
 He finished the task he undertook,
 And when 'twas over his merry song
 Declared it wasn't so very long.
 "So very long," he said one day,
 "To wait till I become a man."
 But he scarcely saw how the moments ran,
 Till he found him far on manhood's way;

And there came a time when his eyes grew dim,

The wavering pulse and failing breath
 Threatening dull decay and death,
 Life's joys and sorrows were naught to him.
 And the faltering voice that erst was strong
 Said, "Life itself is not very long."

Beyond a river that darksome rolled,
 In a land where shining fountains play,
 A soul was welcomed home one day
 By angels touching their harps of gold.
 In the presence of Him who died to save,
 Earth's tears and struggles are no more
 To him who walks the blessed shore,
 By the river of life with crystal wave.
 For it matters not to the ransomed throng
 Whether Life's day be short or long.

BEE EYE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SISTER.

I dreamed of home, my sister,
 When evening shadows fall,
 Where the peaceful time of summer
 Throws its mantle over all.
 I dreamed of home just as it was
 Ere I had thought to go
 And leave the scenes we cherished
 In the days of long ago.

I often hear the birdies
 That sing amid the grove;
 They remind me of the birdies
 In the trees we used to love;
 Tho' sweet they sing the old-time song,
 And flutter to and fro,
 No birdies sing as sweetly
 As the birds of long ago.

As oft I sit and ponder
 None sees but One above,
 And I yearn again to wander
 'Mid the scenes we used to love,
 To lay Life's duties all aside
 And for a moment know
 The pure and happy pleasure
 That was ours long ago.

With bright associations
 Far from our early home,
 In the wide, wide world there's pleasure
 Wheresoever I may roam,
 But brighter, dearer, happier
 The joys we used to know,
 O bonnie Annie Laurie,
 In the home of long ago.

EXTRACT.

Dark the world to-night and wildly
 Torrents down the falling rain;
 For I'm desolate and lonely,
 Mists are gathering in my eye,
 And I yearn for Maggie only,
 Maggie of the days gone by.

LINUS TOWNSEND.

BORN: NEAR APOLLO, PA., DEC. 25, 1819.

For the past fifty years the poems of this writer have appeared extensively in the periodical press of America. In 1883 he published a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* of over three hundred pages, which has been widely



LINUS TOWNSEND.

circulated through Pennsylvania and other states. Mr. Townsend has lived the allotted age of man — three-score years and ten. He is six feet in height, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is in possession of an unusual amount of good health and vitality. He lives with his wife in the place of his nativity.

TO THE THRUSH OR MOCKING BIRD.

Among the birds that wake the morn,
With tuneful glad and sweet surprise,
We claim, the timid Thrush, that one
With golden plume, and sparkling eyes,
Far, far excels in matchless song,
All others in the grovy choir.
Perhaps the Lark's blithe artless tongue
May raise aloof his cadence higher,
But lacks that sweetness of address
That marks our favorite in gold,
We fail in language to express
The beauties that his songs unfold.
No busy tongue could count the links
That form his sweet rhythmical chain,
Nor the enchanted mind that fondly drinks
The raptures of his artless strain!

High on some nude and lifeless limb,
His Maker's praise he adores,
Whilst far beneath the swallows skim,
Low 'mid the weeds the sparrow prates.
Down amongst the nameless bowers
A happy noteless concert sing,
Whilst high upon his lofty tower,
He makes the archy welkin ring.

He mocks, with marked, unfeigned disdain,
The notes that reach his listening ear,
And adds them to his endless chain,
That rings out on the morning clear.
He breathes the nectar of the morn,
Distilling from the sky above,
To soothe his faultless, artless tongue,
In chiming forth his notes of love.

From his lofty, dizzy tower
Reluctantly he now descends
To find some wild secluded bower,
Whose safe retreat a shelter lends,
Where fearlessly within its shade,
Throughout the day his notes may swell,
Whose cheery echoes from the glade
Are heard within the lonely dell.

Dear bird, thine's a clear and cloudless sky,
No sorrow in thy gifted song,
Thine's a bright and tearless eye,
And thine a gay and happy throng;
No sleepless nights break thy repose,
All with thee is calm serene,
Unbroken by drear winter's snows —
Embowered with perpetual green.

Thy transit to a southern clime,
Gives to thee unceasing spring,
Lends to thy voice a ceaseless chime,
And adds new notes for thee to sing.
Magnolias rich, fragrant perfume
Nor soft congenial southern skies
Can keep thee from thy northern home,
Enchanting spring's renewed surprise!

Dear bird! in me thy cheery song,
Produces a nameless, saddening thrill,
But as it calmly drifts along
Must own we dearly love it still.
Thy ever sweet and busy tongue
Recall again sweet memories,
When we a list'ner, gay and young,
Unto thy song among the trees.

WINTER.

Stern winter's come! None to restrain
Him in his brief cold, dreary reign;
None to stay the ruthless hand
That sways the scepter o'er the land,
Lately a land in beauty clad,
Made by the smiles of Spring-time glad.
And by the wiles of summer too,
To dress up in a gaudy hue,
Emerald tints did then prevail,
Alike o'er mountain hill and dale;

The gentle rill in dalliance sweet
 Did then the rippling brooklet meet.
 Tipt with flowers on every side
 Would through the grassy meadows glide,
 Acres of corn — Emeralds green,
 Did add unto this glorious scene,
 From pastures green in twilight gray
 The lowing herds would wend their way.
 Then golden fields of waving grain,
 Would stretch out o'er the fertile plain;
 'Twas then a generous rural queen
 Ruled o'er this beauteous gorgeous scene;
 'Twas then around her vernal throne
 That flowers sweet, were thickly strewn.
 With carpets green the vales were spread
 O'er which this dainty green might tread;
 There siren song would fill the air
 To greet this sovereign empress fair;
 And rare perfume on zephyr's wing
 Would scent the pathway of sweet spring.
 But now alas! The flowers are dead,
 The songsters from the bowers have fled,
 And for the fields of wavy grain
 The wistful eye may seek in vain;
 The rustling corn has passed away
 Before this cruel monarch sway.
 'Neath icy thralls the streamlets flow,
 Or wend their way through frost and snow,
 The blushing flowers on their strands
 Lie torpid now 'neath chilly bands,
 The lowing herds in humble sheds
 Are now by generous yeomen fed.
 The storm-king, he has changed the scene
 To snow-white from a living green,
 He comes in a despairing mood
 To rule awhile this solitude,
 From joy elate to dark despair
 He has reduced the landscape fair.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

I dreamed the ceaseless tide of time
 Roll'd back its crestless wave once more,
 And I appeared in youthful prime
 Again upon my native shore;
 Where the elm and sugar tree
 Their favored branches o'erspread,
 Where high within in wanton glee
 The birds seem singing o'erhead.
 Its sparkling current roll'd along,
 While far above its dimpling tide
 The birds rehearsed their sweetest song,
 Amid the branches spreading wide.
 Those tow'ring monarchs seem to span
 My fond, devoted native stream,
 In raptured fancy mutely scanned
 The happy and transporting theme.
 I seemed to gather up the shells
 That there lay stranded — scattered o'er,
 And watched again the dimpling swells

That break upon its sandy shore,
 And formed them in an artless wreath
 These tributaries of my native deep,
 Once more I seemed to hear and breathe
 The wild winds through the forest sweep.
 Once more to hear the weird breeze
 Through the green arcade sigh and moan,
 And see the lofty forest trees
 Unchanged around my happy home:
 Enchanted hands seemed busy there
 Around my home — parental door,
 As the rosy vine I loved so dear,
 With fragrant bloom was covered o'er.
 I awoke amid this glorious scene,
 The enchantment seemed to pass away,
 The enraptured fields of living green,
 The roses too, that bloomed so gay,
 The emerald arch — the wild arcade
 That spanned my cherished native stream,
 All appeared to vanish and to fade
 Out with my childhood's happy dream.

AUTOGRAPH.

Oh, thou divine pray kindly send
 Thy choicest blessing on my friend,
 Teach her the path that love has trod
 The way that leads to Thee our God,
 Where fragrant flower perennial bloom,
 And shed for aye their sweet perfume.

MRS. MARGARET L. LEA.

BORN: PIKE Co, MISS., JAN. 28, 1867.

THE poems of this lady have appeared quite extensively in the local press and the Southern Baptist Record. She was married in 1887 to James E. Lea, and resides in her native state at Magnolia.

SLANDER AND PRAISE.

The faintest breath of slander
 May blacken an honest name,
 As a poisonous vapor arising
 Brings death, disease and pain.
 While a word of praise outspoken
 May brighten somebody's fame,
 As a pleasant breeze from the northland
 Brings sunshine and scatters the rain.

EXTRACT.

I sat in the glowing sunshine
 Of a perfect summer day,
 And listened to the sweet song
 Of a brooklet glad and gay.
 The air was full of whispers
 That pleasant day in June,
 But my heart to Nature's music
 Was sadly out of tune.

EDWIN FRANCIS PARRY.

BORN: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 11, 1860.

As a composer of music, Mr. Parry has attained quite a reputation. He received a fine business education at Morgan's college; at an early age was apprenticed to the printing business, at which occupation he is still



EDWIN FRANCIS PARRY.

employed, being manager of the J. H. Parry & Co. printing and publishing establishment at Salt Lake City. This journalist is the editor of Parry's Monthly Magazine, which is acknowledged to be the leading magazine of the territory.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

A farmer's life is the one for me,
And a home among the waving fields;
Where the sons of toil are ever free,
And where the earth abundance yields.
I love the pure refreshing air,
And to view the fields of golden grain;
I love a habitation where
Contentment, peace and joy doth reign.

Where the gay birds sing
In the early spring,
As they flit among the budding trees;
Where the wild flowers bloom,
And their sweet perfume
Is wafted on the gentle breeze.

Where the toads and frogs
That revel in the bogs,

Croak requiems to each dying day;
Where the watch-dogs bark
When the night is dark,
And the mules in the stables bray.
Where the fat ducks quack
Round the yard and straw-stack,
And the rooster crows on the top of the barn;
Where the fat hogs grunt
At the pig-sty front,
While awaiting their breakfast of corn.

THE BEAUTIES OF HOME.

Let us cherish a love for the beauties of home,
There is nothing more charming on earth;
Tho' in distant, fair climes seeking pleasure
we roam,

We will find not their equals in worth.

There's a peace and a joy that our dear
homes afford

Which the wand'rer abroad will not find,
Tho' he meet with kind friends who will
gladly accord

Unto him many favors so kind.

All the happy, bright days of our childhood
were spent

In our innocent glee round its hearth,
And the memories sweet of those moments
have lent

To its richness in beauty and worth.

There we've played 'neath the shade of the
trees that o'erhung

The low cottage that sheltered our heads;
And have romped through the orchard to
hide there among

The green bushes in soft, grassy beds.

But most precious it is for the dear, loved
ones there,

Whose affections entwine round our heart,
And which bind us together wherever we are
In a friendship that time cannot part.

Let us then be content with the beauties of
home,

Since naught else upon earth is more fair,
Though in lands far or near, seeking pleasure
we roam,

We will find not more joy than is there.

EXTRACT.

Each gentle ray of morning light
That beams upon one's face,
And outward marks of loveliness
Grim care may soon erase;

But there is a lasting beauty,
One that never should depart:
Yes, the sweetest charm of nature,—
'Tis a cheerful, loving heart.

The fiery glance from sparkling eyes
With age grows dim and cold,
And footsteps once so light and free
Will totter when one's old.

JUDGE J. A. KERR.

THIS gentleman took the scientific course in the National normal school of Lebanon, Ohio, after which he entered and went through the law department of the Michigan University.



JUDGE J. A. KERR:

In 1878 Mr. Kerr opened a law office in Tippencanoe City, Ohio, where he has ever since pursued a lucrative practice. In 1889 he was elected a judge of the common pleas court of the county. The poems of Judge Kerr have appeared in the Chicago Current and the leading periodicals of America.

A VISION.

BIRTH.

A white-winged messenger from the spirit land

Descended the abyss to the shores of time,
And waived into being with a mystic wand,
A child of dust with a soul divine.

LIFE.

Angels guarded the fair young flower
In this world of trials, of triumphs and of tears;
The Savior blessed in pleasure's dream and sorrow's hour
Through the rallying mists of twenty years.

DEATH.

A face and a form and a footstep vanished,
Nor is longer known on this billowy shore.

Hark! The wings of a spirit! An angel shines
in heaven,
Heir, with Christ, of the bright forever-
more.

A DECEMBER DAY.

Low-drifting clouds o'erspread the sky;
The day is dull, the landscape drear;
On earth's fair bosom snowflakes lie,
While trees, their snow-clad branches rear.
From lowering clouds the winter rain,
Cheerless, descends no longer, now;
To patter loud on roof and pane,
But falls the dancing flakes of snow.
The birds give forth no notes of cheer,
For they have flown. The woods are still;
The fields are shorn, and brown, and scar;
Ice-bound are river, brook and rill.
All nature seems grown gray with rime,
And long for rest—to die, to sleep;
Like man, woos sweet rest, courts decline,
And feels the death-chill o'er her creep.
Her race seems short, and almost run;
Her knell is tolled by pattering hail.
In clouds of crape is clad the sun;
The wind gives forth a moaning wail.
The earth seems wrapped in her last sleep—
All nature robed in shrouds of snow.
The lowering clouds in pity weep,
That she, like man, is thus laid low.

MRS. ANNA D. ROBINSON.

BORN: PLYMOUTH, N. H.

THIS lady has written a volume of prose and one of verse. She still resides in her native state at Bristol.

TWO PICTURES.

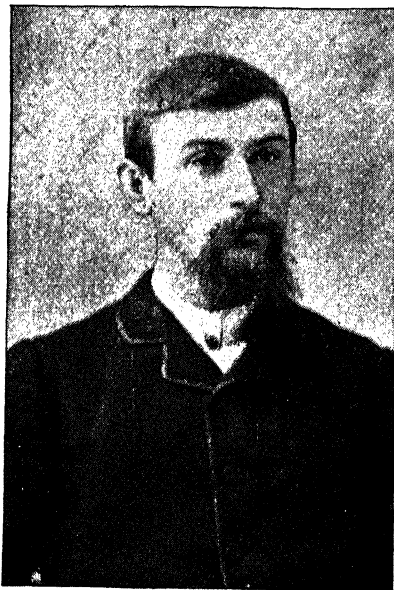
An old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:—
“O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be.

Amid the city's constant din,
A man, who 'round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long,—
“O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!

WILLIAM J. WARRENER.

BORN: ENGLAND, AUG. 23, 1845.

ALTHOUGH a carpenter and builder by trade, besides having a perfect knowledge of geometry, perspective and free-hand drawing as applied to architecture, Mr. Warrener has followed the occupation of farming since his arrival in America in 1869. He was ordained



WILLIAM JOHN WARRENER.

an elder in the christian church in 1879, and occasionally delivers sermons. Mr. Warrener has also become prominent as a speaker and writer on matters agricultural, social, political and religious. He received the nomination for state senator on the prohibition ticket at Zanesville, Ohio, in 1889. Mr. Warrener has a large library, containing works on history, philosophy, science, poetry, law, medicine, political economy and theology. He is now a resident of Amesville, Ohio.

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND REFLECTIONS THEREON.

Our Father, who in heaven art,
Hallowed shall be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
Give us this day our daily bread;
Our trespasses forgive,
As we of those who 'gainst us sin;
Thus may we daily live.

Into temptation lead us not,
And evil save us from;
Thine, kingdom, power, and glory be,
For ever yet to come.

Oh! what a soul-inspiring thought,
That he who reigns above,
Doth with a father's feeling guard
And guide and keep and love.

"Our Father," how suggestive is
The name by Jesus given;
It shows that I, a child of earth,
Am, too, a child of heaven.

O tender, lovely, pregnant name,
It is so dear to me;
It shall be honored rev'renced, loved
To all eternity.

Thine ever is the right to rule,
I, Lord, thy subject am;
And ready always thee to serve,
As follower of the lamb.

As in the courts of light above,
Angels and saints obey;
So in the time to come may all
Thy bidding do alway.

'Tis thou, O Lord, alone can give;
From thee comes all supplies;
I, daily, on thy bounty live,
To thee I raise my eyes.

I am a great transgressor, Lord,
Oft have I sinned 'gainst thee;
I pray thee to forgive my sins
And mercy show to me.

I pardon free and full do give,
True mercy I would show;
I must, if pardon I would have,
When e'er in prayer I go.

And so with each recurring day,
In love to all mankind;
To know the father loveth me
Inspires my heart and mind.

The soul cannot be led to sin,
Unless inclined that way;
Lord purify and make me proof
Against the tempter's sway.

From evil thoughts, desires, and acts,
I would, O Lord, be free;
Thy power can cleanse and keep me clean,
Exert that power on me.

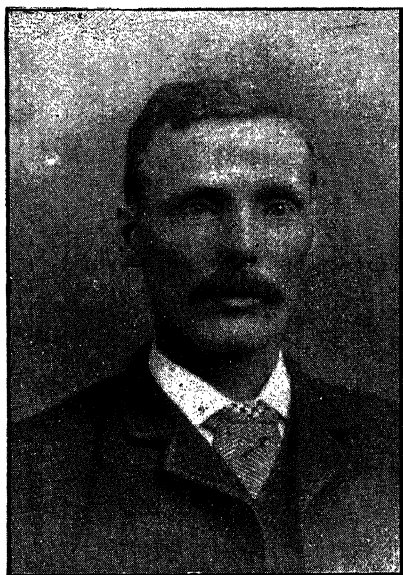
Thou art the great, the pure, the good,
The glorious and the true;
And to thee now do I ascribe
The praise and honor due.

From all eternity thou art,
And to the same wilt be;
My praises and my prayers, then,
Shall e'er be unto thee. Amen.

PARKER B. DAVIS.

BORN: WINN, ME., JAN. 11, 1859.

AFTER graduating at Lee Normal academy, young Davis traveled through Florida, Texas and New Mexico. Since returning to Maine he has been alternately farmer, lumberman and school teacher. Since 1886 Mr. Davis has



PARKER B. DAVIS.

contributed poems to the Yankee Blade, Portland Transcript and various other periodicals. In 1888 this writer issued a volume of poems under the title of Tangled Rhymes, which was well received, and has had an extensive sale.

WALLACE AT CAMBUS-KENNETH.

You'll pardon Wallace for his crimes
And peace to Scotland bring,
If we aside our arms will throw
And own proud Edward king?

Think ye for this we've gathered here?
Look o'er that bright array,
And answer, if ye think these chiefs
Are come for peace to-day?

No! never more to England's lord
Shall bend the Scottish knee;
We come not here to treat with you,
But to set fair Scotland free.

We take no peace that comes with chains,
Though Scottish hearts may bleed

On every rood from Pentland's wave
To Berwick on the Tweed.

We've felt the peace that Edward gives;
Our homes in ashes lie,
While hordes of English ruffians camp
Beneath our Scottish sky.

And every trampled blade of grass
Oppression's story tells;
While Scottish nobles rot to-day
In England's dungeon cells.

No peace with Wallace can ye have
Until his grave he fills,
If yet one English soldier stays
On this side Cheviot Hills.

The land our fathers ruled of yore
Shall once again be free,
Or every stream 'neath Scotland's sun
Go crimson to the sea.

ONLY A MOMENT.

Only one little moment;
All our work to be done —
Sheaves of a life-time gathered,
Victories lost or won.

No time to be standing idle;
No time to be gazing back
To the flowers we leave ungathered —
We cannot retrace the track.

No time for vain repining
O'er battles we have lost;
Nor after every conquest
To sit and count the cost.

No time for idle dreaming
Of victories to be won,
Of pleasures that may greet us
When the moment's work is done.

No time for hate and malice;
No time for idle strife —
We've only just a moment
In which to live a life

Only one little moment;
All our work to be done —
Sheaves of a life-time gathered,
Victories lost or won.

OVER-REACHING.

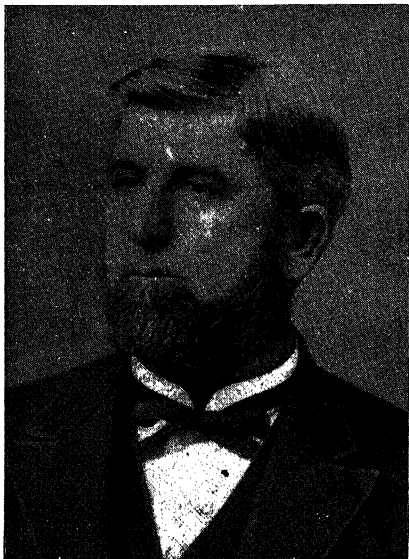
How often we sink too deep
For the fishes we fain would catch;
And many a wall we climb
For the want of a lifted latch.

Through wearisome years we search
For invisible rainbow gold,
Till lost are the priceless gems
That were safely within our hold.

DAVID DANA SPEAR.

BORN: NORTH YARMOUTH, ME., MAY 23, 1839.

ALTHOUGH actively engaged in the profession of a physician and surgeon, Dr. Spear has found time to court the muse. In his youth he taught school for awhile, next studied theology and was a minister for three years. Commencing the study of medicine in 1864 he soon



DAVID DANA SPEAR.

received his diploma, and first practiced his profession at Kennebunk, and now is located at Freeport, in his native state. His first poems were written while a student, and were published under a nom de plume; he has contributed quite extensively to christian publications. In 1886 the degree of A. M. was conferred upon Dr. Spear by the Colby university.

WINTER.

Millions dancing! snowflake crystals
Whirling, twirling in mid air,
Make a robe of ermine beauty —
Deck the landscape everywhere.
There is ringing of the sleigh bells,
Now the prancing step of steeds;
Peal on peal of merry laughter
As the fleetest onward speeds.
Children rosy-cheeked and gleeful
Coasting down the village hill,
There are others just as joyful
Skating near the mossy mill.
Thus old winter with his pleasures
Compensates for chilly cold,

And he makes the weaker stronger —
Keeping hearts from growing old.

True, no season is so cloudy
That it brings us naught to prize,
If we only see the sunshine
Which around the shadow lies.

If we only can remember,
As it passes into view,
Every cloud is always smaller
Than the broad expansive blue.

VACATION.

With vacation time returning
Comes a longing, comes a yearning —
Comes a thirsting, comes a burning,
Comes an earnest ardent wishing
To the lakes to go a fishing.

E'en asleep I am a dreaming,
Catching speckled trout I'm seeming,
And I wake with tears all streaming —
From the hook I thought I'd lost him
As I sudden upward tossed him.

Now I have the spotted shiner;
There is ne'er a spot that's finer;
There can ne'er be fun sublimer
Than to catch and eat the beauties
While we rest from toils and duties.

SAMUEL MAGILL.

BORN: BALTIMORE, MD., MARCH 25, 1805.

MR. MAGILL has resided in Iowa City since 1847, with the exception of nine years on a farm. He served one term in the city council, and was a member of the school board during that period. Gifted with poetic talent, Mr. Magill has written verses for many years past. He has a cheerful disposition, and possesses a great fund of humor, and is quick at repartee.

SERENE SATISFACTION.

My "gal" and I did both agree
We would get married — yes, sree.
Then to the priest both of us went;
He tied the knot, with our consent.

Fifty-seven years have gone past,
And yet the knot is still tied fast;
We've never felt the need, of course,
During that time for a divorce.

Here we will fill our humble places
Till time will end our earthly races;
And, when the time shall come to go,
We'll both be ready then, we know.

We now have lived near four-score years,
And overcome 'most all life's cares;
Yet we will wait, our time to fill,
Both Samuel and Priscilla Magill.

CHARLES HENRY FREER.

BORN: WASHINGTON CO., WIS., JAN. 14, 1849.

THIS gentleman follows the occupation of painting and decorating, and is now a resident of Blue Earth, Minnesota. Most of the writ-



CHARLES HENRY FREER.

ings of Mr. Freer are of an elocutionary style, composed purposely for recitations and character speaking. His poems have received extensive publication in the periodical press.

AUTUMN.

How richly dyed the wine of morn,
At rest on autumn's ruddy lips,
When gently sways the tasseled corn,
As gold beneath the green is born,
While distant sounds the drinking horn
Through all the valley slips.

Come, poets, feast each fancy muse,
That loud their mellow lutes may sing,
Through days that bring contending hues;
True seasons of most holy dews,
In heraldings of happy news,
O, let them gaily ring.

Sing welcome to the wings of change,
Those crimsoned wings that autumn
waves,

Far down the fading beath we range,
To garner from the faint and strange,
To pluck, arrange and re-arrange
The gilt on summer graves.

O, autumn! sweet with moon and stars;
With purpled skies and crimsoned wood,
With coral leaf on harbor bars,
That sound the sea of Time's guitars,
While harvest rolls her golden cars
In one grand sisterhood.

GEORGE E. NAFTZGER.

BORN: LIMA, OHIO, APRIL 30, 1859.

IN 1879 Mr. Naftzger was editor of a literary paper known as *Our Boys and Girls*, and later published the *Sunday Morning Gossip* at Edgerton. Since that time he has been identified with the Ohio newspapers, and is at present associate-editor of the *Spencerville Journal*. Mr. Naftzger is not so widely known as a poet, but has gained an enviable reputation as a humorous writer of prose, having contributed many brilliant articles to the *Detroit Free Press*, *Atlanta Constitution*, *New Orleans Picayune*, and other papers of note. He is also well known as a lecturer.

ONLY A WOMAN'S WAY.

Boys, when you pop the question
And the girl tells you nay,
Don't despair, for you'll get there —
It was only a woman's way.

Her sweet blushes tell a different tale,
There is hope for you to-day,
So be not cast down by a girlish frown —
It was only a woman's way.

She must not be too easily won,
She begs for more delay,
In your hour of bliss remember this —
It was only a woman's way.

And when once you are married,
She'll "dive" into your monthly pay,
For she'll want a bonnet with flowers on it—
But it is only a woman's way.

So it will be your whole life through,
Until your hair turns gray —
It may be absurd—she'll have the last word—
But that's only a woman's way.

ONLY A BABY.

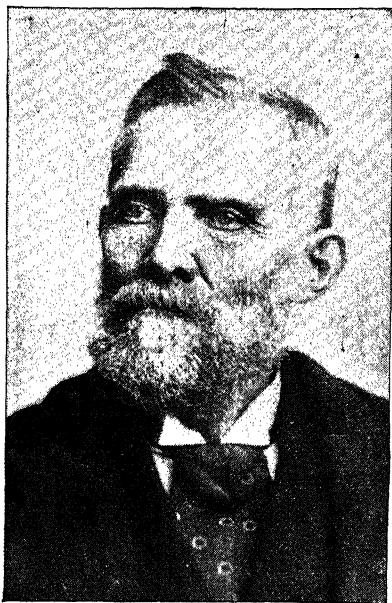
"Only a baby small," hark, how it cries;
Only a chubby face, two tearful eyes;
Only two little teeth fit for a mouse;
Only ten sticky fingers all through the house.
"Only a golden head," with one little curl;
"Only a tender flower," only a girl;
Only two little ears, ten little toes:
She may wed a millionaire — nobody knows.

Only a baby small, never at rest,
Crawling o'er the floor, rigged in its best,
"Only a baby small," gone like a breath,
Growing to womanhood, loving till death.

FERNANDO C. SEARL.

BORN: SCIOTO Co., OHIO, JULY 18, 1825.

THE poems of Mr. Searl have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He is a member of the firm of Harper, Searl & Milner,



FERNANDO C. SEARL.

attorneys-at-law at Portsmouth, Ohio, where he is well known and respected. Personally Mr. Searl is of very fine stature, with light hair and blue eyes.

THE LAND WHERE MY TREASURES
ARE HID.

The birds are away for their homes in the south,

The river flows on to the sea, at its mouth

The Summer-sea islands, amid,

The mountains are sere and the heavens are gray,

The flowers have faded that grew by the way
To the land where my treasures are hid.

The spring-time shall come as the spring-
times of old,

And the shepherd shall gather his lambs to
the fold,

But mine come not home at my bid:

They are over the river, are lost to my sight,
But I visit them still in my dreams of the
night,

In the land where my treasures are hid.

When my spirit is calm and my soul is at rest
An angel comes down from the land of the
blest,

And I follow away at her bid
To an island of beauty, beyond the dark sea,
Where my treasures are hid and are awaiting
for me,

In the land where my treasures are hid.

My Mollie, my Duga, my Vasco, my Bell;
Not the arrows of death nor the kingdom of
hell,

Shall me from my darlings forbid

When my spirit is free, and my soul takes its
flight

Through the valley of Death and the shadows
of night,

To the land where my treasures are hid.

They were children of mine, they were hu-
man by birth,

And trod the low valleys and pathways of
earth,

Bore the stains of all follies we did;
But they travel no more in the valleys below,
They are fairer than angels and whiter than
snow,

In the land where my treasures are hid.

O pardon my weakness, I strove with it long;
Then my soul found relief in the gush of my
song,

And my heart of its burden was rid;

For I saw on the dark troubled bosom of
night,

The tokens of day, and a glimmer of light
From the land where my treasures are hid.

AMONG THE HILLS.

Lo! I have wandered in life's beaten path,
Where men are ever rushing to and fro;
Have borne the fierceness of the noon-day's
heat,—

My limbs are weary and my sun is low.

Shall I in Lethe's fountain bathe my head;
And bid life's rugged landscape fade away;
As outlines of the mountain crags
Dissolve and soften in the twilight gray?

Or hold communion with the grand old hills;
And on the bosom of the earth once more,
In shady covert rest my weary limbs—
The fervor of my languid faith restore?

Long have I wandered from the haunts of
youth,—

The dark green arbors of the forests wild;
But unto thee, O! mother nature now,
I turn my footsteps as a home-sick child.

Where nature carves her caverns in the rock,
Or rears her stony battlements on high,
Rest in her amphitheater of hills,
All roofless save the azure of the sky.

And here and there an argosy of clouds
Flecking the azure of the upper deep,
And low hung fretting of the forest trees
Through which the glimmers of the sun-
beams creep.

In rock and hill behold the record of the past,
In growing tree and in corroding stone
The hand of nature, at her silent work
Molding creation as the years roll on.

What are the ebullitions of man's eager strife,
When once the fever-dream of life is past?
The diapason of sweet nature's song
Shall blend all things in harmony at last.

EXTRACTS.

A SONG.

It is said that a bird that is lonely and sad
Sings sweeter than one that is lively and gay:
Is the wail of its heart by its music subdued
Or the omen of anguish enchanted away?

Can the song of a poet whose heart is as lead
Flow smoothly along, as a calm tide might
flow

O'er the wreck of a ship, and the hopes that
went down,

And are strewn on the floor of the ocean be-
low?

THE FAR WEST.

Land of the west what mist involves
The glories of thy by-gone days,
No scroll of fame thy record bears,
No poet sings thy tragic lays.

No Colloseum of the past,
No fallen tower of ruined fane,
No graven symbols on thy rocks,
No Balbec ruins on thy plains.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

O fountain of eternal life,
Thee would I know and sweetly sing,
How death is but eternal life,
And winter's dirge the song of spring.

FROM A REUNION WELCOME.

Does man his nobler courage prove
In heat of battle courting death,
And breathing of the cannon's breath,
While as a messenger of love,
His heart would sink, his cheek would pale,
To stand where Florence Nightingale
Stood calm as angel from above.

SIMON HENRY BRIGHT.

BORN: LENOIR CO., N. C., DEC. 27, 1864.

THE poems of Mr. Bright have appeared in
the New York Cricket on the Hearth and the

local press generally. He still resides in his
native place.

MONEY-FOOLS.

Men will seek and men will labor —
Spend their lives in toil and pain,
Never stop to look above them,
So intent on earthly gain.

Men will seek and men will labor,
Growing older day by day,
Soon their youth and strength have left
them —

Soon their locks are mixed with gray.

Men will seek and men will labor,
Till they feel the chill of death,
Then they find that gold and silver
Will not stay the fleeting breath.

Then they think of all the evil
Mingled with their lives of gain —
Of the sorrow caused to others —
Of the hearts they've filled with pain.

In my mind I have a picture
Of a dying man who lies
Tortured by the horrid visions
Which rise up before his eyes.

Now he sees the tattered beggars
Empty-handed leave his door;
Widowed wives and orphan children,
Wretched, hungry, weak and poor.

Oh! the joy he might have caused them,
Oh! the good he might have wrought;
Oh! how costly was his treasure,
Oh! how cheap his life was bought.

Then he looks with dying glances
On his kindred standing 'round —
Vultures waiting for the carcass,
Eager for the feast they've found.

Vultures, yes, they'll prey upon him;
They, his kin, who little care
Whether heaven or hell receives him,
So he leaves his treasures here.

And he dies, and none are sorry,
Law suits follow not a few,
And his money goes to others —
Lawyers, men he never knew.

And the old man is forgotten,
And his grave is decked with weeds;
Nothing lives his love has cherished;
All his past was selfish deeds.

This they know has been the ending
Ever since the world was made,
Of the men who've lived for riches, —
Yet their course they have not stayed.

Still men seek and still they labor,
Never pause to look ahead,
To that life that lies beyond them,
Soon, alas, too late, they're dead.

MRS. ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

BORN: CHARLTON, MASS., JULY 8, 1845.

THIS lady has written for the Boston Globe and other prominent journals. She was married in 1868 to Monroe M. Martyn, with whom



MRS. ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

she resides at Fitchburg. In person Mrs. Martyn is of good stature with light-brown hair and blue eyes. She is engaged almost entirely in literary work.

THE WORLD'S UNKNOWN.

Our land abounds in monuments of art,
Memorial halls, fine statues — bronze and stone;

To heroes, sages, let the world impart
Its praise I sing to those to fame unknown.
The unknown heroes that have lived and died,
In silence suffering, scorning all complaint,
Who buried hopes, their ideals and their pride,
And burdens bore, though weary, worn and faint.

The recluse soul, to all the world unknown,
Save to one faithful heart, powerless to save,
Whose cloister cell the world misnamed a home,
Their path of life marked round an open grave.

I sing to poets whose sad lips are dumb,
Whose ears are heavy with the din of toil,
Who to their full estate could never come;
Slaves to hard circumstance and life's turmoil.

I sing to artists whose souls caught the beam
Of heaven's own light, the light of perfect day,

Whose soul's recesses with rare pictures gleam,

That hands grown hard with toil failed to portray.

I sing to all the good, the noble, true,
Who walked with bleeding feet through all life's years;

I sing because I catch a heavenly view
Of their grand souls in more congenial spheres.

HOPES AND FEARS.

O, beautiful world that greets our glad eyes!

O, beautiful landscape and sapphire-hued skies!

O, flowery-fringed brooklets and sweet sylvan bowers!

A world filled with music, with sunshine and flowers!

Is heavenly beauty more perfect than this?

Does any far planet afford greater bliss?

With gladness and goodness the whole world is rife!

If hope leads us on through the journey of life.

O, dark, dreary world that pains our sad eyes!
O, mist-hidden landscape and dull leaden skies!
The brooks are complaining and long for repose?

The serpent's shine poisons the breath of the rose!

There is no perfection; all beauty is scarred.

By coarseness and grossness all nature is marred,

And life is a burden that drags through the years,

When we're led through its intricate maze by our fears.

GIVE ME THY HAND.

Give me thy hand

When storms are fiercely blowing,

When masts are shattered by the angry blast,

When nothing tells the way thy ship is going,
When blackest darkness o'er the sea is cast.

Give me thy hand.

Give me thy hand

When every breeze is sleeping,

When demon-like a dead calm holds the sea,
When patience pales, her tedious vigil keeping,

When sea and sky have naught of hope for thee.

Give me thy hand.

Give me thy hand

When every sail is swelling

With freshening wind, when laughing is the
sky,
And perfumed breath from distant flowers is
telling

Of isles enchanted that before thee lie.
Give me thy hand.

Give me thy hand
In storm; in calm, forever,
I have thy heart fast hidden in my breast,
For God long since has joined our souls to-
gether,

He beckons only on to heaven and rest.
Give me thy hand.

TRUSTING.

Here on this neck of land
I stand.

The ocean breaks with sullen roar,
Its white-capped waves dash on the shore,
And parting, sink to rise no more.

A stormy, restless sea
Taunts me!

On either hand skies, waters meet,
Without one sail my eyes to greet,
While rising tides wash o'er my feet.

I walked with backward tread.

He led

Me through the stretch of fertile land,
Through barren wastes of rock and sand,
And here I wait: wait his command.

Waiting, his love I fully trust.
I must!

I know his hand will set me free,
And though the way I cannot see
I know his love is guiding me.

JAMES BALLARD.

BORN: ENGLAND, JUNE 5, 1837.

THIS poetical lecturer has written about fif-
teen thousand lines in rhymes, part of which
has been published in pamphlet form. He
emigrated to Canada in 1856 and settled in
America three years later. Mr. Ballard is lo-
cated at Red Oak, Iowa, engaged in gardening
in summer; but in winter he generally goes
on a lecturing tour.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

In Women's Rights, good poets delight;
They cannot do otherwise;

Many are so kind, and so refined,
How can they rights despise.

Women's Rights is good, and it always should
By heroes be defended;

For weaker vessels, wise men wrestle —
Wrestle till wrongs are mended.

Wrongs in laws, is one great cause;
Some think they are inferior:

But in many things, their judgment rings
In tones out far superior.

If their judgment then, is equal to men,
And rights men wish to enhance,
Do not dispise, if you love your wives,
But give them an equal chance.

An equal chance will pleasure enhance,
And in pleasure good folks delight;
Then work together, to enhance pleasure,
And uphold women's rights.

TILLING THE SOIL.

When I am dead, and out of sight,
The wise will read with great delight;
Some useful rhymes I've written:
And even foes will change their plan,
And say the author was a shrewd man;
And feel conscience smitten.

After years of toil and grievance,
I've found out from long experience;
Since tillage I have watched:
That one acre well tilled,
And with a crop well filled,
Is better than ten botched.

I never gave it such deep thought,
Until poor crops the lesson taught;
That till less land I'd better:
And till it well and at the right time;
And let it have frost and sunshine;
And keep off it rainy weather!

If tillers heed what I do say,
They will find in time that it will pay
To plow land in the fall,
Instead of waiting until spring,
And plow in the rain to get crops in;
Or else not plow at all!

By plowing in the fall, the frost will shake,
And again early in the spring, it will clods
break,

And the land will get warm as well:
Whoever this poem should happen to read,
Will do real well if they take heed;
And also their neighbors tell!

THE LARK.

When I was quite a little boy,
My father's pet and mother's joy,
I've laid down in the bright sangfey;
And listened to the lark in the morning

As he flew out of the sangfey,
And sang his notes without alloy;
It filled my heart with sweetest joy;
As I listened to the lark in the morning.

I've watched the lark with great delight,
Soar higher, and higher, till out of sight;
But never saw him soar at night,
But often in the morning.

FLORENCE N. BOWEN.

BORN: PITCHER, N.Y., SEPT. 14, 1867.

WHEN twelve years of age Miss Bowen had a severe run of scarlet fever, and has never



FLORENCE NARCISSA BOWEN.

since fully regained her health. She is considered by competent critics a fine writer. Miss Bowen resides in Litchfield, Minn.

UNCLAD THOUGHTS.

A sentence, word or accent,
Without the thought behind,
Is but a blank, a nothingness
To consciousness — to mind.

It is the swelling current
Beneath the spoken word,
By which the heart to joy, or grief,
To love, or hate, is stirred.

But man's soul, in its deafness,
Will recognize no thought,
Which to the outer, grosser sense,
Is not distinctly brought.

Man chooses words as garments;
In his soul's baby-hood,
To hide the shape — conceal the form
Of all thought, ill or good.

He apes his sinning parents,
And seeks to clothe his mind
In leaves — in words — lest his true self
Some searching eye may find.

When minds are strong through purity,
The naked thought will reach
A sister mind, in all its force,
Without misguiding speech.

God speaks thus to His children;
He needs no foiling dress
In which to clothe the Truths He sends,
The listening soul to bless.

'Twas thus the soul of Moses,
Jehovah's message heard,
And we, to-day, with inner ear,
May listen to his word,

ZEDDEKIAH H. COPP.

BORN: FISHER'S HILL, VA., SEPT. 14, 1864.

THE poems of Mr. Copp have appeared in the local press of his native state, where he still resides at Kernstown. Mr. Copp follows the profession of teaching.

MORNING.

See the approach of morning —
The herald of day —
When the sunlight's piercing rays
The darkness drives away.

See the wondrous beauty
Of this early morn —
That which causeth nature
Her gayest robes to 'dorn.

See all delicate colors
Are painted in the sky —
All art could nothing find
So pleasing to the eye.

See the stars are failing
The incessant light to show,
All nature is being awakened
By this early morning glow.

See the sun reflecting
Upon the mountain far away,
Has caused the sweet-voiced songster
To chant his morning lay;

See the dewdrops sparkling
As if it were a jewel
In the morning light reflecting
Its diamond lustre cool;

See the sun is rising
The glorious orb of day
Which cause these splendid beauties
All to fade away;

To those who rise
To look at this wonderful view
Must acknowledge in God's hand-
work,
There is always something new.

VIOLA VIRGINIA PRICE.

BORN: BARNESVILLE, OHIO, DEC. 12, 1855.

GRADUATING from Mt. Union college in 1878, Miss Viola later received the degree of M. Ph., and in the summer of 1887 she took a course in the study of poetry and literature at Martha's Vineyard. Following the profession of teaching, Miss Price has had charge of the



VIOLA VIRGINIA PRICE.

department of English in the Normal School of Kansas, at Emporia, since 1881. This lady is a member of the Western Authors' and Artists' club, the Social Science club, and acting president of the State Academy of Language and Literature. She has also written several popular lectures which have been favorably received.

JENNY LIND.

As birds of heavenly plumage soft and rich
Tell by bright hues they came from fairer
climes,
So Jenny Lind with artistic skill would pitch
Her melody to seraphim's sweet chimes.
As pink shells murmur of the far-off sea,
Her voice trilled sweetest native Sweden's
airs,
Yet such inspiring matins breathed she
That love for her a world entranced still
bears.

Sweet as old songs of which we never tire —
Sweet as fresh hymn from morn-awakened
lark;

Sweet as low strains that purled from Tas-
so's lyre,

Her symphonies made Phoebus e'en to hark.

The songs of this rare bird were sweeter far
Than melodies of heavenly harpers are.

WHEN LEAVES GROW GOLD.

When leaves grow gold and north winds blow,
October's brush makes landscapes glow;
Decks monarch oak in cloak blood-red,
Her graceful elms chrome-yellow spread,
Through ivies green makes ruby flow.

And gentian blue, so loth to go,
Greets golden-rod, while to and fro
Soft fringes wave. Bowed sunflower's head
When leaves grow gold.

In wealth of nuts, glad squirrel chirps low,
Midst sigh of leaves caws luckless crow,
And sad our hearts when comes the dread
Cold snow as swift departs the tread
Of autumn fair — all loved her so,
When leaves grow gold.

A VIOLET.

Your cheeks are so pink
The peach bloom must have kissed
them.

Cupid lurks on the brink —
Your cheeks are so pink
With blushes that shrink,
Who wouldn't have bit them?
Your cheeks are so pink
The peach bloom must have kissed
them.

SPRING FLOWERS.

O! sweet and charitable friend
Your gift of fragrant bloom
Has brought the spring-time and the woods
To cheer my lonesome room.

It rests my weary aching eyes,
And soothes my heart and brain;
To see the tender green of the leaves,
And the blossoms wet with rain.

For I love and prize you one and all,
From the least low bloom of spring;
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
The raiment of a king.

And when my soul considers these,
The sweet, the grand, the gay,
I marvel how we shall be clothed
With fairer robes than they.

LIZZIE SMITH LEAVELL.

BORN: CHRISTIAN CO., KY.

IN 1876 Lizzie removed with her father to San Marcos, Texas, where she has since resided. Since 1885 the poems of this lady have appear-



LIZZIE SMITH LEAVELL.

ed from time to time generally under the nom de plume of Bessie Smith. In person she is tall and slender with a fair complexion, deep blue eyes and brown hair.

ADOWN THE RIVER.

Well I remember an evening fair,
We glided adown the river;
The world aglow with the summer's bloom,
And the wavelets all a-quiver.
The sunbeams glanced in splendor down,
Gold bars on the waters leaving,
And with their magic fingers bright,
Gold threads in your brown hair weaving.
The liquid depths of your soulful eyes,
The blue from the skies was stealing;
And the changeful glow upon your cheek,
Was the sea-shell's tints revealing.
A song-bird perched in the willows green,
Told sweetly of fragrant bowers;
And the low refrain was echoed back
By the bees amid the flowers.
And the busy zephyrs heavy lade
With the fragrance from the clover,
Lingered along in their onward way
To whisper their joys over.

And the shadows played at hide-and-seek,
Among the waving rushes,
That with their rustling softly broke
Upon the blissful bushes.

The baby wavelets splashing by
Told me a sweet, glad story,
And in my heart the mystic pow'r
Of love's entrancing glory.
The world seemed wrapt in fairy light,
And the stream a magic river,
Upon whose breast the changeful gleam
Of ripples all a-quiver.

Upon the water-lilies' hearts
The brightest gems were beaming,
And in the ripples' foamy spray
Bright rainbow tints were gleaming.
But as we glided lightly down,
I saw you start and shiver,
And thought 'twas from the wind's strong
breath

Grown cold with mists from the river.
As you turned away my heart grew cold,
And pain its joy was stilling;
A glance, a sigh, our cheeks were white,
Our hearts were sadly thrilling,
With weary, aching eyes I saw
The tears on your pale cheeks quiver,
A hand's strong clasp, a lip's light touch,
We parted — and parted forever.

GRIFFITH O. JONES.

BORN: WALES, 1836.

EMIGRATING in his youth with his father to Wisconsin, the subject of this sketch entered the drug business in 1863. In 1883 he established the Eagle at Augusta, which he still publishes. He has written numerous poems of merit that have received extensive publication in the periodical press.

COME CLOSER.

Come closer, clasp tighter, kiss sweeter, dear,
For O, love has its winter, its death!
Though God-like, thou 'rt only a sweet flower,
That'll wither in autumn's cold breath.
There's no kiss so warm but 'twill freeze,
dear,
No treasure I always can keep;
No arms but will fail to clasp, dear;
No eyes but will finally sleep!
Come closer, clasp tighter, kiss sweeter, dear,
Let us crowd all eternity in a breath!
Come closer, clasp tighter, kiss sweeter, dear,
We'll soar beyond, conquer, forget death!
Yes, come closer, closer, clasp tighter, tighter,
dear,
Kiss sweeter, sweeter, sweeter, dear,
Let us crowd all eternity in a breath!

MRS. MARTHA L. EMERSON.

BORN: CHELMSFORD, MASS., NOV. 1, 1832.

THE poems of Mrs. Emerson have appeared in the Boston Journal, Salem Gazette, George-



MRS. MARTHA L. EMERSON.

town Advocate and other publications. She was married in 1855, and still resides in her native state at Boxford.

LISTEN!

Let the tumult and swell of earth's cares go
by

With its rushing high;
And in the pause 'twixt the ebb and flow
While the winds are low,

Listen!

Cease for a moment the toil and strife
That burden thy life; [close,
Let the tired hands fall and the tired eyes
And while they repose,

Listen!

Just over our heads is music sweet,
Full and complete:
From the earth to the stars it sweeps and rolls
The music of souls,

Listen!

Rested and strengthened our feet spurn the
soil

As we turn to our toil; [vine,
For the strains from the upper world ever di-
See for your hearts and mine,

Listen!

ADVICE.

An M. D. existed who thought for one day
He would rest from his labors and hasten
away

With his gun, to discover in forest and field,
The game which he hoped that their coverts
might yield.

He wandered all day but his gun was not
heard;

There appeared neither squirrel, nor rabbit,
nor bird.

Disheartened and weary he returned to his
wife,

Declaring he ne'er had such luck in his life;
"I've killed nothing to-day, and such terrible
waste

Of time and of strength, is not much to my
taste."

"Killed nothing," said she, "well, the reason
is clear,

You should have adhered to your calling, my
dear."

MRS. JANE E. HILDRETH.

MRS. HILDRETH has written several stories, and occasionally writes verse. She is a resident of Kirksville, Missouri, where she is well known and admired for her accomplishments.

AN ABSENT FRIEND.

There came to my home in the long ago,

A youth with a manly face;

The rich jewels of friendship and worth
All aglow on his young manly face.

Kindred ties bound the lad to my heart,

For he came as a child to a mother,
And my door stood ajar for his wandering
feet,

As it oft had for many another.

Years sped away and he comes back again,
And there steals o'er my soul a sense of
For the lines on his once sunny face [sorrow,
Tell their story of sadness and sorrow.

'Tis the old, old story of wither and blight,
Of clouds that came soon in life's dawning,
Shutting down o'er the soul like a pall,
That hides away the bright morning.

Will you come back again in the twilight of
years,

When the sun's sinking low in the west,
And tell of the roses 'twere plucked 'mid the
thorns,

Or speak of thy soul's unrest.

Friend, a door stands ajar for thy wandering
feet,

A path leading to it that many have trod,
To a home in the mansion not made with
hands,

In the beautiful gardens of God.

LILLIE BINKLEY.

BORN: ATCHISON CO., KAN., DEC. 9, 1869.

THE poems of this young lady have received publication in the Texas Siftings, Woman's



LILLIE BINKLEY.

Tribune, and numerous other publications. She is at present engaged in school teaching.

"WOMAN, THY VOWS ARE TRACED IN SAND."

So it was said in days of yore,
 And quoted by some six or more,
 That woman's vows are traced in sand:
 And Byron said 'twould ever stand.
 Though some are fickle, false and fair,
 And some wear curls who have straight
 hair,

The truest hearts mankind can claim
 More often wear a woman's name.

To her who hath a vow to mend
 A helping hand we would extend,
 If she hath failed to act her part
 You'll likely find a broken heart.

A woman's wrong is oft endured
 While other wrongs less wrong, are cured.
 True woman's vow will stand till time
 No more shall beat its silvery chime.

But she whose vow is falsely made
 Deserves the tribute Byron paid.
 Oh! woman, may this tribute stand,
 Thy vows are writ in heaven's sand.

MEMORY.

Softly as an angel's foot-fall,
 Memory treads her golden shore,
 Brightly in the sparkling waters
 She reflects the scenes of yore.
 Dear familiar faces greet us,
 As the stream glides slowly by
 Winter's clouds, and summer's sunshine,
 All reflected from the sky.

Softly, gently, let her fan us,
 But for her our youth would die,
 Let her wield her wondrous scepter
 As the changeful years go by:
 Fading pictures, fleeting phantoms,
 Fancies, loves and dreams are one,
 She hath claimed them, let her keep them,
 In her closed and silent room.

Gently answer to her echo
 When she calls unto her heart;
 Fancy takes the future's keeping,
 But the past is memory's part.
 Fading memories, fleeting memories,
 Memories sad, and memories sweet,
 All upon the silent threshold
 Bowing, passing, hourly meet.

Bitter memories unforgotten,
 Happy memories cherished yet,
 Yours it is that crowns our sorrow,
 Yours it is that brings regret.
 Coldest waves of time blow softly,
 Lightly rise and lightly fall,
 Steal no memory, mar no blessing,
 To the world our past is all.

STILL PICTURED IN MY MIND.

I pause behind the ceaseless din
 That mingles in the town,
 My thoughts go back to country fields,
 Whilst streets I wander down;
 The restless crowd goes to and fro,
 They all may have, for aught I know,
 A green field pictured in the mind
 Of days and lands afar behind.
 Oft when the cares of life are still,
 Or peacefully go by,
 I seem transported to the farm,
 Beneath the country sky;
 Beneath the sunset tint I stand, [hand,
 My sweetheart's pulse throbs in my
 With youthful glee again we stray
 Across the fragrant new-mown hay.
 My old white hat and trousers blue,
 My bare feet hard and tan,
 The eggs we stole for Easter day,
 Our tow shirts, made by hand—
 Are scenes that still are bright and clear
 As when my boyhood painted there,
 And when I'm tired of life's great game
 I turn and view my youth again.

MARTHA EILEEN HOLAHAN.

BORN: TURNER, ILL., JULY 1, 1863.

SINCE 1885 this poet has written for the Chicago Herald, St. Paul Globe, Boston Transcript, New York Sun, Peterson's Magazine, Mun-



MARTHA E. HOLAHAN.

roe's Magazine, and her poems have been much admired. In 1888 she published a long poem in a neat volume entitled *Nondescript* or *The Passionate Recluse*. She is now a resident of Wabasha, Minnesota.

UNDERNEATH THE MISTLETOE.

From Christmas dance and pleasant plans,
You stole away, perchance to rest;
You were a daughter of the manse,
And I — a homeless, hapless guest.
Along those storied halls you sped —
Forgive me that I watched you go! —
But could I help it, when you shed
More radiance than the tapers' glow?
From light-spun fest, and careless mirth,
You fled — Oh, love, why did you flee?
Could you have dreamt how void of worth
Your absence made that cheer to me?
The rooms were gay with Christmas-time;
And ladies' laughter, trained and low,
Rang soft as distant silver chime
Of bells, across the crystal snow.
A waltz sobbed sensuous, soft. Indeed,
Within the mazes of that dance

One might have well resigned his creed,
Disarmed by Beauty's magic lance;
Yet o'er the fairest there you shone, —
Ah, did I not, love, tell you so,
While we two, briefly, we alone,
Enraptured, 'neath the mistletoe?

Within the yule-log's light you stood, —
Nay, was I then so much to blame? —
Your eyes down-cast in pensive mood,
Seemed wooing e'en that breast of flame.
I loved you so! — you were so fair!
But far above me dear, I know;
Yet I forgot, — yet, then and there,
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe.

In dreams I oft repeat that night
While pausing 'neath some verdant bough;
The distant strain, — that leaping light, —
My maddened pulse, — long sobered now!
And oft I've wondered love, since then, —
While yule-log seasons come and go, —
If you recall that Christmas, when
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe.

One thrilling second 'neath that kiss,
Your warm lips pulsed. Could you forget?
That moment of mad, tempting bliss,
Seems worth a whole life of regret.
Your sweet face quivered on my breast
So long, before I let you go,
For I in Paradise was blest
Full well, beneath that mistletoe.

Ah, well! The strangest are but weak,
When pushing 'gainst Fate's iron chain;
The passions which we dare not speak,
Are those that burn within the brain.
And whether better to forget
That Christmas-page of long ago,
I would not if I could, regret
One moment 'neath its mistletoe.

So often, when I pass you by, —
A serf where you are throned a queen, —
I wonder if you ever sigh,
Or weep, perchance, when all unseen.
And if we two should stand again,
Alone, as in that yule-log glow,
Would you be tender, love, as when
I kissed you 'neath the mistletoe?

MAMMON.

'Twixt golden spires by Mammon carved —
Insignia of her sordid creed, —
The millions jolt and languish, starved —
Bah! Is it hymns the hungry need?
Ye gods! Methinks the angel lyres
Crash rudely forth — their music fled,
When wealth erects such costly spires
O'er creatures mad for want of bread?
Down aisles of gilt and splendor, rolls
Monopoly, — in spoils arrayed;
All careless of the passionate souls
Lost in the strife such gain has made!

RUDOLPH WORCH.

BORN: GERMANY, JUNE 10, 1846.

RUDOLPH WORCH is one of the best known German journalists of the country, and is a thorough master of the English as well as the German language. At the beginning of our civil war he came to the United States, where his father, Major Christian Worch, was then



RUDOLPH WORCH.

serving the country of his adoption. Although hardly 16 years old, young Rudolph, shortly after his arrival in this country, joined his father's regiment and had the double misfortune of catching the typhoid fever and being caught by Stonewall Jackson's cavalry. After his return from captivity he was appointed to a clerkship in the military department of the Washington post office, where he served until the end of the war, and was then attached to the editorial staff of the German correspondent at Baltimore. In '69 he married Mathilde Lehmann, the daughter of Chas. F. Lehmann, a Baltimore painter of note. After losing all his savings in the publication of a German daily at Baltimore he accepted an editorial position under Fred Hassaurek of the Cincinnati Volksblatt. In '71 he was called to Fort Wayne, Ind., to take charge of the Volksfreund, which paper he afterward bought and took to Jackson, Michigan, where he is publishing it at this writing, the paper being in its 18th year. The bulk of Worch's poetry as well as prose is written in German, but he

has brought forth quite a number of English pieces, mostly unassuming little lyrics condensing a depth of thought into a few simple lines. He has also translated some masterpieces of German poetry into excellent English verse, always following the original closely enough to preserve its peculiar beauty without ever appearing stiff or strained.

PARTING.

It is ordain'd by Him above,
That we from those whom most we love
Be parted,
Though nothing in all nature's course
The heart fills with such deep remorse,
As parting.

A friend gave you a rosebud rare,
You water it with tender care,
Yet know ye,
To-morrow it may bloom so bright,
And wither ere another night,
That know ye.

If God has granted you a love,
Sweet as a rose, pure as a dove,
Yet fear ye,
In little time she will be gone,
And you remaining all alone,
Be weeping.

But you must understand me right,
Nor ever lose this from your sight,
Remember!
While parting sorrow gives sad pain,
There's always hope to meet again
For ever!

DEFIANCE.

The worse fickle fortune does toss you about,
The loftier your bearing, your courage more proud!

The mightier the foes, the truer your aim,
The fiercer the conflict, the greater your fame!

The louder life's turmoil, the quieter your rest,

The more they denounce you, the more you'll be blest.

The longer the distance, the earlier to start,
The colder the weather the warmer the heart.
The greater the struggle, the greater the bliss,
The coyer the maiden, the sweeter the kiss!

THE DARK AND THE FAIR.

A TRANSLATION.

Thou art just like a flower,
So bright, so pure, so sweet,
I look upon thee, and sorrow
My heart makes strangely beat.
I feel that I in blessing,
Should touch thy hair so light,
Praying that God may preserve thee,
So sweet, so pure, so bright.

MRS. MAY J. DILLEY.

BORN: ST. MARY'S, ILL., MAY 15, 1862.

SINCE 1883 this lady has written both prose and verse. She was married in 1886 to S. V. Dilley, with whom she resides in Mora, New



MRS. MAY J. DILLEY.

Mexico. Mrs. Dilley is of a very charitable disposition and is matron of a mission school, and consequently has become very popular amongst her many acquaintances.

TO A VIOLET.

Look up dear little violet,
Why art thou sad and lone?
Why droop thy lovely head so low?
Why have thy smiles all flown?
Have wanton winds been whispering
Tales that have made thee sad,
That thou look'st so like a love-lorn girl
Who can never more be glad?

Look up dear, gentle violet.
Lift thy soft and velvet cheek,
Thy saucy love, the sunbeam
Would kiss thy lips so meek;
He would chase away the teardrop
Trembling in thy soft dark eye;
Why shrink away from love so warm
Amid thy mates to droop and die?

Look up thou graceful violet,
Be never more downcast,

Thy love makes thy life bright and warm,
Thy storms are over, past.
Ah! What is this? his fervent breath
Blights beauty from thy brow —
Poor, tender, withered violet,
Thy sorrows are o'er now.

IN AUTUMN.

There is a glorious golden glow
In the far-off western deep,
And from the seas of light, below
The sun has dropped to sleep.
Swaying clouds like hammocks near,
O'er the darkening forests stir,
Little clouds scud by in fear
When night lights her Jupiter.
The rosy mists now flee away,
Followed by the purpling shade —
Cold gray twilight comes to stay,
And wraps the earth as in a plaid.
Wild winds wing from winter's couch,
Chilling with their icy breath
Every shivering leaf they touch —
Wilt and wither it to death.

' LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

As an artist paints a picture,
Or sculptor chisels a stone
Into the loveliest imagery
To imagination known;
So stroke by stroke our characters
By our own works are made —
With the Master Artist to train us
Our characters never can fade.

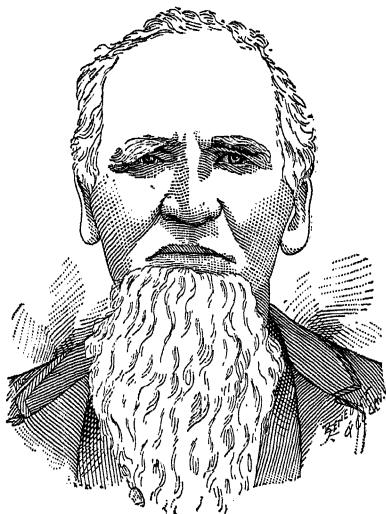
MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

Earth is so fair and God so good,
Oh! that I his goodness understood;
Would that my soul could see and know
Of all He doth on me bestow.
I look into the solemn night
And there behold the pale moon's light,
Her queenly majesty on high
Sails through the deep and arched sky,
While far around and over all
A silvery mantle she lets fall,
While she and all her heavenly train
Smile down on fields of sleeping grain,
Upon the hill whose brow is crowned
With a city uttering ne'er a sound,
And sweet, serene and solemn stand -
Shafts pointing to a better land.
Those whom we love and mourn for still
Sleep 'neath the moonlight on the hill,
And through the weeping willows wail
Wilful winds with mournful tale,
While all the bright-eyed flowers nod
'Mong the whispering waving sod.

CHARLES CARGILE.

BORN: JASPER CO., GA., DEC. 28, 1822.

THIS gentleman received his education at the Mercer university of his native state. For the past quarter of a century Mr. Cargile has contributed quite a number of meritorious poems to the leading papers of America,



CHARLES CARGILE.

from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. In person he is of good stature, being full six feet in height and tips the beam at one hundred and seventy-two pounds. Mr. Cargile has generally followed the occupation of farming and also furniture dealer, in which latter business he is at present engaged at Okolona, Arkansas, where he is very popular.

MAN.

The grandest structure reared by the Almighty's hand
Is the tenement in which dwells the soul of man;
For ages men have sought to know it, but it still
Baffles the efforts of the wisest and most skilled;
The more they learn the more they find there is to learn,—
Each knowledge gained reveals new troubles in its turn.

The faculties and senses of the human kind
Surpass the comprehension of the human mind,—

Like their fleshly abode they too must pass away,

But unlike it, do not return to dust nor clay;
Ages upon ages yet around will roll
And leave half its wondrous mysteries untold.

But, above all the greatest study is the soul,
Whose mysteries by pen nor tongue can ne'er be told.

Men may cut and probe, and cut and probe again,

But to locate the soul in man is an effort vain;
And when released from its prison here below,
Takes its flight and knocks for entrance at another door.

Then think, oh man, the fate that awaits thy soul,

Worth more to thee than this world with all its gold,—

For, like your frail form, they too will pass away

And leave your soul alone to test the judgment day —

And receive its sentence with the saints in Heaven to dwell,

Or make its abode in an agonizing hell.

THE BOLD GIRL AND THE MAN IN THE MOON.

I loved him dearly, but answered nay,
Fearing that I might something say,
'Twould cause him my eagerness mistrust,
And turn his love into disgust;
But, should he ever come again,
I'll give him an answer straight and plain.
He came again but 'twas so late,
Impatience led me to the gate;
We seated 'neath the old oak tree,
He on a stump, I on his knee,
Fondly he said, My darling dear,
What brought you out to meet me here;
Knowest thou not 'tis out of place?
Oft acts like this lead to disgrace.
Now George, you know I meant no harm,
So 'round his neck I laid my arm,
Fondly I said, George, my dear,
Listen and something good you'll hear;
I will no longer answer nay —
Now you yourself may name the day,
Look at the man in the moon, hush! be still,
Peeping at us from over the hill.
Now really, Jane, I am afraid,
He'll tell what we have done and said.
You timid boy, what do you mean,
If he should tell what he has seen,
Or anything that we have said,
I'll take a stick and break his head.

OLD-STYLE FIRE TONGS.

Would that some genius of inventive mind,
 Could enough of leisure from his business find
 To somewhat mitigate poor woman's wrongs
 By an improvement on the old-style fire tongs,
 For they have drunk the bitter cup to its
 dregs,

In the use of loose-jawed tongs with dangling
 legs.

Ye fathers, brothers, sons and other kinsmen
 near,

'Tis with you I plead for those we hold most
 dear;

Cannot one be found the task to undertake?
 If for naught else, then for pity sake,
 That the blood within our veins may no more
 curd

At hearing them say some little ugly word.

The wreath of fame will surely deck the brow
 Of him who shall first make and fill the row;
 Historians will do honor to his name,
 And hoist it on the very pinnacle of fame,
 And ladies of every land and clime
 Will chant his name in sweetest rhyme.

BURGLARS.

This morning as the clock struck four
 A gentle rapping at my door
 Caused me to spring upon my feet
 And quickly through the keyhole peep;
 Three burglars stood on the porch floor,
 Not far behind them stood three more,
 Still as tombstones they did stand—
 Each with a navy six in hand;
 Puzzled to know what best to do,
 I from my bed two pistols drew,
 Then lowly whispered to my wife,
 "Wake up and try to save your life,"
 Then tiptoed back to the door
 Just as I had done before.
 Impatient now at my delay,
 I heard one very softly say:
 He's fast asleep I'll force the door;
 Another softly said, oh, no,
 Perhaps he may not be asleep,—
 He through the keyhole too did peep.—
 I blazed away through the keyhole:
 A shriek, a groan, the tale was told,
 For strange to you as it may seem,
 It all turned out to be a dream.

LOUD PRAYING.

As I passed a country church one day
 Some one within so loud did pray,
 It seemed he thought that God was deaf,
 And bawled till he was out of breath.
 If God knows each wish before expressed,
 Each thought within each human breast,
 'Tis strange a man of common sense

Would dare to offer such offense.
 Christ was a good and righteous man—
 Imitate him then near as you can;
 Kneel down beneath some lonely tree,
 And pray in silence as did he;
 Or to your closet in secret go,
 Where none but God your wants needst know,
 And there to him in silence pray,—
 From such he will not turn away.
 For God who heareth all we say
 In lowest whispers when we pray,
 Would know one's faith was very weak,
 Who praying to him so loud would speak.

NO REST THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE.

Oft my mind when left to roam,
 Goes forth in search for me a home,
 Where free from life's vexatious cares
 I may spend the remnant of my years.
 Sometimes in caverns twixt the hills,
 Whose depths the mind with terror fills;
 Sometimes on islands far away
 Where forests hide the sun all day.
 Sometimes on some oasis wild,
 Where neither man, woman nor child,
 Have ever bowed in prayer to God,
 Or across its desert border trod,
 It seeks, but such can ne'er be found
 This side of where the sun goes down.
 Then bowed with grief alas I cry:
 Where, oh! tell me where can rest be found?
 Echo sends back the sad reply:
 No where save in the silent ground.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

BORN IN OHIO.

THIS lady is a graduate of the University of Delaware in her native state. A vivacious person of energetic and artistic temperament, she has won a respectable measure of success as teacher, artist and writer.

THE EVENING FIRE.

Better to me than wine, as good as friend,
 This blazing basket fixed mid pictured tile;
 Its welcome warmth contentments through
 me send while,
 In veins and flesh, in mind and soul, mean-
 Forgiven he who coldly gave me slight,
 Forgotten restless longings, thoughts of
 change,
 With feet enslippared and my books to-night
 No kinder fate there seems in world's wide
 range.
 O, could I in my heart a glow convey
 To exorcise all spells of baleful kind,
 From thence a charity to all purvey,
 And calm my teasing self in faith so blind!
 At last in life's as in the day's decay
 O, may this sacred fire burn pain away!

ELMORE E. EWING.

BORN: EWINGTON, OHIO, FEB. 16, 1840.

ENTERING college at twenty, Mr. Ewing two years later enlisted as a private in the civil war. He was soon afterward promoted to lieutenant, and was severely wounded in 1864. In 1865 this gentleman engaged in business;



ELMORE E. EWING.

and in the same year was married to Miss Minerva Folsom. The poems of Mr. Ewing have appeared in various newspapers and magazines, and many of them have been delivered at re-unions and social gatherings, always being enthusiastically received. Mr. Ewing is still a resident of his native city, where he is a prominent wholesale merchant.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

The stuff of which our lives are made,
Is time, so say the sages;
A personage that greed and trade
Can not control, nor make afraid —
Receives no hue from light or shade,
But doles to men their ages.
So potent is his regal sway,
Men deify his title;
And make him lord of night and day,
As one by one they speed away,
And beauty bring, or else decay
To every thing that's vital.
Men put a scythe upon his back,
A sand-glass in his clutches;

His bones are bare and painted black,
And desolation in his track
The picture shows, and there's a lack
Of any pleasing touches.

Man's inhumanity to man,
They'd have old time to share it;
But what reck's he for mortal ban,
Man's race he measures with a span,
And terminates each selfish plan —
The schemes that men inherit.

Time gently deals with patient souls
Who strive in life's endeavor,
To render solace not in doles,
In sable gown, or fringed stoles,
But seek that love which still controls
And keeps them young forever.

Time gently deals, while yet his plow
Makes deeper still the furrows
That he has marked across the brow,
And we discern them even now,
And 'neath his burdens meekly bow,
Or be they griefs or sorrows.

We speak of time and lo, we mean
God's love and providence;
And though our senses intervene
Our souls and him who gave, between,
Our fondest hope is that we lean
On these as we go hence.
God's love is not a bruised reed,
It never breaks nor pierces;
It bears us up through sorest need,
It solace brings, though heart-strings bleed,
It heightens joy, is joy indeed, —
In desolation cheers us.

I'm conscious that I stand to-night
Within a circle's center,
Whose band is broken, and the light
From realms unknown to mortal sight
Comes streaming down, though Death's sad
blight
Forbids the light to enter.

When years have fled we see at last
The beauty of the blending;
Companionship forever past,
Could not the eye of faith forecast
Within the future's domain vast
And bright and never ending.

We upward turn the weary eye
To where the stars are shining,
Like sentinels upon the sky,
That watch us while the years go by,
But we shall falter, you and I,
Whatever our inclining.

In our association here
We form a constellation;
We do the work within our sphere,
In conscious weakness and in fear
And though it doth not yet appear,
God knows our destination.

No star is known to quit the sky,
And here is no abiding;
And as the years go flitting by,
Like birds of passage swiftly fly,
We quit our stations, you and I,
Our paths awhile dividing.

The re-assembling not long hence,
Now dimly lies before us;
Nor recognized by sign or sense,
Nor whither gone, nor yet from whence,
Nor where shall end, nor where commence
The everlasting chorus!

For once, 'tis said, the morning stars
Sang sweetly in the azure;
And if their songs were hushed by Mars,
Or Jupiter's resounding cars,
Or ceased when mortals went to wars,
Let peace renew their measure.

When man has lived aright his day,
And served his generation,
What can he do but pass away,
And leave to other hands the sway
That once he bore in life's array
Of griefs and exaltation?

Life's work well done, life's crown well won,
The goal of our ambition!
And when the sleep of death shall come
May we awake beneath the dome
That over-spans our heavenly home
When hope becomes fruition.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

I'm getting old; my head is gray,
And three-score years along the way,
I've kept my pilgrimage. To day
I pause. No, that can't be!
But I can glance along the years
Through which I've passed, and many tears
Have flecked the way; still there appears
A smile to comfort me.

That smile I saw so long ago,
That one would scarcely think its glow
Would sweetly warm my heart, but know
It was my mother's smile,—
The first that ever beamed on me,
'Twas full of love as smile could be,
Born of a faith that I might be
To her a loving child.

My dimpled hand her own would seek,
And place it softly on her cheek,
Ere I a word of love could speak,
Yet she could comprehend.
That her own love in me begot
Affection that should perish not,
That time should bring to it no blot,
Till time itself should end.

Such faith of her own love was born,
Alas! that ever should be torn,

The fabric that a heart has worn,
So warm with hoped-for bliss!
What changes have the flying years
Brought in their train of hopes and fears,
And smiles that struggled oft through tears,
When all had gone amiss.

I cannot say how well was kept
The promise. Oft it may have slept,
And o'er its slumbers I have wept—
Perhaps I wept too late.
But mother's loving heart ne'er gave
A sign of disappointment, save
When thinking that for me the grave
Might open first its gate

I fondly hope that there will be,
When I have crossed the crystal sea,
My mother's smile awaiting me
Hard by the Pearly Gate
Her spirit voice and spirit hand
Will greet me in the better land,
And I at length with her shall stand
Where she has gone to wait.

TIMOTHY PERRY.

BORN: NEW IPSWICH, N. H., NOV. 7, 1829.

AFTER receiving his education, Mr. Perry afterward taught mathematics. He studied law in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is still engaged in the practice of his profession. Many poems from the pen of Mr. Perry have appeared in the periodical press, and he is fully represented in Poets of New Hampshire.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

I sit by the side of the mountain brook
In the shade of a maple tree,
And I wonder well, what magic spell
Gives the place such a charm to me.

The sun shines high in the summer sky,
The air is clear and still,
As the mountain brook, by the quiet nook,
Comes laughing down the hill.

My boy with a heart like the mountain
brook,

In the sunlight's golden gleam,
Cheers loud as he floats his mimic boats,
With his bare feet in the stream.

And the laugh of the boy, and the laugh of
the brook,

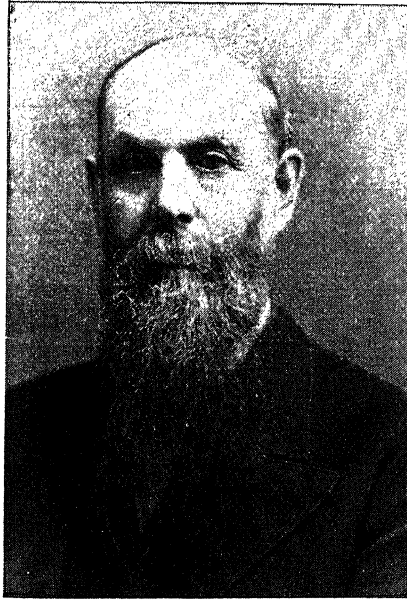
And the bark of a squirrel near,
And the buzz of a bee in the maple tree
Are the only sounds I hear.

So I sit by the side of the mountain brook,
In the shade of the maple tree,
And I wonder well, what magic spell
Gives the place such a charm to me.

REV. JAMES ALBERT LIBBY.

BORN: POLAND, ME., JULY 3, 1832.

COMMENCING to court the muse when a youth,
the poems of the Rev. J. Albert Libby have



REV. JAMES ALBERT LIBBY.

since appeared extensively in the eastern publications. He is an adventist clergyman in his native town, and is very popular with his flock.

PATHS.

We cannot take our paths away —
They linger when our feet are gone;
Bordered with green — yet trodden gray,
With here and there a smooth-worn stone.
I know the ways of little feet,
And those of others older grown —
And oft as o'er these paths I beat,
I muse with wordless thoughts alone.
I follow now a presence swift —
A tire is fluttering in the wind,
Or gently breezes softly lift
Her curls — and I am just behind;
I hear the frolic in the laugh,
And then the shouting words of glee
As running half and halting half,
The player cried — "You can't catch me."
Sometimes I meet in memory's way
The stretching hand, the glance of eyes,
My lips seem parting, as to say
Some words of welcome and surprise;

Or in my ear there sweetly falls
The words of old-time tenderness —
My arms are thrilled to hear the call
And rise all ready to caress.
Ah! how they mock me — these old ways!
And yet I would not lose their thread —
These hallowed paths of other days
Lead from my heart out to my dead.
Sleep on! I tread where you have trod —
Your goal may soon arrest my feet,
Till breaking from the tangled sod
In everlasting joy we meet.

ANOTHER DAY.

Old earth, we know, shall have another day;
Her trembling age—if good the voice of
Truth —
Shall, by the help of Heaven, pass away,
And she takes on again the strength of
youth;
We hear her groans along the dying years,
As she hath shed, like autumn skies, her tears.
But, earth, take heart, thou shalt be young
again,
And doff thy robes of mourning with a
smile;
Glad to forget all weariness and pain,
And know they come not back the endless
while;
The trees shall clap their hands for very joy,
That sin and death can never more destroy.
Where are thy graveyards? Emptied of their
prey;
Where are thy tears? Dried by a hand divine;
Where are thy sorrows? They all went away
When graves were spoiled, and saints arose
to shine;
The hills re-echo now, as these, one throng,
Rehearse their victories the plains along.
Spring now, ye flowers, for winters never
come;
Be not afraid, O sky, of stormy clouds;
Mothers, your babes are safely all at home,
And looms are weaving here no coffin
shrouds;
Yonder is lifted high a kingly throne,
And Christ is there with all the earth his own.
Where is the king that was? in black attire —
Where are the hosts that marshaled at his
word?
Perished forever in the lake of fire;
And naught but praise from any tongue is
heard.
O earth, take heart, thou shalt be new again!
Thousands of voices cry for this — Amen.
The arching sky is an open book [der;
And the clouds are the leaves turned un-
The stars are the letters whereon we look
While the lines are traced with wonder.

ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.

BORN: PADUCAH, KY., FEB. 23, 1854.

SINCE 1884 this lady has written verse with great success. Many of her sketches and stories have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*.



ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.

ion, Once a Week, Harper's Bazar, and other equally prominent eastern periodicals. She is still a resident of her native town, where she is well known and admired.

FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

Thy way, he said, "is smooth and green and fair,
There are no thorns to wound and prick thy feet—
Where summer reigns and star-like blossoms sweet
Bend to the winds' low call—thy path is there!
And mine! Alas! no dewy morning's break
Across the valley where my way hath lain;
And yet though youth be dead and faith be slain
I keep these tokens—for the old love's sake!
Beside the urn that holds no hidden flame
Of altar fires that long have faded away,
I yet may pause, and in the ashes gray
Read with dim eyes the old familiar name!
And, if some shad'wy memory should awake—
And once again my eyes with tears grow wet—

If in my heart should spring some vague regret,
Nay, do not chide me—for the old love's sake!

As one who sees in old-remembered nooks,
With eyes that have grown sad with ceaseless tears,
The same glad beauty of the long-lost years,
And hear again the sound of summer-brooks—
So, if from troubled dreams I could awake
To feel thy warm, soft kisses on my face,
I think the sweetness of thy winsome grace
Would touch me—only for the old love's sake!

SOME DAY.

Beside the grave that hides my poor, dead face,
Some day beloved, you will come and wait,
And, kneeling with the old, remembered grace,
With lips to dust will say: "O life, grow desolate!
O fond, true heart! O heart that loved me so!"
But then I shall not know.
When through the stillness of the warm, sweet air
Shall pulse the music of the spring's glad call,
Your lips will call: "O days so fair, so fair!
Poor, faithful heart that you should lose them all,
And I should learn at last to need you so!"
But ah! I shall not know!
O love! O loss! O fair, sweet yesterday!
To-day we walk in bitterness apart!
And yet though youth and hopes are gone away
What need of tears and vain regret, sweetheart?
Since all the love that thrills my pulses so
Some day, some day you'll know!

A WOODLAND FLOWER.

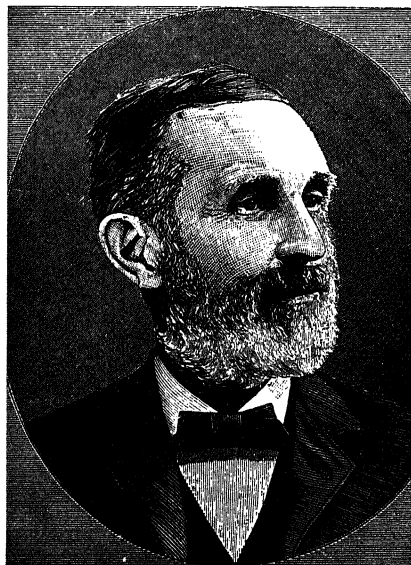
EXTRACT.

Some day—who knows?—with strange and wondrous power
From out my dreams a sudden thought may spring,
Those gems, long hidden, like my way-side flower,
A message to some lonely heart may bring;
And like my star-eyed blossom, hid from mortals
In cool, green woods, and dim, untrodden ways,
Some untried verse may open the mystic portals,
And the world find it—"after many days."

JOSIAH MOODY FLETCHER.

BORN: HALIFAX, MASS., JAN. 14, 1828.

GRADUATING at Lowell high school in 1842, the following year Mr. Fletcher settled at Nashua, where he has ever since resided, with the exception of a year spent in Mexico and California. In 1861 he married Miss Adaline Jane Eastman. For six years Mr. Fletcher was engaged in the book-selling and publishing business, but since 1854 he has been in business as a manufacturer of furniture, and is now president of the Fletcher and Webster



JOSIAH MOODY FLETCHER.

Furniture Co., and proprietor of the Nashua Novelty Works. Since his youth he has courted the muse, and at eighteen published *Golden Gift*, a work that contained a half-dozen of his own pieces, and which reached a sale of over one hundred thousand copies. In 1890 Mr. Fletcher published a magnificent volume of nearly three hundred and fifty pages, entitled *A Thousand Songs of Life, Love, Home and Heaven*. Mr. Fletcher is the editor of several gift books; and occasionally writes under the nom de plume of Park Moody.

I ASK NOT FOR WEALTH.

I ask not wealth, I ask not fame,
Nor lofty place, nor sounding name,
For oh, there is a dearer lot,
Although the worldly know it not!
It is to love, to feel the sweet

Delight of hearts that warmly beat,
To dwell in trustful love and peace,
That fleeting time can but increase.

A PRAIRIE HOME.

Give me a home where evening's banners
Gayly wave o'er the twilight strand;
Life is sweet on the broad savannas,
Far away in the sunset land.

Give me a home where freedom's pinion
Waveth her snow-white folds on high,
Far in the broad and brave dominion,
Closed around by the sunset sky.

Soft is the blue of star-gemmed azure,
Green are the fields where the bison roam;
All things add to the hunter's pleasure,
Far away in his Western home.

Oh! 't is sweet when the heart is weary,
Far from the busy world to fly;
Give me a home on the distant prairie,
Closed around by the sunset sky.

BARREN OF LOVE.

A barren world the heart will find
When really 't is a barren mind
That makes it so; in that degree
That love is cold, love's world will be.

HATE.

The vestibule of hell is hate,
Where hungry devils lie in wait
For silly souls of low estate.

LET TIME ROLL ON.

Let time roll on, we need not moan;
It eases not the way to groan;
Be up and cheerful, by and by
Old Time himself will have to die.

TOLERATION.

Things often in a sense are false
That in another sense are true,
And wrangling makes the heart ache oft,
To merest misconception due;
The wiser way for all mankind
Is toleration's smoother course;
A stubborn and unyielding mind
Is wounded by its own self force.

ADMITTANCE TO HEAVEN.

When for heaven a soul is fitted
By an all-perfecting love,
Then to heaven 't will be admitted,
Whether here or up above.

BEAUTY'S DANGER.

With double care the devil's net
Is for a handsome woman set,
With double consequences fraught,
For with the Eves are Adams caught.

THE MORNING SONG.

A few inquiring little chirps are heard
 Before the morning carol of a bird,
 Seeking assurance that the day's at hand
 Before it bids its little throat expand;
 And in the early morning well it may,—
 'T is always darkest just at break of day.
 So, oft, the spirit in distress and gloom
 Holds back its song in presence of the tomb;
 It lacks assurance that the morning light
 Is following closely on the shades of night;
 And well it may, o'erspread by death's dark
 wing,
 But oh! the songs 't will in the morning sing.

THE DAISIES.

While wintry tempests coldly blow,
 And o'er the meadows sweep,
 Beneath the drifts of downy snow
 Unharm'd the daisies sleep.
 In sunless solitude they dwell
 Through all the wintry hours,
 Till summer skies dissolve the spell
 And welcome forth the flowers.
 Oh! let me live, when tempests roll
 And rage around my path,
 In such humility of soul
 As to escape their wrath:
 And let me like the daisies lie,
 When done with mortal strife,
 Believing that a fairer sky
 Will wake my soul to life.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Had I a harp by angels strung
 To breathe the music of the skies;
 Had I the skill and power divine
 To wake its grandest harmonies,
 I'd strike it not to sounding fame,
 Ah, no! but let its breathings prove,
 Though every chord should melt with flame,
 The tenderness of woman's love.
 They know it not who pay their court
 At beauty's shrine with heartless praise;
 They know it not who idly sport
 With woman's smile in summer days;
 But when the clouds of sorrow lower,
 And man's frail bark is tempest-driven
 O'er life's dark sea, oh! then its power
 Is like the very strength of heaven.

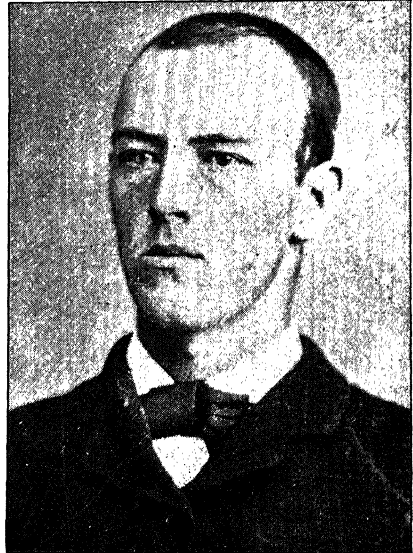
THE LUNATIC.

Just to test a lunatic the doctor asked him
 "whether
 The weather made the rain or the rain made
 the weather;"
 Sizing up the doctor, he answered him by
 saying:
 "Does the braying make the ass, or the ass
 make the braying?"

WILL H. HOSKINSON.

BORN: MUD RIVER, KY., OCT. 13, 1860.

THE subject of this sketch follows the profession of teaching. His earlier productions



WILL H. HOSKINSON.

were in the form of parodies. His poems have appeared in the local press generally.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

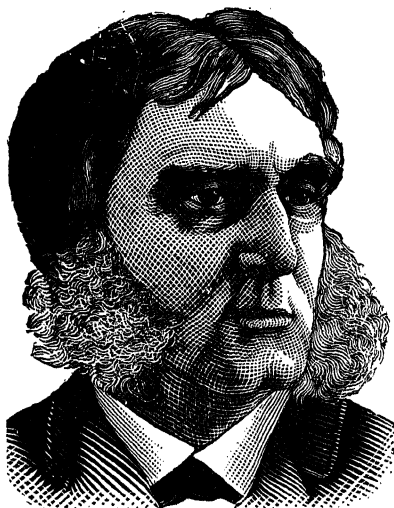
Through sunshine and shadow, through sorrow and pleasure,
 O'er rivers of bliss and o'er gulfs of despair;
 May this maxim of old be preserved as a treasure
 In the depth of thy mind as a light shining there. [forsake thee,
 Should foes overpower thee, or loved ones
 Should troubles surround thee like clouds of the night—
 Stand firm through the storm—harm shall not overtake thee, [right.
 And remember this maxim: to do what is
 Let scoffers rebuke and let enemies chide thee,
 Let this be your shield in the bitterest strife:
 Inspired by the right let the envious deride thee; [life.
 Ever knowing no falsehood can stain a pure
 Walk not from the path where these lines would direct thee—
 O'er thorns they will lead thee to fields fair and bright;
 Omnipotent power shall surely protect thee
 Down life's rugged road, if you do what is right.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BORN: PROVIDENCE, R. I., FEB. 24, 1824.

THE early education of Mr. Curtis was received in a privateschool at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. When fifteen years of age, he became a clerk in a mercantile house in the city of New York, and in 1842 became a member of the Brook Farm Community.

From 1846 to 1850 Mr. Curtis spent in Italy, Berlin, Egypt, and Syria, and on his return to



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

America he published his first book, *Nile-Notes of a Howadji*, and soon thereafter joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*. Since that time he has been a journalist continuously.

He was one of the original editors of *Putnam's Monthly*, which was commenced in 1852. Curtis has been a constant contributor to *Harper's Monthly Magazine* since 1853; and to *Harper's Weekly*, of which he has been editor-in-chief since 1857. A number of articles also from his pen appeared in *Harper's Bazar* during 1867-73.

Some of his magazine articles were also collected and published in book-form under the titles of *The Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I*. A novel was also written by him, for *Harper's Weekly*, entitled *Trumps*, which also afterward appeared in book-form.

This great American journalist has won an enviable reputation, not only as a great writer, but also as a great lecturer and public speaker, and he has been a constant contributor to the literature of the day ever since he chose writing as his profession.

Mr. Curtis has also attained a national reputation as a politician. The political sentiments of this gentleman have, as a rule, been invariably in favor of the republican party.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

SPRING SONG.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree!
He said "I pour out my heart in song
"For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood,
Another bird sang "I pour
"My heart on the solemn solitude
"For the spring that return no more."

THEODORE WINTHROP.

KILLED AT GREAT BETHEL JUNE 10, 1861.

How often in the strange old days
Before the war's sharp summons blew,
We strolled through all these woodland ways
While loud the blue-bird sang and flew.

How gaily of a thousand things
We talked, and rustling through the leaves
We sang the songs of other springs
And dreamed the dreams of summer eves.

To this bold height our footsteps came,
Our eyes beheld the distant sea:—
To-day, I sit and call his name,
And know he will not answer me.

O friend beyond this voice of mine.
Beyond these eyes, this baffled hand,
Immortal in a youth divine
I see thy radiant figure stand.

We do not count each other lost
Divided though our ways may be:
Two ships of different breezes tost
Still sailing the mysterious sea.

No cloud of death can long obscure,
Nor touch with any doubt or fear,
The love that keeps the old faith pure,
Contented whether there or here.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

BORN: HONOLULU, H. I., AUG. 25, 1851.

THIS great author received his education in New York and Germany. In 1870 he attended Columbia law school one term, then adopted a literary life, and again went abroad. In 1871 he married Rose, second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. From 1875 to 1877 he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and following two years edited the *Boston Courier*. In 1875 appeared his first volume of poems, entitled *Rose and Roof-tree*. He has also written several novels, edited various works, and dramatized Tennyson's *Elaine*.

His wife, Rose, has also written numerous short stories and poems, and is somewhat of an artist.

THE PHOEBE-BIRD.

Yes, I was wrong about the Phoebe-bird.
Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:
I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow
Came from one throat, or that each note could
 borrow
Strength from the other, making one more
 brave

And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.
But thus it is. Two songs have men and
 maidens:

One is for the hey-day, one is sorrow's cadence.
Our voices vary with the changing seasons
Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.

Therefore despair not! Think not you have
 altered,

If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
Delight, and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,
At separate times, in separate accents call;
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
I doubt not, when our earthly cries are ended,
The listener finds them in one music blended.

THE SINGING WIRE.

Hark to that faint and fairy twang
That from the bosom of the breeze
Has caught its rise and fall; there rang
Æolian harmonies!

I looked; again the mournful chords,
In random rhythm lightly flung
From off the wire, came, shaped in words;
And thus, meseemed, they sung:

"I, messenger of many fates,
Strung to all strains of woe or weal,
Fine nerve that thrills and palpitates
With all men know or feel,—

"O, is it strange that I should wail?
Leave me my tearless, sad refrain,
When in the pine-top wakes the gale
That breathes of coming rain.

"There is a spirit in the post;
It, too, was once a murmuring tree;
Its sapless, lone and withered ghost
Echoes my melody.

"Come close, and lay your listening ear
Against the bare and branchless wood.
Say, croons it not, so low and clear,
As if it understood?

I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire;
I heard its muffled music roll,
And stirred with sweet desire.

"O wire more soft than seasoned lute,
Hast thou no sunlit word for me?
"O, though so long so coyly mute,
Sure she may speak through thee!"

I listened; but it was in vain,
At first, the wind's old, wayward will
Drew forth again the sad refrain:
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindling shock
Struck flashing through the wire: a bird,
Poised on it, screamed, and flew; the flock
Rose with him, wheeled, and whirled.

Then to my soul there came this sense:
"Her heart has answered unto thine:
She comes, to-night. Up! hence, O hence!
Meet her: no more repine!"

Mayhap the fancy was far-fetched;
And yet, mayhap, it hinted true.
Ere moonrise, Love, a hand was stretched
In mine, that gave me—you!

And so more dear to me has grown
Than rarest tones swept from the lyre,
The minor-movement of that moan
In yonder singing wire.

Nor care I for the will of states,
Or aught besides, that smites that string,
Since then so close it knit our fates,
What time the bird took wing.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

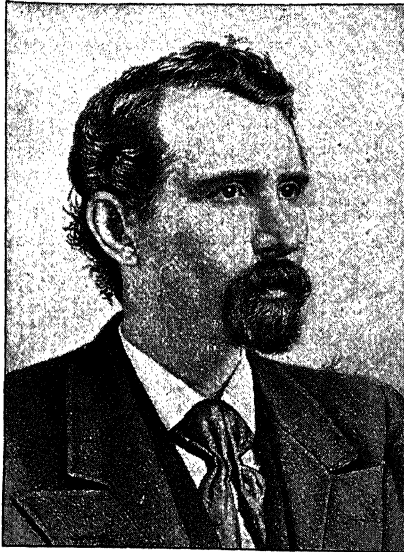
The sunshine of thine eyes,
O still, celestial beam!
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
O let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee.

MANLIUS T. FLIPPIN.

BORN: MONROE CO., KY., JULY 29, 1841.

FROM the age of sixteen to twenty-four young Flippin was engaged in studying and teaching. He was admitted to the bar in 1865, and began the practice of his profession at Tompkinsville, the county seat of his native county, where he still resides. Mr. Flippin has served several sessions as republican member to the house of the Kentucky legislature. In 1874 he was elected judge of the county court



M. T. FLIPPIN.

for four years, and received the re-election in 1878; and again in 1886 was elected to the same position. He has also held other important positions of public trust, and is very popular in his native state. He was married in 1871 to Miss Susan Maxey. The poems of Mr. Flippin have generally appeared under the nom de plume of Eugene. This gentleman has a very strong predilection for literature, but for twenty years the demands and the labors of official and professional business have left him little time to devote to literary pursuits. He has a splendid library and is a close student. Personally, Judge Flippin is of fair complexion, auburn hair, and eyes of hazel, and is six feet four inches in height.

THE REAL.

Yes, Truth is more than Fiction strange!
The weird and dim Ideal

Gives out no shape or shade so bright,
So gorgeous as the Real.

No pencil touch can ever sketch
The halos of the even,
As shining streaks of golden light
Stretch up the western heaven.

The soul was ne'er on canvas thrown,
By painter's magic easel,
Nor Hebe's nor Hecate's blush e'er traced
By cunning sculptor's chisel.

The best nor worst of heart or soul
Ne'er on the canvas lingers:

The smile of joy, the throe of grief
Elude the wizard fingers.

LETTERS.

The frozen heart, locked up in breast of snow,
Secure from word or glance, secure from
harm —

While through it only icy currents flow —
O, Letters, ye can touch and make it warm!
Magicians, thou dost wield a wand which
starts

Strong tempests in the heart's soft-swelling
sea;

Thou hast a talisman so sweet that hearts
Of stone must yield their treasures up to
thee.

The ice and snow on Hecla's lofty crest,
Defy the storms of night, the beams of day;
But by thy wizard, unseen fingers press'd,
The ice dissolves, the snow-banks melt away.

Thy mute and voiceless words, when all
alone,

Still sigh and whisper, to the heart appeal-
ing;

Awake, asleep, they woo us, on and on,
And pluck and twine the wild-flower wreath
of feeling.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me! remember me!
When morning's pure and brilliant light
Springs from the dark embrace of night;
When birds from out the bower sing,
And plume anew their silken wing,

My dearest friend, remember me!

Remember me! remember me!
Amid the splendid glow of noon,
When day displays her richest boon;
When every heart with joy is crowned,
And all is life and light around,

Oh! then wilt thou remember me!

Remember me! remember me!
In evening's calm and holy hours,
When zephyrs kiss the blushing flowers,
When clouds of gold hang o'er the west,
And nature lulls herself to rest,

Oh! dearest friend, remember me!

THE SOUTHLAND.

O realm of the southland! fair clime of the sun!
 Whose birds and whose blossoms enrapture the sight;
 Whose valleys of emerald and mountains of dun,
 Smiles sweetly in daytime and gleam through the night.
 The sheen of thy meadows, the blue of thy sky,
 Shine on and forever with passionate glow;
 And the morn, noon and evening unfold to the eye
 Thy wild wealth of flowers of crimson and snow.
 There the best gifts of spring-time forever remain,
 And the fruit and the blossom their seasons prolong;
 There the sweet-scented breezes float over the plain,
 And bear on their bosoms the incense of song.
 There the queen-like palmetto, the myrtic and vine,
 And the wild waste of blossoms environ the maze;
 While the moss-covered cypress and whispering pine,
 Throw over the valleys a soft summer haze.
 'Tis there the weird moonbeams are wandering through
 The ruins of castles distinguished in story;
 And there that the shimmer and sparks of the dew,
 And the shine of the astral unite in their glory.
 It is there, it is there that the murmuring palm
 Bends over and kisses the clear crystal wave;
 It is there that the flow'rets, in the night's holy calm,
 Dip down in the waters, their beauties to lave.
 O, beautiful southland! the shrine of the heart!
 Land of the banana, the lemon and lime!
 No sky and no clouds, no sun can impart
 Such a wild wealth of passion as glows in thy clime.
 And oh! with what fever the heart must adore
 The notes of thy soft harp, the song of thy bird;
 While the sea waves that break on thy gray, rocky shore,
 Make music the wildest the ear ever heard.
 Thy picture, bright clime, shall glow in my breast—

Thy sun-rays, in fancy around me shall beam;
 And shined in my heart still thy glories shall rest
 Forever and aye, like some beautiful dream.
 Smile on, blessed land! thou art lovely and lorn,
 With thy deep-tangled wildwoods and shadowy hills;
 Still back on the tide of my memory is borne
 The sound of thy cascades, the song of thy rills.
 O bright sunny south! though shattered and torn,
 And rent by the strife of the war-darkened years;
 Though broken and bleeding, and mangled and scorn,
 Thy beauty and glory still smile through thy tears.
 And now that the war-cloud obscures thee no more,
 Remember thine honor, thy glory remains;
 And the wealth and the worth that adorned thee of yore,
 Shall Phoenix-like, rise from the wreck of thy plans.

CONSTANCY.

The heart that's dull and cold may love
 And soon forget the flame:
 But some, when lit by passion's beam,
 Forever glow the same.
 Some faiths are like a vestal fire
 In fane forever burning,
 A vital, subtle element
 That knows no shade of turning.
 Some loves are like that fabled heart
 So long the vulture's prey,
 Though fed on by consuming years,
 They can not waste away.

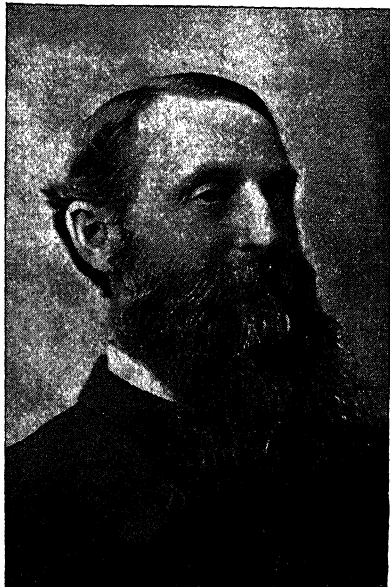
THE HARP.

What wild and glorious minstrelsy is thine,
 What respite from the starless gloom of woe,
 What antidote from every shape of ill,
 Belongs to thee, O harp of golden strings!
 Why should the willing tongue, or meaning eye,
 Or pent-up feeling ever speak, when thou
 Canst breathe their very soul so sweetly well?
 Dear, faithful harp! When all things else are false
 Thou still remainest true! Thou art a friend
 When glorious sunshine gilds our sky of life;
 And when that sky is flecked with clouds and gloom,
 'Tis thine, 'tis thine to sweep our load of grief
 Into the Lethean wave!

JAMES DEWITT C. HOIT, M.D.

BORN: LACONIA, N. H., AUG. 25, 1842.

THE poems of Dr. Hoit have appeared in the Voice of Masonry, Chicago Inter-Ocean and the periodical press generally. He graduated



JAMES D'WITT C. HOIT, M. D.

in medicine at Missouri medical college at St. Louis, and now practices his profession of physician and surgeon at Yates City, Ill. Dr. Hoit was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Taylor, but he is now a widower.

BRAVE LITTLE GREECE.

Brave little Greece! in learning's dawn,
A realm in story, known to fame;
That gloried in the lustre of —
Inspired Phidias' radiant name.
In bold designs and works of art,
He made the fame of Greece renowned;
Thro' every age of time's great scroll,
Honor to him and her redound.

Birth-place of scholars and statesmen,
Law-givers, philosophers, sage,
Their valor, wisdom and grandeur,
Made Atticas' heroic age.
Bright tho' the years that are coming,
The beacon they lighted shall grow,
Reaching gigantic proportions,
Like a vast river's onward flow.

'Twas here that Socrates gave us
The first in academy's ways:

Lycurgus, too, dealt in law's lore,
And Sappho sang sweetly her lays.
Her warriors in freedom's first van,
Advancing with buckler and shield —
The fate of Chaeroneas' battle,
Caused freedom's first banner to yield.

The prize that Macedon's Philip,
From Demosthenes' phalanx bore,
Sank, only to rise ages hence,
On Columbia's ocean-washed shore,
Guiding from tyranny's darkness,
To the light of a brighter day —
Aye, France, in Bartholdi's mission,
Bids God speed to liberty's way.

We're gathered here in festal mood,
Yes — 'tis our thanksgiving meeting;
No victor of Olympian game,
To be crowned with laurel greeting:
No Isthmean Knight, of noble form,
Who with spruce awaits our crowning,
Yet Steele is here, our library's friend,
To whose thought belongs its founding.

None to claim the parsley garland
Of the Pythian and Nemian sport;
But up steps librarian Ransom,
With his last annual report,
Showing, in a financial way,
With pleasure — how the status looks;
How barren, too, this life would be,
Without our festivals and books.

GARFIELD.

In gilded hall, in guarded tent,
Or in the battle's fray,
Not a statelier head has fallen,
Than that we mourn to-day.
And among the world's great martyrs,
High on the scroll of fame,
Yes, beside lamented Lincoln's
Stands Garfield's cherished name.

Where the lullabies of ocean
Break sadly on the shore,
Columbia sits weeping, as
She once has wept before.
There, stern diplomat and statesman,
With eyes bedimmed with tears,
Tell the Nation of its sorrow,
Its agony, its fears.

The beacon lights of freedom, now
Relit from Jersey's shore,
Proclaim, in accents lurid, that
Our hero is no more.

Ere the morrow's sun is risen
On darkness, death and gloom,
The muffled drum, and tolling bell
Resound a patriot's doom.

Now the Nations stand uncovered
Around the chieftain's bier;
Now all parties, creeds and people

His memory will revere.
As we join in this last requiem,
This tribute to the dead;
We have gained by this sad lesson,
Be it forever said.

THE FORUM.

We have read of Rome's great Forum,
Of its arches deep and high,
How its columns and its friezes
'Neath the dust of ages lie:
Yes, how men of wondrous power,
In this ample circle swayed
The great surging Roman masses;
How the tumult, too, was stayed.

Aye, 'twas in this spacious structure
And hard by Severus' light,
That Cæsar came and talked and planned
E'er Rome's eagle took its flight,
Swift-winged to Europe's farthest shore,
O'er hot Afric's arid sand,
Or on to Asia's desert plain
With Imperial Rome's command.

Here upon the sacred rostrum,
Gems of thought were ever heard;
Here Rome's Orators and Statesmen
On to valor Romans stirred;
As the swinging of the portals
And the sentry on his round,
With the chanting of the vestals
Through these massive walls resound.

Rising high in stately grandeur,
Monument of Rome's great pride,
Like a giant sternly gazing
Out upon old Tiber's tide,
As its strong and yellow current
Flows resistless, full and free,
Onward past the Roman fortress,
Till it mingles with the sea.

'Twas upon its stony pavement
Tyrant greed caused blood to flow,
As Virginia's life here ended
By a father's cruel blow;
Here among the shrines and altars
Wronged Virginius lifts the knife,
In plain view of hated Claudius,
Takes his only daughter's life.

Just beside yon marble statue
Of Rome's Pompey, called the great,
Cæsar tottered, weak and bleeding,
Wrapped within his cloak of state;
Cassius 'twas, with Brutus aiding,
Sent the dagger to his heart,
With no plea save his ambition,—
Well they done a traitor part.

Here came Senators and Generals,
With the Lawyers to the courts,
The victors in triumphal car
And the Prætors to the sports.

Friends, thanks for your kind attention
At our humble Library say,
And as we go through Arch of Titus,
Passing on by Appian Way.

MRS. L. K. H. WHITEHEAD.

BORN: NILES, MICH., NOV. 14, 1853.

THE poems of Mrs. Whitehead have occasionally appeared in the county papers. She was



MRS. LILLIE K. H. WHITEHEAD.

married in 1870 to Charles Whitehead, and now resides at Festus, Mo.

GERANIUM.

As I sit here rocking my baby fair,
A delicate fragrance fills the air,
Of a leaf that is crushed in baby's hand,
From the rose geranium, on the stand.
Oh that the life of my baby fair
Shall be filled with the fragrance of truth
and prayer,
And like geranium leaves, so sweet,
Scatter the fragrance, to all she may meet.
We have a baby at our house—
The sweetest you ever saw,
Her eyes so blue, her lips so red,
In fact our baby's without a flaw.
She has the tiniest hands and feet,
Red rosy cheek and soft brown hair,
Such a cunning a nose and dimpled chin,
Indeed our baby's very fair.

MRS. CORELLI C. W. SIMPSON.

BORN: EAST TAUNTON, MASS., FEB. 20, 1837.

PRIOR to her marriage this lady led an eventful life as teacher, artist and was the first to open a kindergarten in Maine. Since her marriage in 1865 to A. L. Simpson, a leading



MRS. CORELLI C. W. SIMPSON.

lawyer in Bangor, the pencil and brush of Mrs. Simpson, together with her pen, have been kept busily employed. Her poems have received extensive publication in the periodical press, and have been very favorably received.

ENDEAVOR.

Like skyward sparks our souls aspire
To fall as drops the sand.
Morn finds 'mong clouds each heart's desire;
At eve we grope on land.
We've failed our highest to attain,
Shall we then cease to try again?
Alike to things both near and far
With gleeful, prattling shout,
To nurse's cap or distant star
The babe's wee hands stretch out.
From striving shall the babe desist
Because the moon meets not his fist?
How grew the tree with deep-set root?
By reaching toward the sun.
Though standing at the ladder's foot,
Its rounds are one by one.
By constant striving we shall find
Our sheaves and the wherewith to bind.

CONTENT.

While waiting for the lily
We lose the sweet May-flower;
While longing for the sunshine,
The beauties of the shower.
While dreading distant thunder
We miss the bird's sweet song;
While fearing all life's evils
We blind our eyes with wrong.
We wait and long; we fear and dread —
Why may we not enjoy instead?
If heav'n we ask, to heav'n draw near —
Come with the children — Lo! 'tis here.

SONNET TO MRS. FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

Dear Friend,—in leafy, balmy days of June
Thy rarest gems of verse were sung. Thy
hand
Pure thoughts unwrapped and into being
fanned
As screened from sun, or 'neath the silent
moon
With brook and branch of pine thy heart kept
tune.
Dost dream on California's gold-stored strand
Of rock-built mansions, one that,—towering
grand
From banks of waving grass,—this quiet
noon,
O'erlooks and guards our fair Penobscot
stream?
'Mong ferns and sedges which the brooklet
wets
Birds, buds and blossoms breathe of thee to-day.
With brush, though faintly, to refresh thy
dream
I've traced for thee both home and violets.
These simple tributes at thy feet I lay.

A NEW YEAR'S WELCOME TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Come, little ones, with all your wealth
Of joy and mirth, of youth and health!
What would our New Year's gathering be
Without your harmless gaiety?
Haste, tiny feet, and join the dance,
Let eye greet eye, with loving glance,
Let each bright face, like some rare gem,
Shine in our New Year's Diadem.
Come, love-lit smiles of sweet content!
You're not dear, though freely spent.
Come, happy hearts! ye ever shall
Be welcome at our festival.
Sing! sing! for peace reigns o'er our land,
May good will guide each heart and hand,
Let bird-like voices reach the sky,
Christ's life of love to glory!

EDITHA E. WIARD.

BORN: KEITHBURG, ILL., JUNE 9, 1853.

THE poems of Miss Wiard have appeared in the Farmer's Advocate, New Republic and



EDITHA E. WIARD.

the local press generally. She has also written considerable prose and is a local correspondent for several newspapers.

IN MEMORY.

Methinks, that, thus the voice of Christ I
Falling softly on the ear, [hear,
Giving strength and holy cheer,
As the night of death draws near;
Nearer still to Lucy Hayes;
Who acknowledged Him in all her ways.
With his word of truth to guide,
Ever ready sin to chide;
In the cot or mansion grand,
In the highest of our land,
Turning out the fiend of wine;
Whose serpent coils so tightly twine,
'Round its victims day by day,
Leading them so far astray;
Down to depths of sin and shame,
Which we dare not even name.
The voice of the world to her was naught,
She followed only what God taught,
"Looked not on the wine when it was red,"
Nor heeded what men thought or said,
Now with the faithful she's crowned above,
In the heavenly home where all is love.
As she neared the judgment throne,

She heard not the drunkard's moun;
No throng of ruined lives,
Of sorrowing children, heart-broken wives,
Obstructed her pathway of light.
She saw not the fearful sight,
Which many I fear will see:
The wrecks they've caused to be.
Behold the shaking hand,
The tottering feet which can not stand,
The bloodshot eye, beclouded brain,
Hastening on in the funeral train,
Down to the drunkard's doom,
Eternal death and gloom.
Do we want to hear them call,
'Twas you, 'twas you caused us to fall?
Hear a mother say you ruined my boy, [boy.
My life and joy, my well-beloved, my precious
Has ours been the tempter's hand?
Alas! there's many a one in our land.
But praise the Lord, it was not Lucy Hayes,
She acknowledged Him in all her ways.
As our tribute of love we give,
We pray that in like manner we may live;
Though ours be but a lowly sphere,
Yet the voice of Christ we may hear;
As of old he said to one,
"What she could, she hath done."

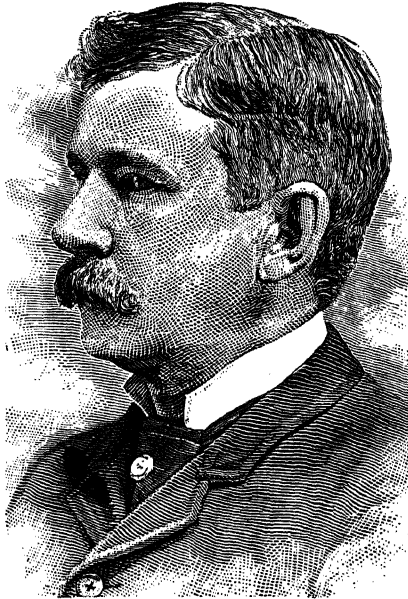
SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Flowers, bright and beautiful flowers,
When your perfume fills the air,
Being distilled by passing showers,
We rejoice our world's so fair.
That for our pleasure as well as our need,
The earth her verdure doth yield:
Love, infinite love herein we read,
The tiny flow'r the waving field.
Flowers, bright and beautiful flowers,
In the glen or on the hill,
As on your beauty we feast, our eyes
See your tints surpassing art;
The violet gazing at the skies,
Finds the hue to paint her heart.
Flowers, bright and beautiful flowers,
Royal rose, the garden queen,
Carrying us back to childhood's hours —
Our home on the hillside green;
Where we've dreamed away the summer day,
By merry laughing brook,
In sylvan shade heard the bright-winged jay,
And read from Nature's book.
Flowers, bright and beautiful flowers,
Emblems of "Our Father's" love:
They come in even the darkest hours,
With a message from above, —
A message sent his children here,
That as He did clothe the grass,
So He'll care for them, they need not fear,
Drink the cup, He holds the glass.

JAMES H. J. WATKINS.

BORN: WALES, MARCH 20, 1843.

IN 1866 Mr. Watkins was ordained as a minister. He has taught elocution in some of the leading academies and seminaries of America. Mr. Watkins now teaches vocal music; is



JAMES H. J. WATKINS.

clerk of the board of supervisors of Herkimer county; and has been justice of the peace for twenty years. Mr. Watkins was editor of the Frankfort Register in 1887. The writings of this journalist and farmer have appeared extensively in the periodical press.

GETTYSBURG.

What priceless glory, what unfeigned delight,
What depth of joy beyond expression quite
Is centered in a nation's memory!
The patriot's heart forever seems to be
A sacred shrine, an urn of purity.

It is not strange ye love this place the best,
For on this field was freedom's crucial test.
We meet to-day that statue to unveil,
And to review the sad, though fruitful tale,
That monument suggests. Could Upton speak
As from that mass of marble he looks forth,
He'd say, "No regiment in all the north
Was braver than the one I did command."
In twenty-five engagements did they stand
Firm as the rock, nor did they ever quail
Under the fiercest charge of leaden hail.

Though oft hemmed in and worried by the foe,
They never lost their flag; the records show,
No matter whether victory or despair,
Their colors always floated in the air.

From Crampton's Pass to Fredericksburg and then

From Salem church and Heights to "Devil's Den."

They bore the blood-red cross in Heaven's name

At Rappahannock station where the flame
Of war's red battle lit the very sky
Their thought was only one — to win or die.
Mine Run came next, the bloody Wilderness
With all its depth of shadow and distress.
At Spottsylvania Court House flashed their steel,

While rebel hordes their force were made to feel.

North Anna saw their sure and deadly aim,
And Totopotomoy beheld the same;
Cold Harbor came and Petersburg in gloom,
Sending full many a brave boy to his doom.
Then came Fort Stevens, then came Summit Point,

Then Winchester where Heaven did anoint
The black horse and his rider. Upton brave
Was wounded on this field, but at once gave,
Like Herkimer of old, command to place
Him at the front; here, bleeding, did he face
The enemy, and did direct the fight,
Until the end, when Early took to flight.
Remembrance e'er will hold his prowess dear,
And o'er his grave we'll shed the sacred tear.
At Fisher's Hill the plucky Sheridan
Early repulsed again; and every man
Who wore the red cross on that bloody field,
Fought with that ardor never known to yield.

Then came New Market, then came Cedar Creek,

In all the annals will you vainly seek
For braver work than that which here was done

By "Upton's regulars;" here was begun
The blow that crumbled Richmond to the ground,

And to the Sixth Corps let the praises sound.
At Hatcher's Run and Petersburg,
They forced the fight like brave and fearless men.

At Sailor's Creek, which closed the bloody fray,

They fought like tigers till they won the day.
And when at Appomattox, General Lee,
Tired and worn out, surrendered peacefully,
The few remaining clothed in battle scars,
Beheld the triumph of the stripes and stars;
Saw like a meteor falling from night's crown,
The star of southern chivalry go down.

But what a few! Where are the noble brave

Who left their homes their cherished land to
save?

They sleep in glory in a shroud of fame;
And as each brave boy fell, straightway his
name

Was changed into a star, flashing and bright,
And standing in the gloom of sorrow's night,
We look aloft and ever keep in view
Those names emblazoned on the 'thereal blue.
The many fell, the few are left to weep,
And up in memory's towers long vigils keep.
Look at the list of casualties. Look o'er
The list of dead and wounded. What a score!
Great heavens! Their's was not a dress
parade.

They did the work while others only played.
Of thirteen hundred men that were enrolled,
Men that were clean and pure as burnished
gold,

Less than three hundred saw the glorious day
When northern blue defeated southern gray.
Rest, martyrs brave! Your work was nobly
done,

The strife is o'er, the victory is won.
Ours be the task with each returning spring
To render as holy offering,
The choicest blossoms that shall sweetly shed
Their perfumed sweetness o'er the nation's
dead.

This battlefield which has so famous grown,
But thirty years ago was hardly known,
Save to the few; and yonder busy town
Slumbered upon those hills without renown,
But in July of eighteen sixty-three
Then dawned an era in its history.

Upon this spot great empires turned their eye
And watched the conflict as the days went by.
Old England, jealous of our grand success;
Our enemy stood waiting to caress;
While fighty France was puckering up her
mouth

To shout a greeting to the solid south. [here!
What great momentous questions centered

The brave and hostile hosts of Mead and Lee
Are on the eve of battle. Every road
That leads to Gettysburg groans with the
load [Hill,

Of serried hosts. From Chambersburg comes
While from Carlisle comes Ewell with a will,
Flushed with success on recent fields of strife.
The foe is kindled up anew with life.
On they advance full fifty thousand strong,
Sure triumph is the burden of their song.

The union soldiers stricken with a chill
By our reverse at fated Chancellorville,
Are still, as always, ready for the fray,
And cheerfully the "forward march" obey.
From Emmetsburg and Taneytown they
speed

At double quick; the new commander, Mead,

Has not arrived, but Reynolds, brave and
true, [through

Assumes command; onward he marches
The quaint old town, until he meets the foe.
The conflict rages, the initial blow
Is struck by Buford; but disaster came,
The noble Reynolds, born for deeds of fame,
Fell at the first encounter. The first day
Yields bitter fruit, construe it as we may.

'Tis July second. Mead is on the field.
Surely this mass of patriots ne'er will yield,
Hancock's and Slocum's, Sedgwick's sixth
corps brave,

Have all arrived, and surely they can save
The day. 'Tis true they strive until the night
Falls on the scenes, and yet the fight
Is undecided as when Reynolds fell,
Great God, what carnage? Who can fully tell
The tale of sorrow here endured this day.

Haste on the day of hallowed peace we pray.
'Tis July third. Slocum has won Culp's Hill.
The sixth corps bravely force the fight, until
Johnson is driven from the vantage ground,
When silence reigns o'er all the field around.
'Tis noon; and not a signal gun is heard.

At length the quick air of heaven is stirred
As if by thunderbolts; fierce shot and shell
With fearful havoc on our army tell.
Our cannoneers at once return the fire,
And men by hundreds on the ground expire.
This fierce artillery fire was ne'er outdone;
Here noble Cushing fell upon his gun.
At length our firing ceases; silence reigns,
And suddenly across the open plains
Come Pickett's forces led by Armistead.

Now comes the tug of war. Are they misled?
Our firing ceases; do they deem us worn,
Our lines are all broken and our courage
gone?

It is a sad mistake. With solid ball
We mow them down, but as the columns fall
Others re-form in place, and onward still
They march until they reach the fatal hill.
The bloody angle (and the name is right)
For here is found the thickest of the fight;
Here is the contest that must tell the tale.

If on this spot the union army fall
No future contest will by us be won.
The stars and bars will float over Washington.
But God is in the conflict. Backward flee
The battered lines of southern chivalry.
Backward they flee, but leave their leader
dead,

The gallant though misguided Armistead.
Four hundred monuments like lines of light
Stand on this field to mark the bloody fight.
Here will the nation come through future
years

To show its ardor and to shed its tears.
'Tis well; this land redeemed by blood, is ours,
Against the hopes of hostile foreign powers.

MRS. ELLA D. BENTLEY.

BORN: NEW ORLEANS, LA., 1858.

IN 1874, at the age of sixteen, this lady was married to Linden E. Bentley, editor and proprietor of the Donaldsonville Chief. She is now associate-editor of that publication, and is considered one of the most prominent literary women of Louisiana. Mrs. Bentley



MRS. ELLA D. BENTLEY.

was the first vice-president of the Louisiana Press Association for a term of three years, and again received the re-election. Her poems have appeared in the New Orleans Times, Picayune, Republican and other prominent publications. Mrs. Bentley is possessed of rare good spirits, is of pleasing address, and a leader in social circles.

THE THRESHOLD.

Again we stand with weary, faltering feet
Upon the threshold of another year,
Unclasp once more the ponderous scroll of time,

With sad eyes read the record written here.
Across its pages memory sends a gleam
Of sunshine, or a shade of deep regret,
And recollection's mystic finger points
To that we cherish most or would forget.

Here friendship's hand has written tender words,

And there a trusted heart has proved untrue;

Each solemn leaf is touched with checkered tints

Of pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, too.
Yet, who would quaff the cup of Lethe to-night,

For all the book is stained with tears of woe,
Somewhere it holds the light of happier days,
Sweet brightness in the gloom of "Long Ago."

But see the promise in the distant east,
Encarmined with the glow of coming morn;
The sobbing wind wails out the dead year's dirge,

Then laughs a greeting to the year new-born,

And swells in echoes from the walls of time
Up to the splendor of the star-gemmed sky—

The future's Mecca tempts life's pilgrim on;
So shut the book, and bid the past good-by.

FINIS.

Six feet of earth, and a hero lies
Under the sheen of the sun-kissed skies,
While a weeping nation stills its sighs

To whisper the meed of his glory;

Six feet of earth, and a felon's clay

Thrust from the pitiless light of day,

An Ishmael outcast, with none to pray

Or grieve o'er his shameful story.

Six feet of earth, and an honored wife,

Whose pure hands weary of struggle and strife,

Caught at the hope of a higher life,

And are clasped 'neath the marble's praises;

Six feet of earth, and a wanton bold,

Whose birth was a crime, whose honor was sold

In the market of lust, for the glint of gold,
Is slumbering under the daisies.

Chiseled column and sculptured bust,

Towering high over cherished dust,

Or a grass-grown grave in the potter's-field,

With only the bending clouds to shield:

Who knows the story of chances lost,

Of fond hearts broken and passion-tossed

Amid life's tumult, and who can tell

Which was deserving heaven or hell.

QUIEN SABE.

There is within our souls a hidden life
Which those we cherish fondest cannot share,
Where long remembered love and tender words
Are treasured deep. And none may enter there,

The secrets which we hold so close to guess;
Or when we blithely laugh, seem glad and gay,

Can tell how near the bitter tears may press,
Or what deep griefs our sad hearts hide away.

ANNE GARDNER HALE.

BORN: NEWBURYPORT, MASS., AUG. 2, 1823.
As a writer of both prose and verse this lady has gained an enviable reputation. Her poems have appeared in over twenty of the leading



ANNE GARDNER HALE.

eastern periodicals, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. She is the author of several works and is now preparing a volume of poems for the press. Miss Hale is genial and agreeable in manners, and very entertaining in conversation.

CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER.

Now hath the conqueror, Spring,
Her banner of life unfurled;
Out from the shadow of death's dark wing
Calling the sleeping world!
Over the sunny hills
Sending the silver streams,
Swelling the song of the joyous rills
'Neath the fair moon's placid beams.
The blast of her trumpeter, March,
Rang through the kingdom's wide,
Shivering winter's triumph-arch—
Razing his throne of pride;
And he, a dotard old,
Fled, as his footsteps light
Wakened to verdure the sere, dry wold
In the fairies' dance at night.
Lady of grace serene,
Patiently April wrought,

Weaving a robe for the beauteous queen
From the promise of life she brought.
Her scepter a budding spray,
Her crown but a flowery wreath,
Yet the gentle maid hath a firmer sway
Than the stern, cold king of death.

The rocks to dust may fret,
The hills and mountains fall,
On all things earthly death's seal be set,
Yet breaks at length his thrall.
From the crypts of the vanished past,
From the ashes of grim decay,
This earth, exultant, brings forth at last
The bounding life of May!

The world is growing old —
Hoary in pain and crime;
Yet, still, the promised age of gold
Shall the years bring 'round in time;
Sure — as from winter's gloom
Rises the springtime glow;
Sweet as the blossoms that bud and bloom
From the buried bulb below.

SONG.

Come over the hills to the sea, love!
Come over the hills to the sea! [sky
Here the sun looks down from the arching
And the wild winds wander free.
We will think no more of the sad, sad past,
All joy shall our future be,
And we'll muse at will on her kingdom vast
As we gaze on the open sea.

From the dismal wood and the stifling town,
Come, love, with your drooping heart,
And the mighty voice of the ocean, here,
Shall bid each grief depart.
We will watch the sun from his morning
couch

Ascend to his topmost throne,
And fondly mark at the twilight hour
Where his lingering rays have shone.

When the moon comes up from the glitter-
ing tide,
As if from her diamond caves,
We'll list to the song of her vassal throng,
The ever restless waves.
Where the fisher-boats rock on the yeasty
deep

Shall our thoughts in their roving go,
And the white sea-gull like our glad hearts
seem

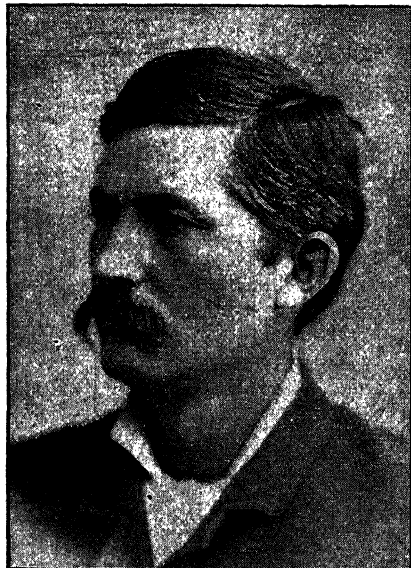
As he glimmers to and fro.

Oh! the sea to us shall a picture be
Of our unknown future, love,—
With its ceaseless song and its vassal tides,
And its blue sky bent above!
So come o'er the hills to the sea, love!
Come o'er the hills to the sea!
Forget the past, our lot is cast
By the side of the glorious sea!

JOHN S. SMITH.

BORN: JAY CO., IND., MARCH 13, 1848.

THIS journalist is the editor and proprietor of the Advance, published at Osceola, Mo. He was married in 1881 to Miss Annie B. Nal-



JOHN S. SMITH.

ley. The poems of Mr. Smith have appeared in the Chicago Ledger and the periodical press generally. Mr. Smith has become well and favorably known in the state of his adoption, and numbers among his friends and acquaintances many ardent admirers.

WORK TO-DAY.

Life is but a moment —
It passeth soon away;
There is no room for idlers,
There is no time for play.

Toil ever without ceasing,
With willing hands and strong;
And with undaunted courage
Wage battle 'gainst the wrong.

Labor for the Master,
The toiling soul will win
A crown of fadeless glory,
A home that's free from sin.

Then be up and doing,
The morning's rosy light

May soon be changed to shadows
Of deep and cheerless light.

"Onward," be your motto,
Oh, hasten to fulfill
In love, each kind requirement
Of Jesus' holy will.

Soon you'll hear him calling:
"Come, all ye blessed come,
And reign with me forever
In an eternal home."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, the soft resplendence,
Of morning's rosy light,
Has filled the world with gladness,
Each heart with pure delight.

Oh, consummate exhaustless,
The source of human joy!
Our earth an Eden seemeth,
With nothing to annoy.

To-morrow, deepest shadows
Have covered like a pall,
The silent king of darkness
Is reigning over all.

To-day, fair fortune smileth;
The wealth of health is ours;
Our tireless feet are treading
In paths o'erstrewn with flowers;

Kind friends, with smiling faces,
Speak words of comfort sweet,
Until our hearts are thrilling,
With happiness replete.

To-morrow, friends have vanished,
And all is wrapped in gloom;
Awearied faint, desponding,
We near the silent tomb.

To-day a father liveth,
A mother's voice I hear;
A brother and a sister
Fill home with love and cheer.

No thoughts of sorrow darken
The brow with ruffled care;
No clouds obscure the future —
All, all is bright and fair.

To-morrow, all is silent;
Each fairy vision's fled;
Loved one, so well rememb'red,
Are sleeping with the dead.

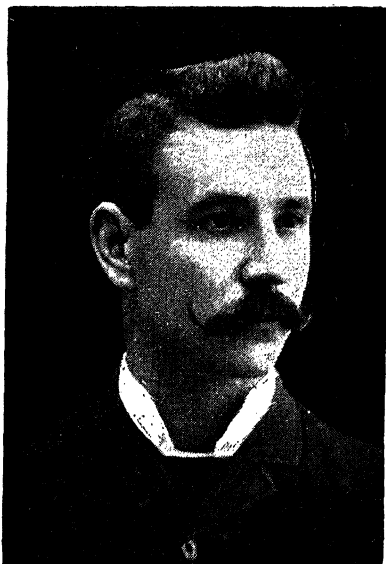
PHILANTHROPY.

Honor first to him belongs
Whose heart with deep compassion glows;
Whose every word, whose every deed,
Intense humanity disclose.

BURT FOWLES.

BORN: AHNAPEE, WIS., APRIL 22, 1884.

THE occupation of Burt Fowles is that of a marble cutter, but he is now the manager of a



BURT FOWLES.

monthly magazine. The poems of Mr. Fowles have appeared in a number of well-known periodicals, and have received very flattering praise.

THE DESERTED HOME.

Beside the wooded hill it stands
 Forsaken and so awful still,
 As tho' the tread of happy bands
 Had never crossed its well-worn sill
 No merry laugh or jesting word —
 Alas, no faithful watch-dogs bark,
 No lowing of the kine is heard
 As evening shades grow long and dark.
 The path where many feet have tread
 Is all o'ergrown with tangled grass,
 The orchard old whose trees are dead
 And broken down, is of the past.
 The roof is going, the door is gone,
 And forward leans the rustic gate,
 Almost too weak to stand alone,
 And for the loved ones seems to wait.
 No stranger now e'er enters there,
 No gentle voice is heard in song,
 No footsteps echo on the stair,
 Nor tread the grassy pathway long.

No merry laughter now is heard
 By children's voices light and gay,
 Naught but the echo of the bird
 That sings its song and soars away.
 Ah! Gone are all it held once dear,
 Yes, gone to live in other lands,
 And left to crumble with the years
 This long deserted farm-house stands.
 Beneath the shadow of the hill
 In sweet repose there calmly sleep
 An aged pair in silence still,
 And vigil o'er that home they keep.

THE MASTER-HAND.

The list'ner stood in solemn awe
 And listened to the master-hand
 That idly roamed the keys, and saw
 Down secret aisles a mystic strand,—
 A chord harmonious rang and woke
 To life the silent empty space
 Its echo drifting back — then broke
 A light, and glory filled the place —
 A pause — a measure soft and slow
 As whisp'rings thro' the swaying pine
 Its cadence sweet, and sad, and low,
 From solemn depths to heights sublime.
 Then like the great tempestuous sea
 With heaving breast 'neath light'ning flash —
 Then breaks a calm that lulls the free,
 Bright waves to rest, they cease to splash
 But rip'ling turn to pat'ring rain
 Whose drop, drop, drop, drifts by —
 A wail — a sob — a mournful strain
 That ending echoes back a sigh.

A LOST DAY!

A lost, lost day — what matters it
 Among so many days?
 With careless words and idle wit
 We drive dull care away.
 Can one small day be really lost
 In this great world of ours?
 Can it unnoticed float across
 The stream of time, with hours?
 So many idle, empty days
 That ever go and come,
 What can it matter to our ways
 To lose a single one?
 So many weary, dreary days,
 We're glad to waste a few,
 We try our best in different ways
 To lose just one or two.
 That day is lost wherein no deed
 Of kindness has been done,
 Where patient hand has sown no seed,
 No kindly smile has won.
 O lost, lost day! forever still,
 Embalmed with bitter tears,
 In solemn silence, wreaking chill,
 Within the tomb of years.

ANNA MARIE NEIS.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, SEPT. 28, 1867.

THIS young lady is very fond of literature, and has written both prose and verse. She is



ANNA MARIE NEIS.

very ambitious, and is now studying to become an artist. Miss Neis now resides in Newark, N. J.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Ho! the village blacksmith,
All the live-long day,
The ringing of his anvil,
Wears many hours away.

How manfully he lifts his arm,
And strikes the heavy blow,
The hammer beating perfect time,
As he swings it to and fro.

Listen to the anvil!
The sound is very dear,
As across the little park,
It rings out loud and clear.

'Tis the only chiming sound,
That keeps the village stirring,
For in the quiet little town,
There's nothing much occurring.

On a bright and sunny morning,
When the sky is blue,
And the grass is fresh and green,
And slightly wet with dew,

The farmer boy may be seen
Coming from afar,
With horse to shoe, wagon to fix,
And to get a box of tar.

Then a little chit-chat
In a loud and jolly tone,
The farmer boy hooks up his horse,
And hurries on toward home.

No sooner is he out of sight,
Than others come and go,
Thus keeping the village blacksmith's
shop

In a continual glow.

The smith is known for many a mile,
And greatly esteemed it appears,
For he has been the village smith
For five and twenty years.

But things will change as time goes on
And cause us deep despair,
For in the little village shop,
The smith is no more there.

For sickness came as it will to all
Midst pleasure and midst mirth,
And sad to say in three short days
He departed from this earth.

The shock is great to all around,
Even those who knew him not,
His death casts a shadow,
Which will not be soon forgot.

In the quiet little churchyard
The smith was laid low,
Where the green grass and the flowers,
Will soon begin to grow.

The birds will sing their songs
In the bright and genial days,
Near the lonely grave where
The village blacksmith lays.

VACATION.

EXTRACT.

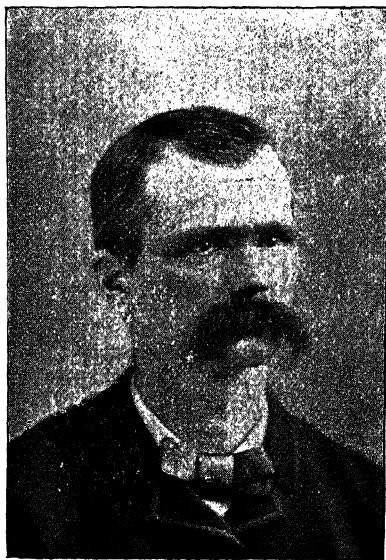
In loneliness there we ponder,
How long the time will be,
Ere we shall have the pleasure
Our native town to see.
We muse, but still we're happy
Studying all the day,
And as we study diligently
Our loneliness wears away.

We long for a glimpse of sunshine,
That spreads itself so free,
All over the grass and trees and flowers,
And over the whole country.
But still the sun shines 'round us,
The trees and flowers are all the same,
But still it is not the village
From whence we shortly came.

CHARLES L. CLEAVELAND.

BORN: CANADA, FEB. 25, 1855.

The poems of Mr. Cleaveland have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean, News, Current and other papers of



CHARLES LORENZO CLEAVELAND.

equal prominence, from which they have been copied by the periodical press. He is now a resident of Millbury, Mass., where he is well known.

A PINE WOOD'S SONNET.

This is the inner circle of the pines;
 Yet here within the sweet and ancient shade
 The calls are heard of labor and of trade,
 The saw mill's whistle, as the sun declines,
 Breaks through this solitude; and certain
 signs
 Mark where shrewd men have keen inspection made
 Of these tall timbers, whose square feet
 arrayed
 Made quick their blood, as though with mel-
 low wines.

And while that brook, like a full artery,
 With silent force throbs through the wood-
 land wild,

While like a breathing bosom does appear
 The gentle waving of each rounded tree
 That stirs within the evening breezes mild,
 It seems the heart of Michigan beats here!

SHE SPEAKS.

How fair the moonbeams mild that shine
 Within the apple boughs, and twine
 With peaceful light the loving leaves!
 Hark, love, the whip-poor-will that grieves,
 Amid the bluff's secluded wood,
 For some lost thing not understood.
 Our little friend within the grass,
 The cricket, as we slowly pass,
 Gives us a cheerful roundelay
 That chases every doubt away.

A WILD FLOWER.

Thou milk-white creature of May —
 White petals, and golden hearted —
 What dreams of a vanished day
 Hast thou in memory started!

Thy sisters of long ago
 Were sweet to their human brothers;
 And thou recallest the glow
 Of a spring above all others.

Ah, haply some careless wight
 Shall look upon thee to-morrow,
 From a May day full of delight
 That hideth no old-time sorrow;

And thy kin of a future year
 Shall meet him in sadder places;
 Then thou to his heart shalt appear
 With earth's most heavenly graces!

STONE.

Unlike all other shapes of earth that be
 They seem, in their uniqueness, to one's
 thought
 To be with some ennobled passion fraught —
 The rock's distinct and ancient chivalry!

PLOWING.

My furrow is a royal road;
 A tender song I sing,
 To think my love is standing where
 The glass is glittering.

SYMPATHY.

Her sympathy is wide and sweet,
 Joined unto knowledge deep and clear.
 Though never be the world complete,
 She holds the simple creed, good cheer,
 As much as is at life's command,
 To be the best for heart and hand.

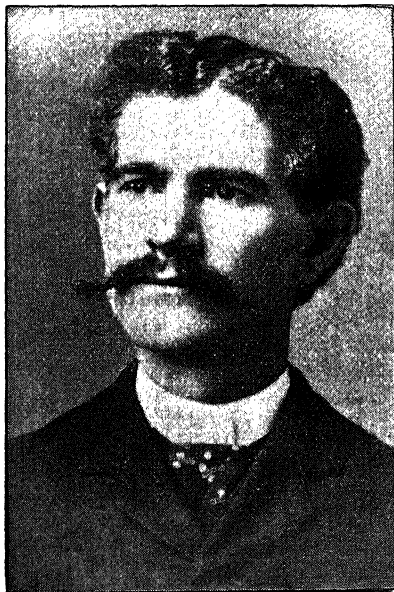
THE BOYS.

We felt no need of art's adorning,
 No thought of method's countless names.
 The wakeful currents of the morning
 Were flashing in our lusty frames.

BYRON T. KING.

BORN: PORTLAND, ME., APRIL 15, 1856.

COMMENCING life as a bundle boy in a dry goods store, young King soon became one of the brightest and most popular dry-goods clerk in his native city. In 1871 he went to Boston, where he became one of the highest salaried men in the trade. But he would see the world, and in 1875 he started on a trip around the world; in four years he had traveled in Africa, China, India, Japan and the continent



BYRON T. KING.

of Europe. In 1879 Mr. King returned to this country and settled down to business as a successful dry-goods merchant in Springfield, Mo. He retired from that business in 1889, as the Scott Investment Company, one of the largest corporations in the southwest, of which he is vice-president and general manager, requires the greater part of his time. Since 1868 various poems from the pen of Mr. King have appeared in the periodical press, and he has also contributed letters of travel in Spain and Portugal and other countries.

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing,
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul, with truth agreeing,
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,

And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother;
Therefore let us serve each other,
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies!
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances

Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad heart's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More religion, less profession!
More firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion,
More of love and less of passion—
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever,
Let it be the soul's endeavor.
Love from hatred to discover;
And in whatso'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty
To our highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true.

MRS. LAURA A. RANDALL.

BORN: INGHAM CO., MICH., MAY 7, 1847.

THIS lady was married in 1865 to Dr. C. L. Randall, and still resides in her native state at Dansville. Her poems have appeared quite extensively in the local press.

FLOWERS.

Another season is coming,
Swift passes the fleeting hours;
Coming with golden sunshine,
And its wealth of beautiful flowers.

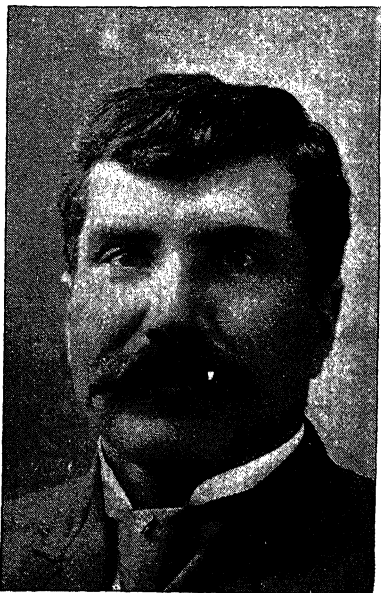
As stars light the glorious heavens,
Flowers gem and beautify earth;
We thank the bountiful Giver,
For their fragrance, beauty and worth.

O flowers, sweet flowers in your brightness,
Ye comfort and gladden our heart,
And help us along in our life work
To act nobler and better our part.

JOHN SAMUEL LAFORTUNE.

BORN: ELK CREEK, NEB., AUG. 22, 1862.

EMIGRATING to California in 1875, Mr. LaFortune now resides at Tulare. At the age of twenty he became the associate-editor of a local paper, and from that time he has contri-



JOHN SAMUEL L'FORTUNE.

buted poems more or less to the public press. In 1887 Mr. LaFortune became the editor and proprietor of the Tulare Democratic Free Press. For nearly three years this journalist has been connected with staff of telegraphic correspondence of the leading papers of the Pacific coast.

CALIFORNIA SPRING.

Our California hills are green, 'tis Spring,
The Vales are rife with Song and blossoming.
The flowers of many lands we here behold,
In dress of amber, purple, red and gold.

The birds in chambers green and streams
along,
The forests wake with bursts of matin song.
Aurora gilds the stream, the field and plain,
And Ceres smiling walks the fields of grain.

At Eve when in the glorious golden west,
The Sun has sunk behind the hills to rest;
O'er the mountains like a blushing bride,

The moon looks o'er the valleys, fair and wide;

And paints the verdure here in darker hue,
And gilds the snowy mounts against the blue.

'Tis then the hour when loving eyes shine out,
And Cupid smiles, and rosebud-lips do pout.

Oh, California's hills and spangled bowers,
Her singing birds and cool refreshing show-
ers,

Her orange groves and her swift blushing
streams,
Are fairer than the poet's idle dreams.

ELDORADO.

Peace smiles upon the verdant hills
And o'er the flowery dells,
And from ten thousand flashing rills
Fair Nature's pean swells.

Here side by side this Spring-tide day,
Earth's fairest flowers gleam;
The royal purple and the gray
Contrast their glowing sheen.

There's "cattle on a thousand hills,"
The flocks roam by the lea;
While fields of grain the wide plains fill
From mountains to the sea.

The feathered songster blithely sings
Among the fruited trees.
From bloom to flower on busy wings
Speed on the busy bees.

The river's sing their songs of praise,
The wooded banks prolong;
The echo of their roundelays
Their simple, grateful song.

Afar the mountain's fleecy crown
And robe of dazzling white,
On fields of waving grain look down
With brilliant sparkling light.

There miners break the stubborn earth
Beneath the mountain pine,
Or toil where sunlight ne'er had birth
Within the gloomy mine.

Acuity stands beside the sea,
A fair and saintly queen —
Her Kingdom is the dark-blue sea,
The hills and valleys green.

There commerce threads its snowy wings
Outreaching far and wide,
The wealth of foreign lands it brings
On each recurring tide.

O, land by many poets sung,
O, land by nature blest,
How proud thy place, fair lands among,
Bright daughter of the west.

KATHARINE J. MOORE.

BORN: BALTO, MD.

ONE of the well-known local poets of southern Pennsylvania is Miss Kathie Moore. Although born in Maryland she claims Pennsylvania as her native state, her family locating there when Kathie was but a few months old. With the exception of two years and a half spent in



KATHARINE JOSEPHINE MOORE.

traveling, the whole of her life has been passed quietly in the little valley city of York, Pa. Miss Kathie graduated from the high school of that place in 1876, and for several years thereafter taught school. Later Miss Moore took charge of *The Kaleidoscope*, a child's magazine. She is now engaged as editor of *The Home Guard*, and also is now the editor of *The Fountain*, a first-class monthly magazine devoted to supplementary reading in the schools.

THE TANGLE OF GRASSES.

A tangle of dripping grasses
With daisies abloom and sweet,
A shining of placid waters
Where land and the river meet.
Beyond, fair slopes of the grasses,
Fair clumps of the daisy sheen,
A sky stooping tenderly over,
A soft wind blowing between.
Beyond on the fair, wide river,
A glinting of sunlight afar,

A gleaming of wide, white lilies,
A sail shining out like a star,
A vision outlying in sunshine;
A land and a river serene —
Life blooming and death like a river,
A tangle of grasses between.
Life blooming and death like a river;
Forever it touches life's strand,
With naught but a tangle of grasses
Dividing the water and land.

I CAN'T HELP IT.

If, in between my page and me,
This languid, dreamy weather,
There comes a face I used to see
When we two were together;
If mem'ries of those sweet old days
Bloom out from time's embalming haze,
And thoughts more dear than I can tell
Awake and bind me with their spell,—
Well — I can't help it!

And if between my page and me,
This fragrant, sunny weather,
There comes a time I used to know
When we two were together;
And if I think her tender eyes
More pure than are these clear June skies,
And if I think her sunny smile
Might all earth's weary cares beguile,
Well — I can't help it!

A picture grows upon my page,
We two are there together;
We drive through mists of drenching rain;
But who minds cloudy weather?
And if I call that time most fair,
And wish that we again were there,
And if I fancy that she, too,
Deems that the gladdest day she knew,
Well — I can't help it!

Ah, well! those days are past and gone —
Those days of perfect weather;
Our paths lie so remote,—could they
Have once been near together?
But if I long, just once, to go
To where the cool north breezes blow,
And if I long, just once, to see
That face grow bright with smiles for me,
Well — I can't help it!

EXTRACT.

There's a patter and a tapping on the pane,
And the music of a steady falling rain,
As it falleth,
Falleth,
Falleth,
On the earth so brown and bare,
Where in summer time the grasses grew
So green and high and fair.

JOHN LETCHER PATTERSON.

BORN: LEXINGTON, KY., JUNE 10, 1862.

GRADUATING at Harvard in 1888, Mr. Patterson later entered the profession of teaching, and is now principal of the high school at Ver-



JOHN LETCHER PATTERSON.

sailles. Prof. Patterson has contributed quite extensively some very fine poems to the leading magazines, and hopes soon to issue a volume of his productions.

TWO SIGHS.

One sigh for a song,

For a song that is sung;

It was sung me erst long

Was the song.

And one for a rose,

For a rose whilom white,

It is faded to-night

Is the rose.

Love sang me the song,

And love gave me the flower

In a long vanished hour—

Rose and song.

And so will I sigh

Since 'tis all love has left;

When in thought I'm adrift,

Will I sigh.

UNDER THE ASPENS.

The minstrel wind's love-touch has made
The gleaming bosom of the lake

To palpitate in sweet alarm.

The aspen trees resent the kiss

The saucy reveller gave, trembling

Musically to eye and ear,

While silver leaves beam like faint stars

And twinkle in the tender blue.

A careless dreamer lies beneath

The milky way of leaves, and loves

To hear the tales the aspens tell

How such a lover said "I love,"

And carved within their snowy peel

Two names he would were one.

OVER A PICTURE.

Sweet girl, I love thee for thy face

Where soul and beauty find a place

To dwell with purity. A mien

Of poesy's conceit hast thou —

In Grecian mind thou must have been

A Goddess meant for Parian snow.

God took the thought and chiseled thee

From his divine and throbbing clay.

Above the pictured face I dream

And look until my eyes grow dim;

Her features blend into a blot,

My heart's cold altar of desire,

Her eye, a flame forget-me-not

Shall light forever with pure fire,

And by those heaven-tender eyes

Shall burn a holy sacrifice.

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

When the slender shallop of the moon

Glides among the stars on the purple sea,

Propelled by sails unseen and winds unknown,

Dashing softly earthward a silver spray,

Wakeful thou art singing dreamily.

All unbeautiful is now unseen

Beneath the silver-plating of the spray,

The white-robed Earth swings incense to her queen,

And silent are the choristers for thee

To sing the solo of thy roundelay.

Poet-laureate of blossomed glade,

The interwoven notes of melody

Which loudly fill thy ruffled throat or fade,

And faint in tenderness from tree to tree

Were made for such a night, the night for thee.

Fragrant almost is thy minstrelsy! [bliss—

I scarcely know which sense receives the

I hear it, smell it with the apple tree,

And even feel it with the breezes' kiss,

So all pervading is its tenderness.

And beautiful is each phantasy

Awakened by thy song — a prayer were true

Than any christian even sent on high,

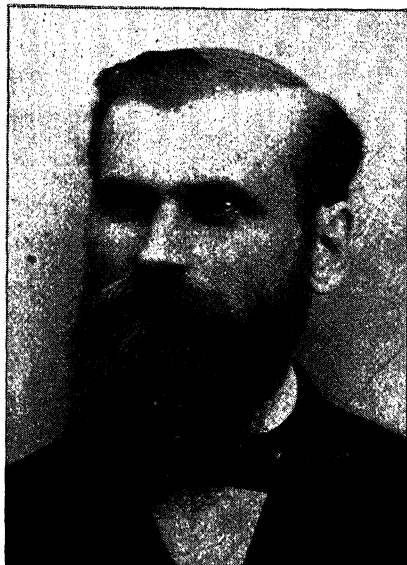
And peaceful calmness comes with thy adieu

As that pure orison transcends the blue.

REV. HOLMAN K. HASTINGS.

BORN: BRISTOL, N. H., OCT. 15, 1853.

IN 1875 Mr. Hastings entered the Vermont Conference and served pastorates at Guilford, Bondville, Tunbridge and Hancock, Vermont. Mr. Hastings was superintendent of schools for two years, and in 1882 was elected a repre-



REV. HOLMAN H. HASTINGS.

sentative to the Vermont legislature. In 1886 he received the degree of Ph. D. at the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington. The same year the Rev. Hastings was transferred from the Vermont conference to northwest Iowa and appointed pastor at Odebolt, and later at West Side, where he is at present methodist episcopal minister.

POEM.

Three and fifty years; years fraught with care,
and toil have passed,
Though not lost, yet reckoned evermore
among the vast
Realm of years, filling the cycle of eternal
ages;
Whose annals are worthy of historians or
sages.
Half a century and more ago, when it was
said,
That a lovely blue-eyed maiden to the altar led
In a plain gown, nature's beauty mantled
with golden hair,
By a stately young man,—weren't they a love-
ly pair!

There lived a respectable tanner in Bristol
town,

A royal good man,—since honored with the
governor's gown;

And well to do, he had, 'twas thought for
those early days,

Something uncommon to see, much less to
own a chaise.

One delightful morn in 'early spring, John
hastened to hire

The chaise, that they might ride all the day
long and not tire.

To the parson in great pomp and ease they
sped away,

And they twain, until death should part, were
made on that day.

All day long through the streets of the town
in burning sun,

For what do you suppose they'd now care
since they are one?

Up and down hill, over dale rode they merry
and gay,

This, you will remember was fifty-three years
to-day.

Think you not the bride with sparkling eyes,
affection's beauty,

And the groom, kind and true, ever strong
and brave to duty,

Were as worthy a couple as ever achieved
success?

More than miniature of hope and promise they
possess.

Firm and manly, true and virtuously side
by side,

Braving the storms, sharing the toils and
stemming the tide;

John and Dorothy to each other, happiness
and strength

Have been, riches, too, and blessing, the
whole journey's length.

This anniversary of your solemn nuptial
vows,

While over life's rolling main, your bark,
storm-tossed, still plows,

Is a noble monument of God's most holy laws,
Reared and dedicated this day to the mar-
riage cause.

Dear parents, of children you've had the num-
ber of eleven,

Of boys a large group all in a row the sacred
seven;

One boy, then three girls, God added, to your
lives now troubled;

Wonder surprising, behold! the eleven have
doubled.

Gustavus Adolphus, after the royal prince
was named,

Examined the Swedish warrior marched, but
never maimed,

With the boys in blue to the front, often
times forsaken;
The war over, for better or worse, Nellie was
taken.

The first name was appropriate to the very
letter,
In search of another, and for the want of a
better,
Since for a girl a royal name is difficult to find,
Liza Ann given to Batchelder's arts much
study in mind.

Clarinda Jane Bartlett appears along in the
train,
Fraught with such a name, will ever work
with might and main;
With a heart as broad as the name, Cupid
from above
For a Sanborn filled with sweet nectar, the
cup of love. [sire,

Records old and poets many, sage alike with
Gleaning for names, the spell was broken,
Laura Maria

Sounded forth, and before the last maiden
corner passed,

Tailoress she was, a Taylor truly is at last.

Exploring the realms of the dead, the living
inspire,

Sir John Franklin, Jr., explored no farther
than the choir,

Perchance, charmed with Helen, a fair daugh-
ter of these lands,
Has music enough, since they joined hearts
and hands.

Giving many mechanics, the smith and the
wheel-right,
But none skilled in oratory, nor teachers of
the right,

To this sacerdotal office was given George
Henry,

Who associated with him in this portion, Jen-
nie.

Charles Albert, a mighty prince over his house
doth reign;

To Frankie, his idol joined, forever to re-
main,

Not to a heathen God, all hallowed blood of-
fering,

But at liberty's altar, for freedom laboring.

From the royal line of gubernatorial fame,
Levi Woodbury, honest and true, derived his
name,

Wandering far and wide over western prair-
ies vast,

Roamed till satisfied, concluded to take Tillie
at last.

The parents before the altar consecrate a
teacher,

And christened a circuit rider, Holman Kel-
ley, the preacher.

The writer, to exalted fame no high claims
can lay,
But to parents and Phie, ever grateful tribute
pay.

Myron Lincoln, from Abe's own bosom with
genius full,

The thunder and roar of engine and throttle
pull

His highest glory; and Maggie his fond admir-
ation,

Now flying on his steed o'er plain, sweeping
in rotation.

The seventh son in row, failing in a name
more renowned,

Almon Curtis, for his Addie, much preference
abound.

The Doctor most aptly and potently applies
his skill,

The old homestead in Bristol town, ever dear,
to till.

Dear parents, of all your long and respectable
train,

Only four of your own in old New England
remain;

Six are scattered throughout the great west for
a short time,

And one is abiding in Florida's sunny clime.

In this world of conflict and change Sundered
must we be,

But God grant that all may be gathered be-
yond the sea.

With devout thankfulness, not one is counted
to-day,

With the sacred dead, consigned in mother
earth to lay.

Sail on thou storm-rocked bark with thy sil-
vered locks like sails

Floating in the autumnal breeze, borne from
heaven's gales;

Thy knitted bows, dew bedecked and all
wrinkled with age,

Gemmed with many stars; thy soul's eternal
love engage.

May it never tempest-riven be, or caused to
strand

Till thy lives in snowy whiteness gain the
glory land.

Thou hast almost gained the heavenly port:
Sail on!

Night a little longer, then 'twill be eternal
morn.

Once more dear ones we turn and linger in
the old home,

While our hearts and minds arise to heaven's
dome,

That in this dear home your children you may
often view,

Till this spot and each other on earth we bid
adieu.

MRS. FANNY SPEAR YOUNG.

BORN: KEMPER CO., MISS., OCT. 6, 1844.

THE poems of this lady appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. She was married in 1866 to Capt. W. F. Young. She has



MRS. FANNY SPEAR YOUNG.

written both prose and verse from an early age. Mrs. Young resides with her family at Longview, Texas, where she has become very popular.

TO MY BABY'S PICTURE.

O, image! dearer far to me
Than costliest gem in earth or sea,
Than diamonds, brighter, and aglow
With love, those eyes that glad me so.
Those lips of coral, bathed in love,
Breathe sweets that lift my heart above —
This mother's heart such transports share
That every care some bliss doth wear.

O, eyes! may never sorrow blight
The sweet young joy that makes your light.
May naught e'er dim those eyes with tears,
From wrong, O Fate! guard well her years.
Alas! how bitter 'tis to feel
That woe to us is other's weal.
Oh! may'st thou ne'er have foes assail thee,
And th' ties thou deem'dst could never fail
thee
Prove broken faith. Our joy is fled,

When th' faith we trusted wags its head.
From out that mouth, my lovely child,
Speak words of wisdom, gentle, mild,
O, brow! with intellect abeam,
May thought and act and effort teem
With good, and thus commend the ways
Of Him whom Heaven and angels praise.

O, time! deal gently with my jewel,
And safely through temptation's cruel
And thorny pathway, lead my child;
Oh! lead her past each wicked wild.
I wonder now and strive to see
What in the future thou wilt be,
O innocence! it can't be true,
That crime thy heart will e'er imbue,
Forebodings vain. My prayer shall be,
My God! I trust it all to thee.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

EXTRACT.

A father looks upon his boy with pride,
With prospect bright the future lures his joy
And admiration. His intellect he prunes,
And with his own strong arm he leads him up
The rugged hill to manhood — gives the world
His second self, a noble scion, and then,
In quiet content, he hails the sweeter calm
Of life's adieu.

Old ocean wafts

No lullaby so sweet as mother's words,
The winds no language whisper half so pure,
The brightest flower boasts no fadeless
bloom;

And yet a mother's love endures forever.
No cruelty, or absence, or frowning horde
Of ills can break this tie of adamant,
A mother's love is earth's one plant from
Heaven.

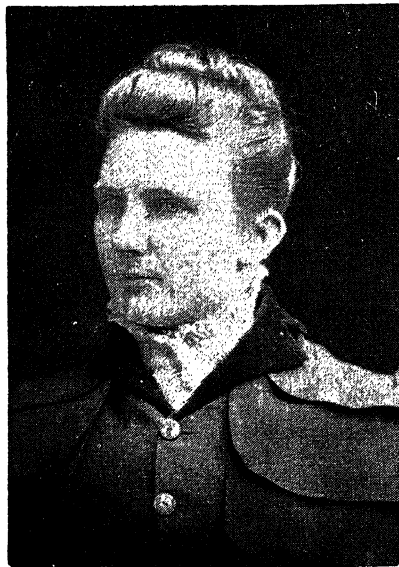
FAITH.

Faith soars aloft on eagle wing,
Undaunted e'er and sun-ward;
In triumphs thro' each fiery thing
In majesty 't moves onward.
With mighty stride o'er mountains rife
It mounts, the highest, the fleetest;
Beneath the boisterous storm of life
Faith finds a calm the sweetest.
With iron hand, faith grasps the throne
Of mighty God Jehovah,
And claiming heaven's sweets its own,
With joy it spreads earth over.
And faith will lead us home at last,
Where mind and soul are blended —
Where light and love are joined and blest
In wisdom's feast unended.

MRS. ANNIE H. MAGEE.

BORN: CANADA, DEC. 14, 1850.

DURING a busy life Mrs. Magee has occasionally found time to court the muse, and her poems have frequently appeared in the local



MRS. ANNIE H. MAGEE.

press. She hopes to publish a book at no distant date. Mrs. Magee is now a resident of Michigan at Golden-Rod Place.

TIME.

PART I.

Just merging from the simple walks of childhood's merry ways,
The youth and maiden, peering forth with all-
impatient gaze,
The fields of man and womanhood, in glowing
color see,
And long to pass the border line,—to solve
their mystery.

Time passes all too slowly now, scarce seems
to move at all,

While o'er the youthful senses, dreams of future
blessings fall:

For that future in the distance, ever fair and
tempting lies,—

Youth fain would overleap all bounds and
seize the glowing prize.

O, thou whose boyish mind is filled with visions
fair to see!

Dream on for soon enough thou'lt wake to
stern reality;

Be not impatient,—lagging time ere long will
use his wings,

Then watch — for only active hands can catch
the good he brings!

And, little maid with beaming face and softly
glowing eyes,

In which a child's unconscious grace and woman's
power lies,

The path that thou art treading now is fair
with budding flowers —

Enjoy their bloom, they'll vanish soon with
girlhood's care-free hours.

PART II.

Now time reveals the man's strong will,
Youth's radiant halo lingers still,

But life is growing real.

With busy hands and active brain,
The toiling man strives hard to gain
The dreaming youth's ideal.

The maid, her happy, girlish days
Half-hidden by time's misty haze,

In earnest, thoughtful mood,
At last within the threshold stands,
Takes up, with untaught, trembling hand,
The task of womanhood.

'Tis thus life's springtime slips away,
Till, flying fast, each summer day

To man and woman calls;

(Time's sands, how swiftly now they run!)
„Let summer's work be quickly done,
Before the autumn falls! ”

PART III.

Softly now, with measured tread,
Trembling feet with snowy head,
All youth's glowing fire dead,

See the aged come!

Broken idols, severed bands,
Chastened hearts and patient hands,
Wide for them the portal stands,
They are almost home.

Through the changing scenes of life,
Fraught with joy — with sadness rife,
Past the dreaming, past the strife,

Seed-time, harvest gone;

Backward turn the dimmed eyes,
Back to where the life-work lies,

Deeds of light or darkness rise,
Past recall,— they're done!

Memories happy, memories sad,
Bright or gloomy, good or bad,
Noble acts or errors made —

Each and all abide;

While time's stream flows softly on,
Bearing to the land unknown,
Sage and infant,— every one,
On its ceaseless tide.

MRS. CLARA M. A. SHORES.

BORN: PARSONSFIELD, ME., AUG. 1, 1827.

THE poems of Mrs. Shores have occasionally appeared in the Sunday School Times, Mother's Journal, and the local press generally.



MRS. CLARA M. A. SHORES.

She has written simply for the pleasure of it. Mrs. Shores resides with her husband and children at West Bridgewater, Mass.

SONGS AND SINGING.

Is the life of song so fleeting?
Like an airy shade a-greeting
Of a thrush or linnet in the dewy morning?
Nay immortal is its power,
Life on earth is but an hour [ing.
Of its endless inspiration, its eternal dawn—
Words of joy, or sobs of sorrow,
Love's enchantment, hope's bright morrow,
Calm of peace, or thrill of pleasure
Will o'erflow in rhythmic measure,
While the soul has glad existence in worlds
of divine adorning.
When thou hast almost crossed the ocean,
Passed its heaving, wild commotion,
Almost reached the restful, quiet haven of
thy quest,
When "Jerusalem the golden"
In the twilight is beholden,
Faintly gleaming through the amber, autumn
heavens in the west.
Take thy lute again for singing,
All thy youthful fire upspringing,
Like the swan's thy last song be thy best.

I AM LOOKING.

I am looking o'er the dreary mist,
Which, stretching far away,
Conceals the mountain's wooded brow
And the broad river's sparkling flow,
And dims the light of day,
Makes sad this fading light of day.
And now my busy fancy fills
That mist with richest dower
Of gorgeous scenes in eastern clime,
Palace, and dome, and vesper chime,
For this lone twilight hour,
This still, sad, dreamy hour.
Beyond it all I seem to hear
Old Ocean's murmurs come,
And see the white sails dimly glide
Far off on the receding tide,
Joyfully sailing home;
Bearing fond hearts toward home.
Would that it were not fancy's dream
And I were on that sea,
Rushing as swift as thought can fly
Through mist and foam and surging high
My home once more to see,
With my loved ones to be.

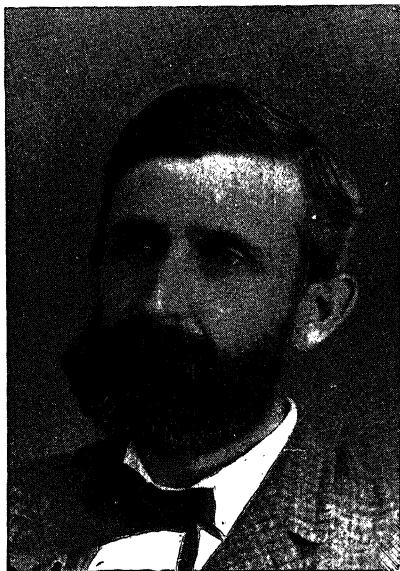
SHADOWS.

I am sitting in the moonlight
And looking o'er the snow,
Where shadows from the tree tops
Are gliding to and fro,
And I am thinking of the shadow
Of that Reaper cold and strong,
Who is gathering in his harvest
Night and day the whole year long.
To some he seems an angel,
With face of heavenly light;
To others grim and fearful,
With countenance of night;
But I have only seen his shadow
Fall o'er the loved ones gone,
And I've shuddered at his footsteps
As I've heard them stealing on.
And yet my heart oft prayeth,
Let the shadow fall on me;
'Tis not because so radiant
Is that changeless smile I see
On the still face stamped forever,
Of the pale earth-freed one,
'Tis not because the sorrowing
And toiling all are done.
No, 'tis a sweeter blessing,
My soul desires to win
From the shadow of the Reaper,
'Tis freedom from all sin;
For those who sleep in Jesus
Are free from earthly stain,
And when the shadow falleth
They'll know no sin again.

THOMAS F. PORTER.

BORN: NOVA SCOTIA, OCT. 30, 1847.

THIS gentleman is possessed of fine literary talent; wrote a column weekly for the Danbury News in its palmiest days, and is a contributor of both prose and verse to the Judge, Boston Journal, Yankee Blade, the Waverly



THOMAS FREEMAN PORTER.

Magazine and the periodical press generally, besides doing considerable reportorial work for the local press. Mr. Porter is prominent in Odd Fellowship, and is a Mason, and has held numerous positions of trust. He is now principally engaged in real estate and insurance at Lynn, Mass., where he is well known.

THE BIRD'S REPLY.

What's your mission little bird,
To this world so cold and drear?
I with joy your songs have heard
From my window many a year.
Oft with thee my lunch was shared,
And you gave me good return;
Why have you so long been spared?
Please reply; I wish to learn.
Others I have seen like you,
But so soon they flew away,
While your song is ever new,
And it cheers me day by day.
Thus I did the birdling chide,
Thus the bird replied to me:
Tho' the world be great and wide,
I but live to sing for thee.

THE WILL IS MORE THAN HALF THE MAN.

The claim I make is strong and bold,
And yet disprove the same who can,
Whether of big or little mold
The will is more than half the man.
The men who scale the heights of fame,
Leaving the aimless throng below,
And chisel there a deathless name,
Are those alone who will it so.
Whoever turns the written page
To see by what mysterious skill
Men stamp themselves upon their age
Will find that it is force of will.
Why idly prate that fortune, luck,
Aids men some great work to fulfill.
Away with this; blind guides! 'Tis pluck,
Determination, courage, will.
Luck does not guide the artist's hand
To paint those forms which live for aye,
Nor cause the sculptor's work to stand
Deathless in marble, bronze or clay.
Luck never made a martyr strong
To suffer for the true and right;
Luck never wrote a deathless song,
Or armed a chieftain for the fight.
The claim I make is strong and bold,
And yet disprove the same who can,
Whether of big or little mold
The will is more than half the man.

THY NEIGHBOR.

Who is thy neighbor? all who need
The care and comfort you can give,
Despite their country or their creed,
Despite the land in which they live.
Who is thy neighbor? they whose eyes
Are dimmed by sorrow, pain and grief;
These claim thy sympathy; arise,
And carry to such souls relief.
Thy neighbor he whose bleeding feet
Need shelter from the winter's cold —
Who gives such shoes or bread to eat
Have a reward worth more than gold.
Who is thy neighbor? she whose way
With thorns and brambles sharp are fraught.
Go! smooth that hard rough road to-day
And both to heaven were nearer brought.
Thy neighbor he who thirsts for drink
And soon must fall to depths below —
Haste! snatch him from that awful brink
And angel bands thy deed shall know.
Thy neighbor he whose honest name
The thrusts of scandal deep have slain —
Fly to him, and in love proclaim
That this world's hate is heavenly gain.
Who is thy neighbor? all who need
The care and comfort you can give;
Despite their country or their creed,
Despite the land in which they live.

AUGUSTA J. CROCHERON.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 9, 1844.

WHEN grown to womanhood, Augusta went to Utah with her mother and sister, and was married in Salt Lake City and now has a family of three sons and two daughters. She has been very prominent in young ladies mutual improvement associations, and has been recording secretary of twenty-four associations



AUGUSTA J. CROCHERON.

at one time. Mrs. Crocheron has been an occasional contributor to the *Woman's Exponent*, *Juvenile Instructor* and other periodicals. In 1881 she published a volume of poems entitled *Wild Flowers of Deseret*, and in 1884 *Representative Women of Deseret*, a biographical work. Mrs. Crocheron has taken three gold medals and cash prizes for Christmas stories. In addition to her poetical writings, she has two volumes of prose which she hopes to publish at an early date. Mrs. Crocheron is still a resident of Utah in Bountiful.

ESTRANGED.

And hast thou shut and locked thy heart
Against me? Nay, not so.
Whom once I loved, I ever love;
I cannot let thee go.
Thou, who hast dwelt within my love,
Winning thy place so well;
Ah! must we say good-by to hearts?
I cannot say farewell.

Thou, who alone didst watch my bed
Of sorrow, pain and fear:
While wintry night raged dark and wild,
And death seemed all too near.
Can I forget those dream-like days,
When, resting in thy care,
I traced the wanderings of thy song
Upon the charmed air?
E'en if some idle word let fall,
(As leaves float on the wind)
Long wandering, to thy gentle heart
Its way at last did find.
Ah! who would weigh it 'gainst the past,
With all its memories dear?
Not thou, or I, who know so well
Life's holy mission here.
Ah! who would take the perfect rose,
Love on its heart had worn,
And counting not it's loveliness,
Treasure alone the thorn?
I could not sing in heaven, if there
A loved face turned away,
Unreconciled; 'twould chill my joy,
E'en in that perfect day.
Though life be long and earth be wide,
All vain to turn away;
We oft shall meet amid that throng,
Who walk the narrow way.
When we shall meet beside that gate,
Thou wilt not answer no;
Thou'lt know with joy my patient faith—
For I have loved thee so.

AN IDEAL.

Here is my house! Far below me lying,
The city spreads its streams of busy life
Unto my watching, dreaming eyes replying,
Banishes loneliness and hushes strife,
Sense of companionship without its sighing,
Hearts rest from scenes with vexing questions rife.
Just within sense of life's sincere endeavor,
Just within sight of art's creations rare,
So comes the life-draught welling up forever,
As breezes wand'ring through the sunlight air,
Gather the freshness from the flowing river,
And scatter perfumes culled from everywhere.
Mountains that yet are white with winter's snowing,
Shut out the fair world from my blest retreat,
Out through their riven side a stream is flowing,
Chanting a psalm the rocky walls repeat,
'Till in the valley with warm sunlight glowing
Breaketh its voice to ripples low and sweet.

Sheltered from winds adown a dimpled hollow,

Earliest suns have waked the leaves of spring;

Here come the robin and the glancing swallow,

Here comes the lark to build her nest and sing,

And here as soon as bud and perfume follow,
Loiters the butterfly on idle wing.

Here is my home, low roofed against the sweeping

Of winter winds that spend their strength in vain;

Here may I listen, wakened from my sleeping,

Close overhead the music of the rain;

And with the morning light a welcome keeping,

Flowers are nodding 'gainst my window pane.

Here are my trees, each has its separate meaning,

These were for shelter, these for beauty bought;

From far and near my search was long in gleaming

These most befitting the eyrie I had sought,
Drawing from out my fancy's farthest screening

The real, living, picture here is wrought.

Here come the few, one is not long in finding
Those who will deem it worth their while and care

To thread the pathway up the mountain winding,

Catching the rapture of the upper air,
Worship and joy with sacred friendship binding

In a sweet charm the soul may inly wear.

Here come the loved, the dear ones who've departed,

Softly their arms my drooping form entwined;

Here come the sacred, great and noble hearted,

Softly their spirits cheer and beckon mine;
Have I been dreaming? Hide the tears that started.

Ah! would that this ideal home were mine!

EXTRACT.

Say, where hast thou wandered, sweet spirit?

I've missed thee for ever so long;

Thine absence and frown did I merit

That I've waited in vain for thy song?

Did I wrong thee when, leaning beside me,

I slighted thy voice in mine ear?

Did I grieve thee in that I denied thee

My homage when last thou wert near?

JOHN DOBSON CARROLL.

BORN: MAGNOLIA, N.C., SEPT. 3, 1870.

MR. CARROLL is now the editor of the Florida Hawkeye, published at Branford. His poems have appeared in local papers of North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia and Florida. Mr. Carroll was married in 1889 to Miss Georgia McDonald, of Atlanta, Ga.

HOPE.

Hope is the guiding star of life

Which leads the luckless wand'rer on,

Nor disappointment, pain nor strife

Can conquer till all Hope is gone;

And, with the sanguine, Hope will last

Till human hearts are still'd in death—

The hopes of life are never past

Till drawn is our last fleeting breath.

We hope for greatness, wealth or love.

With all the strength of earnest hearts—

We hope for life and joy above

And ne'er till death this Hope departs.

We never stop to count the cost

Of disappointment, or the pain,

But strive to regain what was lost,

And fight our battles o'er again.

Thus may it ever be with me—

May hope frustrated give me strength

My weakest fighting points to see,

That I may conquer fate at length!

I'll live in Hope and bless the day

Misfortune made me weep or wail.

Success will come to me some day—

With Hope there's no such word as fail.

THE REASON WHY.

Dark-eyed beauty, proud and peerless,

Why should you my heart beguile?—

Why should I, so cold and careless,

Seek so anxiously your smile?

Why should I be always thinking

Of your sweet and pretty face?—

Why am I forever sinking

Into dreams of your rich grace?

Why should sleep be fill'd with visions

Sweet and dear, because of you—

Dreams of happiness elysian,

Such as mortal never knew?

Why should I, with such persistence,

Watch you, even when afar?—

Why should you, of my existence,

Be the bright and morning star?

Why should I, when 'wake or dreaming,

Think of nothing else but you—

As my loadstar, brightly gleaming

In the darkness, pure and true.

Let me not your feelings harrow,

For the reason I can prove—

Cupid, with his bow and arrow,

Has pierced my poor heart with Love!

MRS. ELLA H. STRATTON.

BORN: CARIBOU, ME., MARCH 26, 1849.

In 1867 this lady was married to Albion W. Stratton, who served with honor throughout the civil war. Although Mrs. Stratton is chiefly known as a writer of short stories, she has



MRS. ELLA HINES STRATTON.

written numerous poems of merit, which have appeared in the Woman's Magazine, Portland Transcript, Youth's Companion and other publications. She still resides in her native state on a farm at Washburn.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

There's a kingdom the fairest on earth, I ween,

Though it finds no place upon history's page,

It's titles are grander than noble or dean,

It's influence greater than poet or sage.

This Kingdom of Home is a beautiful land,

Its subjects the truest that ever were seen,

If the sceptre is in a wise father's hand,

And a loving mother is the faithful queen.

GRIT.

It is not so much genius that wins the race

In the contest for glory or fame,

As it is the possession of an inborn grace

By a homely, significant name.

Success is won by it,

Fame built upon by it,
This sturdy, bull dog grit!

Your ancestors may have been noble and great,

And their virtues may fall unto you.

These cannot avail if but idly you prate,

And leave the work which you have to do.

Genius is tame to it,

Ancestry lame to it,

This sturdy, bull dog grit!

ALTHINE F. SHOLES.

BORN: GOSHEN, N. H., FEB. 10, 1857.

THIS lady is a young writer who has already achieved success with her pen, and gained a creditable place among the poets of the Granite State. Miss Sholes is still a resident of her native place.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Above the lowly village

And the plains that round them lie,

Forever grand the mountains stand,

Outlined against the sky.

I never tire of watching,

As the seasons come and go, [and ward,

How they keep their guard with watch

Above the world below.

Whether in dreary winter,

The Frost-king there abides,

With somber lines on the grove of pines

That clothe their rugged sides;

Or through the mists of azure

In golden summer time,

I see as now each noble brow

In majesty sublime.

The storms may break around them,

Or the pleasant sunlight fall,

But naught shall harm that mighty calm

That resteth over all.

For God has blessed the mountains

With everlasting youth;

And gives each face a rugged grace,

Unchangeable as Truth.

Oh, are they not true emblems

Of noble human souls,

That will not quail, though foes assail,

And dark the storm-cloud rolls?

But far above earth's tempests

Of care, and wrong and strife,

They lift their eyes to the waiting skies,

And live their patient life.

Unchanging, firm and fearless,

Oh, may our natures be!

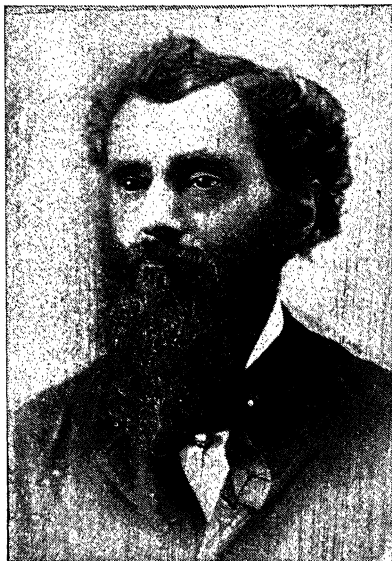
Then our souls shall stand forever grand,

Through all eternity.

MOSES H. GREENE.

BORN: CHESTER, N. H., MARCH 10, 1843.

THE poems of Mr. Greene have appeared quite frequently in the eastern periodicals. He has been principally engaged in mercantile pur-



MOSES H. GREENE.

suits, and also has been correspondent for various publications. Mr. Greene is now a resident of Haverhill, Mass., where he is well known and highly respected.

IS LOVE IMMORTAL?

Cold gleams the moon,
The twink'ling stars
Shine sadly on her grave:
The screeching wind
In sorrow mourns
For her, so early saved.
Aged twenty years,
She passed from life,
The gayest of life's fair
High-favored ones,
Who live their day
Blest with the tenderest care.
For two decades
This cherished form
Has crumbled back to dust,
The turf-bound grave
Hath level grown
Above its sacred trust.
They excavate
This earthly home,
To place another there;

While yet one more
Stands ready by
To join this husband fair.
A signet ring
Around a bone
Of her right hand appears:—
A token dear
Of one true friend,
Way back these twenty year.
Alas, for man,
Inconstant man,
How sad is thy career!
Remember her
Who married thee
Way back these twenty years.
Dear kindred dust,
Peace to thy shades,
Man's love is not immortal, . . .

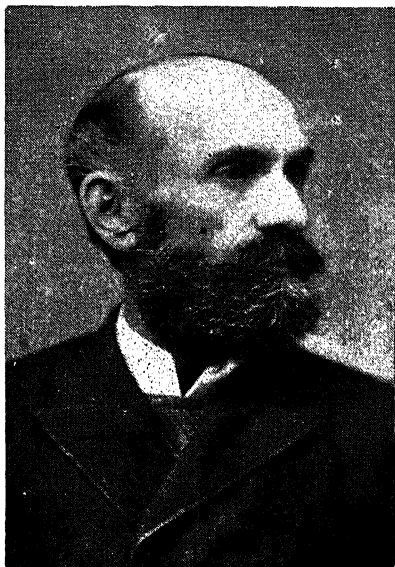
UNDER THE LINDENS.

We wandered there together
In joyous years ago;
The linden trees above us
Were waving to and fro;
We watched the changeful shadows
Sweep over hill and plain,
But never more together
Shall we wander there again.
We gazed into the mirror
The waters kindly gave;
And saw the milk-white lilies
Rise with the heaving wave:
The forest birds in gladness
Poured forth a tuneful strain,
But never more together
Shall we hear that song again.
The other day I sought the path
Down by the river side,
And sad at heart and weary,
I gazed upon the tide;
The flowers still were lending
Sweet perfume to the air,
But I remember only
Thou wert not with me there.
Around me dark and sombre
The cypress shadows fell;
And bars of golden sunshine
With their sweet magic spell,
But the voice that in the old time
Made sweetest music there;
It was hushed away in silence
On the still soft summer air.
I breathed thy name in reverence,
As the words of an olden prayer;
With its sweet soothing memory
Came to my spirit there.
And now with feet away
I tread the way alone;
And wonder if this darkness
Will ever know a morn.

CHARLES W. HILLS.

BORN: MAYFIELD, OHIO, JULY 30, 1840.

MANY of the poems of Mr. Hills have appeared in the New Eclectic Magazine, and have been very favorably received by press and



CHARLES W. HILLS.

public. Mr. Hills is now a resident of Washington, D. C., where he is well known and highly respected as a scholar and a gentleman.

STATUARY.

Half to the ear, half to the eye,
The sculptor's marble forms belong;
The group, in postured symmetry,
Is but embodied song.

The severed bud, the broken vase,
The stricken bird in act to drop,
The column perfect at the base
But shattered at the top,

The lamb at rest, the angel white,
The pillar wound with sombre crape,
Are anthems palpable to sight,
And dirges turned to shape.

The voice of music dies away,
But art arrests a truant tone
Within her charmed halls astray,
And turns it into stone.

BROTHERS.

I walked abroad at eventide,
With brothers twain, to view the sea:
One climbed the cliffs with haughty stride,

One trod the sands with me.

What word to-day of him whose feet
Were swift to run in pathways dim?
How wrought he in the dust and heat?
The plodder, what of him?

The duller wight o'ertops the crowd,
The bolder delves with willing hands;
One dares the storm and fronts the cloud,
One cowers amid the sands.

Ah! slow to hail the princely-born,
And spirit darkling swift to chide:
The taper lit at early morn
Burns low at eventide.

THEY CAME NO MORE.

A lordly castle fair to see!

The sloping beams of early suns
Illume its chambers royally;

Hard by, a tranquil river runs,
In shadow, to the sea.

Long years ago, ere moss and rime
And storm had blackened roof and walls,
A maid abode within those halls,
In woman's dreamy wooing-time.

The maiden's birth was half divine:
Her sire had walked among the stars;
The king, long heir of names and wars,
Could boast no higher line.

And troops of suitors from afar,
To whom this thing was told,
Some clad in vestments silken, rare,
And some in shining gold,

Came, singing, to the radiant gates,—
"Go tell the maid what suitor waits
To breathe the olden story;
Around her life, a wedded wife,
Shall dawn an added glory."

But still the warder from within
Made answer as the wooers came,—
"Who weds my charge must be of kin
To deathless gods, or bear a name
Of new renown or ancient fame."

And worthy lovers, day by day,
Withdrew with humbled pride;
Each, grieved and silent, turned away,
To seek a willing bride.

But now, when winter hours are long,
No footfall breaks the snow,
Not one of all the vanished throng
Returns to woo.

Unmated, hopeless, desolate,
The faded damsel rules her own,
And, scowling, by the castle gate
The baffled warder sits alone.
This legend shows in stone:—
"When strangers knock give prompt response,
Unbar the door;
For guests forbade to enter once
Return no more."

THE LOST TEMPLE.

A chronicle of faith, a tale of crimes
That stain the dark mid-years from now to
Christ,

Comes to me, musing, like the voice of times
That wait an annalist.

The dubious records of a vanished age
Preserve this monkish legend, quaintly told
In later time by one whose every page
Is bright with lines of gold.

In Gothic Spain, when luckless Roderick
Withstood the Crescent—cross-surmounted,
stood

The Home of Nuns of good Saint Benedict,
A pious sisterhood.

The dusky conqueror came in lust and greed;
The sacred crypt became the spoiler's den;
The churchyard herbage fed the trampling
steed

Of ruthless Saracen;

Old shrines were pillaged; holy vessels graced
The sinful feast beside the wassail bowl;
And gaudy garb and nodding plume displaced
The surplice and the cowl.

Our convent slumbered: at the night's full
noon

Came blare of trumpets and the warrior cry
Of Islam; and, dew-bright beneath the moon,
A swart host thundered by.

Then pale forms hurried to the place of pray-
er

With beads and crucifix; in spotless gown
And loose, affrighted maids with unbound
hair

Ran wildly up and down.

One clasped a marble saint; one rang the bell;
One conned her cloister vows; one sang,
dismayed;

But silence fell, from vault to pinnacle,
The while the Abbess prayed:

"Loose the swift darkness, Lord! from pres-
ent harm

Hide thy handmaidens with a kindly veil.
Friend of the helpless, bare the potent arm
That smote the gods of Baal!

"Give altar-stone to axe, and shrine to flame,
Let roof and turret fade like morning mist,
Ere Paynim wretches drag to sin and shame
These stainless brides of Christ!"

Down sank the walls; the pale moon overhead
Looked on a void, a houseless solitude.
Amain the doughty Moslem warriors fled,
Pale-faced and fear-pursued;

But one who cast a furtive look behind
Beheld the Cross uplifted, white and dim,
And heard above the sighing midnight wind
The sisters' triumph hymn.

When prayer arose, the blue sky opened wide;
A flaming sword shot upward and lay bare:
What time the towers sank earthward, voices
cried
And trumpets rang in air.

The Goth and Moor had passed like later snow;
A broken pilgrim sought the spot, alone.
The sound of singing came; and, turning, lo!
A moon-lit cross of stone!

Not mine, in spirit of a later day,
To free this tablet old from clinging moss,
For still the hosts of darkness fall away
Before the lifted Cross.

There are who see, by faith, the sinless One
In daily sacrifice uplifted on the tree;
Before whose eyes, in shadow and in sun,
Christ walks upon the sea.

For them the ancient symbols shine, though
far
And dim to me; the angel-crowded stair
Scales the wan sky; the heavenly gates unbar
Moved by the breath of prayer.

We walk through temples, blinded, passing
by
Long colonnade and many-pictured hall,
Chancel and transept, aisle and sacristy,
And dim confessional.

In rarer seasons some fine sense reveals
This inner world; we catch the gleam of
spires,
And hear, far off, the solemn toll of bells
And chant of unseen choirs,

The stately ritual of a creed unknown,
Applausive murmurs of a mighty host,
Echoes of anthems sung and trumpets blown
At some wild Pentecost.

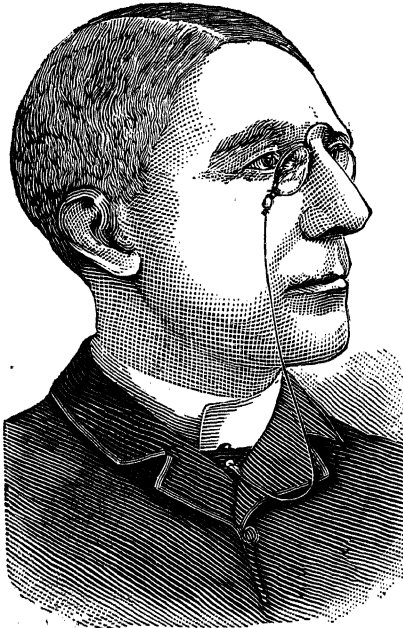
And then the spirit wakes, its slumber gone,
It sings its longings and it will not rest,
Though Mother-Earth sing to the weary one
Close-gathered to her breast.

Soul! keep thy holy days: forgotten quite
The league with Death, the kinship with the
clod,
The house of clay,—walk thou in purest light
Where man may talk with God.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BORN: GREENFIELD, IND., 1854.

MR. RILEY in his youth led rather a wandering life—traveling from place to place as a sign writer, sometimes simulating blindness in order to attract custom. He thus acquired a knowledge of men. For sometime he performed in a theatrical troupe. In 1875 he began to contribute to the local papers verses in the



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

western dialect, which he found more popular than serious poetry. He afterward found regular employment on the Indianapolis Journal, and in that newspaper many of his poems have appeared from time to time. The collected works of James Whitcomb Riley are *Old Swimmin' Hole* and *Leven More Poems, Boss Girl and Other Sketches*, and in 1887 appeared *Afterwhiles, and Character Sketches and Poems*. The narrative of his poems and sketches are connected with prose, thus making them stand out more boldly, and also giving more life thereto.

The name of James Whitcomb Riley as a great poet has become especially prominent the last few years, his poems having been extensively quoted from, in the journalistic press throughout the country; and in consequence, his works have met with great success.

IN BOHEMIA.

Ha! My Dear! I'm back again—
Vendor of Bohemia's wares!
Lordy! How it pants a man
Climbing up those awful stairs!
Well, I've made the dealer say
Your sketch might sell, anyway!
And I've made a publisher
Hear my poem, Kate, my dear.

In Bohemia, Kate, my dear—
Lodgers in a musty flat
On the top floor—living here
Neighborless, and used to that,—
Like a nest beneath the leaves,
So our little home receives
Only guests of chirping cheer—
We'll be happy, Kate, my dear!

Under your north-light there, you
At your easel, with a stain
On your nose of Prussian blue,
Paint your bits of shine and rain;
With my feet thrown up at will
O'er my littered window-sill,
I write rhymes that ring as clear
As your laughter, Kate, my dear.

Puff my pipe, and stroke my hair—
Bite my pencil-tip and gaze
At you, mutely mooning there
O'er your "Aprils" and your "Mays!"
Equal inspiration in
Dimples of your cheek and chin,
And the golden atmosphere
Of your paintings, Kate, my dear!

Trying! Yes, at times it is,
To clink happy rhymes, and fling
On the canvas scenes of bliss,
When we are half famishing!—
When your "jersey" rips in spots,
And your hat's "forget-me-nots"
Have grown toulled, old and sere—
It is trying, Kate, my dear!

But—as sure—some picture sells,
And—sometimes—the poetry—
Bless us! How the parrot yells
His acclaims at you and me!

How we revel then in scenes
Of high banquetting!—sardines—
Salads—olives—and a sheer
Pint of sherry, Kate, my dear!

Even now I cross your palm,
With this great round world of gold?—
"Talking wild?" Perhaps I am—
Then, this little five-year-old!—
Call it anything you will,
So it lifts your face until
I may kiss away that tear
Ere it drowns me, Kate, my dear.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

BORN: MENDHAM, N. J., MAY 10, 1818.

MR COXE has devoted his life to christianity, and is now Second Bishop of western New York, a position he has held since 1865. This gentleman has made various valuable contributions to theological learning, biblical criticism, and church literature. He published several volumes of poems before receiving ordination. In 1877 appeared the well known poem *The Ladye Chase*. *Christian Ballads*, his best known volume of poems, appeared in 1845, and became so popular that it was reprinted in England in 1850.

EASTER MADRIGAL.

MARY AND SALOME.

Tell us, Gard'ner dost thou know
Where the Rose and Lily grow,
Sharon's Crimson Rose and pale
Judah's Lily of the Vale?
Rude is yet the opening year,
Yet their sweetest breath is here.

GARDENER.

Daughters of Jerusalem,
Yes, 'tis here we planted them:
'Twas a Rose all red with gore,
Wondrous were the thorns it bore!
'Twas a body swathed in white,
Ne'er was Lily half so bright.

THE WOMEN.

Gentle Gard'ner, even so,
What we seek thou seem'st to know.
Bearing spices and perfume,
We are come to Joseph's tomb:
Breaks e'en now the rosy day;
Roll us, then, the stone away.

GARDENER.

Holy women: this the spot.
Seek him, but it holds him not.
This the holy mount of myrrh,
Here the hills of incense were,
Here the bed of his repose,
Till, ere dawn of day—He rose.

MAGDALENE.

Yes, my name is Magdalene:
I myself the Lord have seen.
Here I came, but now, and wept
Where I deem'd my Saviour slept.
But He called my name—and lo?
Jesus lives, 'tis even so.

GARDENER.

Yes, the mountains skipped like rams;
Leaped the little hills like lambs.
All was dark, when shook the ground,
Quaked the Roman soldiers round,
Streamed a glorious light, and then
Lived the Crucified again.

WOMEN.

Magdalene hath seen and heard!
Gard'ner, we believe thy word.
But oh! where is Jesus fled,
Living and no longer dead?
Tell us, that we too may go
Where the Rose and Lily grow.

MAGDALENE.

Come, the stone is rolled away;
See the place where Jesus lay;
See the lawn that wrapp'd his brow;
Here the angel sat but now.
"Seek not here the Christ," he said;
"Seek not life among the dead."

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS.

BORN: CHATHAM, OHIO, AUG. 12, 1854.

EDITH was educated at the Geneva normal institute of her native state. She has contributed largely to periodicals, and has published in book form *A New Year's Masque* and *Other Poems*, *The Round Year* in 1886, and in 1887 *Lyrics and Sonnets*.

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE RAIN.

The merchant clouds that cruise the sultry sky,
As soon as they have spent their freight of rain
Plot how the cooling thrift they may regain;
All night along the river-marsh they lie,
And at their ghostly looms swift shuttles ply
To weave them nets wherewith the streams to
drain;

And often in the sea they cast a seine,
And draw it dripping, past some headland high.
Many a slender naiad with a sigh,
Is in their arms uptaken from the plain;
The trembling myrmidons of dew remain
No longer than the flash of morning's eye,
Then back unto their misty fountains fly:—
This is the source and journey of the rain.

HOMESICK.

This were a miracle, if it could be!
If, never loitering since the prime of day,
Since kissing the cool lips of Northern May,
This drowsy wind, at evening, brought to me
The fragrant spirit of the apple-tree;
Or, if so far sweet sounds could make their way,
That I should hear the robin's twilight lay
Float o'er a thousand leagues of foamy sea!
Now, save I know those eyes exchange no
beams

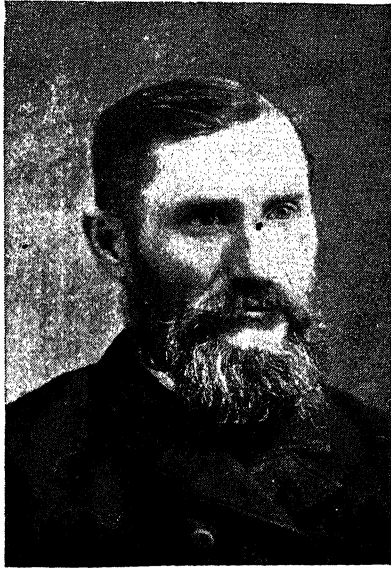
With yonder star (so curves the earth between,
I'd say: My friend doth from his casement
lean,

And charge Canopus, by his pilot-gleams,
To bear love to my port, and lovely dreams
Of homeward slopes new-clothed with summer
green.

DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER.

BORN: BRISTOL, OHIO, JUNE 25, 1843.

AFTER attending school for a few terms in Oberlin college, Mr. Warner pursued, some years later, his studies in connection with ministerial duties in Vermillion college at Hazesville, Ohio. In 1869 Mr. Warner began



DANIEL SIDNEY WARNER.

the publication of the Gospel Trumpet at Indianapolis, which he now publishes at Grand Junction, Michigan. For several years past he has written verse, and about two hundred hymns have been composed by this minister and journalist, many of which have appeared with music in several song books. Mr. Warner hopes to publish a volume of his poems at an early date.

RAYS OF HOPE.

There are some rays of hope divine,
To cheer the darkest heart,
Around the cross they ever shine,
Where life anew may start.
Despondent soul can you not see
Hope gleaming from above?
O look once more to Calvary,
And know that God is love.

Though shame and guilt oppress thy soul,
Thy heart as adamant,
Yet Jesus will thy name enroll
If ye will but repent.

Thy life of sin now weighs thee down,
And death and hell are near,
But Heaven wills thee yet a crown
And angels want thee there.
O guilty one! tho' bound in chains
Of dark infernal pow'r,
The grace of God supremely reigns
To save you in this hour.

TRUTH.

"What is truth?" inquired Pilate, sober,
Immersed in deep perplexity,
Trembling, while in judgment over
The One his final Judge must be.
He asked, but waited not the answer;
For in his majesty there stood
The truth himself, at his tribunal,
The incarnate truth of God.

Shine on, with all thy constellations
The precious attributes of God;
Love, mercy, justice and compassion.
For second in thy magnitude
Thou only art to love's effulgence.

"I am the Truth," and "God is love;"
From both, in one omnific fullness,
Proceed the streams of truth above.

High honored, and from everlasting,
Thou art, O Truth! a pillar strong —
Upholding justice, faith and virtue.
Before the stars together sang
Our ill-doomed planet's new creation,
Thy hand didst hold, on Heaven's throne,
The balances that weighed all nations,
Upon all worlds that 'round thee shone.

Then Pity broke the silence weeping,
Love, deeply moved, to justice spake,
And mercy joined his interceding,
That fallen man, for pity's sake,
Should now be ransomed back to Heaven;
Then rose up Truth in majesty

Thus saying: "I for man shall suffer,
Here love and mercy offer me.
Great Spirit give to me a body,
A proper sacrifice for sin.
And thou, O justice! sum man's debit
And let me surety be for him."
Then answered Pity, Love and Mercy:
"O speed thee, Truth, but not alone,
For we, thy sisters, will go with thee
To rear on earth thy peaceful throne."

TWO CONTRASTING SCENES.

Along a winding path there came
A band of saints in Jesus' name,
Leading downward t'ward the flowing river;
The rock-paved Allegheny stream,

Whose oil-blotched waters flow between
Tow'ring hills that drop upon her mirror.

Adorned in His own holiness,
Who first "fulfilled all righteousness,"
True disciples of the Great Exemplar,
Came here to show their love to Him,
By burial in the crystal stream:
Resurrected in His life forever.

The trees that emulative rose
From bank to summit's high repose,
Waving in the sunlight's golden glory,
Displayed to their enraptured eyes
A thousand tints of richest dyes,
Varied in sweet autumn's gorgeous beauty.

A hymn flowed o'er the water, still,
And echoed on from hill to hill;
Rising upward to the throne of Heaven,
This was the song that sweetly breathed
Their praise to Him their hearts believed,
Even Christ, with whom their souls had risen.

Down into the flowing river,
Lo! the Lamb of God we see,
There he speaks in clear example,
Take the cross and follow me.

CHO.—Gently buried with my Savior,
Let me sink beneath the wave;
Crucified to earth forever,
Hence alone to God I live.

Now the sacred waters cover,
O'er the holy Son of God.
Thus he washed me in the fountain
Of his sin-atoning blood.

Crucified with my Redeemer,
Now I sink into the grave,
I am dead to sin forever,
By the life of God I live.

Here I witness a confession,
As I merge from human sight,
In the tomb of yielding water
That the blood has washed me white.

O how sweet to follow Jesus,
In this ordinance to show,
That we're cleansed in life's pure river,
Even whiter than the snow.

To him who said that every where,
He wills that men should offer prayer,
By this emblem of the tomb of Jesus,
His humble saints then meekly bowed,
Amid the awe decorum crowd,
Richly favored by His loving presence.

Then one by one were downward led
And numbered with the sainted dead,
Pilgrims happy in the Lord's approval.

Anew the spirit of their God
Bore witness to the cleansing blood,
Making lofty hills with praises vocal.

But some that stood beside that stream
Recalled to mind another scene.

Thirty years had fled along unceasing,
As flows the water o'er that spot,
Where red intemperance left a blot
Time and tide have passed, yet unerasing.

A husband, father, genial friend,
But demonized by liquor fiend,
Deeply by this maddening viper bitter,
Unto his home near by this shore,
Then came rum-fired as oft before:
Driving thence his own in terror stricken.

Three daughters fled adown the ledge,
And spied the skiff at water's edge.
Boarding this they rowed into the river.
To utmost strength they plied the oar,
And hastened to the farther shore:
Praying God from wrath and waves deliver.

The frenzied came with angry mien,
To drown his children in the stream.
Breathing threatening, staggering 'mid the
billows,

The madman heedless onward surged
Till in the depth at last submerged:
Drowning there, a warning to His fellows.

Behold the contrast 'twixt the scenes!
The first in mem'ry sadly gleams,
Over thirty years that flowed unceasing;
As flows the water o'er that spot,
Where dread intemperance left a blot,
Time and tide have passed yet unerasing.

Baptized in spirits from the still,
Led captive by the devil's will,
Into awful death he plunged a victim.
From thence raised up a lifeless clay
His spirit fled in wild dismay,
Leaving in that stream a doleful requiem.

But these immersed in Heaven's light,
In garments pure and spotless white,
Follow joyful down into the river;
The steps of him who died on earth,
To give their souls a Heav'nly birth;
Buried deep in Jesus' love forever.
He, dead in sin and lost in woe,
They, dead to sin and white as snow,
Both were buried in this river's bosom.
His name dishonored floats along,
They rise to sing redemption's song,
Praising Him who gave their spirits freedom.

He builded there a monument
Of liquors black and fiendish bent;
Casting on that tide a gloomy shadow.
They leave upon that sacred shore
Footprints of Him who went before,
And His blessing leaves a brilliant halo.

Behold two ways divide our race,
The road of sin, and path of grace.
Choosing this, or that to thee is given,
Both these ways dip in death's cold tide,
And judgment sits on yonder side,
Bending that to hell, and this to Heaven.

OBADIAH BAYLY.

BORN: DEARBORN CO., IND., AUG. 7, 1833.

IN his youth Mr. Bayly lived on a farm. In 1860 he was married to Miss Cornelia Buck. He then spent a number of years in teaching,



OBADIAH BAYLY.

and is now engaged in farming in Mitchell county, Kansas. Mr. Obadiah Bayly is also an inventor, having patented in 1857 the first burglar proof time lock ever invented in the United States.

THE YEAR'S LAST NIGHT.

Twelve o'clock, 'tis midnight's ring—
 A faithful warning sound.
 To teach all men from serf to king,
 How fast the years roll round.
 The dying year wakes up a thought
 That slumbered long and low,
 That earth's last treasures must be bought
 With measured beat and slow.
 The echo dies not on our ears
 Till busy scenes of life
 With joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 With broils, tumults and strife,
 Have caught the thought from mem'ry's
 page
 That leads us to the goal,
 That gives us strength with age
 To vitalize the mind and soul.

But all through life we find,
 Though the mills of life grind slow,
 Two classes, there are, they always grind;
 The lovers of fashion and show,
 And the lovers of cupid's fine arts,
 As wandering too and fro
 They search for his wonderful darts
 That conquer and charm as they go.
 But luck toils hard with hands raised high,
 As higher the gold he piles,
 With heavy breath and sweat and sigh
 While riches his soul beguiles.
 And love is building castles tall,
 Just like a spider's net,
 She plans to catch him and his all,
 And now her trap is silly set.
 She has him now, him and his gold,
 And joined in hand for life
 With both hands filled they hold
 Naught else but care and strife;
 What then can wean the soul away
 From such rude cares as these?
 The proud, the rich, the gay
 Can nowhere be at peace and ease.

Gold can not give such share,
 Nor yet can knowledge buy,
 Where then, O, tell us where
 Such precious treasures lie?
 For riches knows not, neither seeks
 Such high and holy aims,
 But wisdom riches speaks,
 Though riches wisdom claims.

The christian's heart doth yield
 Such priceless jewels rare,
 A fragrant flowering field
 Of thoughts both pure and fair,
 To stir us up to deeds of worth
 And garnish our minds like leaven,
 To wean our souls away from earth
 And guide our footsteps up to heaven.

Kind reader, do not pass with slight
 The thoughts here roughly hewn,
 For mind and soul with heavenly light
 Should have their alleys stored and strewn;
 Then death though dark and stormy too
 You'll welcome with delight,
 These lights will then be set to show
 That heaven is in sight.

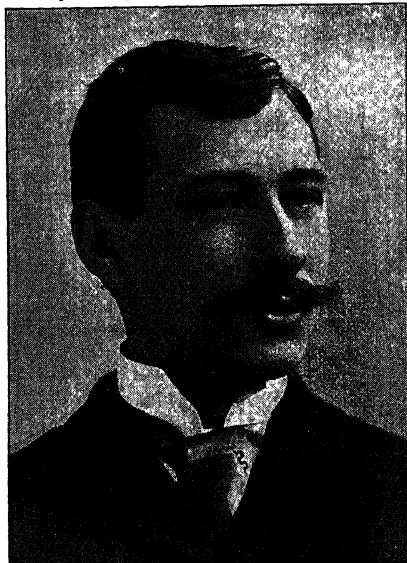
EXTRACT.

Come men of worth through all the earth,
 In high and lowly stations,
 Come help us fight with all your might,
 This enemy of nations.
 Now all good song has value strong,
 To thrust at his distillery,
 Then let us choose the poet's muse,
 As part of our artillery.

NATHAN C. HORTON.

BORN: CHESTER, N. J., NOV. 2, 1869.

MR. HORTON taught school when only sixteen years of age, and later graduated at the State Model School at Trenton, N. J. In 188 he entered the law department of the university of Pennsylvania, and for a short while was the



NATHAN C. HORTON.

city editor of the *Advance* of Middletown. In the spring of 1889 he graduated and received the degree of bachelor of laws. Mr. Horton is now editor of the *Insurance News* of Philadelphia, but he expects to follow the profession of the law. His poems have appeared in many of the leading publications.

EASTER DAY.

'Tis Easter Day. Come strew the way
With early springtime flowers;
Let peace and joy, without alloy,
Fill up the sunny hours.
Our griefs and pains, 'midst rueful strains,
Were buried long ago;
Now love and life and hope are rife,
And hearts with joy o'erflow.
In sweet perfume the lilies bloom,
In token of the day;
The roses, too, with life anew,
Are out in rich array.
And every shoot and tiny root
In Nature's 'wakening bed

Burst forth and tell, to hill and dell,
The resurrected dead.
Let hope arise, let gladsome eyes
With joy be bright and gay;
Let all confess their joy and bless
This happy Easter Day.

THE VIOLET.

Sweeter than the lips of Venus,
Fairer than the wood-nymphs are,
Is the modest flower that blossoms
In the wild-wood near and far.
Kissed by dews and rocked by zephyrs,
Sweetest flower that woos the day,
Scarce before we know thy fragrance
Thou hast died and passed away.
Hidden half by leaves, thy perfume
Gentle breezes to us bring,
Tenderly we stoop and pluck thee,
First and fairest love of spring.

JUST OVER THE STREET.

I think it was just before twilight,
As I sat in the parlor alone,
I was musing, my thoughts were at random,
And all but my fancy had flown.
When a vision appeared at the window,
At the window just over the street,
In the form of a beautiful maiden,
A maiden exquisitely sweet,
She was fair, was this beautiful maiden,
This maiden just over the street,
As she carelessly toyed with the curtains
That enclosed her half-hidden retreat.
Her tresses, in charming abandon,
Were as black as the blackest of jet,
And the dimples played sweetly and softly
By the mouth of this lovely brunette.
Her features were those of a Venus,
With a smile more of heaven than earth,
Her cheeks were rose-tinted and tender,
Her face was all radiant with mirth.
And her eyes had a wondrous lustre
As they coyly glanced over at mine,
And she seemed, as she stood at the window,
A creature almost divine.
And I sat and I thought and I wondered
If ever and how we should meet,
For I longed to be nearer this maiden
Than to see her just over the street.
I sit and I muse in the parlor,
But I sit and I muse not alone,
For I now have a jolly companion,
Who quaffs with me all of life's foam.
And she is the self-same maiden
Whom I erstwhile had longed to meet,
But she is now, forsooth, no longer,
The maiden just over the street.

MRS. A. G. BENNETT.

BORN: WARNER, N. H. NOV. 8, 1848.

WHILE at school this lady was considered quite a poet, but nothing of importance appeared from her pen in the press until the year of her marriage in 1877. At that time she furnished holiday, anniversary and special poems as occasions demanded, and soon



MRS. ADELAIDE G. BENNETT.

achieved quite a reputation as a local poet. The poems of Mrs. Bennett have appeared in the Chicago Advance, Interior, Brattleboro Household, Good Housekeeping, Wide Awake and nearly a hundred other prominent publications, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press from Maine to California. She is now a resident of Pipestone City, Minnesota.

A PICNIC DETOUR.

We left the dull and dusty streets,
And with the crowd we wended
The rural highways to retreats
Alone by nature tended.

We left the busy, bustling crowd—
So winsome was the weather—
Beyond the jarring voices loud,
We found ourselves together.

We strayed among the leafy trees,
Where constantly were trilling
Clear bird-notes wafted on the breeze,
Our eager senses filling.

O sweet the air that summer day
And sweet the wild-bird's singing!
But sweeter than the roundelay
Which through the woods came ringing,
Was the shy voice so sweetly heard
Of one who, with me faring,
Was timid as the wild-wood bird,
As wary of ensnaring.
We rowed upon the lucent lake—
Our skiff was deftly hollowed—
And flying after in our wake,
The skimming songsters followed.
O fair the water lilies pure
Upon its bosom floating!
But fairer far that face demure
Which went with me aboating.
O bright the sunbeams shining hot,
No shadows o'er us casting!
So bright the day we both forgot
It was not everlasting.

APPLES OF SODOM.

One Tristampensive, melancholic, grave,
Replete with surfeit of all earthly joy,
Bereft of power once potent to decoy,
Deemed life a bubble burst, a shore-spent
wave,
Too burdensome to hold, too poor to crave,
Mixed as it was with cankered alloy.
Lead, trusty Faith, and when time shall de-
stroy
And blight the buds which once sweet pro-
mise gave,
Bear us triumphant from the alien shore
Where bounteous Nature bears no grateful
boon,
And tropic richness chains the sense no more
And rouse us with a grand, inspiring tune,
As onward speeds the bark and dips the oar;
The way is short! Be brave! Christ cometh
soon!

THE PRAIRIE LARK.

Not where dark hills contract the scene
And shadowed vales lie cool between,
Is thy clear song the sweetest heard,
Thou blithesome, fearless, bonny bird!
A wider field thy wing explores, [soars,
Through broader space thy sweet song
And fills the vast acoustic dome
Where thou, unfettered, lov'st to roam.
Where pasque flowers stud the velvet
sward,
A carpet reaching far abroad
Till the wide floor is lost to view
And merges in the airy blue
Of arching ceiling overhead;—
In this vast hall thy wing is spread.
Here ringing notes of music sound
And fill the echoing space around.

With one glad, rapturous rush of song
 In soaring billows rolled along
 Clear as transparent crystal bright
 Or water in the glad sunlight,
 Redundant, brimming over, free,
 One overflowing melody!
 O sweet-voiced bird! in joy we stand,
 Thy home is summer's Beulah land.

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

A darkening cloud surcharged with mist,
 And chill November rain,
 Hung low o'er Lookout's rocky crest,
 Where erst the foe had lain.
 There two contending forces waged
 A battle high in air,
 And watchers in the vale below
 Could see no action there.
 Only a long, incessant roar,
 Of crashing thunder loud,
 Came from the strong held mountain top,
 Above the darkened cloud.
 When from the west, a sunset shaft
 Shot through the purple haze,
 All eyes were turned upon the foe,
 With, fearful, anxious gaze.
 But when the clear white stars shone out.
 Upon the frosty night,
 The fair-haired, brave Potomac boys
 Stood victors on the height.
 They placed the star-gemmed banner there
 Upon the rocky crest,
 The white stars shining overhead,
 The white star on their breast.
 O battle waged above the clouds,
 How typical thou art
 Of that o'erwhelming civil strife
 Which rent the nation's heart.
 We watching in the valley-land,
 Saw but the war's dark cloud,
 The smoke of lurid strife and woe,
 Low hanging like a shroud;
 Heard but the surging ebb and flow
 Of mighty armies led
 To victory or dire defeat,
 With steady martial tread.
 While on the eternal height above,
 Stood Liberty unseen
 Assailing Treason's fortress bold,
 With set, determined mien.
 And when the morning broke at last,
 On the dark night of woe,
 She stood secure upon the mount,
 And vanquished was the foe.
 O Goddess, hold thou still the height,
 The white-starred flag beneath!
 Place thou the white-star on our breast
 But leave the sword in sheath.

CARRIE GNAGA.

BORN: LINDEN GRANGE, IND., JUNE 16, 1867.

AFTER attending high school for two years
 Carrie began her career as a school teacher at



CARRIE GNAGA.

the age of twenty. Her poems have appeared in the local press; and she has also written several short stories, which she hopes soon to publish. Miss Carrie Gnaga is well known for her many accomplishments, and numbers among her acquaintances many ardent admirers.

AFTER AWHILE.

After awhile will all our bitter pain —
 All our remorse, our care, our grief,
 Be swept away in life's ceaseless surging
 main,
 And the sorely-tried spirit find a sweet re-
 lease,
 After awhile.
 After awhile the sun will shine,
 And the rain cease to fall in a pitiless beat,
 Life's water's taste less of the salt sea brine,
 And the thorns grow fewer 'neath the weary
 feet,
 After awhile.
 After awhile is a weary, far-off time,
 But wait till it comes, as it surely will,
 There'll be an end of sorrow, sin and crime,
 Of misery, hatred and human ill,
 After awhile.

JOHN LAIGHT WINCE.

BORN: RAPPAHANNOCK CO., VA., DEC. 24, 1832.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Wince commenced to teach school, and in 1855 began writing for the press. Since that time he has written both prose and verse on a variety of themes, generally religious, which have been published in the religious and secular press. Mr. Wince was married in 1867 to Sarah Roxana Chaplin, who is represented in this work. Mr. Wince follows agricultural pursuits, occasionally preaches the gospel, and resides in Pierceton, Ind.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

Six thousand years the tide of sin
Has spread destruction far and wide;
Six thousand years the world has been,
To Satan's wicked cause allied.
From this dark age to Eden's prime,
The world has walked away from God;
Six thousand years of blood and crime,
Have cursed the earth and stained the sod.
Six thousand years! Ah, that will do!
To try the hateful rule of wrong;
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
The era of angelic song.

Then glory to our God on high;
Good will on earth and peace to men,
Will swell in song through earth and sky,
In sweeter strains, by far, than when
The shepherds watched their flocks by night,
And music sweet fell on their ears,
From choristers enrobed in light,
And trained amid the upper spheres.

CONTRASTED CREEDS.

We are not left alone to guess
Our pathway through this wilderness;
A light beneath and overhead,
Illumes the weary path we tread.
We ask no heathen Socrates,
About this self, that thinks and is;
A Darwin no sure answer brings,
To satisfy our questionings.
We know in truth, from whence we came,
Our mortal being's end and aim;
We learned it from a book we love,
Whose author sits enthroned above.
A book, which unbelieving sage
Styles legend of a childish age;
Imposture, which designing men,
Composed in distant ages, when
The sun of science had not shed
Its light upon the human head.
But our sure confidence is stayed,
On what the Hebrew prophets said.
We put the question—What of life?
Is it a vain and hopeless strife?

Its destiny, an endless sleep,
In oblivion, dark and deep?
From dust we came, to dust we turn;
But from the ashes of the urn,
A glorious form shall yet arise,
To bloom again in Paradise.
As pledge of this, our living head
Arose triumphant from the dead.
The thrilling fact that he arose,
Was testified by friends and foes.
Then why reject the blessed hope,
Whose range of view has endless scope?
That, in the ages yet to be,
The good shall taste and hear and see,
The wondrous scenes of joy and bliss,
In a lovelier world than this?

To love indeed is happiness,
For love has power on earth to bless,
But only as it flows in deeds,
To meet the cry of human needs.
Be this the rule and this the test,
Then put the question—Who loved best?
Both saint and infidel, I ween,
Would give reply—The Nazarene!
Against whose name no sin is set,
From Bethlehem to Olivet.
For here is love exemplified,
In life and in the death he died.

He satisfies our deepest quest,
Concerning the eternal rest;
And what the life beyond the tomb,
Beyond the silence and the gloom.
No solace in the skeptic's creed,
Can bind the wounded hearts that bleed;
Nor smooth the thorny way to death,
Down to the last expiring breath;
Nor comfort give to weeping friend,
Who shall above the dying bend:
Like word of Christ, so grand and sweet,
That death-dissevered friends shall meet,
Where painful partings come no more,
On Canaan's fair and deathless shore.

MRS. S. ROXANA WINCE.

BORN: COLLAMER, IND., FEB. 10, 1838.

THIS lady is the daughter of Rev. S. A. Chaplin, now of Plymouth, Ind., who has gained quite a reputation as a poet, and is represented elsewhere in this work. She was married in 1867 to John Laight Wince, who has also been given a place in this work. Since 1857 Mrs. Wince has written poems quite extensively for the periodical press, which have been well and favorably received. Prior to her marriage she successfully taught school. The only child of Mrs. Wince died in infancy.

A SONG FOR THE HOUR.

O let the surging seas grow calm,
Dear countrymen of ours!

Sow wide the healing seeds of balm,
 And plant the deathless flowers.
 For tide of party-strife has long
 Swept o'er our precious things;
 Half hushed the tender words of song,
 And stained her drooping wings.
 And love and hope of ancient years
 Are sinking 'neath her waves,
 While dark ambition flings our seers
 In bribery's nameless graves.
 But vain we lift our anguished cry,
 The sea will not be still;
 No clay is there for blinded eye,
 No chain for demon will!
 When, country mine, shall man be found
 With strength for these dark days,
 Who, with our tangled skeins unwound,
 Shall win our meed of praise?
 Who, true and brave and heaven-taught,
 Shall rule the hordes of wrong?
 And turn to safer grooves of thought,
 The swift pens of the strong?

EXPECTANT.

I sit by my window, and listen,
 While the mists of the morning go by,
 To catch the first sound of his footsteps;
 To meet the bright glance of his eye:
 And day after day, as the noontide
 Is marked, on the sill of the door:—
 While the tired men rest in the shadows,
 And the little ones play on the floor.
 I list for the sound of his chariot;
 I wait for the light of his smile;
 For the coming in glory of him,
 Who tarrieth the little while.
 I sit on the door-step at evening;—
 A maiden is singing below;—
 I hear the sweet laughter of children,
 And the rivulet's musical flow.
 The night-birds are trilling the chorus
 Of all the glad songs of the day,
 And mingled with these are the voices
 Of villagers far away;
 But still in the beautiful gloaming,
 My eyes are gazing afar,
 To note the first glimpse of the rising
 Of Bethlehem's magical star.
 The star that advancing before him,
 Shall herald the hope of the world;—
 Ah, none but the watchers will see it;
 The watchers with banners unfurled!
 So I keep on the watch through the morning,
 My heart all alert through the day;
 Lest coming at noon-tide or midnight,
 He find me unready and say:
 Why not at thy post in the vineyard?
 Thy garments are stained by thy sin!
 Thou canst not to rapture of wedding,
 With these my proved virgins come in!

Thou heard'st not my voice when I bade thee,
 Go work at the forge or the plow;—
 My bride is all stainless in beauty;
 Unworthy, unworthy art thou!
 So busy with clothing the needy,
 The lamp freshly trimmed in my room,
 I'm watching, and waiting, and working,
 And training new hands to the loom,
 And onward with watchers I'm marching,
 While closer the foeman they press;
 My armor all girded upon me,
 And keeping my beautiful dress.
 I wait for the glory of morning,
 The change to unchangeable youth;
 No doubt in my heart of the issue,
 Firm-bound to fair duty and truth;
 For the Lord holds the life of His children;
 Not the rack nor the flame can destroy;
 Nor danger, nor terror may move them,
 In light of eternity's joy.
 So I sit by my window and listen,
 While the mists of the morning go by,
 To catch the first sound of His footsteps,
 To meet the bright glance of His eye.
 And still in the beautiful gloaming,
 My eyes are gazing afar,
 To note the first glimpse of the rising
 Of Bethlehem's Magical Star.

MRS. KATE M. GUNNELL.

THE poem of The Violin appeared in Braumard's Musical World and in numerous other publications. Mrs. Gunnell has written numerous poems, and resides in Minier, Ill.

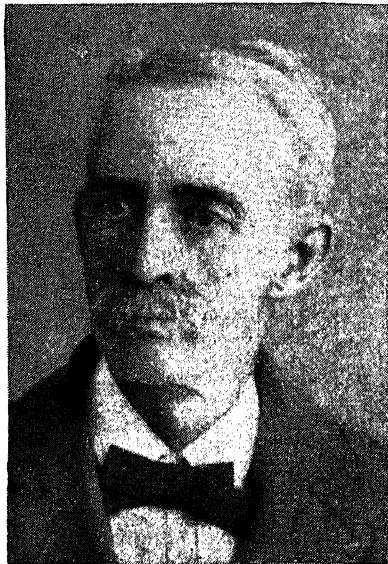
THE VIOLIN.

Within that little case you lie—
 Thy powers how concealed,
 One would not think that little box
 Had so much unrevealed;
 But let the artist's finger
 Apply his skillful bow,
 And then from off those tiny strings
 Will majestic music flow.
 They sit enraptured, all who hear—
 The saddest heart is soothed,
 And by thy mournful wailing chords
 The lightest heart is moved.
 The human voice can scarce excel
 Thy notes so clear and varied,
 One half believes when 'neath thy sound,
 He's in the realm of fairies.
 Could I from off those magic strings
 Draw music pure and sweet,
 My heart would bound with silent pride,
 My soul's desire complete.
 Now with pride I look upon thee
 Simple box, and bow, and string,
 Join the thousands to admire thee,
 For of all instruments thou art king.

JOHNS. STEPHENSON.

BORN: PITTSBURG, PA., JAN. 1, 1839.

FIRST attending the Andrew Freese's public school at Cleveland, Mr. Stephenson next attended a classical school in the same city. At eighteen years of age he commenced life as a school teacher. Mr. Stephenson next filled the position of deputy sheriff; then was ad-



JOHN SUMMERFIELD STEPHENSON.

mitted to practice law; later became local mail agent at Cleveland; and for some years was editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Since 1879 Mr. Stephenson has been in the business of railroad construction. He has held various positions of trust; and has been president of the Fireman's Association. The poems of Mr. Stephenson have appeared in the Toledo Commercial and other papers of prominence. He is at present located at Elyria, Ohio.

LIFE.

The red sun sets and the bright day doth die,
While night's gray shadows fall on land and sea;

As the days pass and silent years go by,
They bear life on,— what shall its ending be?
O, fleeting life! how brief thy longest span
Like a dream or as the swift eagle's flight,
As shadows fade at sunset so dies man,
Like falling star lost in a rayless night
He sinks from mortal memory and sight.

When from the earthly form, the trembling
breath

Departs, doth then our being end, in death?
Or doth the spirit live and speed its way
To home of peace, where shines eternal day?
When in the gloom our life-star shall have
set

Beneath the dark and troubled sea of time,
It soon will rise beyond and shining yet
Continue ever on its course sublime.

Man lives again, dread death is not the end;
The unencumbered spirit doth ascend
From mortal plane to a celestial birth
In higher life, 'mid grander spheres than
earth.

Each thinking, individual soul lives on
Forever — lives to know and to be known,
Unchanged in form and personality
Through endless ages that are yet to be;
As grain of sand to the vast ocean's shore,
Is time compared to life that is in store;
As drop of water to the mighty sea.

Death changeth not the love for good or ill,
They who are evil will be evil still:
If bound by earthly superstition's chain,
The ignorant, debased, and vile in mind,
Until enlightened, will in gloom remain,
And each pursue the course to which inclined.

They who love good, to greater good aspire;
And as the ages pass in onward flight,
Their powers expanding, ever soaring higher,
They reach in wisdom to unmeasured height;
From sphere to sphere they constantly ascend
Toward perfection, at the life dawn sought,
That will in distant centuries be wrought;
In that grand existence that hath no end;
We know not what their destiny may be,
What boundless stores of knowledge they
shall gain,

What views of joy and fadeless beauty see,
What changes pass, what eminence attain,
In gardens where God's flowers of wisdom
bloom,
Where there is no parting, and no dark gloom.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

Dark falls the night, in gloom the day hath
fled;

As years have swiftly passed with silent
tread;

Many a life of promise bright hath flown,
Death's angel claimed the highest for his
own;

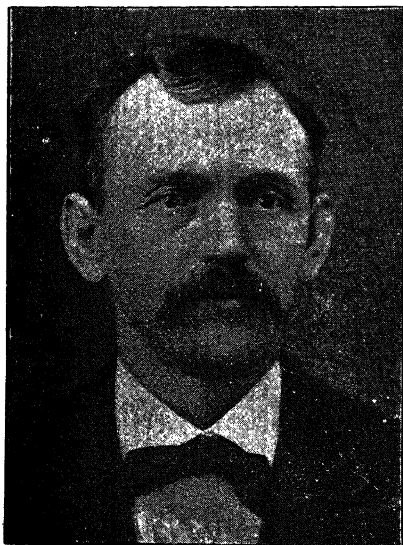
One history from the past, now rises to the
view,
That time cannot efface, and centuries but re-
new.

With noiseless step and bated breath
We enter the silent halls of death.

S. KINGSBURY WHITING.

BORN: WINTHROP, ME., FEB. 10, 1881.

SINCE the age of twenty the poems of Mr. Whiting have appeared from time to time in prominent newspapers and magazines. He was married in 1886 to Mary E. Dow. Mr. Whiting is engaged in the real estate business



S. KINGSBURY WHITING.

at Kansas City, Mo. He taught school for many years in New England; conducted the musical department of Youth's Temperance Visitor, and for two years published the daily and weekly Herald. Mr. Whiting has published several musical works, including Crystal Spring, Pure Light, Music Without a Master, Church, School and Home. Mr. Whiting has conducted musical conventions over the entire west, and has contributed church music to many collections published since 1889.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"

Is a proverb both old and true;

But if you doubt for a minute, there's anything in it,

Let me tell you a thing or two!

Just take your own case, and with a good honest face,

Tell me whom did you marry at last: [feature
Was it the angelic creature, in form and in
You courted, way back in the past?

O no! not at all — tho' the heavens might fall,
You vowed you'd be true to each other.
But the fitful emotion of boyhood's devotion
Unconsciously changed for another.

It ne'er entered your head, you never would wed

The sweetheart you courted at school:
Of course you would marry the sweet little fairy!

But you didn't — and that is the rule.

So there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip
In most that we do or wish;
And a bird in hand, young man, understand,
Is worth two or three in the bush.

OLD MAN'S QUERY.

At what age does love begin
Our Cupid seek the heart to win?
Methinks your rosy lips reply —
"I can't tell you, if I try."

When does hoary love expire,
And silvery Age put out the fire?
My lips shall answer — old and wise —
Though youth may pass, love never dies.

G. W. LYON.

THE poems of Mr. Lyon have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He has written enough poems to fill a fair-sized volume. Mr. Lyon is engaged in the subscription and publishing business at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

PERENNIAL LIGHT.

If sometimes lone and sad, the heart,
And rayless night hangs o'er the soul,
If so bereaved, in mourning clad,
How weary hours like ages roll.

No smiling faces greet the sight,
Nor voices sweet entrance the ear,
E'en love seems but a broken plight,
And friendship cold with doubt and fear.

Obscure the rugged path of life
With valleys deep and mountains high,
Suggesting ceaseless toil and strife,
And groping thus to fall and die.

And yet, if we but view aright,
Above are fadeless starry skies,
And worlds revolve; upturn in flight,
From nadir forth to zenth rise.

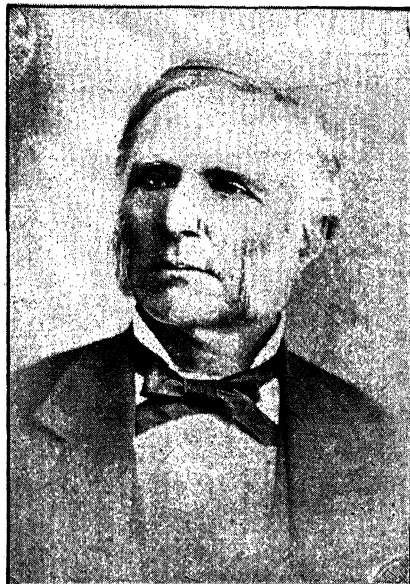
As clouds and darkness drift away,
The heavens will open wide and blue,
And glorify with rising day,
Our journey on with raptures new.

So life may pass serene, secure,
Like ship through calm or shifting blast,
With compass guiding straight and sure
To heaven of peace and joy at last.

ISAAC DURAND.

BORN: OLD MILFORD, CONN., 1808.

COMMENCING to write verse at an early age, the poems of Mr. Durand have appeared from time to time in the periodical press. He has



ISAAC DURAND.

followed various mercantile pursuits, but is now living on a farm at Verdon, Nebraska. Mr. Durand has traveled quite extensively throughout the United States and Canada.

A HUSBAND'S TALK TO HIS WIFE.

Just four and fifty years to-day
Has pass'd of wedded life.
We heard the Reverend Preacher say
You now are man and wife.
I could not tell the prize I drew
These many years now tell,
That in the act of choosing you
The choice was wise and well.
A patient, kind and loving wife —
You've shared my hopes and fears —
You've cheered the pathway of my life
Through four and fifty years.
What, though there's silver in your hair
And wrinkles on your face,
I know the same kind heart is there
And love thee none the less.
How wise your acts in social life,
Your many friends can tell;
As sister, daughter, mother, wife
You have succeeded well.

Just list to me, my own good wife,
I'll whisper in your ears:
I've fondly loved you through a life
Of four and fifty years.
Of all the gifts, through all the scenes
Of this mysterious life,
To me the greatest blessing seems
That faithful friend, the wife.
Our children, they will ever keep
Your council and your care.
You sowed good seed and now you reap
A harvest rich and rare.
A harvest that's more highly prized
Than rubies, far above;
And every message that arrives
Begins and ends in love.
How greatly would it cheer our hearts
To see them here to-day;
But they are dwelling far apart,
And far from us away.
How few of all those friends still live
That cheered our wedding day.
The few their love we still receive
The rest have passed away.
When death has entered our abode
And borne loved ones away,
Our sighs and tears together flowed
On the sad parting day.
And still death's work goes steady on,
Not heeding tears or sighs.
The last one called, our eldest son
Bade friends farewell and dies.
O! wife and mother, dearest friends
On earth to mortals given;
Your presence and your memory sends
Our grateful thanks to heaven.
If first I'm call'd to yield my breath
And bid farewell to time,
You'll smooth my pillow down to death,
Or I'll do so by thine.
And when we've traveled all life's road
We most devoutly pray.
We may, sustained by thee our God,
Serenely pass away.
And may the blessed Lord above,
Who knows our hopes and fears,
Grant us an interest in his love,
Through all the eternal years.

EXTRACT.

Those days seem brightest of my life
I can to recollection call,
When all the children and the wife
Were seated round the dining hall.
And now through life I pass along,
My children's voice I may not hear,
Nor ever hear their voice in song,
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

MRS. LAURA GRICE PENUEL.

BORN: NORTH CAROLINA.

THIS lady has resided in Hearne, Texas, for ten years, and for a year assisted Dr. Royall as



MRS. LAURA GRICE PENUEL.

teacher in Baylor university. Mrs. Penuel is at present engaged in teaching, in which profession she has a reputation of being a superior literary instructor. She is the author of a volume of poems entitled *Rain Lilies*.

LONGINGS.

"Oh for the clash of the battle,
The shouting, the banners, the strife!"
So longed we, ignorant children,
Not knowing the whole of life.
Then cherry boughs drooped in the orchard,
And strawberries hid in the leaves,
And blackberries girdled the cornfields,
And poppies sprinkled the sheaves.
We wandered at dawn in the woodland,
We lingered at eve on the hill,
And the Brownings sang in the bird's song,
And Tennyson laughed in the rill.
The golden glow of the gloaming,
With one star trembling through,
Were the shining streets of Heaven,
And "the city's" distant view.
We leaned from the lattice at midnight,
The roses blushed beneath,

But the stars above were marching,
And they shouted, "The victor's wreath?"

And we longed to march with the legions,
Heroic, and grand and strong,
That storm the castles of evil,
That scatter the ranks of wrong.

Now, we know not if gardens are sunny,
If blossoms and berries are sweet,
We dare not lay down our armor,
Or linger for resting feet.

And yet, in the glare of the conflict,
Remembering beauty and balm,
Not backward, but forward forever,
We look for refreshment and calm.

Dear God! ever gracious and tender,
The earth is thy footstool small,
But Heaven is the heart of Thy beauty,
Where we may recover all.

We know 'twill be wondrously lovely,
Dear Lord, could we only know,
That, there, we may cherish the roses,
And the lilies of long ago!

M. C. KING.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. We here give an extract from *The Silent Majority*, one of his most popular pieces.

THE SILENT MAJORITY.

EXTRACT.

Could all who thirst for empty fame be conscious of false hopes,
One ship, with crew of some fourteen, would not have loosed its ropes.
But it sailed on the tempting waters of glory and renown;
And, not without fair warnings, the ship and all went down.
There was our Captain, Tracy, the bravest man on deck.
As he'd never heeded danger, he never thought of wreck;
He saw his doom before him, but filled with contemplation,
He thought of nothing, to the last, but "Irren's Vindication."
O, for private Zimmerman, most timid of the lot,
Who sniffed the breeze of ruin, took sick, and died upon the spot.
His mother'd ever weep and mourn the fate of her mad son,
Who died for "Old England and the Policy of Gladstone."

MRS. SOPHIE M. A. HENSLEY.

BORN: NOVA SCOTIA, MAY 31, 1866.

FROM fifteen to eighteen years of age this lady was at school in England and Paris. She has a passion for poetry and some of her productions were written and published when but fourteen years of age. This lady was



MRS. SOPHIE M. A. HENSLEY.

married in 1889 to Arthur Hensley, a rising young barrister. Mrs. Hensley has published a small volume of short poems which has received quite a wide circulation. She is now preparing a volume for the literary world, to be brought out in London in 1890. The poems of Mrs. Hensley have appeared in the leading publications of Canada, and have received flattering praise.

TOUT POUR L'AMOUR.

The world may rage without,
Quiet is here;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
Cynics may sneer;
The great world,—let it go,—
June warmth be March's snow,—
I care not,—be it so
Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
Called for a fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
Hastened a tear.

Naught care I now what foe
Threatens, for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go
Since I am here.

This is my resting-place
Holy and dear,
Where pain's dejected face
May not appear:
This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly
Since I am here.

Is't your voice chiding, Love,
My mild career,
My meek abiding, Love,
Daily so near?—
"Danger and loss," to me?
Ah, Sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of thee,
And I am here.

I WILL FORGET.

I will forget those days of mingled bliss
And dear delicious pain,—will cast from me
All dreams of what I know can never be,
Even the remembrance of that parting kiss.
I knew that some day it would come to this
In spite of all our sworn fidelity,
That I must banish even memory,
And, sorrowing, learn to say, nor say amiss,
I will forget.

I register this vow, and am content
That it be so. Ah me!—yet, if the door
Shut on our heaven might be asunder rent
Even now, and I could see the way we went,
I might retract my vow, and say no more
I will forget.

TRIUMPH.

The sky, grown dull through many waiting
days,
Flashed into crimson with the sunrise
charm,
So all my love, aroused to vague alarm,
Flushed into fire and burned with eager blaze.
I saw thee not as suppliant, with still gaze
Of pleading, but as victor,—and thine arm
Gathered me fast into embraces warm,
And I was taught the light of Love's dear
ways.

This day of triumph is no longer thine,
Oh conqueror, in calm exclusive power.—
As evermore, through storm, and shade, and
shine,

Your woe my pain, your joy my ecstasy,
We breathe together,—so this blessed
hour
Of self-surrender makes my jubilee!

EMMET D. C. HEGEMAN.

BORN: AVON, ILL., MAY 23, 1859.

AFTER receiving his education at Milford classical and collegiate seminary, Emmet commenced to court the muse, and his poems



EMMET D. C. HEGEMAN.

have since appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. Mr. Hegeman follows the profession of journalism, and is now editor of the Gazette, published at Laurel, Delaware.

WITH THEE ALONE.

With thee alone! How much is meant
By these three little words:
What language could express the joys
That thine embrace affords.

With thee alone! And thy dear face,
That haunts my nightly dreams;
How swift the hours would flit away;
Like paradise it seems.

With thee alone! And thy great heart
Returning my fond love;
My happiness, as poets sing,
Were "like that above."

With thee alone! What other form
Is half so dear as thine?
I often think of thy pure face
As something that's divine.

With thee alone! Say, may it be,
That I may know such bliss?

May linger in thy sweet embrace?
Thy darling lips may kiss?

With thee alone! 'Tis all my thought,
For thee my fond heart sighs;
To hear the music of thy voice,
To watch thy laughing eyes.

With thee alone! How strange 'twould be
Such loveliness as thine,
Would condescend to list to love
From such rude lips as mine.

With thee alone! Ah yes my love,
Thou dost not guess my heart;
With thee alone, I long to be,
Nor ever from thee part.

With thee alone; this dreary world
Would wear a golden mask,
And daily toil, for thy sweet sake,
Would be a welcome task.

AN ACROSTIC.

Under a star-lit sky and over softly rippling
waves,

Peacefully our fair steamer glides on; [night,
Over all reigns the silence of the mid-summer
Nor is there a wish for the dawn.

This stillness and rapture entrances the soul,
Heartaches and cares are all forgot:
Environed by the spell that such pleasures
afford.

Naught but joy is the enthusiast's lot. [dear,
Ah, happy the place when enchantment so
Nurture thoughts but of rapture and love,
'Tis the scene of sweet memories, when night-
ingales sing

In response to the note of the dove —
Can this fair earth afford a more restful resort
Of the weary, to rest from care's yoke?
Knowledge fails in completeness nor reaches
its bounds;

E'er it explores the old Nanticoke.

ACROSTIC.

Delightful revelry inveighs my soul to-night,
Over my spirit breathes a sweet delight;
Love thrills my heart with an intense desire,
Love pulses every nerve with amorous fire,
It breathes thy name like music sweet to me,
Each day reveals some new and pleasing
grace.

Portrays some fresh charm in thy lovely face
Endears thee more and more to my fond heart,
Closer entwines the bonds enwove by Cupid's
art,

Keeping my heart in sure captivity to thee.
Whatever fate this world may hold for me
Over my heart whatever griefs there be,
Rest thou assured my heart to thee is true,
True to the first real love it ever knew,
However fickle it at times may seem to be.

MRS. FANNIE S. LOVEJOY.

BORN: SIDNEY, ME., NOV. 29, 1840.

THIS lady was educated in the best schools and was an apt and ambitious scholar. It 1857 she was married to John Lovejoy, and removed to her present home in West Newbury, Mass., where she has endeared herself to a



MRS. FANNIE S. LOVEJOY.

large circle of friends. The poems of Mrs. Lovejoy have appeared extensively in the periodical press, and have won high praises, and she certainly occupies a worthy place among the writers of American poetry. She is a lady of rare beauty, an interesting conversationalist, and in her home life she is the personification of cheerfulness and domestic happiness.

PROGRESSION.

With swiftest strides progression
Is marching through the land,
And thinking ones are joining
Its ranks on every hand.
They turn from superstition
In reason's hall to throng,
Where growth unites with progress
To help its cause along.

A world of facts, not fancies,
All unexplored is thought;
The mighty powers which rule the world
From its deep caves are brought.

But back of all these forces
In this vast realm, we find,
A grand and mighty temple,
Where rules a king called Mind.
O, haste to seek this temple,
And bow before this King,
That out of reason's storehouse
Some treasures you may bring.
To aid the car of progress,
And speed the time along,
When truth shall banish error,
And right shall conquer wrong.

THE ISLES OF LONG AGO.

O, lovely isles so far away
In life's vast surging sea,
Around their slopes the sunbeams play
Their silent melody;
Above their heights the changing skies
Their lights and shadows throw,
As they again before me rise —
The isles of long ago.
O lovely isles, forever fair,
And clothed with green they stand;
No change or death can enter there,
In that fair summer land;
Where happy birds in shady bowers
Sing with the brooklet's flow,
And myrtles deck, and fadeless flowers —
The isles of long ago.

I've sailed out on the sea of life,
Far from this pearly strand,
Yet often through the din and strife
I see that sunny land.
The ocean surging 'round it there
With ceaseless ebb and flow,
So grand, and pure and deathless fair —
The isles of long ago.
Time, which life's mighty tide moves on,
Stands ever at the helm, [storm,
To guide o'er quicksands and through
Safe to a higher realm.
There, standing on the hills of light
To view the scene below,
I'll see them with a clearer sight —
The isles of long ago.
Far from the ceaseless rush and roar
Of life's vast surging sea,
They stand in light forever more
In God's eternity.
There in that blessed land of truth
No death or change to know,
I'll walk again the ways of youth —
The isles of long ago.

EXTRACT.

Softly as evening shadows
Fold round this world of strife,
Come the mysterious breathings
Of a purer, better life.

MRS. H. PERRY ALLEN.

BORN: FRIENDSHIP, N. Y., MARCH 18, 1839.

At an early age this lady displayed a decided taste for composition, and wrote poems from time to time, some of which subsequently were published in Godey's Lady's Book and



MRS. H. PERRY ALLEN.

other prominent magazines. She was married in 1862 to H. Perry Allen, who is now engaged in mercantile pursuits at Colwich, Kansas. Mrs. Allen occasionally writes for the press, and her poems are always gladly accepted and receive most flattering praise.

FAITH.

When the days are dark and drear,
Then, I know my God is near;
'Tho earthly friends unmindful be,
Still my God remembers me.
Yes, He guards with loving care,
He is with me everywhere;
Should all earth forgetful be,
Still my God remembers me.
From all care I fain would flee,
I come, I call, my God to Thee:
To Thy feet, my cross I bring,
To rest beneath Thy sheltering wing.
Gracious Father, hear my prayer,
Guard me with thy loving care,
When I wander lead me right
From the darkness into light.

When angry waves sweep through my
breast—

When sinful thoughts disturb my rest,—
Through the tempest's strife I hear
Tones in sadness whispering near.

"Why grieve the love that shelters thee,
Return my wandering child to me."
And angry waves obey the will
Of Him to whispered: "Peace, be still."

WINTER IS COMING.

Glad bells are ringing; snow-birds are sing-
ing,

Winter is coming with its fleecy white snow.
Snowflakes are falling, snow-birds are call-
ing—

Come merry north winds cheerily blow.
For winter is coming, winter is coming,
Winter is coming with fleecy white snow.

Life's winter is bringing song-birds for sing-
ing,

What are they saying to you and to me?
Time's snowflakes are falling, the master is
calling,

Where is the talent that was given to thee?
Life's winter is coming, winter is coming,
Winter is coming to you and to me.

Will our winter be dreary, our song-birds be
cheery,

Telling of duties fulfilled one by one?
Glad be its staying if the Master is saying:
Thou hath been faithful, my servant, well
done.

Winter is coming, winter is coming,
Winter is coming to all, one by one.

WINTER WINDS.

Fiercely blow the winter winds,
With a cheerless, dismal sound,
And to his boisterous music dance
The snowflakes o'er the frozen ground,
And all is dark and drear.
Dark clouds are o'er my heaven spread—
Chill storms are bursting on my head,
But one ray of joy and light is shed,
My lonely path to cheer.

It is the thought, through all these scenes,
However cheerless, strange or new,
For me one smile of kindness beams—
One faithful heart is true—
One soul's deep love is mine,
Shining with pure unwavering light
Through sunny day or starless night,
Filling my soul with strange delight,
And thought of God divine.

I thank Thee, Father, of yon heaven,
That sorrow has been mine,
Else these thoughts had not been given;
In vain this humble light would shine
On life's uneven way.

ELIZA JANE McMAHAN.

BORN: CALLAWAY CO., MO., DEC. 22, 1837.

A FALL in infancy caused this lady to be crippled for life. Having acquired the rudiments of an education, she entered Danville academy, where she graduated with honors, and subsequently began a successful career



ELIZA JANE McMAHAN.

of teaching. This lady has, on account of her health, now retired from teaching, and is living in New Florence, Mo., surrounded by a multitude of friends and associates, upon each of whom she leaves an impress of her own sweetness of nature and purity of soul. The poems of Miss McMahan have appeared in many of the leading publications.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

If we harbor thoughts unholy,
 Cherish purposes unkind,
 Though we labor hard to hide them
 They will some expression find.
 While the earth is soft and yielding,
 When the Spring and Winter meet,
 Those who lurk within our gateway
 Leave the impress of their feet.
 Thus it is in life's sweet Spring-time,
 Thoughts that linger in the breast
 Never fail to leave their tokens
 On the character impressed.
 And when fully they possess us,

Bring the will beneath their sway,
 Slowly they will mold the features,
 As the potter shapes his clay.

Thus they make or mar the beauty
 Of the human face divine,
 Just as wisdom or as folly
 Leaves thereon its outward sign.

For upon the face so plainly
 Do the children of the brain
 Trace the history of their triumphs,
 Write the record of their pain.

That the simplest, oft-times reading,
 Quick are drawn unto their goal,
 By the language of the features
 Emanating from the soul.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Oh this has been a glorious day!
 The length and breadth of the land,
 For the children of the church have met
 In many a joyous band.

By stream and lake, on mountain high,
 In midst of the City's throng,
 They've called the golden hours their own,
 To spend in prayer and song.

The poor have come, in fear of the Lord;
 His holy Temples within; [wealth,
 Where flowers outshine the children of
 And yet neither toil nor spin.

But the hues of the blossoms, so fair to behold,
 Cannot vie with the pure simple trust
 Of the meek and lowly whose treasures are
 hid

Far away from corruption and rust.
 These pretty sweet flowers came out of their
 graves,

Where the ice King laid them low;
 So our bodies will rise at last from the tomb
 With fresh life and vigor aglow.

Our God can unlock the dark prisons of
 death,

By the strength of that same loving arm
 That circles the poor little sparrow that falls,
 And that keeps little children from harm.

I love the dear birds, the bright happy birds,
 As they soar far away from sight;
 I think where the hearts of the children must
 turn

To seek for the fountain of light.

I missed them alas, in the dark winter hours,
 When the clouds gather'd heavy and black:
 I wonder if God kept them safe in His house,
 Till beautiful spring called them back.

If they've been up above, where angels live,
 And nestled around the white Throne;
 I wish they'd sing us a song of that land
 Where winter and clouds are unknown.

Should a message come from the City of Light,
Borne out on the songs of the birds,
How closely I'd listen, how hard I would try
To find out its meaning in words.

For then I could live so much nearer to God,
When I heard what the birds had to say,
And knew that His voice had spoken the
words

Sent down in that beautiful way.

But now, I can learn what his will is to us
From this Book which came down from
above,

'Twas utter'd in thunder, 'twas written in
blood—

Yet we know that its meaning is love.

We all met this morning its truths to imbibe;
Here to worship, to sing and to pray,
With parents, teacher and friends in our midst
Who are seeking to learn the good way.

And now that the bright happy May-day is
gone

When the Stars light us home to our rest,
May no soul go out from the temple of God,
By the love of our Savior unblest.

May each carry home a new treasured thought
That will brighten his lot as he goes. [life
Some hope lighting up the dark corners of
And dispelling its shadow of woes.

A rich gift is life, if we use it aright,
And our father knows best what we need
Then murmur not, when that is withheld
For which often, we earnestly plead.

These meetings on earth are but types of the
time

When the sea giving up her vast dead,
The Just shall stand out on the righthand of
God,

From the Fountain of Life to be fed.

SICK-ROOM MUSINGS.

Many dreary years have vanished,
Many friends lie cold and dead,
Since affliction heavy handed
Laid me low upon this bed.
Oh, the work these years have witnessed!
Lisping children, babes unborn,
Now I see as happy parents,
Passing from life's dewy morn.

When in strength I last went walking,
All the land was dark with strife,
War was raging, cannon roaring,
Brothers seeking life for life.

High the star of peace has risen,
Twenty years we've known her rule;

Oh to tread familiar pathways
With the friend I love so well;
Guided on some sunny morning
By the music of the bell.

ABRAM BENNET BRES.

BORN: MEDINA, MICH., DEC. 30, 1841.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared in Signs of the Times, Spencerville Journal, Ohio Democrat and various other publications. In 1874 he was married to Miss Harriet Wilson. By occupation Mr. Brees is a farmer, at Spencerville, Ohio. Mr. Brees was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1869, and travels extensively preaching the gospel.

HOW I MEET A MAN.

As I meet a man I wonder
What the motive of his heart,
Whether honesty of purpose
Doth its hallowed grace impart.

Whether his good salutation
Is as free from selfish aims,
As his words are full of praises,
When he calls me honored names;

Whether his professed affection
Long will bear the test of time,
And his earnest resolutions
Prove themselves in acts sublime;

Whether truth or whether folly
Will direct his future state,
And his aims be mean and lowly,
Or his acts be good and great.

What the choice of his companions,
Whether frivolous or good;
If, in public life and private,
All his ways are understood;

Whether, when at church in worship,
Vain conceits his mind control;
Or a pure and sweet devotion,
Animates and lifts his soul.

Hush! My Muse, and let me ponder
O'er the lesson thou hast taught;
Have I time to judge and censure,
If I labor as I ought?

God, I know, hath wisely hidden
All the hearts of men from me;
'Tis enough if I can profit
By the vanities I see.

If the evils of my nature
Cause me deep and constant grief,
Greater pain, through greater knowledge,
Were a bane without relief.

'Tis enough that men are proven
As their heart and faith are tried;
'Tis enough that God hath promised
That his truth shall be my guide?

Let some holy Censor guard me,
Criticise each act and thought,
That my life and love and labor,
May employ me as I ought.

MRS. MAGGIE MAY DANEHY.

BORN: FAIRFIELD, OHIO, JULY 5, 1862.

GRADUATING at the high school in 1880, Maggie four years later was married to Mr. Dan Danehy, a rising young barrister. The poems of



MRS. MAGGIE MAY DANEHY.

Mrs. Danehy have appeared in the Cincinnati and Lancaster papers, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press.

LOVE THEE?

Love thee? Canst thou ask me still
 If, in truth, I love thee?
 Ask the breezes, if you will,
 Ask the stars above thee.

Nightly, daily, on the air
 Passing soft before me,
 Breathe I not thy name in prayer
 To the heavens o'er me?

Naught but breezes fond could tell,
 Naught but stars give token
 Of those words they know so well,
 Ne'er to mortal spoken.

Waking, dreaming, near or far,
 Gay, or when I'm lonely,
 Of but one my dreamings are —
 Thee — and of thee only.

Life and love are now but one,
 I had known them never,
 Till with love was life begun,
 To live on forever.

Came a presence strange to me,
 Never to be banished;
 Brighter as it grew to be —
 Slow all others vanished.

Many footsteps 'round me fall —
 One alone I'm learning;
 Many voices to me call —
 One alone discerning.

Many eyes there are, I own,
 Shedding true love through them;
 Strange — but just one pair alone
 Draw my own unto them.

Many lips unto me speak,
 Friendship's faith repeating;
 Lips of one alone I seek,
 With their gentle greeting.

Many hands there are, I learn,
 Fain would truly guide me;
 But I only care to turn
 To one hand beside me.

What were life, if love were gone?
 Love — if life should sever?
 Life and love will still be one
 In that vast forever.

SONG OF THE FOREST.

Friend of my friends, the poets true,
 To thee, in humble verse, I sing,
 With this my theme, so old yet new —
 No fitter thought the Muses bring.

Old, yes, because what year gone by,
 Caressed by breath of summer morn,
 Aloft unto the smiling sky
 Has not its wealth of verdure borne?

And what new year hath other power
 To sway with sweeter charm than these —
 The trembling leaf, the opening flower,
 The grandeur of its noble trees?

Oh! who is there within whose heart
 The love of noble manhood dwells,
 Who feels the thrill of pleasure start
 When other tongue the story tells

Of deeds sublime? with true eye sees
 The beautiful in art and thought —
 Dares stand before God's stately trees,
 Declaring that he loves them not?

Companions of our childhood days!
 Companions still though grown we be!
 Still through thy leaves the light breeze
 strays,

Whispering the same old song to me.
 And from beneath thy cooling shade
 Methinks I hear a well known tread —
 Alas! that dreams should ever fade —
 The footsteps of our honored dead.

Those who, with calm and thoughtful brow,
 Communed with thee in days of yore,

Whose forms, when seen beside thee now,
 Fond memory doth alone restore.
 Protectingly thy broad arms bend
 Above the cool and waving grass,
 Nature's fair guardians that attend
 The place where they were wont to pass.
 To-day once more the birds rejoice,
 The murmur of the winds I hear,
 Imagining some gentle voice
 Commingling with those sounds so dear.
 'Tis here, beneath thy branches free,
 Spirits of old again appear,
 Not elsewhere speaketh unto me
 In language half so sweet or clear,
 The words that fell from poet lips,
 In years gone by — true words of power,
 That we imbibe as sunbeam sips
 The dewdrops pure from earthly flower.
 Dear forest! Down thy aisles dim
 Soft sweeps the zephyr's light caress;
 Worthy indeed art thou of Him
 Who made thee in thy loveliness.
 Long may thy graceful branches wave,
 Piercing with pride the balmy air,
 Harm ne'er would come if I could save —
 Fit objects of our love and care.
 But though erect each noble form,
 As year by year rolls swift along,
 Thou too, like man, must face the storm,
 And fall — or live to be more strong.
 Forever, upward, day by day,
 Patient thy growing branches turn,
 Nearer the heavens each year away —
 May we the simple lesson learn.
 Though few our years, or many be,
 It matters not the number given,
 If we can feel that, like the tree,
 Each year hath found us nearer heaven.

EXTRACTS.

Just as one who, idly wandering
 In some forest pathway lone,
 Gathers here and there a flower
 Chance into his way has thrown.
 Stoops, in pleased surprise, on finding,
 'Mid the dead leaves at his feet,
 Some sweet favorite of the wildwood,
 Hiding in its dim retreat.
 Climbs the mountain side to capture,
 Where the rough rocks cheerless frown,
 Some rare blossom he had noticed
 On his pathway smiling down.
 Pauses by the sparkling waters,
 From the trembling waves to bear,
 Some shy water-maiden nodding
 'Mong the green leaves floating there.

NELLIE LINN.

BORN: MINONK, ILL., FEB. 23, 1861

THIS lady has written quite extensively for the local press, and has published a little pamphlet of *Temperance Poems and Other Recitations*. She is a little below the medium height, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and has a wide circle of admirers; she now resides in Liberty, Nebraska.

LIFE'S MORNING.

My heart is light, from sorrow free;
 Time's hand hath not yet creased my brow,
 I'll dance and sing in merry glee:
 The present mine! I'm happy now!
 While other's fret, I'll not complain;
 Gay thoughts of joy doth fill my heart; —
 Away, away, all thoughts of pain!
 Within my life they have no part.
 Talk not to me of toil and care,
 That wait for me adown the road:
 'Twill be enough for me to bear,
 When I must lift the weary load.
 So I will laugh while yet I may,
 If sorrow then shall come at last
 I can endure the coming day,
 For joy was mine in days of past.
 Then let me laugh in merry glee!
 Away with grief! from me begone!
 Although we know the night must be;
 We still enjoy the early dawn.

WANTED.

Men of honor, men of might;
 Men who boldly stand for right;
 Men who scorn to tell a lie;
 Men whom money cannot buy;
 Men who never take a drink,
 But from liquor always shrink;
 Men who never learned to smoke;
 Men who do not always croak;
 Men who know just what to say,
 Where to say it and the way;
 Men whom politics won't spoil,
 And their reputations soil;
 Men who do not cringe to power;
 Men — they're wanted every hour.

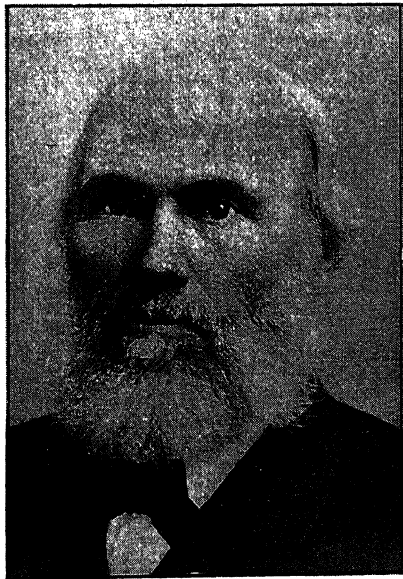
EXTRACT.

I'm nothing but an outcast,
 No mother, home or friends;
 My father is a drunkard
 And all his money spends
 For liquor or in gambling,
 While I am left to roam —
 Why don't some one take pity
 And give to me a home.

BELA CHAPIN.

BORN: NEWPORT, N. H., FEB. 19, 1829.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Chapin was apprenticed to the printing business, and afterward was employed in various places as a compositor. Having earned some money by much industry, he entered Kimball Union



BELA CHAPIN.

academy where he was fitted for college. After leaving the academy he continued the study of the Latin and Greek languages. About 1865 Mr. Chapin became proprietor of the Dartmouth press printing and book-binding establishment in Hanover, N. H. Commencing to court the muses at an early age, the productions of this writer have constantly appeared in the New England journals and magazines, and have been deservedly admired. In 1882 he edited the Poets of New Hampshire, a large volume of some eight hundred pages. He has just completed a translation in verse of Virgil's Eclogues. Mr. Chapin now resides in Claremont, and is proprietor of the Grandy Brook fruit and dairy farm, on which are some very fine horses, choice Jersey cattle, and the finest of fruit. The library of this gentleman contains about two thousand volumes of standard works.

THE REALM OF RHADAMANTHUS.

Begemmed upon old Ocean's breast,
Where gentle billows swell,

Lie the feigned islands of the blest,
Where souls departed dwell.
Not in Cimmerian gloom profound,
Where ebon night pervades,
But in the realm where joys abound,
Rest unsubstantial shades.
There in that clime, forever bright,
The sun with equal ray
Illuminates the tranquil night
And gilds the cloudless day.
There fields of asphodel and balm
And roses bloom for aye;
There naught can mar the soul's sweet calm,
And love finds no decay.
There hero-shades with joy possess
An ever-peaceful home,
A seat exempt from all excess
Where pain can never come.
There where enchanting beauty teems
In exquisite delight,
Mid citron groves, by crystal streams,
Walk chiefs of former might.
O'er those feigned isles no storms prevail,
No snow white-drifting there;
No raging blast, nor rain, nor hail,
Nor pestilential air.
There fragrant breezes, balmy airs,
Pure offspring of the main,
Sweep from the isles corroding cares
And fan the lovely plain.
There smiling fields afar extend
In living verdure new;
There trees with fruits ambrosial bend,
With flowers of every hue.
There bright-winged birds, on every tree,
Pour forth their dulcet strains,
While mirth, and song, and dance, and glee
Pervade the flowery plains.
There Rhadamanthus rules in trust
The realm of beings blest;
The brave, the noble and the just,
They own his high behest.
They who, in truth and virtue strong,
From guilt's contagion pure,
Did ever keep their lives from wrong,
Rest in the isles secure.
There with the honored gods so dear,
With them forever blest,
They dwell, and pass from year to year
Their tearless age of rest.
They who were once o'er-fraught with care
And bowed beneath the load,
No heaviness their spirit bear
In that their last abode.
And they whose weary days were spent
In penury and pain,
In sore disease and discontent,
In hardship and disdain;

And they who were by scorn and pride
Down-trodden and oppressed,
In joyfulness they all abide
Where woes can not molest.

And shades of men, the wise and good,
Both old and young are there,
Matrons and blooming womanhood,
And youths unwed and fair.

No toil is there, nor languishment,
There no deceit beguiles;
There pleasure reigns with glad content
Within those halcyon isles.

No hurt nor ill that trouble yields
Can reach that peaceful shore,
But in the sweet elysian fields
Is bliss forevermore.

In such a place the Greeks of old
Hoped after death to rest,
But earth doth not that region hold,
Such islands of the blest.

IN HEAVEN.

There shall the sainted dead abide
In never-ceasing light;
The pure in heart, the glorified,
Shall walk in garments white:
And in their midst the lamb shall be
Their friend and guide eternally.

There God shall wipe all tears away
From true believers' eyes;
No pain is there, nor sad decay,
No sorrow, grief, nor sighs;
And death itself shall nevermore
Be known upon that peaceful shore.

The glory of the world of bliss
On earth we cannot know;
It far transcends all scenes in this
Our fleeting life below;
The beautiful of earth and fair
Cannot with heavenly things compare.

Some gleam, perhaps, God's people see,
While here they serve and wait;
Some fortaste of the things that be
Within the shining gate,
Where dwell in ever sweet accord
The ransomed of the risen Lord.

Great Father, Spirit blest, and Son,
Thou ever-living Three;
Thou ever-living Three in One,
We place our trust in thee:
And in our dear Redeemer's peace
We hope for joys that ne'er will cease.

EXTRACTS FROM TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S ECGLOGUES.

Happy old man! At ease how blest,
Beside familiar streams to rest—
Beside the pure translucent springs
To know the bliss that quiet brings!

Just here a hedge of willow-trees,
Your pasture's hither bound,
Is fed upon by Hyblean bees,
That buzz its blossoms round:
And oft their murmur sweet and low
That cause you into sleep to go.
Shall where yon towering rock inclines
Shall sit the pruner of the vines,
And sing to every breeze.

Near by your favorite pigeon throng
Their plaintive clamor shall prolong,
And turtledoves shall utter still
Their cooing with complaining bill
Upon the tall elm-trees.

Come hither, come, O beauteous boy!
For you the smiling nymphs with joy
Their baskets full of lilies bring;
A naxos fair is gathering
For you gay poppy-heads and neat.

CHRISTIAN CRALL.

BORN: MANSFIELD, OHIO, NOV. 17, 1819.

UNDER the nom de plume of Allan Bane, the poems of this writer have appeared in many of the prominent publications, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. He is now a resident of Pioneer, O.

MY FATHER'S CLOCK.

My father's clock hangs on the wall,
Just as it hung of yore;
Year in, year out, it ticked for those
Who hear its tick no more.

Hair darker than the raven's wing
Has changed to silver gray,
Since first that clock began to tick,
And still it ticks away.

For fifty years that pendulum
Was swinging to and fro;
Just how long I shall see it swing
I do not care to know.

There is no beauty in that clock
That stranger eyes can see:
'Tis like its owner, old and scarred,
But no less dear to me.

I often look on that old clock
And think of youth's bright days,
And of a goodly company
So happy, blithe and gay.

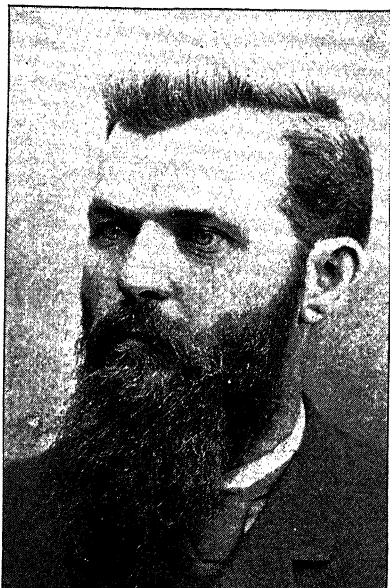
Sad are the changes time has wrought,
And yet amidst them all,
That good old clock has kept its place,
Secure against the wall.

My father's clock, Oh, guard it well!
As in the days of yore.
And think how long that clock has ticked,
For those who hear no more.

J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.

BORN: BERLIN, CONN., SEPT. 16, 1847.

MR. KEEGAN graduated as a civil engineer at an early age. He has contributed to many newspapers and periodicals; has traveled extensively through Europe, Mexico and the United States, and many of his poems and sketches are scenes from life in other lands.



J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.

Among his best efforts are the Bells of San Blas, Deserted City in Yucatan, The Exile's Dream and The Wanderer's Return — the latter pronounced as a first-class poem and was well received by the press and public. Many of his sketches of life in the far west are very readable and humorous. He was married June 30th, 1887, to a Jewish lady, Miss Frances Simons, of New York City. Mr. Keegan is now a resident of Idaho Territory.

ON LAKE CŒUR D'ALENE.

The vision burst o'er me like a beautiful dream;
The lake and the river of fair Cœur d'Alene;
Thy mountains and canyons, the defile and glen,
Are sweet bouquets of beauty in the pathway of men.

The old mission chapel seems lost in decay
Where the knee of the savage was once bent to pray;

But mission and chapel are shrouded in gloom,
And savage and priests slumber on in the tomb.

There the grand, lofty pines in yon canyon behold!

Stand erect like giant knight-errants of old,
Guarding their treasures of mountain stream
That glitter and sparkle in the bright sun-ray's gleam.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Sad and pensive now I'm sitting
At the fireside's warming blaze,
Thinking of the years that's fitting
With memory struggling through the haze.

"Home again" — it sounds so mournful
After years of battling strife,
And my heart is growing scornful,
Grieving o'er my misspent life.

"Yes, home again," and now I'm thinking
Over all and every charm;
Happiness and sorrow linking, —
The latter trying to disarm.

How they watched last night at service
When I reached the family seat,
And my poor heart became so nervous
The text and prayers could not repeat.

Oh, how the music thrilled my memory!
Subdued and soft then loud it rolled;
As they sang the Christmas anthem
Tears and doubt bereft my soul.

And when the pastor spoke his sermon —
Recalled to them his burdened years,
"The Father's ways he was ever learning,"
While my poor eyes were dimmed with tears.

And when the pastor gave his blessing,
I heard the whispers at my back;
Some old friend his son addressing,
" 'Tis twenty years since he's been back."

And now this morn I viewed the village;
The church, the school, the old red mill
The same old farms are under tillage, —
The same old elms are standing still.

I viewed the house with its gable windows —
Its quaint old chimney of rock and clay;
And in the fields last season's winrows
Are left to molder and decay.

The last but me in the churchyard sleeping;
They sleep beneath yon granite stone,
And I there lonely watch am keeping,
I, their wanderer, am home.

MRS. MATTIE NICHOLS.

BORN: SALEM, OHIO, 1854.

UNDER the nom de plume of Jaye Jacques, many fine poems have appeared in the press



MRS. MATTIE NICHOLS.

from the pen of this writer, who, however, is devoted to prose rather than to verse.

THOSE BONNIE EYES.

Those bonnie eyes,
They are my skies;
They hold for me both sun and rain,—
They frown, and hope within me dies;
They smile, and peace is mine again.
They are noon,
My sun, my moon,
My restful light at close of day,
They shed for me the blessed boon
Of love's dear light across my way.
Sweet eyes that shine
And speak to mine
Of love that never waxeth cold,
Ah, never veil thy beams divine,
Though time brings change and hearts
grow old.

WHEN THE SILK IS ON THE CORN.

The geese were flying southward
And the clouds were hanging low,
The leafless boughs were shivering
As they chattered of the snow;

And the frost was in our faces
As we said good-by that morn,
But you promised, sweet, to wed me,
When the silk was on the corn.
'Neath the naked boughs we parted,
In the autumn cold and gray;
But the winter's reign is over
And 'tis now the pleasant May.
And I know you're slyly watching
Each evening and each morn,
Where the tender husk is bursting,
And the silk is on the corn.
There are sweet, contented whisperings
Now among the tossing trees,
For the spring has come to crown them
And has brought them back their leaves.
And my crown of love is waiting,
Where, some sunny, summer morn,
I will claim my queen, my darling,
When the silk is on the corn.

A WIFE'S LAMENT.

I know a mountain, high and grand,
And seamed with chasms dark and deep;
Dark, stern, magnificent, it stands
And guards the hamlet at its feet,
Through cloud, and fog and morning mist,
Unmoved by tempest, storm or time;
And when the sun its brow has kissed,
It smiles with radiance sublime!
The fertile valley lies below,
Clothed in her shimmering summer dress,
And smiles up to the gray, cold rock
That guards, but stoops not to caress.
I know a face, a kingly face,
That towers high above my own;
An artist's eye, a form of grace,
A poet's soul—a heart of stone!
He stands, unmoved by praise or blame,
With conscious power and mind complete;
He lives for labor, art and fame,
Nor heeds the offerings at his feet.
I'd give the world were I the sun,
To kiss to smiles that haughty face,
And see the lightning glance of love
Light up those eyes with tender grace.
I nestle mutely at his feet,
He shields me from the storms of life,
I bring him offerings pure and sweet,
A worshiping, devoted wife.
But ah! his heart once all my own,
Forgets the gracious tenderness
Of bygone days. I sit alone.
He guards, but stoops not to caress.

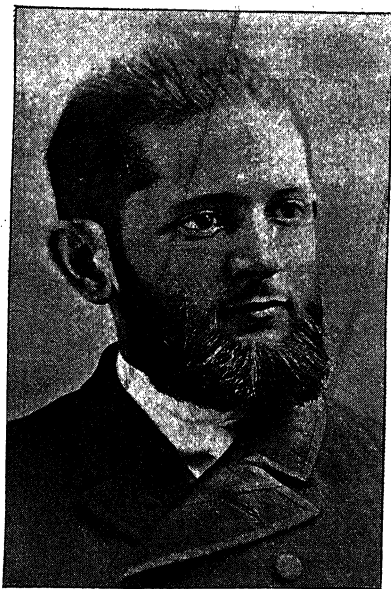
A TOUCH OF FROST.

There's a touch of frost in the wandering air,
The twilights call,
The grass is all, [hair
And streaked with white like the first gray
That comes with the rounding years of care.

WOLFF WILLNER, M. A.

BORN: GERMANY, JULY 20, 1883.

At the age of eleven the subject of this sketch emigrated with his mother and family to America, whither his father preceded him the year before. He lived first in Newburgh, N. Y., then in New Haven, Conn., where he entered Yale in 1881, graduated at the acade-



REV. WOLFF WILLNER.

mic course in 1885, and in 1887 was made an M. A. Then he was called to the ministry of the congregation Oheb Shalom, in Newark, New Jersey. He has written poetry from his youth, but his later years have been devoted mostly to translating from the Hebrew or German. Newspaper articles on religious and Hebrew literary subjects are published in several Jewish weeklies and in the Menorah Monthly. In 1890 Mr. Willner took charge of the Hebrew Congregation in Houston, Texas.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

Little beauty, kiss me, pray!
 Little beauty turns away?
 Kisses to take and give the same,
 Need not now cause you to shame.
 A hundred times pray kiss me o'er,
 Kiss me, and mark well the score,
 I'll repay—and I speak true—
 Tenfold each of them to you,
 When the kiss no more is play,
 And you're ten years older than to-day.

WHOM I SHALL MARRY.

Whom I will marry, you would ask?

Well now, it is no easy task,
 And one must think a good deal,
 Before he finds his true ideal.
 But that in answer you rejoice
 I herewith make known my choice:

I'll marry her, both tall and fair,
 Blue are her eyes, blonde is her hair,
 As beauteous as one only seeks,
 And pretty dimples in her cheeks.
 A tiny nose between her eyes,
 Her ears are just the correct size,
 Her skin as fine as velvet is,
 Her ruby lips invite a kiss,
 And whom she passes, looks behind,
 For no greater beauty he can find.
 Her I will marry, she'll be my wife,
 My beauteous partner throughout life.

Or else her of the blackest hair,
 Of small brown eyes, complexion fair,
 Of roundest, softest, shapeliest arms,
 Of countless beauties, wond'rous charms,
 Her rosy lips are small and pretty,
 Her speech is bright, her sayings witty;
 Of daintiest hands, prettiest feet,
 The nicest girl that walks the street.

A beauty blonde, beauty brunette,
 No matter, a beauty I must wed!
 And if you ask me, where I find
 A beauty of this, or of another kind?
 And if a girl I see, how will I know,
 That as she looks, she's really so?—

What if no beauty wants me, you mean?
 Oh, then — you know I am extreme—
 I take the homeliest girl in the land,
 Such as no other man would demand;
 With bony, freckled face, with nose awry,
 Long donkey ears, and squinting eye,
 Red is her hair, and firm her grip,
 A full mustache adorns her upper lip,
 Big, gnashing teeth, a cornered chin,
 A fiery temper, devilish hard to win,
 Her speech is rough, her talk is hoarse,
 Ugly are her ways, and her demeanor coarse.
 Her will I wed, she'll be my wife,
 To vex and trouble me throughout my life!
 Thus now before you I my choice arrange,
 And, my mind made up, I will not change:
 'T must either be a beauty of renown,
 Or else, the homeliest girl in town.

SONNET.

High be thy standard, lofty be thine aim,
 Know thou thy duty, know thou to obey!
 On record's brightest page appear thy name;
 Hope brighten, when in woe, thine every day.
 Untrue to thee may never prove a friend,
 This greatest blessing God upon thee send.

WHAT THE SPRING TOLD ME OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Come then, ye clouds! In darkness clothe the sky!

In due obedience to their master's call
The clouds from all sides came. This Venus saw

And to herself thus spoke: "Oh, woe is me!
What can I do to set to naught the plan
Of wily Zeus, who hid the sky from view,
That none my visit to the Sun can see!"
Thus grieving in her heart fair Venus said,
And to Æolia went, the home of winds,
Where Æolus in a deep cave restrains
Their force and sways his scepter over them;
Indignant they against the wall do press
All eager seas and lands and e'en the sky
To fill and thither great commotion bring.
This fearing did the powerful father lock
Them in a cave and placed a rock
Upon them, and made Æolus their king.
Him Venus now beseechingly addressed:
"King Æolus, thou knowest that to-day
The Sun I'll visit and with him converse.
All my admirers wish to see the sight,
Now jealous Jupiter has grieved me much
For he has overhung the sky with clouds.
Thee, Æolus, I do implore, relieve
My heart from fear and let thy winds dis-
perse

The clouds and open unto view the sky."
She said it and she stepped to him and took
His hand and pressed it warmly, looked at him

Imploringly, contracted then his lips
As though she ready were to kiss the king.
Who could resist her beauty? Who refuse
Her wish, when his reward would be a kiss
Of lips as beautiful as her's? And so
His heart failed Æolus. He promised thus:
"O beauteous Venus, what thou sayest shall
Be done. Thy will to me is divine command."
She kissed him—O that kiss, well was it
worth

To undergo the wrath of Jupiter.
An opening king Æolus made in
The cave,—out rushed the winds and filled
the air.

In vain they blew, the clouds would not give
way.

Already rosy-fingered morning rose
When first the winds began to have effect,
For Uranus, lord of the sky held them,
He Neptune, all the planets envied her.
Lo there the Sun:—"Tis time now, Venus,
come!

She came, and surely would be seen by all,
Would not cloud gathering Jupiter retain
A cloud just at the edge, that no one saw
Fair Venus entering the Sun's abode.

"O beauteous Venus, hast at length thou
come?"

How dost thou fare? How are the planets
"O thou bright shining Sun, great is the
strife

Amongst the planets; jealous are they all
That none but me thou entertainest here.
But Jupiter commenced; first he did cloud
The sky, and Uranus helped him in it;
War-loving Mars in anger shook his fists
And Neptune, ruler of the sea, turned green,
There Saturn offered me his brightest ring
If only I desist; and on the earth
All men are crazy sure; why, only think!
Professors, old and learned, nothing do
But look at me—I'm sure their wives will
scold!

But I have no regard for aught but thee,
O ever-glorious Sun, too thee alone
I turn my face. All others satisfied
Must be to see my back—dark as it is!"
Thus flattering vain Venus spoke. She kissed
The Sun, called him her love; when thus the
talk [wout
Commenced, she could not stop—as is the
Of women—till the time was come to part.
Then bright Sun said with sadness in his
voice:

"O couldst but sooner thou return, than is
By time and almanac here specified,
It were so nice—but ah! it cannot be!
And foolish 'tis to murmur 'gainst the fates.
But know, thy visit e'er will be to me
Most pleasant recollection of my life. [bye!
Now one more kiss, since part we must, good
They parted,—“Quite a chap,” thought Venus,
“but

He's not æsthetic, not like Oscar Wilde!
His looks are not as handsome as I thought,
For many spots on his bright face I saw,
Not beauty-plasters, for he is ashamed
To show them, and the largest spot he hid
When I came near; I saw it though! 'Tis good
That many years will pass before again
I'll visit him."

Thus Venus said. While Sun
When she had gone thus of fair Venus said:
"How vain that woman is—how talkative
And old! What is her beauty, I should ask,
If I to Mrs. Langtry her compare!
Yet she thinks she is prettiest of all!
Would Venus not be dark if I
Send not my rays to her? I make her bright!
And good it surely is, that not so soon
Her visit she'll repeat. Come, Mercury,
To me, my sole attendant. Let her pass."
Thus ended Spring's report. "What thinkest
thou,"

He said to me, "that Sun and Venus thus
Do of each other speak?" "Tis just," said I,
"As on our earth the boys and girls oft do."

ARTHUR SHELDON PEACOCK

BORN: RANDOLPH CO., IND., MARCH 14, 1858.

SINCE 1875 Mr. Peacock has been successfully engaged in the profession of teaching in Michigan and Kansas, in which latter state he



ARTHUR SHELDON PEACOCK.

now resides at Wa-Keeney. Since his youth Mr. Peacock has occasionally written verse, which has appeared from time to time in the press.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE PEA.

Good Kansans all, of every sort,
Come join with me in song;
And if we find the meter short
We cannot sing it long.
We'll sing the praise of prairie plants
That grow our fields among,
And here relate the circumstance
And burden of our song:
Ould Ireland has her shamrock green
And praties fine galore,
Auld Scotia has her thistle keen
Aboon the Solway shore;
The Bay state has her brown-baked bean
In Boston by the sea —
But Kansas boasts her sunflower's sheen
And eke the black-eyed pea.
The sunflower grows so very tall
And branches out so free;
That where there's nothing else at all
It seems quite like a tree.

'Twas one of these Sir Francis climbed
And filled his heart with pride,
As peeping o'er Sierra's crest
Pacific first descried.

The sunflower's good as any wood
That grows upon the plain;
'Tis proof to drouth or winds of south,
And seldom hurt by rain.

The black-eyed pea is victual good,
And here we all agree,
The Kansan eats no other food —
When nothing else has he.

Then join with me the glad refrain
And sing it full and free;
Without her patron flower and grain
What would this country be?

A DAY.

MORNING.

When the sky-light and the twilight
Fade before the blushing day,
Blend together like a feather,
Ribs of red and brush of gray;
These are forming wings of morning —
Early hours soon soar away.

NOON.

Sunbeams beat with noon-tide heat
On the fields of growing grain,
Fierce caressing, yet a blessing
For the vales and spreading plain,
Thus performing what the morning
Promised by her ruddy train.

NIGHT.

Clouds of yellow, rich and mellow
Float across the evening sky,
From his cover in the clover
Comes the rabbit sleek and sly,
Pigeons homing in the gloaming
Say to all the night draws nigh.

THE SONG OF THE CHIP.

On the treeless plains of buf'lo grass,
Where the vaulting jack and coyote pass,
Where the tumbleweed with might and main
Rolls north, then south, then back again —
O, who can now the end descry
Without our aid my mates and I!
But the cactus' spine and yucca's bloom
May soon give way to the raging boom,
The grazing herd and furrowed field
To the husbandman rich harvest yield —
Uncertain yet the end I spy
Without our aid — my mates and I!
We'll serve you when the hot winds blow;
When wintry winds hurl the drifting snow
We'll toast your toes or steep your tea
And all shall neat and cheerful be —
For on the plains without our aid
A single home has ne'er been made.

GAYLORD DAVIDSON.

BORN: HAVANA, ILL., DEC. 10, 1860.

THIS journalist has won quite a reputation as a poet, many of his poems having been widely published in the leading newspapers and ma-



GAYLORD DAVIDSON.

gazines. Mr. Davidson is now assisting his father, the Hon. J. M. Davidson, editor and proprietor of the Republican at Carthage, Ill.

MOTHER IS DEAD.

Sorrow broods upon blackened wing,
Death has come with his cruel sting;
Hearts are bleeding, pleading and crushed,
While rooms are darkened and voices hushed.
A mother sleeps, and a world of care
Has passed from the brow of marble there;
And the sweet, white lips are closed for aye,
Heedless, at last, to the children's cry.
A motherless brood, with aching hearts,
A new, fresh grief as each day departs;
Nothing remains save a deep, black pall,
And mocking echoes through room and hall,—
Echoes of earth on a coffin lid,
Thoughts of a face forever hid,
Shafts of pain that pierce and rend,
Sobbing farewells to our only friend.
Echoes of mother's words and song,
Echoes that come in a hurrying throng,—
Of kindness, and love, and patient ways,
Of watchful care through nights and days.
Memory of hand with toil acquaint.

Of burdens borne with no complaint;
Echoes of prayers, and hopes, and fears,
A perfect trust through many years;
Echoes of all that we did or said
To whiten the hair in that mother's head;
Memory of acts, in a childish mood,
That showed to her ingratitude.
Vainly we call and cry, and weep,
We cannot awaken from that sleep
The mother who loved us and gave us birth,
Her dear form rests 'neath a swell of earth.
But night has fallen, the day is done,
And sorrow reigns on his dread, black throne.
"Mother is dead!" is our wailing cry,
And hollow echoes go hurrying by.
Oh! who can tell of a mother's love?
Who can measure, save God above?
And who can tell of a mother's loss,
But those who bear that heavy cross.

LOOLY'S LULLABY.

Come to mammy, honey darling, kase yo'
want to rock',
Bye-o-baby, dat's a purty, whar's de honey's
frock?
S'leepy, s'leepy, whar's yo' daddy?—out a
hoe'n co'n,—
Rock-a-pussey, yo's my baby, sweetest eber
bo'n.
Close dem peepers dar, yo' rascal, doan' yo'
fool aroun',
Time to take de little trundle; whar's de ba-
by's gown?
Sambo's gone to hunt de 'possum ober by de
creek,
'Possum all de time a-nappin', berry sly an'
meek.
Dar yo's lafin', little nigga; boun' to keep
awake?
Sambo's comin', an' he's hungry,—bake a
Johnny-cake.
Fold-de-roldy, swing de baby, got a little toof,
Laws-a-massy, my ole Sambo! Haint yo'
kotch'd a hoof?
Massa's gone to sell de cotton, an' de day am
done;
See dem turkeys in de treetop roostin' one by
one.
Hear dat daddy owl a-hooting, on de holler
tree,
Screeching for de mammy owl,—what a fool
am he!
Bye-o-baby, Looly's honey, sleepin' dar so
sweet,
Tired was de little chubby,—tired little feet.
Dream an' sleep my little Leo, safe until de
morn,
God am carin' for de baby—sweetest ever bo'n.

MRS. SARAH A. MATHEWS.

BORN: MERCER CO., PA., OCT. 5, 1844.

AFTER attending the seminary at Jamestown for awhile, Sarah commenced teaching school



MRS. SARAH A. MATHEWS.

at the age of eighteen, in which occupation she continued until her marriage in 1866.

RAINDROPS.

Pretty little raindrops,
 Falling by my door,
 Waking up my pansies'
 Bright eyes by the score;
 Falling down so gently
 On the drooping leaves,
 Hear their joyous welcome —
 Earth, and flowers and trees.
 But, my little raindrop,
 Why do you intrude?
 I must close my window,
 For you're getting rude.
 Really! now you're trying
 Through each crack to squeeze;
 Tell me, raindrop, do you
 Always as you please?
 Madly now descending,
 Putting in a plight
 All my pretty flowers
 With your puny might.
 Now adown the gutters,
 What a rush you make,

Till the meadow yonder
 Looks more like a lake.
 Listen to the roaring
 Of the swollen stream;
 Angry little raindrops,
 Now you mischief mean.
 Plunging through the woodlands,
 Washing out the trees;
 Naughty little raindrops
 Doing as you please.
 Pushing through the mill-dam,
 Taking mill and all;
 Everything you gather,
 Whether great or small;
 Cattle, barns and fencing,
 Trees and everything;
 Bridges are but playthings
 For the water king.
 Crowding into cellars;
 Through the streets you pour;
 Deafening everybody
 With your thundering roar.
 Sweeping off the railroads,
 Built by honest toil;
 Thieving little raindrops,
 Everything is spoil.
 Cruel, cruel raindrops,
 Care you when we weep?
 Teardrops now are dimming
 Eyes that cannot sleep.
 Many hearts are saddened
 By your hasty fall;
 Loved ones who are missing
 Come not at our call.
 There are great disasters
 Everywhere you go.
 Tell me, wicked raindrop,
 Why do you do so?
 Ah! I know the reason
 You this work have done —
 Out upon a frolic,
 Bound to have some fun.
 Listen to me, raindrop,
 While I speak a word:
 Liberty is precious,
 I have often heard;
 Precious, as it may be,
 And splendid to be free,
 Yet restraint, I'm thinking,
 Is good for you and me.

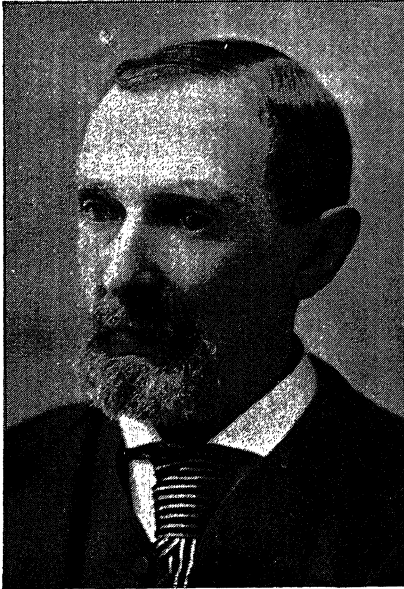
TO A FUCHSIA BLOSSOM.

Poor flower, have you done something naughty or mean,
 That you're hanging your head down so?
 Well, then, it's commendable in you, I ween,
 To put your face down so low. [you,
 When I have done wrong I would rather, like
 My sad looks should publish the tale,
 Than have my proud actions proclaim as I go
 That I care not tho' evil prevail.

JONATHAN JAMES MARVIN.

BORN: HAMMOND, N. Y., SEPT. 23, 1822.

IN 1839 he entered the university of Vermont at Burlington; delivered a poem, *The Troubadours*, at the Sophomore exhibition, and graduated in 1844 with a poem, *Truth — the Life of Scholars*. In 1846 he was admitted to the bar in Franklin county, Vermont, and left for the lead mines of Wisconsin. In the fall of 1847 was elected county clerk of LaFayette county, Wisconsin, and afterward district attorney



JONATHAN JAMES MARVIN.

and county judge. In 1848 he was married to Elizabeth J. Ware, of Galena, Illinois. In 1862 he volunteered in the 25th regiment Missouri volunteers, and in 1865 he returned from the army to Falls City, Nebraska, where he was elected without opposition as prosecuting attorney of Richardson county; was postmaster three years and has served for over fourteen years as justice of the peace by election. Of his longer poems the *Origin of Water*, a temperance poem, *Christian Woman's Work*, *Eulogy on Gen. Grant*, *Pomona*, and several fourth of July and memorial poems have been published. He also won the first prize of a hundred-dollar sewing machine for a poem.

FIFTY YEARS TO-DAY.

Alas! hath half a century flown
Since first the feeble infant's moan

Escaped my helpless frame!
The happy mother fondly pressed
Her new-born babe unto her breast,—
The smiling, loving dame.

Alas! her bent and shattered form
That held a heart so pure and warm,
Long since has found repose;
And there the mossy gravestones tell
Where now the dust we loved so well,
The moldering clods enclose.

The joys and sorrows, smiles and tears
Of life, have waned their fifty years
And still I here remain,
While those I dearly loved of yore
To the distant bourne have gone before,
A link in a broken chain.

Ere many days this fleeting breath
Will hush beneath the touch of death —
This weary form repose;
But o'er a life of failings here,
May gentle mercy drop a tear
And brighter life disclose.

UP SALT RIVER.

There is a stream, 'tis said,
Traced to its fountain head,
Will make one shake and shiver;
A troublous creek to travel
Running over flint and gravel,
They call its name Salt River.

No one likes to make,
Or see a friend e'en take,
A journey up its water;
When party friends betray,
And speed us on our way,
We are apt to call it slaughter.

'Tis a sort of Botany Bay,
Where the people stow away
The men they wish to deliver
From office's turmoil

And duty's arduous toil,
By sending up Salt River.

And just about this time,
You bet your bottom dime!
There are crowds of gentry going;
Though the stream is rough and shallow,
They navigate a fellow
Up with little rowing.

And no one ever yet
A ticket chanced to get,
And thanked the generous giver.
We'd rather stay at home
Than e'en for pleasure roam
The banks of old Salt River.

EXTRACT.

Let the flag of my country enshroud me,
I have loved it so well and so long,
I have cherished that banner so proudly,
As the theme of oration and song:

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

BORN: MARTIN'S FERRY, O., MARCH 1, 1837.

ALMOST as soon as he could read, Howells began to make verses and put them in type in his father's printing office. Later he worked as compositor on the Ohio State Journal. From 1861 to 1865 he was United State consul



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

at Venice. In 1871 he became editor of the Atlantic Monthly, which he filled until 1879, when he relinquished it to devote himself exclusively to writing. Poems of Two Friends is from his pen, but although an ardent lover of everything poetical his time is principally occupied in writing prose, among which the most read are *No Love Lost*, *A Chance Acquaintance*, *Undiscovered Country*, and *A Modern Instance*. He married in 1862, and has three children.

THE SARCASTIC FAIR.

Her mouth is a honey-blossom,
No doubt, as the poet sings;
But within her lips, the petals,
Lurks a cruel bee, that stings.

A POET.

From wells where Truth in secret lay
He saw the midnight stars by day.
"O marvelous gift!" the many cried.
"O cruel gift!" his voice replied.
The stars were far, and cold, and high,
That glimmered in the noonday sky;
He yearned toward the sun in vain,
That warmed the lives of other men.

CAPRICE.

She hung the cage at the window:
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing,
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."
The robin sang a low-sweet song,
The young man raised his head.
The maiden turned away and blushed:
"I am a fool!" she said,
And went on brodering in silk
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.
The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day;
She took her bird from the window:
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed, and played a death-sad song.
But when the day was done, she said,
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home."
So when he rang, she went—the elf!—
She went and let him in herself.
They sang full long together
Their songs love-sweet, death sad;
The robin woke from his slumber.
And rang out, clear and glad.
"Now go!" she coldly said; "'t is late!"
And followed him—to latch the gate.
He took the rosebud from her hair,
While, "You shall not!" she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And, while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in the eclipse
Of blinding love upon his lips.

CONVENTION.

He falters on the threshold,
She lingers on the stair:
Can it be that was his footstep!
Can it be that she is there?
Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-beats,
But a wooden door is between.

THE THORN.

"Every Rose, you sang, has its Thorn,
But this has none, I know."
She clasped my rival's Rose
Over her breast of snow.
I bowed to hide my pain,
With a man's unskilful art:
I moved my lips, and could not say
The Thorn was in my heart!

LUCY LARCOM.

BORN: BEVERLY, MASS., IN 1826.

As a child of seven years she wrote stories and poems for her own amusement. Her father died when she was ten years of age, and a few years later we find Lucy working as a mill-operative in Lowell, Mass. When twenty years of age she removed to Illinois with her married sister, where Lucy taught school for some time, and later spent three years as a pupil in Monticello female seminary.

Miss Larcom then returned to Massachusetts. During the civil war she wrote many patriotic songs. In 1884 appeared a complete collection of her Poetical Works.

THE ROSE ENTHRONED.

It melts and seethes, the chaos that shall grow

To adamant beneath the house of life:

In hissing hatred atoms clash, and go

To meet intenser strife.

And ere that fever leaves the granite veins,

Down thunders over them a torrid sea:

Now Flood, now Fire, alternate despot reigns,

Immortal foes to be.

Built by the warring elements they rise,

The massive earth-foundations, tier on tier,

Where slimy monsters with inhuman eyes

Their hideous heads uprear.

The building of the world is not for you,

That glare upon each other, and devour!

Race floating after race fades out of view,

Till beauty springs from power.

Meanwhile from crumbling rocks and shoals of death

Shoots up rank verdure to the hidden sun;

The gulfs are eddying to the vague, sweet breath

Of richer life begun;

Richer and sweeter far than aught before

Though rooted in the grave of what has been:

Unnumbered burials yet must heap Earth's floor

Ere she her heir shall win;

And ever nobler lives and deaths more grand,

For nourishment of that which is to come;

While 'mid the ruins of the work she planned

Sits Nature, blind and dumb.

For whom or what she plans, she knows no more

Than any mother of her unborn child:

Yet beautiful forewarnings murmur o'er

Her desolations wild.

Slowly the clamor and the clash subside:

Earth's restlessness her patient hopes subdue:

Mild oceans shoreward heave a pulseless tide;

The skies are veined with blue.

And life works through the growing quietness,

To bring some darling mystery into form:

Beauty her fairest Possible would dress

In colors pure and warm.

Within the depths of palpitating seas,

A tender tint, anon a life of grace,

Some lovely thought from its dull atom frees,

The coming joys to trace:—

A penciled moss on tablets of the sand,

Such as shall veil the unbudded maiden-blush

Of beauty yet to gladden the green land;—

A breathing, through the hush,

Of some sealed perfume longing to burst out,

And give its prisoned rapture to the air:—

A brooding hope, a promise through a doubt,

Is whispered everywhere.

And, every dawn a shade more clear, the skies

A flush as from the heart of heaven disclose:

Through earth and sea and air a message flies,

Prophetic of the Rose.

At last a morning comes, of sunshine still,

When not a dew drop trembles on the grass,

When all winds sleep, and every pool and rill

Is like a burnished glass;

Where a long-looked-for guest might lean to gaze;

When Day or Earth rests loyally—a crown

Of molten glory, flashing diamond rays,

From heaven let lightly down.

In golden silence, breathless, all things stand:

What answer waits this questioning repose?

A sudden gush of light and odors bland,

And, lo,—the Rose! the Rose!

The birds break into canticles around

The winds lift Jubilate to the skies:

For, twin-born with the rose of Eden-ground,

Love blooms in human eyes.

Life's marvelous queen-flower blossoms only so,

In dust of low ideals rooted fast:

Ever the Beautiful is molded slow

From truth in errors past.

What fiery fields of Chaos must be won,

What battling Titans rear themselves a tomb,

What births and resurrections greet the sun

Before the Rose can bloom!

And of some wonder-blossom yet we dream

Whereof the time that is enfolds the seed;

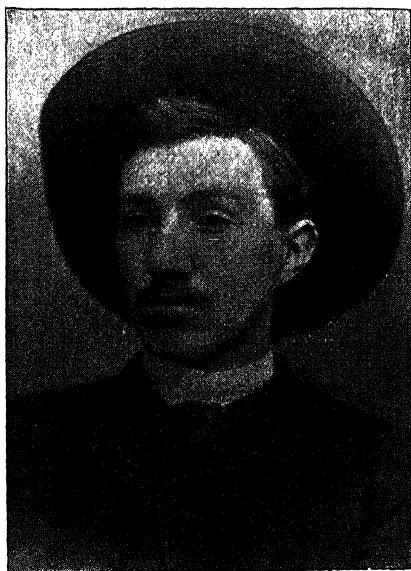
Some flower of light, to which the Rose shall seem

A fair and fragile weed.

EDWARD GILLIAM.

BORN: ROCKINGHAM CO., N. C., FEB. 27, 1868.

At a very early age Edward was apprenticed to the printing trade, and since his sixteenth year has had a passion for poetry. His poems have appeared in the leading North Carolina



EDWARD GILLIAM.

publications, and have received high commendation. Mr. Gilliam first published *Belles-Letters*, a monthly literary periodical, and later established the *Weekly Review of Reidsville*, North Carolina, of which he is now the editor and part proprietor.

THE CRY OF THE AGNOSTIC.

"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"
 And let me learn the lesson thou wouldst teach,
 Nor strive in vain beyond my wisdom's reach
 For thy great truths. O, Lord giveth me relief,
 From craven tears which haunt a life so brief,
 And as my soul sinks while the casuists preach
 Incredulous I call from out the breach,
 "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"
 I am half skeptic — still a slave to doubt when
 I would know thee ere my lips can part,

I question with a faith still undevout,
 This is the full confession of my heart,
 And thus I cry who am of sinners chief,
 "Lord, believe, help thou mine unbelief!"

A PICTURE.

Phoebe, thy rapt, patrician beauty seems
 A type of that surpassing womanhood
 Which in the days of earlier Hellas would
 Delight men's hearts and give the poet
 themes;
 Divinely tall, high bosomed front which
 gleams
 Like two pale stars. In thy unstudied mood,
 Transfigured in the shadow of the wood,
 I see thee now, as one who dimly dreams.
 Thou hast the self-same classic form and air,
 Broad petaled lips, just opening in surprise,
 Abundant wealth of hyacinthine hair
 And like a glimpse of burning, turquoise
 skies,
 Thine eyes, brimful of passionate despair,
 Still haunt me through this mad world's destinies.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Upon its pilnths the time-worn arabesque
 Peeps through gray lichens. By the rifted
 wall
 The jasmynes nod and snake-like ivies
 crawl.
 Around the arcades, dimly picturesque,
 Are old mosaics, grim, but yet grotesque.
 The watch-tower stands, while through the
 vacant hall
 The wind sings and defiance shouts at all.
 The colonnades cast in a quaint burlesque
 Their mimic shades upon the settled gloom,
 Which fall, half tumbling in their vain attempt.
 No bird does woo the castle from its doom,
 Where in the vines, dismal and unkempt,
 Decayed, deserted, preyed upon by fate,
 Deep-noted death reigns weird and desolate.

TWO OPINIONS.

In your eyes are a mischievous twinkle,
 As you say, with the air of a sage,
 "On her face there is surely a wrinkle,
 Which betrays the arrival of age."
 But I think you decidedly simple,
 Or in envy you murder the truth,
 For it is but a beautiful dimple,
 Which reveals the abiding of youth.

DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY.

BORN: PORTLAND, ME., JULY 14, 1810.

SINCE his youth Mr. Colesworthy has been more or less identified with the publishing business. In 1830 he published Youth's Paper, and five years later started the Portland Tribune. He has written and published about thirty volumes on a variety of subjects. The



DANIEL CLEMENT COLESWORTHY.

poems of Mr. Colesworthy are always full of tenderness and overflowing with simplicity and grace. For half a century he has been engaged in the book business — twelve years in Portland; the remainder in the city of Boston, where he still resides devoting his time almost entirely to mercantile pursuits.

GIVE A TRIFLE.

It is a trifle; give a mill
To help the poor along;
'Tis not the amount, it is the will
That makes the virtue strong.
"I have but little," never say,
"I will not avail to give;"
A penny, if you give to-day
Will make the dying live.
It is the spirit, not the gold
Upon the waters cast,
That will return a hundred fold,
To cheer and bless at last.
Then give a trifle cheerfully

Out of thy little store;
With interest it will come to thee
When thou wilt need it more.

FAULTS OF OTHERS.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's will
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow
And let my friends alone.

WHEN I WOULD DIE.

I would die when the day
Lingers bright in the west;
When the bird hies away
To his soft, downy nest;
When the hum of the bee
Is not heard on the hill,
And the woodland and lea
And the hamlet are still.
When the sad, weary heart
Can no longer abide;
O, how sweet to depart
At the still eventide!—
When the sun's parting rays
Flash glory and bliss,
And the heart is all praise!—
Bemy death like to this.

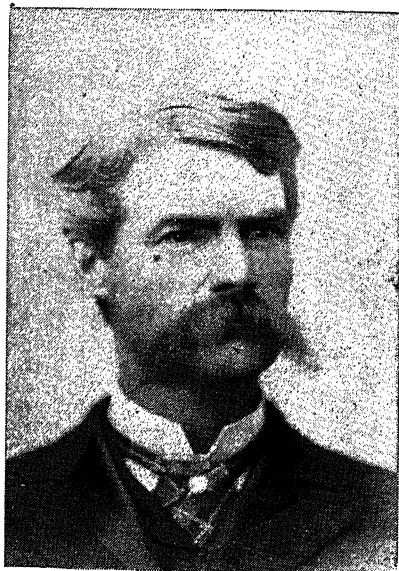
MATTER AND MIND.

I built a city, wide and vast,
Whose lofty domes and spires
For many a league their shadows cast,
And flashed like lightning fires.
Its walls, magnificently grand,
Like solid mountains stood,
And might for countless ages stand,
Defying frost and flood.
I wrote some verses mild and sweet,
As simple as could be,
Which every mother could repeat
To lisp ing infancy.
They soothed the weary in their toils,
And shafts of sunshine threw,
Which melted to delicious smiles,
And blessed like evening dew.
The city crumbled, stone by stone,
Ground by the tooth of Time;
Gone — mitred head and sceptered theme,
Once glorious and sublime.
The verses live, and day by day,
On earth — in worlds beyond
To truth, taught in this simple lay
Ten thousand hearts respond.
Mountains upheave and systems fall,
But truth, in language dressed,
Gentle and sweet survives them all,
On deathless minds impressed.

ALBERT ELISHA JONES.

BORN: WELD, ME., AUG. 16, 1842.

WORKING on a farm until the age of twenty three, he next started in the mercantile business at Strong in his native state. In 1873 he removed to Farmington, and four years later left for Topeka, Kansas, where he is now the



ALBERT ELISHA JONES.

proprietor of the Oakland Jersey Stock Farm. Mr. Jones was correspondent of the Farmington Chronicle in 1876, and after settling in Kansas he has occasionally written sketches for that and other papers. Since 1883 he has written poetry more or less in leisure hours.

THE DEVIL'S ELBOW.

Tell me in truth, by word or line,
The simple tale as heard of yore,
Legend, tradition, or record give
And end this query forevermore.

Did Lucifer come sailing down,
In a sulphurous skiff of fire,
Or did old Pierpole take revenge
And manufacture the name entire?

Perhaps as Satan passed that way
On a tour to visit friends,
His craft was stranded on the shore
Where now the elbow bends.

Go hunt the cliffs, perchance you'll find
Of cloven hoof and tail a trace,
And stones, and earth whereon he sat,
Might give a clue to his hiding place.

Fear not, good folk, so near approach
In your midst, this serpent sly,
You always said he would not stay,
Where men are just and will not lie.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

We see far off 'round the smoky hills,
On this radiant autumn day,
Where misty swells of the battlement clouds,
Show grouping of colors, in Nature's own way.

We wonder and think, as the crimson haze
Creeps over the drowsy land, [air,
How an artist could grasp from fathomless
And trace on canvas the master hand.

The blending of shades as evening comes on,
Has never been equaled by art. [make,
Who are the painters, such pigments can
As is shown in each delicate part?

Still to admire the ambition of man,
Who aims to draw beautiful lines,
And give to the scene those wonderful tints,
That charm when the daylight declines.

DARKNESS WAS UPON THE DEEP.

Before our sun had learned his course,
Before the moon in its orbit shone,
Fierce darkness crept upon the waste,
Chaos reigned supreme and alone.
What mighty throes convulsed that void,
What throbbing mountains rose and fell,
And oceans lashed by sunless waves,
No living types therein did dwell.

No cipher traced on plastic stone,
No crumbling bones to mark the age;
Hushed in deep and awful gloom,
Thy history sealed from saint or sage.

No glorious morning woke the earth,
No rainbow the heaven spanned;
Our blackest midnight would be light
To the shadowy pall that bound the land.

A spirit moved upon the deep,
A new-born light swept back the veil,
'Twas good, the waters from land divide,
In the midst a firmament did ever avail.

What need of life, of sun, or light;
What need of man to till the soil;
A voice rang out in earthquake tones,
Thorns mark thy path and damp thy brow with toil.

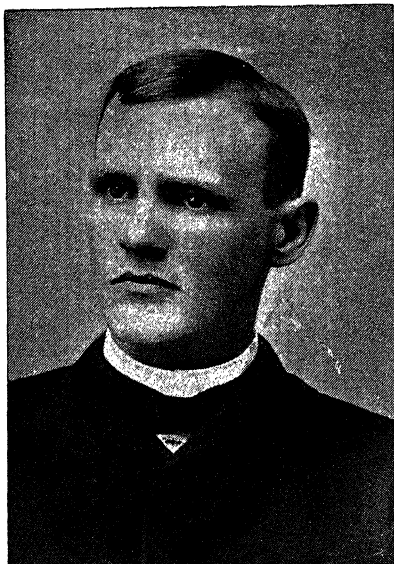
In trouble rule all beasts and birds,
In sorrow eat and labor still,
Transgression holds to strict account
A flaming sword to keep his will.

Fulfill our mission then on earth,
Fulfill the graven laws on stone;
Be hushed for Sinai frowns above,
And man, for his deeds, must soon atone.

FRED ERNEST ROBINSON.

BORN: CATO, WIS., FEB. 22, 1865.

THE poems of Mr. Robinson have quite often appeared in the local press. He is engaged in



FRED ERNEST ROBINSON.

the profession of school teaching at Alexandria, Minnesota.

THE DREAM.

'Twas during the Grand Army encampment,
 When the town was full of fun,
 When I returned to my home one morning,
 Long after the clock struck one.
 E'er long I was deeply sleeping,
 Where oft before I had lain,
 And soon wild fancies came sweeping
 Through my excited brain.
 I dreamed I was on the ocean,
 Driven by a terrible storm,
 On the face of every poor sailor
 Was the look of wildest alarm.
 I heard the loud voice of the captain,
 In a lull of the fearful blast,
 Shout forth with strong voice his orders,
 As the crew all stood aghast,
 "My men be quick, let down the boats,
 And helmsman, tilt the bows,
 We soon will strike the breakers,
 So all your courage rouse."
 The storm increased; the lightning flashed;
 I heard the thunder roar;
 I heard the wails of the fated ones
 Who would see their friends no more.

The crackling of the ship on fire
 Soon struck upon my ear;
 I heard the song of the Angel of Death
 And my heart was filled with fear.
 I felt a shock — the ship had struck,
 The waves against it broke;
 'I was hurled from the deck to the surging
 deep,
 And with the splash I awoke.

The voice I'd heard was my father's voice,
 Calling with lungs so strong,
 To rouse me from my slumbers soft,
 As I had lain too long.
 "Up quick, and then put on your boots,
 And help them milk the cows,
 E'er noon you'll like some breakfast,
 So from your slumbers rouse."
 The fancied lightning was the sun
 Glancing through the trees,
 And what I thought was thunder loud
 Was humming of the bees.
 The fearful wails that I had heard
 Of those poor wretches dying,
 Was nothing more or less than that
 Of my little sister crying.
 The "fire" was crackling on the hearth;
 The song which I had heard,
 Sung as a dirge by the Angel of Death,
 Was that of an innocent bird.
 That dreadful shock — I hide my face,
 How badly I was sold!
 My brother had jerked me from my bed
 Into a tub of water cold.

CHRISTMAS.

Merry Christmas has come and gone,
 Christmas fair, with its laugh and song.
 Old Santa Claus has gone around,
 And childish hearts with rapture bound;
 The Christmas trees shone in the hall,
 With Christmas gifts for large and small;
 Many Christmas songs they sang—
 The hall, with Christmas music, rang.

Many came to the Christmas tree,
 While others chose the dancing glee;
 A few young men each with his "pard,"
 Went to a Christmas ball at Villard.
 The sleigh bells rang with Christmas chime,
 The eve was fair — the weather fine;
 All thoughts of care were thrown aside
 As the party o'er the snow did glide.

Soon gentle snowflakes filled the air,
 Until you could scarcely see them there.
 They would have fared worse, we greatly fear,
 But the rest of the party hovered near,
 And two young men soon fixed them right,
 And on they sped with all their might.

BESSIE PORTER.

BORN: IRELAND, MAY 9, 1865.

THIS lady is now a resident of Currie, Minn., where she is engaged in the profession of



BESSIE PORTER.

school teaching. Miss Bessie Porter received a good education in her youth. She has but recently commenced to court the muse.

FORGET THEE NOT.

Once my life was full of pain,
Now, I possess life's richest gain,—
A heart so strong, so fond and pure,
That, well I know my love's secure.
No limpid lake, nor lucid stream,
Can enter into love's young dream:
A dream so sweet for me, I know
Of naught that can my dream o'erthrow.
A love so fond that none can tell,
Oh! how I love thee, none so well,
I'll follow thee whate'er thy lot;
Forget thee not; forget thee not.
From mansion bright to humble cot;
Forget thee not; forget thee not.

When tempests strong o'ertake thy bark,
Thy harbor still find in my heart;
When waves doth toss, and seethe and swell,
And seem to sound thy dirge and knell,
The hoary foam, and angry spray
Seem anxious, love, to end thy day,—
Then steer my yacht straight to my heart,

And never from its refuge part.
Secure thou'lt be from all thy foes;
I'll pour sweet balm upon thy woes;
I'll soothe thee, heal thee, cheer thy lot;
Forget thee not; forget thee not.
Love thee as long as life I've got;
Forget thee not; forget thee not.

BENEATH THE SNOW.

Can'st tell me where doth the blue-bell hide,
The primrose sweet, and fox-glove tall,
The lily-of-the-valley's pride?
I miss; oh! yes, I miss them all:
The waving fern so stately fair,
Found where wood anemonies blow;
Sweet mignonette and maiden hair.
"They're gone to sleep beneath the snow."

Can'st tell me where the rose doth bloom,
The dainty rose with queenly grace?
Shall I only find its tomb
Where once it bloomed in the garden place?
The lilac sweet, and cowslip bell,
The pansies in their bed so low?
If you know, stranger, tell, oh! tell.
"They're gone to sleep beneath the snow."

Will they wake when gentle spring
Sends her zephyrs 'cross the plain
To warm and welcome everything?
Shall I see their heads again?
Must I calmly watch and wait
Anxiously, as you well know
For the balmy southern breeze
To wake my friends from 'neath the snow?

FOR YOU! FOR YOU!

Last night the nightingale woke me,
Last night when all was still,
It sang in the golden moonlight
From out the woodland hill.
I opened my window so gently—
I looked on the dew, and, oh!
The bird, my darling, was singing,
Was singing of you, of you.
I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night,
I woke and would you were here, love,
And tears are blinding my sight.
I hear a low breath in the lime-tree,
The wind is floating thro'
The night, my darling, is sighing
Is sighing for you, for you.
Oh! think not, I can forget you —
I could not, tho' I would;
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood.
The flowers that slumber so sweetly,
The stars above the blue,
The heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, is praying for you.

MRS. MAY L. BUCKNER.

BORN: COLUMBUS, WIS., FEB. 23, 1862.

UNDER the nom de plume of Dolores the poems of this lady have appeared in Godey's



MRS. MAY L. BUCKNER.

Lady's Book, Arthur's Magazine and other prominent journals. She was married in 1884 to Van W. Buckner, with whom she now resides in Lemoore, California.

TULARE LAKE.

A wide expanse of waters spread,
 Within the desert's palm —
 Silvery waters lying still,
 Naught to disturb their calm.
 On the low banks the tulles bend,
 And kiss the water's brink, —
 From it many a traveler
 Has quaffed a cooling drink.
 And far away the mountains seem,
 Wrapped in a purple veil,
 And oft the fisherman we see
 By the sunlight on his sail.
 A mighty lake — mysterious,
 It sleeps upon the plain, —
 Not ours to know its destiny, —
 We search its shores in vain.
 What curious records it could tell,
 Of many bygone years! —
 What histories and tragedies,
 Of mortals' hopes and fears.

Of days when hordes of cattle,
 Of bands of the wild horse,
 Up and down the desert,
 Pursued their wayward course.
 Of bands of fiercer bandits
 Who lingered at its side,
 And chattered as they rested,
 Of their dangerous, weary ride.
 What it could tell, we know not —
 It keeps its secrets well,
 And shrinks away as if it thus
 Man's questionings would repel.
 Fair lake, we leave thee with regret,
 Fair, smiling, and serene, —
 A sleeping beauty still enwrapped
 In love's entrancing dream.

MY BOYS.

He lies in his cradle asleep,
 My baby, my boy!
 His soft cheek caressingly laid
 On plaything and toy!
 His tiny mouth kissed by a smile,
 Dimpled hands on his breast,
 His dancing eyes hidden add still —
 My baby at rest.
 He lies in his coffin asleep,
 My baby, my boy!
 The baby who never can know
 Earth's sorrow or joy.
 With waxen hands folded and still
 On tiny, still breast, —
 He lies in his coffin asleep,
 My baby at rest.
 He lies in his cradle asleep,
 My frolicsome one, —
 Forgotten his romps and his play,
 His glee and his fun.
 Dreaming, we know not what,
 While we, standing near,
 Hope that life's pathway may be
 Bright for the baby dear.
 He lies in his coffin asleep,
 Our dear, silent one!
 His wee life too brief to contain
 Sorrow or fun;
 The willow bends low over him,
 Our baby at rest!
 While we know, e'en thro' blinding tears,
 That his fate is best.
 Our baby asleep in his crib,
 Awakens to life —
 Life made of sorrow and joy,
 Of peace and of strife —

 Our baby asleep in his grave,
 Has done with this life —
 He wakens to Christ and His love, —
 All peace and no strife.

ANNIE STEWART ETHRIDGE

BORN: RUTLEDGE, GA., OCT. 14, 1868.

THE poem Bereaved was written in 1887 on the death of the mother of Miss Ethridge. The poems of this lady have appeared in the local



ANNIE STEWART ETHRIDGE.

press from time to time; she is now engaged in writing a novel. Miss Ethridge is now a resident of Birmingham, Alabama.

BEREAVED.

Without a home: oh bitter fate!
 Oh hopeless, loveless destiny,
 To sit a stranger in thy gate,
 With but a stranger's cheer for me.
 A stranger at a stranger's hearth:
 Strange children prattling at my side;
 Sweet faces—but they call to earth
 Old hopes and joys that long have died.
 And yet, thou'rt full of gentle deeds
 To me, and kind words lack I none;
 But oh thou canst not know the needs
 Of hearts that hunger for their own! [aught
 And think not, friend, thou'st grieved me
 If sometimes in the fire-light's glow,
 I silent sit and mingle not
 In merry laugh and jest. Ah no!
 My thought is not of thee unkind;
 I dwell on day forever past:
 The love that in thy home I find
 But makes me crave for that I've lost.
 Ye kindly scold my tear-dimmed eyes,
 And chide my songs because they grieve;
 Yet how can songs of joy arise
 From hearts of all their joy bereaved?

I loved once in my happy day,
 And she I loved as pureness pure,
 And fairer than all my songs can say,
 Than all my songs can tell, was truer;
 But once I lost her, Oh! and call
 You yet for smiles, when joy hath fled,
 And hope with her—oh, friend my all!
 And lie with her adead, adead?

And can you speak of life's large bound,
 When all my life is compassed well
 Twixt four low walls of hollowed ground,
 With roof of turf and asphodel?
 When, on a mound that once I made,
 My all-time thoughts but linger o'er;
 And when my starving heart will feed
 But on its mate that lies below?

Our two lives were but halves of one:
 E'en yet, as earth—half night, half day—
 Her brighter half turns to the Sun,
 While mine goes on night's darkling way.
 And still, oh friend! dost chide my tears?
 Dost bid my famished soul to live
 On but the stones that friendship bears,
 When bread of love thou canst not give?

Ah! no. I can but grieve: my eyes
 Must ever melt in sorrow's stream,
 My nights be voiced with bitter cries,
 And all my life a requiem.
 Aye friend, my songs must each one be
 But cravings for her vanished face;
 Each year I live, but one long plea
 To rest me in her dear embrace.

But oh how drear the twixt-time years,
 To spend intruding each fireside;
 A loveless waif whose simple tears,
 But do recall the rain outside.
 What! has my chiding given pain!
 Forgive, kind friend, I meant not so,
 I did but crave those joys again
 That lie entombed in Nevermore!

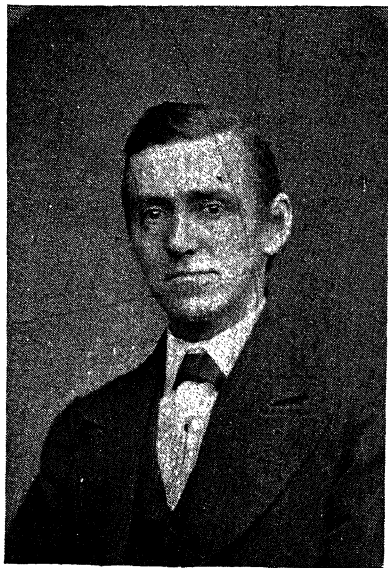
DAY BY DAY.

Why every morn, a vain endeavor
 To out-rise my poor self; and ever,
 At night, to find me still back-drawn
 Unto old depths—no new heights known;
 No memory of a kindlier deed
 Than yesterday's, to give its meed
 Of pitiful cheer to my worn soul;
 That dreads the hours when constant roll
 My tears like rivers, twixt night's black banks.
 Ofttimes to-day, deep in regret
 O'er yesterday's downfalls—and yet,
 My tears do naught but blind my eyes,
 So that I fall again, to rise
 With yet more tears, then stumble on
 Aweeping: Or to gaze upon
 My bruised hands and feet, and cry,
 "Why am I Father? But to die
 A death with every vesper?"

JAMES BRAINERD MORGAN.

BORN: BERKELEY CO., W. VA.

IN boyhood James began writing poems, and has ever since been an occasional contributor to numerous magazines and periodicals published in different parts of the country. In 1870 he founded *The Times of Gerrardstown*,



JAMES BRAINERD MORGAN.

and still remains its editor and publisher. For the past eight years Mr. Morgan has been grand secretary of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and was the editor of its official organ during its existence. Mr. Morgan was married in 1867 to Miss Maggie Gold, daughter of the late Washington Gold.

THE SUNNY DAY.

The day is warm and bright and cheery,
It shines and the sun is never dreary,
The roses bloom when the sunbeams fall
Giving sweet light and fragrance to all,
And the day is bright and cheery.

My life is warm and bright and cheery,
It shines and the sun is never dreary,
My thoughts recall glad scenes of the past,
Around the future fair hopes are cast,
And the day is bright and cheery.

Be glad my heart and still be singing,
Rejoice in all that time is bringing,
Though care and sorrow come to all,
Into each life rich blessings fall,
And the days are bright and cheery.

TO MY SISTER.

Dear sister mine a wreath I'd twine
Of Poesy's fair flowers for thee;
For love as pure as thine I'm sure
Such tribute well may claim from me.
I hope 'twill prove that tho' I rove
Far from my boyhood's distant home,
That oft sweet thought with pleasure fraught,
Of thee doth to my bosom come.

When in sad death a mother's breath,
One Summer-day grew chill for e'er;
Thou then didst take for her dear sake
A little child in love to rear;
Full well hast thou fulfilled the vow
Unto that dying mother given,
And oft has she since then on thee
Approving smiled, methinks from Heaven.

With earnest love, like hers above,
Her wishes thou didst e'er fulfill,
With watchful care that child to rear
To love the good and shun the ill;
And here to-day, though far away,
He in this little song I sing.
With fond delight a tribute slight
Of gratitude to thee would bring.

Thy footsteps now have passed the brow
Of life's hill, and thence tend down
Unto the tide that doth divide
The Christian's trials and his crown;
As years increase may joy and peace
E'er unto thee be multiplied;
Life's sweetest flowers wreath all thy hours,
And blessings fall on every side.

Oh! when at last we shall have passed
Across Death's dark and chilly river,
Then may we rest amid the blest,
Out in the unseen great forever,
When ne'er again come grief and pain,
But all is endless joy and love,
In the abode of Christ our God,
And angels bright and saints above.

A SUNSET LESSON.

'Mid cloudy curtains of the west,
At close of day though sets the sun,
Gilding unto his couch of rest,
Glad that his daily course is run;
In brighter light he will appear
E'er as the morning draweth near,
Glowing Hope's bright sun may set,
Oft 'mid the shades of sorrow's night;
Look upward still for day shall yet
Dawn far more beautiful and bright.

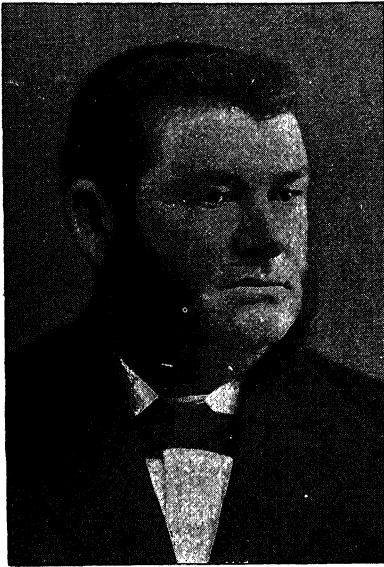
EXTRACT.

The gold-dust of the opening day
Is strewn along the eastern sky;
Bright rosy beams of glowing light
Over the earth in beauty fly.

JACOB W. GREENE.

BORN: HARRISON CO., IND., JAN. 18, 1839.

SINCE 1861 Dr. Greene has been following the profession of a dental surgeon, and is now located at Chillicothe, Mo. He was married in 1863 to Miss Annie Eliza Pitt, of New Al-



JACOB W. GREENE.

bany, Ind. Dr. Greene has written quite extensively for the periodical press; and in addition to his poems he has furnished prose writings on dental and other subjects. He has a work, *Philosophies of Betsy Spoon*, which he hopes to publish at an early date.

IN MEMORIAM.

What e'er be our portion in life, or its where,
We realize ever the golden bright truth,
That the points of the compass all radiate
there,

And center again at the home of our youth.

And whether in mansion or hovel we dwell,
Companions' sweet faces and voices we found,
Whose presence, like sunshine of summer, we felt,
Brought halos of brightness and pleasures
around.

'Twas there gorgeous sunsets, with glamour
afar,

Lit up the round heavens to the zenith above,
And through the soft azure one bright even-
ing star [love]

Beamed first in its beauty and twinkles of

That star of the evening, still twinkling, re-
minds

Of the hills and the valleys and playmates so
fair;

But one, of all others, like Venus, outshines
In memory's sweetness, the rest that were
there.

Dear Orree La Faivrie, were yet he on earth,
Would prize much this tribute (excuse and de-
fend

Its weakness of genius and beauty and
worth—

Because it was written by the hand of His
Friend.

HOPE TO THE RESCUE.

Oh! tell me not this fitting life is all —
Is all there is in store for me;

'Twere better, indeed, I'd never lived at all
Than now that I should cease to be.

Away down deep beyond the ken of man,
In Nature's bosom hidden lies a plan
That finite minds can never scan;
Yet a kindly whisper of a low, sweet voice
Bids my consciousness within rejoice,
That nevertheless there is the decree
That I shall never cease to be.

The troubling where, the how, and the why
Are details the Goddess of Hope passes by,
As Supreme over reason she takes control,
And proclaims the immortality of the soul.
Yea: when the absurd creeds of men are
rotten,

And materialistic philosophies forgotten;

When agnosticism is a hoary sage

And rules over a knowledge-lacking age:

Still, then will Hope to the rescue arise

And claim the part that never dies.

THE INDIAN FAIR.

The scene: In early Southern Hoosierdom,
Where 'possums, 'coons and hoop-poles grow,
Amongst the clear Ohio's bluffs and glades,
Where poets never were known to go.

But why these musers always kept away
Is difficult to understand;

For, 'ever, witches, fairies, ghosts — and
spooks —

Stood waiting 'round on every hand.

'Twixt knobs and hills and mossy, rocky
cliffs,

Where panthers howled and hoo-owls hoo-ed,
A weirdly strange, but lovely valley, hid,
Where fairy lads and lasses wooed;

Where numerous Indian graves and dead
men's bones,

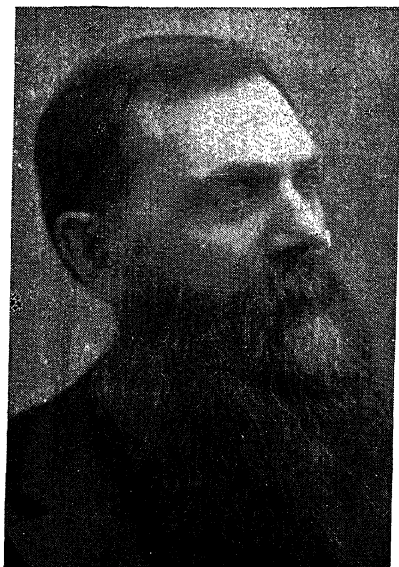
And arrow-flints, and quaint old mounds,
Were proof that there where fairies often
danced

Had once been known as battle grounds.

DR. BENJAMIN G. INMAN.

BORN: PLEASANT HILL, OHIO, AUG. 11, 1836.

STUDYING medicine in early youth Mr. Inman graduated in 1859. Since that time he has been busily engaged in the practice of his



DR. BENJAMIN G. INMAN.

profession. His poems have received extensive publication in the local press. In person Dr. Inman is of large stature.

THE PATH OF LOVE.

Love's enchanted chain binds the soul,
Like Prometheus to the captive rock,
Yet free from pain and mortal woe,
And feeds on food that angels know,
In that dream-land of eternal bliss.

'Tis this that prompts the mother with her babe,

In the silent churchyard to be peacefully laid,
There to rest from the busy cares and strife,
And awaken in the sweetness of a better life
Where love reigns one eternal golden day.

The same will bind the father and the son,
When life's pilgrimage is closely run,
With anxious hope and longing eye
They look back and vainly sigh,
For more of love's enchanted days.

So it be in all the walks of human life,
Love dispels the mists of hatred and of strife,
It feeds the soul and warms the heart,
Turns from darkness to the golden light,
And bathes in the ocean of eternal bliss.

The sunlit hills of peace divine,
In constant charge of father Time,
Will melt the icebergs of hate and wrath,
And furnish a new and better path,
The path of joy, of peace, and love.

HOPES OF LIFE.

Alas! for the poor wayfaring man,
How he sighs as he thinks of the distant beyond;

But little to comfort, but little to cheer him,
As he views the empty, and viewless beyond.

Ah! the vague thoughts of a future to all,
'Tis a mystery enshrouded in ogres and gloom;
We know of the past, the present is ours,
The future to all is in doubt and in gloom.

We speak of the realms of the blessed,
The home of the soul, of the joys on high:
But who can descry with an infinite eye,
Or know what is in the distant beyond.

Do we know beyond doubt of a soul,
That has crossed the dark waters of time,
That is living to tell us of whither we go
When we cross the dark waters of time.

Is it right to cherish the fond hope
Of a life in the happy and distant beyond?
A place where the weary can peacefully rest,
And hide from life's tempests and storms.

Verily! verily! 'tis right to hope on
For what can we be without hope in this life?
It prompts us to act, to move forward in works,
Makes life to us blessed, and saves us from harm.

Then who would stay the fond hopes,
Of the life-giving virtues of a life that is now,
The good that we hope for, may it come to us soon,

Perchance we may miss it, in the happy beyond.

'Tis a hope that our fathers have all entertained,

They believed it, they taught it, as verily true;

The hope that they had was stronger than death,

Let have been whatever it was, false or true.

PULLING THE TOOTH.

EXTRACT.

I have been racked with the pains of neuralgia,

With all kinds of torments, and of fear,
But the worst to be dreaded of Earth
Is pulling the tooth you've carried for years.

Sun, moon and stars may grow dim,
The earth with his charms grow cold;
Friends may forsake us but we'll never forget
Pulling the tooth we've carried for years.

MRS. MARY FELTON.

BORN: CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, NOV. 21, 1853.

At eighteen years of age this lady commenced to teach. From early childhood she was very fond of verse. In 1877 she was married to



MRS. MARY FELTON.

Frederic C. Felton, with whom she now resides at Belmond, Iowa. The poems of Mrs. Felton have appeared in Good Housekeeping, New York Ledger, Peterson's Magazine and various other publications.

THE DYING YEAR.

I lean from my chamber window
And gaze on the world below,
A world that lies cold and silent,
'Neath a sheet of drifted snow.
My trusty clock on the mantel
Will soon chime the midnight hour;
The knell of the dying Old Year,
The end of his reign and power.
But I love the dying Old Year,
Though the New one looks so gay,
He brought me sorrows, but truly
Not more than the New Year may.
So while I may greet the New one
With a welcome kind and true,
My heart lies half with the Old Year,
To me, as dear as the New.
I lean again from my window,
To see, if only I

Have love enough for the Old Year,
To care to see him die.
But the wind sobs through the tree-tops,
A dirge, sincere and loud;
While a crystal tear falls softly
Upon the Old Year's shroud.
The stars like funeral tapers
In the heaven, shine cold and bright,
As they watch the Old Year dying,
On his snowy couch to-night.
But the Old Year dieth bravely,
Like many a hope of mine —
He died in an hour of darkness,
And he died without a sign.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Ah! weary mother, 'round whose evening
chair [kissed,
Bright faces cluster to be washed and
You're most too tired now to hear the prayer
By baby voices, in the twilight lisped.
You scarce can read your daily page aright,
You simply voice a longing cry for rest,
But, weary mother, cheer thee up, to-night
I bring thee greetings, we are truly blest!
Yes, truly blest, that we can work and pray
For those we love, however hard the task;
Sufficient strength is promised day by day,
No better gift my grateful heart can ask.
How many children creep to beds to-night,
By mother hearts unloved and uncared?
Ah! weary mothers, clasp your treasures
tight,
Thank God, be happy, know that you are
blest.

SUBMISSION.

EXTRACT.

What heights sublime a suffering soul may
reach,
While those around it little care or know;
As Marah's waters lave their bleeding feet,
And wash their garments white as driven
snow.
Lord I submit; how can I tell how great,
How deep, how good or wisely thou hast
planned;
I only know thy children well can wait,
In the blest knowledge, thou dost understand.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

EXTRACT.

So come, ye sons and daughters,
Leave restless city strife;
Come ere you lose your relish
For the quiet joys of life.
Come back ye roaming children,
From prairies far and wide;
And cluster 'round the hearthstone
Once more at even-tide.

MRS. HARRIET M. CONKLIN.

BORN: SPRINGVILLE, N.Y., SEPT. 14, 1835.

REMOVING with her parents to Allegan, Michigan, when an infant, the subject of this sketch was there educated and taught school for several years. At the age of twenty-two she attended the Michigan state normal



MRS. HARRIET M. CONKLIN.

at Ypsilanti for two years; afterward became principal of the seminary at West Liberty, Iowa, and later entered into the millinery business. In 1869 she was married to William A. Conklin, who together with his wife are now publishing the Independent at St. Charles, Mich. Her poems have appeared in some of the leading publications of America.

ALLEGAN, MY HOME.

Allegan! Home! Allegan thy glory has departed;
The torch of the fire fiend ignited your walls;
My heart beats quickly, I am nearly distracted
For fear that my kinsmen have lost by your fall.

Who governed the wind as it fanned the
fierce flames?
Nor let it abate 'till your ruin was o'er,
Had the fire king no mercy for your fortune
or names:
But to grasp for your wealth and blot out
your store?

Allegan! Proud Allegan now is sackcloth
and ashes,
The clarion of confusion screams over your
heads.
And humbled in sorrow the truth o'er you
flashes —
A scourge has been sent here, was it from the
Gods?

Peace! Peace to the pioneers who sleep in
their graves,
They were spared this grief which came not
in their day,—
The workers, the builders, the many old
slaves,
Who built up the town and then passed away.
Then brace up, and build up your many sad
losses,
Gather up those burned brick without stop-
ping to rest;
Make the town what it has been, don't give
up for crosses
For God in his wisdom rules all for the best.

Allegan my home! The home of my child-
hood,
My heart melts in sorrow — for dear to me yet
Are its pines on the hillside, and back near
the wildwood
Loved friends are sleeping whom I cannot
forget.

DEDICATION.

She had gone to bed for the night-time,
Her weary form laid down to rest
Beside little Nell who lay dreaming,
But whose face was rosy and sweet,
Making one think of Life's Eden,
Where naught of sorrow or tears
Nor the bleak chilling storm of trials
Had furrowed her face with tears.
Hark! she hears a footstep coming
At the door. Say Ma are you there?
And she knew the heart it came from,
And that God had answered her prayer,
In the time and that hour of trouble
Came he hopeful, fearless and strong,
As a fitting staff to lean on
When everything was going wrong.
Back home again dear mother,
He said, and she stooped to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mother's miss.
That boy will do to depend on,
His heart is kind and true,
From lads who care for their mother
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts are loving ones
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who protects his mother
Will always be a man.

MRS. MARY C. DUNCAN.

BORN: CALAVERAS CO., CAL., NOV. 24, 1860.

THIS lady is not only a poet but also a musician and artist. After completing her education at the state university she was married



MRS. MARY C. DUNCAN.

to Dr. M. P. Duncan. The poems of Mrs. Duncan have been widely published in the papers of California and a few have appeared in the eastern magazines. She is still a resident of California, at Hanford.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Beaming in thy beauty there —
 O Stella, shimmering star!
 Enthroned high in the southern heavens,
 In purity afar —
 Out o'er the dusky dome of night,
 Thy silver splendors play,
 And shadow e'en the radiance of
 The shining Milky Way!
 The earth quick wakens to thy kiss,
 And language soft of love
 Wafts on the wind — the rustling leaves —
 The murmuring of the dove.
 While Arcturus bold and Antares —
 Blood-red upon the sight —
 Grow pallid in those brilliant beams,
 And crown thee King of Night!
 But O fair Jewel — gem of eve!
 Thy rays have failed to wrest,
 The shadows from the heavy heart
 That burns within my breast!

Fond mem'ries wake when e'er thy form
 Steals soft athwart the sky —
 Of other eves when 'neath thy glow,
 We strayed — my love and I.
 But now no more the eyes whose light
 Was stolen from thine own,
 Shed o'er my soul their showers of love —
 To-night I'm all alone!
 The soft sweet voice whose cadence low
 Made music in my heart,
 Is heard no more, for silently,
 We wander worlds apart!

TO THE FALLEN MONARCH.

Aged Monarch of the forest! Majestic Ruin!
 Thou'rt regal yet though prone to earth
 And crumbling in decay!
 And mighty still, though but a blackened
 trunk
 Now shorn of all thy beauty.
 For full three thousand years that kingly
 form
 Was reared above its fellows,
 And from that lofty eminence
 Looked proudly down upon the world.
 Vainly then did the tempest rage
 And beat about thy branches,
 While the lightning sought to rend thy heart
 And lay the giant low.
 Many, many a summer time the birds of heaven
 Have sought a refuge in thy leafy canopy,
 Hanging there the downy nests, to sway in
 every breeze,
 The while, their mingled songs
 Freighted the air with melody.
 Many a winter's snows have clothed thy boughs
 In weird, strange beauty.
 Wrapping about thee robes of royal ermine,
 Meet for even such as thou to wear.
 For ages long that towering trunk —
 Withstood the wear of Time,
 While nations rose and flourished;—
 Wavered;— waned and died.
 But now, O forest King! thy reign is o'er!
 And Time victorious, claims thee for his own
 at last!
 Thy day is done; and 'round that aged form,
 Oblivion's wave is closing fast!

TO THE FULL MOON.

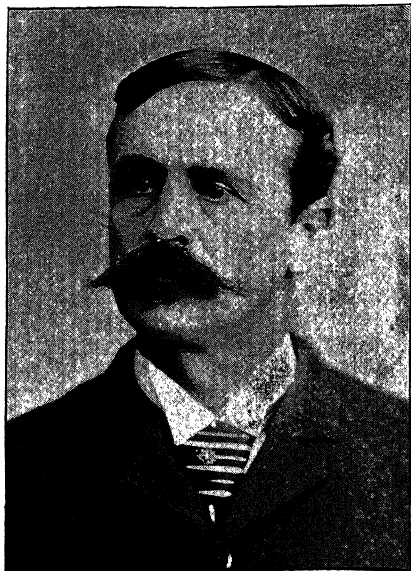
EXTRACT.

Far out across the lovely lake
 A trail of glory lies,
 Whose silvery sheen might surely mark
 The path to Paradise!
 Methinks that glistening track should reach
 Away! beyond the night!
 And lead up to the City blest
 With many mansions white!

FAY HEMPSTEAD.

BORN: LITTLE ROCK, ARK., NOV. 24, 1847.

FOR some years this gentleman has been a constant contributor to numerous papers and Magazines, among which might be mentioned the Boston Transcript, New York Mail and Express, Richmond Dispatch, and the St. Louis Republican. The productions of Mr.



FAY HEMPSTEAD.

Hempstead have received special recognition from both press and public, and his poems have elicited a complimentary letter from the poet John G. Whittier. He is frequently called upon to read original poems on public occasions. In 1878 he published his first volume of poems which met with fair success, and now has a second volume which will be brought out in due season. Mr. Hempstead has become quite prominent as a public speaker, and is widely known as a prose writer. In 1889 he published Hempsteads School History of Arkansas, which has met with an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Hempstead was married in 1871 to Miss Gertrude B. O'Neal, by whom he has a family of four sons and three daughters. This lawyer, author and lecturer is grand secretary of the Free Masons for the state of Arkansas, in which state he is very popular.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Old year! old year! that liest here
So cold and stark upon thy bier,

I fold thy hands upon thy breast,
And pray for thee unbroken rest!
Gone, gone!—yea, gone! Thy breath with-
drawn!

Yet ere the rising of the dawn,
Like fickle courtiers, do we sing,
"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
Away, away! In confined clay
Such feeble source of strength doth lay,
We turn from those whose lips are dumb
To worship who succeeding come.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

I stand where the maid with the pale cold face
And her palms together pressed,
Lies robed for her last abiding place,—
For her sleep of endless rest.
And her marble cheek is as fair as the rose,
That at her throat there lies;
And death's unlovely presence shows
Nowhere but in her eyes.

Not the placid face, nor the shining hair,
But the vacant gaze alone;
And naught is left of the life that was there,
Save the place where the brightness shone.
For the light has gone from her bright blue
eye,

Where the soul was shining through;
As a star fades out of a summer sky,
And only leaves the blue.

O earth in time bring forth the rose,
Bring bud and blossom rare,
To where she lies in soft repose
For she was passing fair.
Bring daisies and the violet's eyes,
Where swells the grassy sod,
As calm in settled peace she lies,
While her soul has gone to God.

HENRY TARRING ECKERT.

BORN: NORTHUMBERLAND, PA., AUG. 20, 1842.

THE poems of Mr. Eckert have appeared in the Detroit Free Press and other publications. He follows the occupation of a salesman.

DAWN.

Fly fair Aurora o'er the eastern hills,
Distill thy dews, flash in the silver rills,
Bid night and darkness flee before thy face,
And beauty dazzle at thy touch of grace.
Call forth again the orient god of day,
And bid him search with brightest fervid ray,
The darkest morass, glade, or noxious fen,
And gild with silver light the gloomiest glen.
Blot out the planets, veil the moon once more,
And touch with pearl the waves on many a
shore,
Gild with thy wand eternal peaks of snow,
And flood with light the grateful world below.

ANDREW ALLEN VEATCH.

BORN: BROOKELAND, TEX., MAY 3, 1866.

IN 1884 Mr. Veatch joined the church, and soon afterward began preaching. He still re-



ANDREW ALLEN VEATCH.

sides at Brookeland, Texas, where he is very popular. From his youth Mr. Veatch has written poems, which have appeared extensively in the periodical press.

OVER THE LINE.

Over the line,—yes, over the line,
 Delay no longer, no more repine;
 Why dost thou falter, O soul of mine?
 The Master is calling, "Come over the line."
 The world is cruel, and cold and hard,
 And the Word has promised a sure reward,*
 To those who follow the voice divine
 Of the tender Shepherd, "Come over the line."
 Come out of the snare, then; out of the path
 That is leading thee forward to endless
 wrath;†
 Be moved by that whisper of mercy benign,
 And haste to the highway over the line.‡
 Thou hast walked full long in a desolate way,
 Alone in thy journeyings day by day, [cline,
 Thou art weary; find rest where the blessed red-
 By the cross of the Crucified, over the line.§
 Thou hast sought after honor; it now will be
 given—
 The honor to walk with the children of
 heaven!***

Thou hast sighed for true friendship; it now
 may be thine—

The Faithful†† is waiting thee over the line.

There's a void in thy life, there are tears in
 thy gaze,

Thou art sad, and the light has gone out of
 thy days;‡‡

Yet again in thy path may the young roses
 twine,

And the morning smile o'er thee—Come over
 the line!§§

A Spirit stirs in thee, impelling thee on,
 With thy face to the Kingdom, thine eyes to
 the Dawn; [cline,||

Hush! Resist not, but now to His wooings in-
 And follow thy Guardian over the line.

And these that would stay thee—grandeur
 and wealth—

Which have blighted thy manhood, stolen thy
 health; [sign,

Cold phantoms! Now learn without grief to re-
 For the treasure immortal,¶ just over the line.

There are angels watching to see thee start,|||
 And counting each stroke of thy pulsing heart,
 To know if the victory at last shall be thine—
 To know if thou yet wilt come over the line.

And those gone up to the Land of Bliss, [this,
 As they gaze through the portals of light to
 With hands like the lily and brows that shine,
 How lovingly beckon thee over the line!

Come forth—"tis the voice of the Bridegroom—
 ¶¶ Come!

He calls to His palace—invites thee home;
 He bids to the banquet of life divine,‡‡‡
 And urges thee kindly, "Come over the line!"

Hark!—Music, ringing!—Sweet holy airs
 Are floating down from the azure stairs;
 All Heaven's blest harmonies seem to combine
 In the joyful burden, "Come over the line!"††††

Over the line, yes, over the line;
 There's all that the soul needs over the line,||||
 A robe and a ring,§§§ and a crown divine¶¶¶
 And a pass to Paradise,*** over the line.

* Prov. 11:18; Psalms 58:11; Col. 3:24; Matt. 19:28,29.

† Matt. 7:13; Prov. 14:12.

‡ Isaiah 35:8.

§ Matt. 11:28.

** Isaiah 35:8, 9; Matt. 5:9.

†† Rev. 8:14; Heb. 13:8.

‡‡ Lam. 5:17.

§§ Matt. 5:4.

|| Josh. 24:23; Psalms 73:1 & 119:36; I Thes. 5:19.

¶ Matt. 6:20; Luke 12:33; I Peter 1:4.

||| Luke 15:10; Heb. 1:14.

|||| Matt. 26:6; Isaiah 54:5—8.

¶¶ Matt. 22:2—4. Isa-iah 55:—1—3.

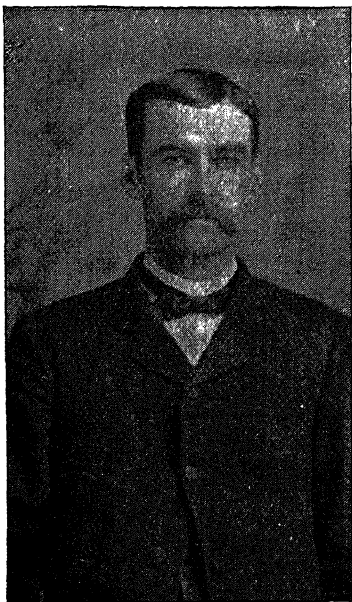
¶¶¶ Rev. 22:17.

*** Eph. 4:30; & 1:13, 14.

MALCOLM M. LUZADER.

BORN: GRAFTON, W. VA., NOV. 27, 1858.

THE poems of Mr. Luzader have appeared extensively in the local press. By profession he is a teacher of vocal music, in which he



MALCOLM M. LUZADER.

is engaged in his native state at Auburn. Mr. Luzader has become quite popular, and has a wide circle of friends and admirers.

THE MYSTIC VEIL.

God, by mortal eyes unseen,
By seraph tongues untold,
Years, wrapped up in mystic gloom,
Set Destiny to unfold.

Behind the dark drawn veil of time,
Life's hidden stores await;
Nor can we choose the sweets alone,
But bide the gifts of Fate.

Yet, who would dare to lift the veil
That binds this mortal spell;
Who, knowing all would be a god,
And coming ages tell?

Dear heart of mine, seek not to learn
What Heaven denies its own;
Sweet hope will paint our darkest doubts,
And meet them one by one.

Now, these years of constant strife
To us, in time are given,
Each joy or grief may reappear,
Reclaiming us to heaven.

Many long years may come and go,
And our paths in life not meet;
Years of happiness or woe,
For you and me may wait.

THE BACHELOR'S HOPE.

We talked of books, we talked of songs,
We talked of home and friends;
The longed for bliss of future years,
Its ills and their amends.

And then my nervous lips told out
The story of my heart;
And the lustrous language from her eyes,
Sweet sunshine did impart.

I told her of the timid hopes
That gave my being zest;
That doubts and fears had vainly rose,
My hopeful love to test.

Said I: The girl who shares my fate,
Thro' life's revolving years,
Must be the sunshine of my home,
To banish all my cares.

Angelic grace must clothe her form,
The fairest of her kind;
Her face must hold perpetual smiles,
Reflected from her mind.

Her voice be like the full moon's beams —
As silvery calm and sweet,
Whose gentle words and rippling songs
Shall make my joys complete.

Whose queenly ways, and depth of soul
Shall fill mankind with awe;
With noble sense of truth and right,
O'ercome the proudest foe.

A heart filled with eternal love,
Averse to pride's conceits,
Who'd scorn the idle jests of life,
Nor stoop to vain deceits.

And now, dear love, for you I've lived,—
I took her hand in mine,—
And you of all the girls on earth
Can bring my life sunshine.

She stole her trembling hand away,
I knew my fate was sealed;
In the soul's blue windows deep I read
The truth her word revealed.

Then with an earnest steady look,
Remembered, but forgiven,
She spoke these cruel, awful words:
"Young man, your home's in Heaven."

JOHN VINTON POTTS.

BORN: NAPIER, PA., JULY 22, 1836.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Potts commenced to teach school, and since that time has taught about ninety months, principally in the public schools. In 1857 Mr. Potts was licensed as a minister, and has spent seventeen years in the active pastoral work. He has been a



JOHN VINTON POTTS.

diligent private student all his life, and in 1866 entered the college at Westerville, Ohio. He has written and published two books, and has been correspondent of various newspapers, writing on a variety of topics — social, religious, political and educational. Mr. Potts has spoken in public in many states. His present home is at North Robinson, Ohio, where he is engaged in literary work, and is editor and publisher of the Monthly Monograph. He was married in 1861, and has a family of bright boys.

THE PENALTY.

I am sick to-day,
And so can not be gay.
I went away
On yesterday
To see a new-made friend;
And with the mental strain,
And what I ate,
And driving late,
To-day I have the pain;
And now will rest amend

The broken chain
In health's domain.
Oh! would man be wise,
Amid the scenes that rise,
To take the best,
Refuse the rest,
And follow truth alone,
In all the walks of life;
Then were his fate
A rich estate,
Without a jar or strife,
As royal as a throne;
And highest joy
Would never cloy.
Oft we eat too much;
And oft our tho'ts are such
As lead away
The soul astray.
We toil beyond our strength;
Or want of exercise
Doth enervate
The whole estate.
Thus heavy clouds arise,
And bring the tomb at length,
And we are laid
In Stygian shade.

NEARLY WILD, OVER THE CHILD.

The precious little one,
I met upon the street.
It could not walk or run
Upon its dainty feet.
A little maiden held
The babe within her arms:
Its beauty me impressed
To pause and note its charms.
"Whose child is this," I said;
And then I saw it smiled.
"Oh! it belongs to Ned!
And he is nearly wild!"

MY FIRST POEM.

Bright spring, the triumph of the year,
Brings warbling birds from far and near
To sport among the trees.
In forests wide, and round our domes,
With cheerful hearts they make their homes,
And float upon the breeze.
The silent buds now open wide;
The branches wave like ocean tide
By balmy breezes blown.
The morning dews from grass and flowers
Arise on high and fall in showers
Where cooling draughts are thrown.
Thee bee is out on busy wing,
Though but a weak and tiny thing,
To gather treasure sweet
From opening flowers in wood and field,
And finds a joy in what they yield,
Of sweetness for us meet.

FRIENDSHIP.

In friendship pure
Is envy's cure.
Who owns this sacred treasure,
Is sure of lasting pleasure.
Not bought with wealth,
Nor bound to health,
Nor like the changing weather,
It warms the heart forever.
When fortune's urn
At every turn
Pours joy and happy greetings,
And brings oft social meetings;
When summer friends,
For selfish ends,
Are lavishing their praises,
It shows but common phases.
When adverse storms,
Misfortune's forms,
Mark gloom upon to-morrow,
And bring lean want and sorrow;
When most, indeed,
Kind aid we need,
And outer friendship alters,
True friendship never falters.
Should foes arise,
That cheat spies
Our failings with the rabble,
And o'er them all will gabble;
But this will stand,
Tho' fiends may band
Each hope from us to sever,
And show, 'tis friendship ever.
If space arise,
And dim our eyes,
That we see not each other,
Nor meet at all together;
Yet memory brings
Upon her wings,
The images we cherish,
Thus friendships never perish.
If mortal fate
Should ope the gate
Through which must mankind travel
Before they can unravel
Those mysteries
Which no one sees,
This side the mystic river,
That makes the stoutest quiver.
Around the bed,
Which hides the dead,
Slow forms may sadly wander,
And oft in sorrow ponder;
There friendship may
Its tribute pay,
In tears from souls true hearted,
To loved ones — the departed.
Time's icy hand
The heart can stand,

If every recollection,
And tombs increase affection;
For grief refined
Exalts the mind,
And death his claims releases,
Where friendship but increases.
'Tis hard by arts
To sever hearts,
If love be cord and token,
For friendship ne'er is broken;
If virtue grows
Above earth's woes,
If forms apart be riven,
They meet again in heaven.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Here light and shadow fill the day,
While every soul is sad and gay;
The sunlight does not always shine,
Or heaven e'en here would sure be mine.
The night not always clouds the brow,
Or demons would possess me now.
False friends are often in dismay,
But truthful friends are in array.
They stand and work in my defense,
That I may hope and onward go.
If others make a mere pretense,
I will in honor live below.
Then I shall live in joy above,
And be with those whom now I love.

HOPE.

I am sad and weary
With the sorrows of my life:
Days and nights are dreary
With the sore and angry strife.
Thus my soul in anguish
Cries in hopeless toil of night;
I in weakness languish
With the dimness of my sight.
May I rest in heaven
When the darkness here is past?
Yes, the hope is given,
E'en amid the stormy blast.
Lo the light is gleaming
On the path of fervent souls,
Graceful showers are streaming
While the angry tempest rolls.
Consolations given
Are for those who hope and trust;
So when tempest driven
Let me lean upon the just.
Let no doubting ever
Rob my soul of joy or ease;
Naught but sin can sever
Me from bliss in large degrees.
Let the life be cheery
As the thrilling joys go by;
Catch them as they near me,
They will help me to the sky.

D. A. REYNOLDS.

BORN; ISABELLA CO., MICH., APRIL, 1854.

At an early age Mr. Reynolds became a school teacher. He was married in 1874 and settled on a farm, but taught school during the winter months. Mr. Reynolds was always very fond of history, and thoroughly mastered Hume, Macaulay, Guizot, and other famous



D. A. REYNOLDS.

European historians. In 1882 Mr. Reynolds established the Herald at Lyons, Michigan, at the same time devoting a large portion of his time to literary work for the Metropolitan journals. Among his poems, at Heaven's Window, has attracted the widest attention, while Thurman Wolverton is unquestionably his best novel. The facts and fancies of Heaven's Window is said to spring from his mother's second marriage and is pronounced monaganistic views.

AT HEAVEN'S WINDOW.

In a pleasant forest village,
 'Twixt the highlands and the lowlands,
 Basking in the eastern sunbeams,
 Stood there once a lovely cottage;
 O'er its porch the clinging ivy
 Drooped and trembled in the zephyrs,
 While the flowers vied in bidding
 Welcome to the weary stranger.
 Summer's twilight's deepening beauty
 Overspread the western hillside,

While each parting summer sunbeam
 Kissed the lofty, eastern bower;
 And the riv'let 'neath the village
 Murmured quaintly on its journey,
 While the chirrup of the locust
 Undulated in the chorus.
 'Neath the vine-clad portal, singing,
 Sat a lovely maiden knitting,
 And the notes in tender cadence
 Floated on the summer air.

Just beside the gate there lingered —
 Weary with his day of hunting —
 One from out the busy city,
 Wooing nature's fairest boon;
 And forgetting else the singing —
 For his heart beat to the measure —
 Drank the flood of guileless passion,
 Dwelt upon each thrilling note.

He had met full many maidens
 In the brisk and busy city,
 But no voice had ever thrilled him
 As the rustic village belle.
 He had mills and many vessels —
 Wealth in store and wealth in land;
 And he vowed to crown his triumph
 By the winning of her hand.

Over hill, and dale and valley,
 Where she strolled in quest of flowers,
 Sought he often, and her greeting
 Fired his heart with fiercest passion.
 Thus mistaking gentle breeding
 For an echo to his wooing,
 He had pressed her hand at parting —
 Swore to her undying love.

Thus awakened from her girlhood,
 Sought her heart to know its meaning;
 But within its secret chamber
 Found she not one throb for him.
 But she knew beyond the village,
 By the broad and verdant meadow,
 Whistling in the early twilight,
 Following home the gentle kine,
 Dwelt her playmate — girlhood lover —
 Who, in happy hours of childhood,
 They had played at "getting married,"
 And the sterner cares of life.

They had loved as little children,
 When they played upon the meadow,
 And the vows in childhood plighted
 Strengthened with each coming year.
 Thus it was when Allen Alden
 Sought the hand of Annie Gray,
 She could find within her bosom
 Only sorrow for his loving.

Ere the winter's glistening jewels
 Crowned fair nature's brow with pearls,
 Lawrence Henry claimed the promise
 She had made in childish glee;
 And no happier bride in Clifton

Ever spoke the solemn promise
As they bowed before God's altar
In the sacred bond of love.

Thus began their wedded journey,
Fraught with promise, joy and plenty,
And though wealth was not their portion,
Love supplied each heart's desire,
While the star of true affection
Lighted all their onward journey;
Angels hovering 'round them chanted:
"Mighty is the realm of love."

If the world was cold and cruel,
Threatening doom o'erspread the skies,
He was never heard to murmur,
For the love in Annie's eyes
Told him of a purer purpose,
Prompted him to higher goal—
Broadened mind and heightened purpose,
Purifying mind and soul.

Twelve short years—how soon they num-
ber,

Counted on affection's dial,
But they bring within their scabbard
Deepest sorrow—threatening doom,
For consumption's withering presence
Now pervades that happy home,
And the father, husband, lover,
Knows that he, alas, must go.

Could my pen but paint the bitter
Yearning in that father's heart!
Could I sketch that husband's anguish
As he takes his last adieu!
Could my prayer but reach the mercy
Seat within the courts of Heaven,
I would melt the heart of nature,
That a respite might be given.

"Dearest Annie," Lawrence faltered,
As he wiped away a tear.
Held her hand with gentle pressure,
Sought her sorrowing heart to cheer:
"I have been so very happy
In our pleasant Eden home,
That I cannot, cannot leave you,
Crossing o'er the stream alone.

"I am going, shortly going
Where our friends have gone before,
But I'll never cross the river
Till you meet me at the shore;
For I know the hymns of Heaven
Would but fill my heart with pain,
While I knew my darling Annie
Cannot share each joyous strain.

"Heaven, they say, is all about us,
And our friends are ever nigh,
Death is but a transformation—
Souls immortal cannot die.
I shall watch o'er you my darling,
And our children good and kind,

Looking out at Heaven's window
For the friends I leave behind.

"Tell the children how I loved them
Ere from them I had to go;
Tell them in the bright hereafter
They shall yet their father know;
For my spirit vision brightens,
Friends are gathering 'round my bed,
Heaven is here and I am ready
When our last farewell is said.

"Darling—wife, I'm going—going,
Lay my face upon your breast;
I would feel its gentle throbbing
Ere I pass to yonder rest,—
One fond kiss—the last dear Annie,
Till we meet on yonder shore,
Where the soul to soul united,
Love shall dwell forever more."

Ah the sorrow of that parting,
Few may know and none can tell;
How the heart but stops its beating
When we say the last farewell;
But in dreams she often sees him,
Feels his kiss upon her brow,
And his presence ever near her
Whispers gentle words of cheer.

Many months of patient sorrow,
Years have numbered nearly two,
When across the briny waters
Comes a friend of former days.
He would share her every sorrow,
Win for her those joys anew;
Offered her that nameless passion
She had won long years ago.

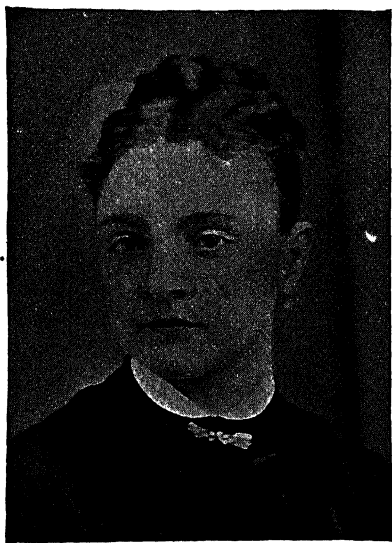
Did she falter in her answer?
Did her eyes grow dim with tears?
Did she hear the voice of Lawrence,
Feel his touch upon her cheek?
No. 'Twas but the summer zephyr
And the sighing of the wind;
Yet she knew with clearest vision,
Lovers twain were pleading then.

Three short years. At Heaven's window
Stands a spirit, bowed in sorrow,
While all Heaven is hushed in sadness
For the grief that soul hath known.
For an anguish, deep, unyielding,
Turns each joyous note to sorrow,
Filling all the courts of Heaven
With the wail of deep despair.
Tell me tales of withering sorrow—
Hearts that break and souls that fall—
Tell to me the saddest ditty
Pen can write or poet sing;
I would rob them of their sorrow—
Garner up each word of fire,
With the which to paint the anguish
Of a soul by treason slain,

MRS. AMBER E. ROBINSON.

BORN: BRIDGEWATER, ME., FEB. 14, 1867.

THIS lady was married in 1883 to Willie E. Robinson. The poems of Mrs. Robinson have appeared in the Chicago Christian Scientist and the periodical press generally. She is still



MRS. AMBER E. ROBINSON.

a resident of her native state in the town of Blaine, wheresh she is well known and has a host of friends and acquaintances. In person she is about the average height and weight, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

SOWING.

Sowing the seed of Truth,
Pause not to sigh or weep;
Joyfully doing thy part;
Knowing not who will reap.
Scattering words of life
Into the valley of death;
Teaching that life in Christ,
Is more than a vapor or breath.
Shedding a ray of light
Into a darkened soul,
Bidding the weary arise,
Believe and thou shalt be whole.
What shall the harvest be?
Soon shall thine eyes behold,

The reward of labors of love;
'Twill yield thee a hundred fold.
Thus prayerfully working on
Labor at any cost;
Remember the seed that's sown
In love can never be lost.

TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH.

Quietly on her pillow
A fair young maiden lay,
It seemed that disease was doing a work
That was ebbing her life away.
Death appeared to her one night
And He said "Ah, who can save?
I soon shall claim thee, maiden fair,
Thy form cast in the grave!
You have planned a pleasant future,
You have hoped and planned in vain;
For soon you'll pass unto the grave
From whence you'll ne'er return.
But soon the form of another
Beauteous to see,
Came and stood by her bedside
And said "Believe thou in me."
Death shrunk away at the presence
Of one so wondrous fair,
Hope brightened in the maiden's heart
Where shortly before was despair.
"Fear not my child," he spake again,
"For I have passed death too;
And suffered in a cruel world,
That life might be given you."
"Now, just now will you accept
That blessing which I give,
Believe on me in Eternity
Forever shalt thou live."
"I will accept," she quickly cried,
And then the form was gone;
Whither he went she could not tell,
Nor yet from whence he come.
Again stood beside the maiden,
The monster Death — so grim:
He claimed in accents harsh and cold
That she belonged to him.
He quickly grasped her slender form
And hissed, Ah, we shall see,
For none is mightier than I,
All stand in fear of me.
A smile broke o'er his features cold,
For now his work is done:
"Aha," cried he, "I hold thee now,—
The victory I have won!
In his stern and cold embrace
But a lifeless form there lay;
He looked in rage upon the face,
For he held but a form of clay.

He heard a song so soft and sweet,
 He looked beyond the sky;
 For he saw the sainted maid,
 For her 'twas life to die.

Close, close to her Redeemer's feet,
 The mighty one to save,
 She sang "Where is thy sting, O Death,
 Thy victory boasting grave."

"All worthy is the Lamb," she sang,
 "Who sitteth on the throne;
 All glory unto Him be given,
 The victory his alone"

FALLING LEAVES.

I strolled to the forest-clad hillside,
 The day was nearing its close;
 To me the gay colors of autumn
 Seem fair as the tint of the rose.

A feeling of sadness came o'er me;
 I could not refrain a sigh,
 When I thought as the leaves we are falling,
 As the leaves we must all fade and die.

I gathered leaves from the forest
 Of hues so bright and gay,
 But some I did not gather,
 And there unnoticed they lay.

In my imagination
 I heard them breathe a sigh;
 Because, devoid of loveliness,
 I passed them quickly by.

The human mind will ever
 Seek out the good and bright;
 As the traveler in the darkness
 Seeks yon shining light.

But I think of another autumn
 Succeeding the summer of life;
 And I wondered if mine would be glorious
 With gentle zephyrs rife.

But there comes the closing day
 Of a lifetime, long, misspent;
 When the faded leaves uncared for lay,
 And the tree stands lone and bent.

The naked tree sighs mournfully
 As it feels the Winter's blast;
 And remembers the days forever gone —
 Remorsefully views the past.

I think again of another;
 A good and useful life,
 Abounding with love toward the neighbor,
 Apart from hatred or strife.

There comes a glorious autumn
 A foliage grand to see;
 While the golden rays of a setting sun
 Are lovely beyond degree.

Tho' stern, relentless Winter
 Comes where the leaves have lain.

Yet soon in a robe far brighter
 The tree shall appear again.

Fair, e'en fairer than before
 In the courts of our God and King,
 The tree shall bloom forever
 In the land of Eternal Spring.

The autumn leaves, the memories
 That we leave behind;
 They speak the life — God grant that mine
 May be ever true and kind.

UNFORGOTTEN STILL.

'Twas during the calm days of summer;
 The flowers sweet fragrance threw;
 And the Sun climbing high in the Heavens
 Gladdened the concave of blue.

Yet, amid the rejoicing of Nature,
 I was weary and ill at ease;
 E'en the singing of birds seemed discordant
 As they sang from the green leafy trees.

In vain had I sought rest and comfort,
 Where others had drunk at their will;
 Friends proved unworthy and heartless,
 With gall my cup seemed to fill.

When one appeared for a moment;
 And a chord struck by hands divine,
 Came from her soul as I met her,
 And entered into mine.

As a dove flutt'ring over the waters,
 And restoring order again:
 Her presence seemed as a glimmer,
 Of sunshine after rain.

Would she trust her heart to my keeping?
 Her freedom for me resign?
 I felt this question was answered,
 When I clasped her hand in mine.

Her voice so soft, it thrilled me,
 When a sad sweet strain she sung;
 I remember it now as plainly
 As in days when my heart was young.

But my dream was momentary;
 The one I loved had gone;
 Yet thoughts of that angel vision,
 Comfort me when I'm alone.

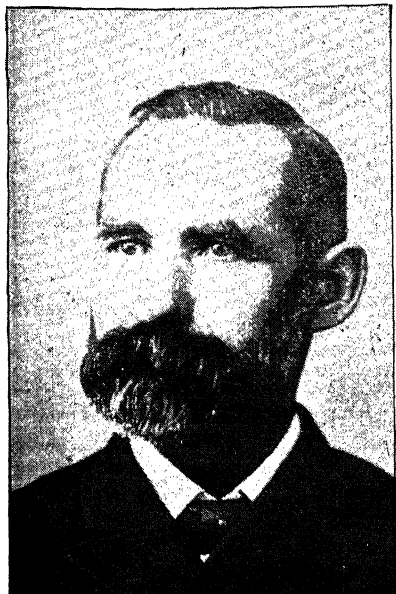
Tho' I knew her but for a moment,
 We met but met to part;
 Yet amid those mem'ries cherished
 I have deeply buried my heart.

'Twill know no resurrection
 Till I meet her, my lost, my love:
 I'll wait e'en tho' unrewarded
 Till I reach those regions above.

For it may be that somewhere in Glory
 I shall hear that sad sweet strain;
 It may be that only in Heaven
 I shall clasp that hand again.

HENRY H. JOHNSON.

BORN: COBLESKILL, N.Y., JAN. 14, 1840.
SINCE 1880 Mr. Johnson has written poetry almost exclusively for the New York Banner Weekly, for which publication he has written nearly two hundred poems. At the age of



HENRY H. JOHNSON.

eighteen Mr. Johnson commenced teaching school, which he continued about ten years. He was then given the position of railroad station master at Hyndsville, N.Y., which he still holds.

A REFLECTION.

When sickness lays me low
And life is ebbing slow,
Whose form will stand
Beside my dying bed,
With lowly drooping head,
And clasp my hand?
Who'll love me till the end
With warmer love than friend
Can e'er bestow?
Whose heart will bleed for me?
Whose tears will silently
Beside me flow?
Who'll close my sightless eyes
When my freed spirit flies
From earth away?
Who'll mourn when I am dead,
And tears of sorrow shed
More than a day?

Will sorrow's teardrops lave
The cold and silent grave
Wherein I sleep?
Who'll plant sweet flowers there,
With hues and fragrance rare,
And o'er them weep?
Must I forgotten be?
Lost to the memory
Of human kind?
Will no good deed I've done
For some poor needy one,
Be left behind?
Oh may kind thoughts of me
Live in the memory
Of some dear one.
When I am gone to rest
O may some life be blest
By what I've done.

DOT BABY.

Who yells und screeches ven he's mad,
Und laughs and cackles ven he's glad,
Ish somedimes good, und somedimes bad?
Dot Baby!

Who greeps und grawls around the vloor,
Und rolls himself right out de door,
Und jams und hurts himself some more?
Dot Baby!

Who raises Gain mosht all de night,
Und makes me mad enough to fight,
Or kick up high ash any kite?
Dot Baby!

Who bulls mine viskers und my nose,
Und musses up mine Sunday clothes,
Und always into mischief goes?
Dot Baby!

Who makes me somedimes almost cry,
Und vipe de teardrops vrom my eye?
Vat would I do if he should die?
Dot Baby!

Who'll be a big man ven he grows,
Und make somebody, I suppose,
Maybe a Bresident, who knows?
Dot Baby!

Dis leetle chap vot climbs mine knee,—
If I were poor as poor could be
Not worlds of gold could buy from me
Dot Baby!

THE MAN WITH AN IRON WILL.

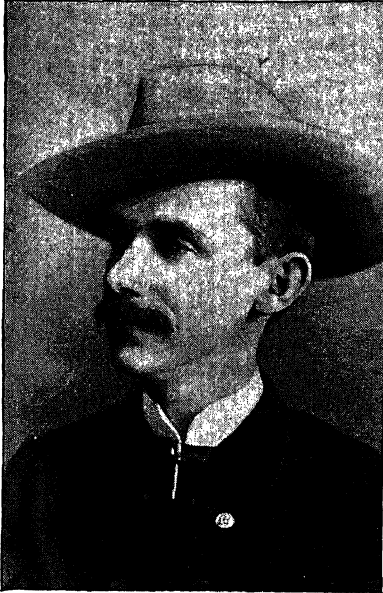
EXTRACT.

Give me the man with an iron will,
And a purpose firm and strong,
Who dares to stand by the right until
He has crushed to death the wrong;
Who treads where the path of duty leads,
Though the way be blocked by foes;
Whose heart and hand a good cause speeds
No matter who oppose.

CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

BORN: MANCHESTER, N. H., AUG. 11, 1861.

ADMITTED to the bar of Michigan in 1881 Mr. Davis settled for a while at East Saginaw. He wrote a series of articles in 1885 for the Saginaw Evening News on the labor question, which drew the attention of laboring men,



CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

and he was there candidate for city recorder in the spring of 1886. About this time Mr. Davis removed to New York City, where he is now engaged in journalism. Since 1880 his poems have received publication, and have invariably been widely copied. Mr. Davis was vice-president of the Western Association of Writers in 1886-7, and trustee of same in 1888.

THE WINDS OF FATE.

By trifles light as the atoms wafted
Aloft on the wings of a fan's soft breeze,
Our lives are fashioned, and conscripts drafted,
We march with the armies of Pain or Ease.
Light as the thistledown blown 'mid the ripened sheaves,
Doth weigh in Time's balance our love or hate,
For we all are blown as the autumn leaves
To Heaven or hell by the winds of fate.

ACTRESS AND AUTHOR.

In the blaze and glare of the footlights,
In the gilded temple of art,
To the world of wealth and fashion,
The actress played her part;

And with phrase from the playwright borrowed —

The fruit of his toiling years, —
Touched the golden chords of pathos,
And drew from their eyes the tears.

They gave to her their plaudits,
But not one of the weeping throng,
Gave thought to the stricken author,
Who had wove from his soul her song!

AT SUNRISE.

Dark-mantled night, the star-eyed and the dumb,

Flees when she hears the Sun-god's chariot wheels;

When at her throat from out his hand doth come

A javelin of light; she dying reels,
And her heart's life-blood, as it ebbs away,
Dyes crimson the white garments of the day.

THE CYCLE.

'Tis love alone creates and doth destroy —
Sweet love is lord alike of life and death; —
For love is father unto joyous life,
And life in turn is mother to desire,
And honey-lipped desire the dam of death,
And death, destroyer of all living things,
Ay, even slayer of desire herself.

So ran the cycle since Time first began:
Sweet love, life, mad desire and death; and so
Will run the cycle until Time shall end.

JUSTINE.

A face, a form, like a statue rare,

Two lips, twin roses; bright golden hair
Flowing and rippling o'er shoulders fair;

Two violet eyes, whose melting sheen
Would thrill the heart of a marble man,

Till his blood in amorous riot ran
To the tune love plays on the pipes of Pan;

Such is your picture, O fair Justine!

And so men love you. Ah! if they knew,
Those poor fools duped by your smiles untrue,

Into a soul scorching love for you,
That that angel face and form that's seen, —

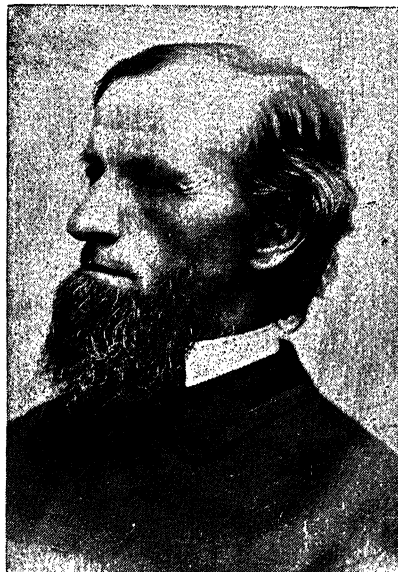
A death's head hid by a silver casque, —
Is but the beautiful, lying mask,

The devil gave you to do his task,
Of luring men into hell, Justine!

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

BORN: RIPPLETON, N.Y., APRIL 26, 1824.

As a religious poet the Rev. Dwight Williams is well known. Most of his life was spent in pastoral work in the state of New York. For some years Rev. Williams devoted himself to editorial work; he has contributed to the current literature of the day; and many of his



REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

productions have been extensively copied by the press of this and other countries. Mr. Williams has published three small volumes of poems, the last and best of which perhaps is *The Beautiful City*. The verses of this gentleman always contain much delicate sentiment and purity of thought and feeling. Mr. Williams is a polished christian gentleman, and a great lover of music and art.

SNOWFLAKES.

Little snowflake, number one,
Lives up yonder near the sun;
Come to stay with us awhile,
Till the great sun gives a smile,
And the snowflake will be gone.

Number two came all alone,
From an angel land unknown;
May no touch of sin defile
Little snowflake.

Precious as a diamond stone,
Never eyes more lovely shone;

All our hearts doth she beguile
While the storm drifts 'round us pile,
Queen she is upon a throne,
Little snowflake.

SPRAY OF THE GOLDEN SEA.

My bark is outward bound
O'er stormy billows far;
Beneath, are depths profound,
Above, the sailing star;
Somewhere the waves divide
Along the shadowy way,
And I shall reach the tide
Where leaps the golden spray.
To catch the breezes there
Will touch with youth the brow:
Nor shall a danger dare
Disturb my sunlit prow:
O voyage of delight,
To watch the sails that cross.
The line where storms affright,
With bitter pain and loss.
To welcome them, and know
The battle-flags they bore,
For him who loved them so
And won them evermore;
The salt sea spray is here,
What if it buffet me?
The boundless tides are near
Spray of the golden sea.

THE EVENING RIDE.

Bring Dapple up! the velvet ribbons take!
Which way to catch the sunset's golden
hues,
And make the most of twilight's charming
views?
Up past the walnuts where the glassy lake
Reflects the beauty of the clouds that break
In archipelagoes of light. Now choose
A by-road fragrant with the evening dews,
Where roadside maples pleasant vistas make;
Let Dapple out! the stars begin to gleam
On past the farm-house porches dim and
low —
Now by the winding of a stream,
Till thicker under shadows grow the stars
and,—
Ah, soon it will be time to rest and dream.
The home stretch quickly made,—
"Whoa, Dapple, whoa!"

MY FRIEND AND I.

My friend and I — two souls agreed —
His way I take as he doth lead,
Or in some path he may not know,
He follows me, and thus we go,
And mutual honor we concede.
My friend hath moods, ah strong indeed,
As if an autocrat decreed

MRS. DORCAS FOSTER COOKE.

BORN: SOMERSET CO., ME., MAY 25, 1839.

MRS. COOKE is a resident of Oconto, Wis., where her husband is a nurseryman and farmer. Since her twentieth year the pro-



MRS. DORCAS FOSTER COOKE.

ductions of this lady have appeared more or less in the periodical press. In 1888 she published, in conjunction with Mrs. Julia Ellen Jenkins, a neat volume of poems entitled *Memories*, a work that has been well and favorably received.

DROPS OF DEW.

Radiant spark of trembling light,
Little silver spray;
The spear of knot grass' shining bright
In gorgeous array.
As diamond bright it does entrance,
The various rays combine,
Garnet and topas at a glance,
With violets do entwine.

Yes, there's the ruby's clearest hue,
And amethyst so gay,
And sapphires ever changing too,
The emerald; but stay,
It all in one bright rainbow seems,
And by the breezes tossed,
Like sudden gleams on life's dark stream,
Is quickly, strangely lost.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Indian summer's golden days,
Tho' the leaves are sere and brown,
The lonely heart now breathes thy praise,
Blue-crested jays scream thy renown.
Oh! blest incensed reviving air;
Than balmy June's most perfumed flower,
That lines the walks, thou art more fair,
Indian summer's golden hours.
Indian summer's golden hours,
How soft thy breeze o'er smoky hill,
Bears autumn leaves and wrecks of flowers,
Ere winters breath comes cold and chill.
I love thy tints, thy sweet perfume,
Thy dimmest ray, thy loudest tone;
Thy voiceless morn, thy mellow moon,
Indian summer's golden day.

MRS. ROSALINE E. JONES.

BORN: SPARTA, IND., MAY 7, 1846.

FOR the past ten years Mrs. Jones has written numerous poems that have appeared in the leading periodicals in the east. She was married in 1870, and now resides with her husband in Geneva, N. Y.

IN THE GLOAMING.

When the earth lies steeped in dreams,
And the glinting starlight beams
On the mist;
Mystic speech of elfin sprite,
Through the awesome hush of night
Lisp, "O list."

And I hear the whisperous murmur
Of the lullabies of summer

Softly croon,
While the owl hoots his reflections
In lugubrious inflections
To the moon.

All the night creatures uncanny
Sally forth from nook and cranny
Bosk and fen,
For their nightly reconnoiter,
Where the somber shadows loiter
In the glen.

Now a dusky bat flops thither,
And a beetle hies him hither
With a thump;
And a whippoorwill is singing
Where the woodbine's arms are clinging
Round a stump.

O this night! Howe'er I crave it
Though I try I cannot save it
Or bring back
Bat or beetle, owl or moon,
Unless in a grim cartoon
On a plaque.

ROBERT HUNTER FENTON.

BORN: PEEKSKILL, N.Y., MARCH 7, 1847.

SINCE an infant Mr. Fenton has resided in Nyack, New York, where he is now employed most of the time in local newspaper work. His poems have appeared in magazines and



ROBERT HUNTER FENTON.

miscellaneous publications, and he has written several hymns for public celebrations. As a poet the compositions of Mr. Fenton exhibit more talent than genius, and are written in widely different measure and style.

THE THRUSH.

Sweet is the song that the brown thrush sings,

From its lofty seat 'midst the forest gloom;

Sweeter by far than the notes that ring

From other songsters of brighter plume.

The oriole flits through the blossoms white,

Displaying its beauty and flaunting its pride,

And the jay with its colors so blue and bright,

Disports on the hills, and the mountain side.

They sing in their season, so full of cheer:—

The chipmunk its paradise song of spring,

And the robin calling so loud and clear,

And the bluebird warbling while on the wing.

But sweeter than all is this minstrel fair

Which keeps in the loneliness of the wood,

And sings in the purple twilight there,

Its harp-like anthem of solitude.

NYACK.

Oh fair and quiet village, peacefully

Thou lighest by the Hudson's noble stream,

While art and nature blend their charms in thee,

And all the prospect doth with beauty teem;

No spot on earth is worthier for a theme,

For where doth lands more beautiful appear!

Not e'en Arcadia of the poet's dream

Hath fairer scenes the human heart to cheer,

For each fair season bears its phase of beauty here.

The spring returns and spreads her robes of green,

And summer follows, lingering long until

The amaranth of autumn crowns the scene,

And doth the landscape with new glories fill;

Then winter comes—stern winter, when the rill

Is ice-bound and all nature sleeps in white;

Still fair the prospect seems o'er town and hill,

And by the river side, 'neath floods of light,
And o'er the cheerful scene there cometh not
one blight.

No storms have swept thee with a ruthless hand,

Nor war nor pestilence dealt dire dismay:

So long a favored latitude—a land

Protected by kind Providence each day;

While nature's warring hosts may press
their way

Through other lands with havoc, dealing
woe,—

The cyclone or the earthquake, far away,

Or simoons that o'er desert gardens flow;

Of these and kindred ills thy people do not
know.

Go out upon the waters, or across

The bosom of the river wide, and there

Look on the prospect that extends, or pause

On distant hill tops, if you will, or where

The panorama may appear most fair;

But let no vision thus thy heart delude,

Thinking that all is perfect, for a share

Of earthly ills do even here intrude,

For sorrow comes, alas, and death with hand
most rude.

And if, with nearer view, all hearts did seem

As perfect as the scenes that here repose,

'Twould be a paradise beyond life's dream—

A favored realm exempt from human woes;

But whosoever nature thus bestows

Her choicest gifts the serpent's trail is found;

In human hearts the imperfection shows,

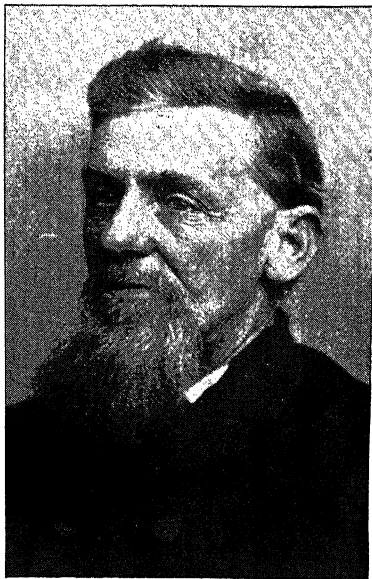
And elements of evil there abound

That veils the spirit's sight to that which doth
surround.

LEWIS LAMAR.

BORN: BURKITTVILLE, MD., 1838.

THIS gentleman taught school for six years, during which time he prepared himself for college. For two years, he was school commissioner. In 1867 Mr. Lamar graduated in



LEWIS LAMAR.

Starling medical college of Columbus, Ohio. In 1874 and 1875 Mr. Lamar was a member in the legislature of Maryland. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine, and is now located at Wolfsville, in his native state.

THE IRON HORSE.

The iron horse is coming sure,
Our plodding days will soon be o'er;
The engineer has gone before,
To mark the way and make it sure,
CHO.—The iron horse is coming sure,

Our plodding days will soon be o'er.
With hoofs of steel, and iron-bound,
He's coming sure to Middletown;
There's work around for evermore
And feed enough for him in store.
If business fly, or pleasure hie,
Alike his best endeavors try;
If pressed with heavy loads, or light,
He moves along in brave delight.
To better markets swiftly bear
Our noble products, rich and fair;

Along the track he'll bring us back,
The many precious things we lack.

Now "Van" may "Winkle" in his bed
And dormant lie, appearing dead;
The foggy croak and shake his head,
And tell us what grand-daddy said.

The days of steam are drawing nigh,
Our trudging days are passing by,
The iron horse is coming through,
His freighted train will soon be due.

The iron horse is all the talk;
We should not cease or make a balk,
But help along with friendly ties,
This great and public enterprise.

He'll never come, the iron horse,
Unless we shall his way endorse;
Unless we take sufficient stock,
He'll far away our wishes mock.

CHO.—The iron horse is halting now,
And we are trudging, trudging how.

THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE.

EXTRACT.

The covered bridge is travel-worn
By massive loads across it borne,
Its sidings once were new and fair,
But time has wrought its mischief there.
The oaken floor on duty there,
A story tells of age and wear;
Its sill is patched, and here and there
Are seen rude traces of repair.

Those rudely cut, initials show
The rustic hand of years ago.
Its aged sides are pencil-lined
With diagrams the oddest kind
On frame and gabe' and everywhere
Are seen the marks of age and wear;
And on its ragged hulk appears
The gathered dust of many years.

Its high and handy walls afford
A ready advertising board,
And gaudy bills are posted thickly
To fool the green and fleece the sickly;
There quack'ry makes a great display,
It don't "verstehen," but quacks away,
Unblushingly, for gain and pay,
And basely barter life away.

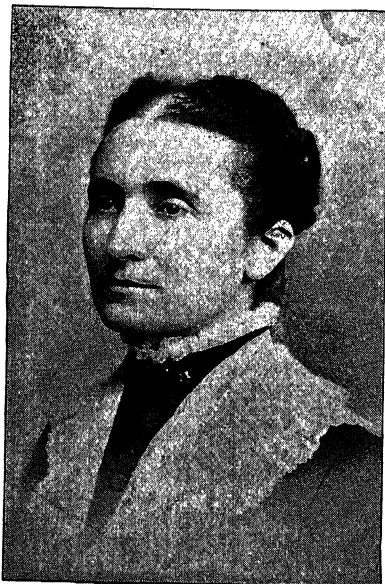
How merrily the light and gay
Have tripped across it tunnel way,
And loving once have lingered there,
Perchance the envied kiss to share.
And little feet have pattered through
This bridge so trusty and so true;
The halt and blind, oppressed and poor
Have freely crossed its dusty floor.

This bridge has seen year after year
The emerald hue of spring appear,
And summer full of life and cheer,
As well as autumn, brown and sere:

SALLIE CARSON.

BORN: BEAVER CO., PA., MARCH 12, 1847.

HAVING taught school successfully for one term, failing health forbade further effort in that direction, and early in life Miss Carson became a great sufferer and a confirmed invalid. She bravely took up the burden of life, and her uncomplaining active ways and sweet christian spirit have won for her many friends. When scarcely in her teens this lady



SALLIE CARSON.

began to write poems of more than ordinary merit, and she has since contributed to the Pittsburgh Post, Telegraph, Philadelphia Commonwealth, and other periodicals of equal prominence. In 1880 she issued a volume of her select poems entitled Wayside Flowers. She still resides with her father's family, now located at Beaver Falls. In person she is of the average height but rather slender, brown hair and eyes of brownish gray.

IN MEMORY'S FAIRY HALLS.

Not dimly burns the lamp to-night
 In Memory's fairy halls,
 That gilds with such a hallowed light
 Each picture on the walls.
 Where olden scenes a freshness wear
 It thrills the heart to see;
 Where faces fair with beauty rare,
 Are smiling down on me.

And while I ponder here alone,
 Rich music greets my ear;
 I list to each familiar tone
 I once so loved to hear;
 What hidden power thus voice can lend
 Unto this old-time throng,
 Till notes of friend and lover blend
 In sweet, melodious song?

Her magic touch let Fancy boast,
 And smile at sober thought;
 The imagery that charms us most,
 Not Fancy's hand hath wrought;
 Her pencil is not skilled to trace
 A scene of bygone years:
 Nor paint with grace each vanished face
 That here to-night appears.

'Tis Memory to the raptured gaze
 Can thus the past unfold,
 Till form and face of other days,
 All perfect, we behold;
 And pictured lips that deck her walls
 Breathe music soft and low;
 Each strain that falls within her halls —
 A song of long ago.

WAITING.

"After the storm a calm," they say;
 The winds may blow, and the rain may pour,
 But we wait for the light of a golden day
 When the rifted clouds shall drift away,
 And, after the rain, return no more.
 In the time of battle we look above,
 Through mist and heavy smoke, for we know
 With the olive-branch, from the land of love,
 Shall come the beautiful white-winged dove,
 And peace shall reign in the world below.
 Each heart has a trial scene in life,
 When good angels whisper, "Be patient,
 endure,"
 Till the tempest is stilled, and the bitter strife.
 And 'mid the loud din and discord rife,
 "Be silent, and keep your garments pure."

A SUMMER REVERIE.

The gentle summer breezes bear
 On their soft wings a rich perfume,
 Fresh from the fragrant gardens where
 The sweetest roses bud and bloom.
 All nature wears a smiling face,
 As, robed anew in gorgeous dress,
 With queenly air and modest grace,
 She blushes in her loveliness.
 The birds in yonder forest now
 In gladsome chorus blithely sing;
 And from the waving, leafy bough
 Ascends their simple offering.
 Fair childhood, full of playful glee,
 The meadow roams, and woodland wild;

MRS. S. L. B. MCFARLAND.

BORN: HALIFAX, PA., APRIL 12, 1839.

THE poems of Mrs. McFarland have appeared in the Harrisburg Patriot and Telegraph, and the periodical press generally. She was married in 1860 to C. E. McFarland, secretary of the 46th Pa. V. V. Infantry at Halifax, where



MRS. SARAH L. B. M'FARLAND.

she still resides. Personally Mrs. McFarland is rather small in stature, but a little robust, with black hair and brown eyes. She is well known and greatly admired for her many accomplishments among her many friends and acquaintances.

SONG OF THE SPARROW.

The sparrow sang as fleeing night,
Gave place to morning's dawning light—
Heralding gleams of sunshine bright,
Sweet! sweet!

Unmindful all of ice or snow,
From bough to bough they fluttering go,
Ever one song still twittering low:
Sweet! sweet!

Oh! winds of March, your biting blasts,
The sparrows tell of winter past;
They sing to us of spring at last:
Sweet! sweet!

Brown earth so cold and snow-clad hill,
Ice-bound river and rippling rill,
The tuneful sparrow singing still:
Sweet! sweet!

Oh! souls bowed down with earthly care,
New buds spring forth fresh fruit to bear,
New burdens take, new dangers dare.

Sweet! sweet!

Each sorrow brings its strengthening grace,
That earth may seem a fairer place,
To those who do life's burdens face,
Sweet! sweet!

Oh! tiny bird with dark brown-wing,
Teach ever thus my lips to sing,
And nearer to my God to cling.
Sweet! sweet!

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

When the evening shadows lengthen,
And th' weary day is almost done;
Then on the fainting soul to strengthen,
So sweetly gleams the setting sun.

Lights all the hills with gorgeous splendor,
And makes earth-life like dreamland seem,
While brilliant clouds reflect the grandeur
That on the glowing waters beam.

The gay world seems fading from our view —
All its cares and tempting pleasures;
Eagerly we grasp with faith anew,
The Master's heavenly treasures.

Whilst heaven's portals widely open,
As we thus stand in glad amaze;
Behold of love divine the token
Greet's again our wandering gaze.

And the heart doth thrill to hopes new-born,
At glimpses fair of better life,
No more by dread fear the spirit's torn,
Stern witness of an inward strife.

To the wounded soul it bringeth balm,
And this life's terrors vanish all,
For the wearers of the victors palm,
Who calmly wait the Master's call.

MRS. S. J. STEVENS.

BORN: BELFAST, ME., JULY 17, 1839.

MRS. STEVENS has written quite a few poems for the Boston Morning Star. This lady resides in Troy, Me., where she is very popular.

A REVERIE.

She prayed for death's long dreamless sleep,
Beneath the green turf, cold and deep,
To rest from grief and ceaseless pain,
Her aching heart and weary brain.
The voice of song that hearts had thrilled,
In cruel sorrow now was stilled.
Her cheeks, once bright with beauty's glow,
Were white and cold as winter's snow.
Her pale, sweet lips, so pure and fair,
Are breathing now their evening prayer,
The moonbeams bathe her pillowed brow,
Her heart in dreamland wanders now.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

BORN: HINSDALE, N. H., AUG. 8, 1819.

THE boyhood of Charles was spent in Buffalo, where he worked in a store until he was eighteen years of age. The journalistic life of Mr. Dana has been an active one. Perhaps, to a greater extent than in the case of any other conspicuous journalist, Mr. Dana's personality



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

is identified in the public mind with the newspaper that he edits—the New York Sun.

In 1842 he became a member of the Brook Farm association, being associated with George and Sophia Ripley, George William Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, John Sullivan Dwight, Margaret Fuller, and other philosophers more or less directly concerned in the remarkable attempt to realize at Roxbury a high ideal of social and intellectual life.

Mr. Dana was assistant secretary of war in 1863, and was in the saddle much of the time during the campaigns of northern Mississippi and Vicksburg, the rescue of Chattanooga, and the marches and battles of Virginia in 1864-65. Mr. Dana has written numerous works. He planned and edited *The American Cyclopaedia*, which has since been revised and issued in a work of sixteen volumes. In 1869 he wrote, with Gen. James H. Wilson, *a Life of Ulysses S. Grant*, and in 1889 edited *Fifty Perfect Poems*. He has also contributed to and edited numerous miscellaneous works.

ETERNITY.

Utter no whisper of thy human speech,
But in celestial silence let us tell
Of the great waves of God that through us
swell,

Revealing what no tongue could ever teach;
Break not the omnipotent calm, even by a
prayer,

Filled with Infinite, seek no lesser boon;
But with these pines, and with the all-loving
moon,

Asking naught, yield thee to the Only Fair:
So shall these moments so divine and rare,
These passing moments of the soul's high noon,
Be of thy day the first pale blush of morn;
Clad in white raiment of God's newly born,
Thyself shalt see when the great world is made
That flows forever forth from Love unstayed.

HERZLIEBSTE.

My love for thee hath grown as grow the flow-
ers,

Earthly at first, fast rooted in the earth.
Yet, with the promise of a better birth,
Putting forth shoots of newly-wakened powers,
Tender green hopes, dreams which no God
makes ours;

And then the stalk, fitted life's frosts to bear,
To brave the wildest tempest's wildest art,
The immovable resolution of the heart
Ready and armed a world of ills to dare;
And then the flower, fairest of things most
fair,

The flower divine of love imperishable,
That seeth in thee the sum of things that are,
That hath no eye for aught mean or unstable,
But ever trustful, ever prayerful, feeleth
The mysteries the Holy Ghost revealeth.

MANHOOD.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest,
For like a god toiling in earthly slavery,
Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,
Each darker day a sunnier smile thou wearest.
No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual
smile,

No pain is keen enough that it has power
Over thy childlike love, that all the while
Upon the cold earth builds its heavenly bower.
And thus with these bright angels make their
dwelling,

Bringing thee stores of strength when no man
knoweth;

The ocean-stream from God's heart ever swell-
ing,

That forth through each least thing in Nature
goeth,

In thee, O truest hero, deeper floweth;
With joy I bathe, and many souls beside
Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

JULIA CAROLINE R. DORR.

BORN: CHARLESTON, S. C., FEB. 13, 1825.

IN 1847 this writer married Seneca R. Dorr, who died in 1884. Mrs. Dorr has written since childhood, but her first published poem was sent to the Union Magazine by her husband, without her knowledge, a year or two after their marriage. In 1848 she became a contributor to Sartain's Magazine, and won one of its hundred-dollar prizes by her first published prose tale, Isabel Leslie. She has written numerous novels and several volumes of verse, among which might be mentioned Friar Anselm and Other Poems, Bermuda, and Afternoon Songs. She has also contributed both prose and poetry to various periodicals.

EXTRACT.

O wind that blows out of the West!
Thou hast swept over mountain and sea,
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
The breath of my love to me?

O sun that goes down in the West!
Hast thou seen my love to-day,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?

O stars that are bright in the West
When the hush of the night is deep!
Do ye see my love as she lies
Like a chaste, white flower, asleep?

DISCONTENT.

THE BRIER ROSE.

I cling to the garden wall
Outside, where the grasses grow:
Where the tall weeds flaunt in the sun,
And the yellow mulleins blow.
The dock and the thistle crowd
Close to my shrinking feet,
And the gypsy yarrow shares
My cup and the food I eat.

The rude winds toss my hair,
The wild rains beat me down,
The way-side dust lies white
And thick on my leafy crown.
I cannot keep my robes
From wanton fingers free,
And the veriest beggar dares
To stop and gaze at me.

Sometimes I climb and climb
To the top of the garden wall,
And I see her where she stands,
Stately and fair and tall—
My sister, the red, red Rose,
My sister, the royal one,
The fairest flower that blows
Under the summer sun!

What wonder that she is fair?

What wonder that she is sweet?
The treasures of earth and air
Lie at her dainty feet:
The choicest fare is hers,
Her cup is brimmed with wine;
Rich are her emerald robes,
And her bed is soft and fine.

She need not lift her head
Even to sip the dew;
Nor rude touch makes her shrink
The whole long summer through.
Her servants do her will:
They come at her beck and call.
Oh, rare is life in my lady's bowers
Inside of the garden wall.

THE GARDEN ROSE.

The garden path runs east,
And the garden path runs west:
There's a tree by the garden gate,
And a little bird in a nest.
It sings and sings and sings!
Does the bird, I wonder, know
How, over the garden wall,
The bright days come and go?

The garden path runs north,
The garden path runs south;
The brown bee hums in the sun,
And kisses the lily's mouth;
But it flies away ere long
To the birch-tree dark and tall.
What do you find, O brown bee,
Over the garden wall?

With rough and farthingale,
Under the gardener's eye,
In trimmest guise I stand—
Oh, who so fine as I?
But even the light wind knows
That it may not play with me,
Nor touch my beautiful lips
With a wild caress and free.

Oh, straight is the garden path,
And smooth is the garden bed,
Where never an idle weed
Dares lift its careless head.
But I know outside the wall
They gather, a merry throng:
They dance and flutter and sing,—
And I listen all day long.

The Brier Rose swings outside;
Sometimes she climbs so high
I can see her sweet pink face
Against the blue of the sky.
What wonder that she is fair,
Whom no strait bonds enthrall?
Oh, rare is life to the Brier Rose,
Outside of the garden wall!

MRS. GRACIA SOUTHWORTH

BORN: WORCESTER CO., MASS., AUG. 6, 1833.

WHEN nineteen years of age she removed with her parents to Jackson, Michigan, where she taught school for several years. At the age of twenty-two Gracie was married to N. W. Southworth. She still pursues her litera-



MRS. GRACIA P. SOUTHWORTH.

ry pursuits in a quiet way, and both her prose and verse have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. Her oldest daughter, Emma L. Southworth, has received a classical education, and is a graceful writer of both prose and verse. Mrs. Southworth lives with her husband on a farm at Albion, Michigan.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The Autumn winds are wailing,
Sadly wailing as they pass,
The autumn leaves are sailing
To the sere and withered grass;
The chilling frost hath blighted
The wealth of summer's bloom,
And the torch that Love hath lighted,
Burns dim in the Soldier's home.
The Soldier's home is lonely,
When the shades of evening spread,
And the Soldier's little children
Lie down in their trundle-bed;
They miss a father's fond caress,
They miss a father's care:
"Keep safe dear absent pa to-night,"
They lip at their evening prayer.

The Soldier's wife, Heaven help her,
Her heavy load to bear,
For on her brow and heart is pressed
The heavy weight of care;
And anxious, sleepless nights are hers,
When hope gives place to fears;
And the sanguine strife, and battle-cries
Are ringing in her ears.

The autumn moon is shining
From out a southern sky;
Its rays illumine the tented field,
And the dear flag floating high;
It shines on the northern Soldier
Pacing his weary beat;
He is thinking of home,
His eye grow moist
With memories sad and sweet.

Within his heart is pictured
His northern home to-night;
The image of all the dear ones,
Love keeps it ever bright.
The children in the trundle-bed,
The cradle with its sleeping fair,
The lonely wife with fear oppressed
Bending beneath a weight of care.

The autumn moon is shining,
And hope will its rays impart:
The cloud "hath a silver lining,"
That presseth the weary heart;
It speaks of a bright to-morrow,
When this cruel war shall cease,
Of dear ones returned in safety,
Of Victory and Peace.

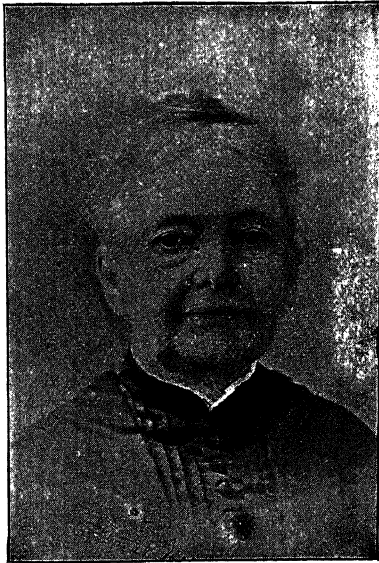
GIFTED.

A wondrous gift is thine my child,
A wondrous gift is thine;
Within thy woman's grasp is placed
A Harp from Hand Divine.
A harp whose chords when rightly swept,
Attuned with skillful art,
Hath power to touch the secret springs
That move the human heart.
And thine the power to wake the tones
Of sweetest melody;
To breathe the spirit's purest thought
In tuneful harmony.
O! better far this gift of thine
Than gold or diadem,
Or treasure from the ocean depth,
Of pearl or costly gem.
O! use aright this gift divine,
And let its numbers roll
Of all that helps humanity
And elevates the soul;
And when within the "pearly gates"
The "golden harp" is given,
Thy song begun in weakness here
Shall be complete in heaven.

MRS. E. H. WEBSTER.

BORN: 1822.

THIS lady is the author of *Clover Blossoms*, a well written and entertaining volume of



MRS. ELIZABETH HEDGE WEBSTER.
poetry and prose. Her poems have constantly appeared in some of the leading magazines. Mrs. Webster resides in Hyde Park, Mass.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

EXTRACT.

"Who is my neighbor? Not the one
Who best may please my foolish heart;
Nor yet the wise and good alone
Who in my love and joy bear part.
Perchance the poor, the low, or vile
My steps may pass and kindness need;
Such is my neighbor as myself to love,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed.

OUR DEPARTED HEROES.

Not in the moldering ground below,
Do our dead heroes lie;
But in the glowing spirit-land
Where they can never die.
The flowers we drop, the tears we shed,
Memorials of our lost,
Bring sadly to our burdened hearts
Their fearful price and cost.
But, slain in freedom's holy cause
We may not mourn their loss;

For not a good of precious worth
Has been without its cross.
The freedom which the black man shares
Will yet be given all;
And male and female, Gentile, Jew,
Respond to freedom's call.

MRS. SARAH S. CONVERSE.

BORN: CORINTH, VT., 1825.

IN 1857 this lady was married to Hon. P. M. Converse of Lyme, N. H., where she has ever since resided. Mrs. Converse has written for a large number of newspapers and magazines, and still contributes to the *Boston Morning Star*, and other prominent publications.

CONTENTMENT.

If with the lowest station,
The heart contented be,
Could happiness be added
By wealth of land or sea?
Than blest contentment in the breast,
Can mortal here know sweeter rest?
The poor man with this jewel,
Views with most sweet delight,
Earth's thousand varied beauties,
That daily greet the sight,
And blesses God with sunny face,
His lines have fallen in pleasant place.
He calls his home an Eden,—
Adores the God who reigns,
Nor knows the sting of envy,
But joys in others' gains;
Of beauteous things his eyes may see,
He claims all these were made for me.
Yet wealth, with few exceptions,
From man this treasure steals,
Draws from life's cup the elixir,
And spring of love congeals;
Self-love and hate being the evil eye
That darkens all of earth and sky.
O, great the curse that follows
Increase of shining ore,
When that within the bosom,
Begets a thirst for more,
To kindle rivalry and strife,
And wither up the blooms of life.
Wealth may give place and power,—
Let who will for it pine,
And heaven bestows its honors,
On other heads than mine,—
I ask no idol to control
And sap the warm currents of the soul.
But grant me, O Most Holy,
The bliss contentment brings,
And let me taste the blessing
Of joy in humblest things,
And prove how glorious to possess
Contentment sweet with godliness.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

BORN IN CANADA.

By profession Mr. Tapley is a telegraph operator, but that work being too confining he is at present a steamboat agent. Under the nom de plume of Casey Tap this writer has



KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

contributed, in addition to his many poems, numerous prose articles of a humorous nature to Peck's Sun, Tidbits and other papers. The poems of Mr. Tapley have been very favorably received.

GETTIN' ALONG.

A'though it cums 'long ev'ry year,
It allus makes me feel that queer
An' sort o' juicy round the eyes —
The time, I mean, when dead leaves flies.
An' when the birds hez lost ther tune,
An' when the dark draps down too soon,
An' through the boughs an' all erlong
The road, the wind its dismal song
Jes' kind o' howls an' kicks up tricks
With all the crisped-up leaves an' sticks,
An' flings the dust right in yer eyes;
An' when the dull clouds heavy lies
Across the sky an' makes you think
The ole year's jes' begun ter sink —
Wall, that's erbout the time o' year
I allus feel so kind o' queer!
The summer days hez up an' fled,
An' most the trees is painted red;

The jay-bird's stopped his little flute
An' skipped off in his bed-tick suit;
The lily's head hez drapped down low
As o'er it now the chill streams flow,
An' through the air a suddint quack
Cums tellin' us the wil'-duck's back.
The hick'ry nuts drap off the trees
An' makes a feller think he sees
The woods a-sheddin' of ther tears
A-thinkin' of the passin' years;
'Cos when the wind blows s'rill an' cold
A feller feels he's growin' old;
He's sort o' juicy round the eyes —
The time, I mean, when dead leaves flies!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day the wind blows bleak and chill,
The sun is hid behind the mist,
But, with the morn, each dale and hill
Shall with his glad'ning beams be kissed —
And so, my dear, cheer up — you'll find
Each sombre cloud is silver lined.
The harp, to-day, twangs out of tune,
And mournful sound the piper's notes,
But soon the birds of em'rald June
Shall thrill the air from joyous throats,
And warm shall blow the scented wind —
Each sombre cloud is silver lined.
To-day the heart feels fraught with woe,
And keen-pronged thorns lie in the way,
But as the Spring's breath melts the snow,
E'en so our sorrows go, and gay
And peaceful soars each troubled mind —
Each sombre cloud is silver lined.
So, in my humble key, my dear,
I sing to you of coming days,
And bid you in your heart take cheer
And watch the star-gleams thro' the haze;
For, though to-day the sun's unkind,
Each sombre cloud is silver lined.

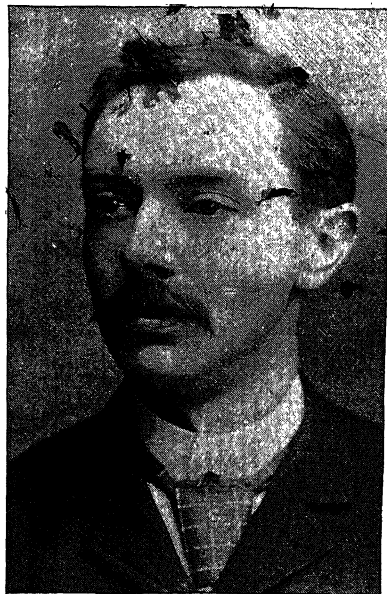
HER GRAVE'S GREEN SIDE.

When standing by her grave's green side,
Methinks I see the patient face,
And hear that voice that gave no trace
Of suff'ring in th' unequal race,
And hear her sigh and say "good-bye!"
When standing by her grave's green side.
Why should the grave, O, Lord, divide
Two loyal hearts? Ah, why not take
Both to their home and soothe the ache
Of one that mourns for her dear sake?
Comes no reply save a deep sigh,
When standing by her grave's green side.
As strives a bark 'gainst wind and tide,
E'en so doth strive this struggling heart
Against the throbs that thro' it dart
And leave behind their piercing smart.

SAMUEL E. LOWRY.

BORN: WEST SALEM, OHIO, AUG. 23, 1863.

THE poems of Mr. Lowry have appeared in the Toledo Blade, Evangelical Messenger and the periodical press generally. He follows the



SAMUEL E. LOWRY.

occupation of farming in his native county. Mr. Lowry is of very fine stature, black hair, brown eyes, and still remains unmarried.

HOME.

How blessed the home, where all is accord,
Where true love reigns as the household
queen,
And no look of distrust, or unkind word
From its loved ones ever is heard or seen.
The path to its threshold I fain would tread,
With quickening step and a joyful mind;
With its low bent roof above my head,
The rest of the world is left behind.
The cheerful cottage with inmates fair;
The cosy hearth and clean swept floor;
The smiles of a loved one waiting there
To welcome me when the day is o'er.
These are more than the crowded halls,
Where splendor glitters on all around;
Where fashion sports, while virtue falls,
And the gay-clad trip to the giddy sound.
Oh, the humble home! the happy home!
No place on earth has a stronger claim

Than the spot beneath its friendly roof,
Around the hearth with its glowing flame.
There love is found to comfort and cheer;
And the richest blessings of life may come—
Angels of heaven are hovering near
To guard the peace of the christian home.

VERSICLES.

Life is a constant transformation,
A process of change and new creation;
A mingling of new life with old decay,
The prospect that allures to-day,
To-morrow may vanish into air;
And out of the depths of dark despair
May spring a hope that will lead the soul
Onward and upward to the goal.
The way to fame and fortune's ground
Is paved not with blossoms and flowers fair,
But with many a weary stepping stone
Of sad disappointment, and burden, and
care.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

I look to the east
When the morning light
Has pierced the veil
Of the dismal night,
And I feast my soul
On the prospect sweet,
Of the accomplishments
Which I shall greet;
Of the labor light,
The reward to cheer,
And the joys so bright
That with day shall appear.

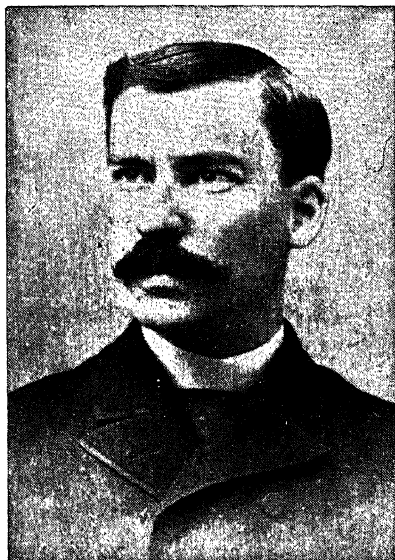
I look to the west
When the sun is set,
And my soul is wrung
With a sad regret.
I think of the anguish
And the labor hard;
Of the hopes denied
And the ill reward;
And I sigh for rest
From my efforts vain,
And trust the morrow
For future gain.

So ever it is
In this world of strife,
And a day's experience
Is that of a life.
Though the morn be filled
With a cheering sense,
The evening appears
Without recompense,
And the soul departs
With a cry of pain,
And trusts in God
For eternal gain.

EDWARD FRANKLIN TABER

BORN: BROOKLYN, N.Y., DEC. 30, 1859.

UNDER the nom de plume of E. Frank Lintaber this writer has contributed poems quite extensively to the leading publications of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. He was admitted to the bar in 1887 and four months



EDWARD FRANKLIN TABER.

later graduated with the degree of L. B. In 1887 Mr. Taber was married to Miss Bertha May Cleveland of Brooklyn. For a time he was sole editor and proprietor of The Long Island Traveler, but in 1888 Mr. Taber resumed his profession as examiner of real estate titles for the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York and Brooklyn.

RETURNED WITH THANKS.

"Returned with thanks"—summed up in this
Is all of life's humiliation,
The poet's blighted dream of bliss,
The ruin of his avocation;
'Tis sad to have them come amiss,
Those children of our mind's creation
Whom fickle fortune fails to kiss
Or gladden with her approbation.
"Returned with thanks"—and yet my heart
Is throbbing with strange exultation,
Let those who ply the poet's art
Term this, my hope, infatuation;
I would not have it otherwise

Nor change with any in the nation,
For 'twas a witch with sweet blue eyes
Returned with thanks — my osculation.

WOULDN'T YOU?

Her little hand was cold,
Her dainty fingers blue;
And so I held her little hand
And pressed it. Wouldn't you?
She hung her pretty head,
Her eyes were wet with dew;
I whispered something in her ear
To soothe her. Wouldn't you?
My arm stole 'round her waist,
Her fragile form I drew
Close up against my throbbing heart;
I loved her! Wouldn't you?
Her darling little mouth
Said: "Don't!" I thought it "Do!"
And so upon her cherry lips
I kissed her. Wouldn't you?
And then I let her go,
Nor tried to make it two;
If you were I, and she had eaten
Onions — wouldn't you?

FELICITY.

The cat sang on the back-yard fence,
Whence all but she had fled;
I seized my stock of common sense
And flung it at her head;
I flung my best habiliments,
My chair, my feather-bed:
Yet still with passion quite intense,
With strange contorted lineaments,
That cat sang on the back-yard fence
Whence all but she had fled.
I spake with strange grandiloquence,
In coaxing tones I plead;
My boots were gone, my last defence —
My Sunday hose — had sped;
All things, or petty or immense,
Found lodgment on the shed.
The feline wondered much from whence
They came; but still, with grief intense,
She sang upon the back-yard fence,
Whence all but she had fled.
She roused two other residents, —
I oft had wished them dead,
For they were music-loving "gents,"
And dwelt above my head.
They seized their stringed instruments,
Which stood hard by their bed —
They played with wondrous eloquence —
With one vast howl of pain intense
That feline fled afar from thence:
She sings no more upon our fence,
But on a loftier eminence —
Our next door neighbor's shed.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

I took her to a tin-type man
 To have her likeness taken,
 It looked as though by Jersey chills
 It had been roughly shaken;
 He perched her on a paper rock,
 'Mid scenery of plaster,
 And posed her in an attitude
 Betokening disaster;
 Some twenty years unto her age
 Remorselessly he added;
 Her fair and fragile, fairy form
 Seemed plump and puffed and padded.
 Her fair young face so lily like,
 In ebon-hue he painted;
 And when she saw her photograph
 What wonder that she fainted?
 I took her too an artist high
 In people's estimation—
 He put a scowl into her eye
 To challenge admiration;
 He robbed her mouth, her rosy mouth,
 Of all its sweet expression,
 And placed four wrinkles on her brow
 In sorrowful succession.
 I took her to an amateur,—
 A fellow in Hohokus,—
 Alas! alas! there must have been
 Some trouble with his focus.
 Four eyes she had, eight lips, three arms,
 And thirty-seven noses!
 Deep in the bottom of the sea
 That work of art reposes.
 She sat beside me on a chair
 In all her radiant beauty;
 And as I kissed her forehead fair
 Love seemed a simple duty.
 I gazed enraptured at her face
 Until each lovely feature
 Upon my throbbing heart was traced
 Of this delicious creature!
 And now I have a photograph
 Without one flaw or error,
 Which cannot be obtained from me
 By treachery or terror;
 Which proves my friends that things there
 are
 Cannot be had for pelf;
 If you want a perfect photograph
 You must do the job yourself!

MY ROSEBUD.

There were hundreds of showy blossoms, that
 proud by the wayside stood,
 There was one wee snowy-white rosebud, all
 alone in the wild, wild wood;
 And my heart went out to the rosebud as it
 ne'er to the others had done,
 For the blossoms were all of a sameness, and
 the rosebud was only one.

And often I went to the wild-wood and tenderly
 watched by its side,
 Till they built a big wall all around it, a barrier
 strong and wide:
 Then sadly I roamed through the gardens to
 seek for another as fair,
 But never a blossom so lovely, so sweet and
 so fragile was there;
 And I crouched by the wall in my sorrow, for
 I knew where my rosebud was pining,
 And I battered it slowly to pieces and shook
 its foundations with mining;
 And when the great wall was fallen, the rose-
 bud a blossom had grown,
 More beauteous, sweeter than ever. I've
 named it,— I call it "Mine own."

ALBUM VERSES.

TO L. H.

Leafless are the oaks and beeches,
 Cold and shrill the wintry blast,
 Whistling through the forest, preaches
 That the summer time is past;
 Through the pines no footstep ranges,
 But true friendship never changes.

TO B. M. C.

Although the last,
 Count me not least among thy friends!
 We've known no past,—
 The golden future never ends.

TO B. C. C.

I know a little girl, Bertha,
 With eyes of blue, and golden hair
 Which falls in many a curl, Bertha,
 Bright and fair.

Sometimes those eyes are grave, Bertha,
 Sometimes they fairly dance with glee;
 And she is good and brave, Bertha,
 Just like thee.

As days glide swiftly by, Bertha,
 I oftentimes shall think of thee:
 Fond memories never die, Bertha,—
 Forget not me!

TO A YOUNG POET.

EXTRACT.

Beautiful child with the fair golden tresses;
 Painter and poet, whose muse, sweetly wild,
 Comes at thy bidding to woo thy caresses;—
 Sweet is thy verse for the song of a child.
 A new and a beautiful star has arisen,
 A marvelous poet, an artist of skill:
 And her song shall be heard in the palace and
 prison — [thrill.
 The hearts of the saddest with rapture shall
 Ah! quickly we glide over life's rapid river,
 Eagerly seeking its pleasure and fame:
 Anxiously, wearily watching, we quiver
 With fevered ambition, and all for a name.

MICHAEL J. KETRICK.

BORN: IRELAND, MARCH 22, 1857.

THE poems of Mr. Ketrick have appeared in the Scranton Republican, Times, Free Press and other periodicals. He is at present occu-



MICHAEL J. KETRICK.

pled in teaching at a public school in Scranton, Pa. This gentleman graduated in 1879, after which he took a classical course at a Canadian college. He was married in 1884 to Annie C. Lahey, and resides in his own home.

WHY I LOST HER.

'Mid flowers perfume she mused o'er Hume,
I at her feet was lying —

Among the trees the zephyr breeze
Seemed with me softly sighing.

She viewed the book with distant look —

I felt my heart beat stronger,
But thought not wise her to surprise
And bode a little longer.

Then came a change. I said, "Chere ange," —

But oh, my heart so fluttered,
I thought 'twould burst within my breast!
Ex — beg — excuse, I muttered.

In this ado the soft wind blew
And swayed the leafy branches,
And to my mind dread thoughts consigned
Of bashful love's lost chances.

I tried again in sweetest strain —
In softest language spoken:

I told her how true hearts ere now
Were oft by coolness broken.

With love-lit eye I told her why
The willow must be weeping,
And why in night's serenest sky
The stars were never sleeping.

Ensuite je dis, "Ma chere amie,"
She looked up from her reading —
With guileful smile and coquette's wile
She scorned my earnest pleading.

"Adieu, adieu, 'tis time you knew" —
And leaving where she sat in
She added, "Go, my favored beau
Must love in Greek or Latin."

LINES.

ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE.

The leafless branches swaying
In sorrow seemed to say:

A soul in youthful splendor

Has sought eternal day;

A soul too good to linger

On earthly paths of sin,

A blooming, wingless angel,

To pure for baunts of men.

Soar blithely, joyous spirit,

And sing thy praise to Him

Who lifts thee up to enter

His band of cherubim;

And may thou be as cheering

To them as thou wert here,

Then, surely, all will love thee,

And ever wish thee near.

Thy many friends are sighing

At friendship's holy shrine,

And there's with lonesome faces

Thy class of '79;

Their anxious, searching glances,

Their every look and tone,

Show them to miss the missing,

And doubly feel alone.

MY MOUSTACHE — A DIRGE.

'Tis off, 'tis off! ah me, the fall!

Like leaves it answered autumn's call,

And lies in death without a pall —

My moustache.

Let salt tears trickle down thy cheek,

For never will its dun down seek

To rest upon the two lips meek —

My moustache.

O, maidens! curse the hour forlorn

That such a boon from view was torn,

And left ye weep for — aye, and mourn —

My moustache.

Oh, know its radiant course is run;

To ye 'twas like the glorious sun,

In serial, rosy chariot spun —

My moustache.

MRS. EMMA TRAIN.

BORN: UNION CITY, PA., DEC. 22, 1855.

FOR the past decade the poems of Mrs. Train have appeared quite extensively in the Erie County Independent, Ottumwa Offering, Bos-



MRS. EMMA TRAIN.

ton Banner of Light, San Francisco Carrier Dove, Cincinnati Better Way, Woman's Tribune, and many other periodicals. Mrs. Train now resides with her husband in North Collins, in the state of New York.

SONG OF PROGRESS.

Ho! ye toilers in the valley,
Looking toward the distant height,
As ye round your standard rally
In life's rough, unequal fight,
Let not clouds and shadows blind you,
See the harvest you have sown,
Cast aside the chains that bind you —
Fearlessly demand your own.

Ho! ye workers, never shrinking
'Neath the noonday's blinding glare,
Be ye earnest in your thinking
'Mid life's turmoil, want and care;
Study well the potent reason
Why ye sow and others reap;
Understand the mighty treason
That e'er garners while ye sleep

Ho! ye earnest ones and quiet
Winners of a nation's good;
Listen to the sounding fiat
Of your sacred brotherhood.

“By the noble-hearted heroes
Who have fought, and bled and died;
By the martyrs and the heroes
Whose red blood has swelled the tide;
By the hopes of struggling millions,
By the poverty and crime;
By the gleaming hoarded billions
Grasping for the paltry dime;
By the prayers of soul's awaking
To a knowledge strange and new;
By the tender hearts now breaking
Labor yet shall have its due.”

It must come; the trusted fetter
Will be cast fore'er aside.
Progress whispers of the better
With its firm, resistless tide.
Ho! ye toilers, climb the mountain,
Though its steps are all unknown,
Ye shall drink from justice's fountain,
Know the right and claim your own.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

Would you know the higher way?
Be content to learn it.
There shall shine a purer day
Through the shadows cold and gray
For the ones who earn it.

Truth's great jewel would you wear?
Deeply it is lying.
You must dig through earthly care,
It will shed its ray so fair
Not for useless sighing.

Would you fill an honored place?
Climb until you reach it.
Much is said of saving grace,
But the truth has purer face
Than the ones who preach it.

Would you read your title clear?
Do no interlining;
Trace each page as it comes near,
Leave no blots of doubt or fear
Where the light is shining.

Would you join the heavenly song?
Learn the tunes of duty.
Sound the notes where they belong,
Discords ever come from wrong —
Marring all the beauty.

Would you wear a robe of white?
Labor then to weave it.
From the warp of purest light,
Fill it with the threads of right
And you shall receive it.

Would you be the blest of earth
As you stand the latest?
Give the truth a grander birth,
Do the good of highest worth;
Lo! you are the greatest.

Seek your wisdom's choicest store!
Life is what you make it.

MRS. MARY E. HOWE.

BORN: PAINESVILLE, OHIO, JUNE 26, 1831.

In 1861 this lady was married to Orville D. Howe, an educated gentleman, who has for the most part of his life been engaged in teaching, and for six years superintendent of the schools of Pawnee county. She has two child-



MRS. MARY E. HOWE.

ren — Edmund Dudley, who graduated at the Nebraska state university in 1887, and is now teaching; and Myrta, a daughter now attending the Beethoven conservatory of music at St. Louis. Mrs. Howe received a prize for a composition of prose and poetry at the Painesville academy in 1849. She is now a resident of Table Rock, Neb

OUR WOMAN'S CLUB.

"O, write us a lay,"
I hear the sisters say;
"For this is our natal day,
And our hearts are light and gay,
So give us a happy song
As the glad hours sweep along."
Ah, well, let me sound the lyre;
May the muses my pen inspire,
And give me words of fire,
Like strains from some glorious choir,
While we with souls elate
Our birthday celebrate.
And this is a wintry morn
Like the day our club was born;

Ah, many gave it scorn
And wished it a fate forlorn;
But still we held our way
And said: "We have come to stay."
And then the rolling hours
Brought springtime's gentle showers
And summer's birds and bowers,
And autumn's golden flowers,
And through all the passing year
Our club still gathered here.

Five years, and still we meet,
And from out the busy street
We come with willing feet,
And here each other greet.
Our logic and lore increase,
And over us hovers peace.

And sometimes in high debate
We talk of affairs of state,
Or of things not quite so great —
Such as bread and butter we prate.
Or perchance how mothers and wives
Should wisely order their lives.

Of every household lore
We gather a goodly store;
And still we search for more,
And study each precept o'er
That can help in woman's art,
Or to keep a husband's heart.
And now our friends so dear
We gladly welcome here,
To give our social cheer
On this birthday of our year,
With feast and speech and song.
The hours shall speed along.

Then here's to our long, brave life!
May our future with grace be rife;
And amid earth's cares and strife,
May each of us, maiden and wife,
Press onward in glad array
Till we enter the perfect day.

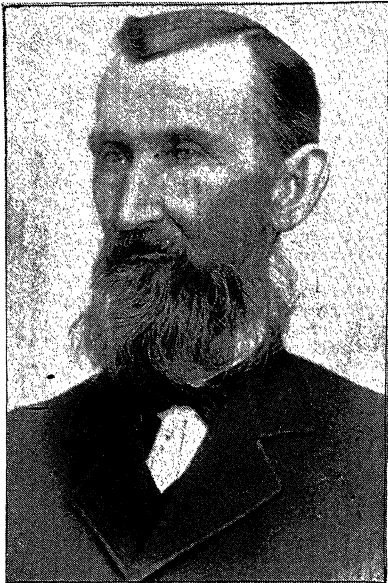
GEMS.

Where the ocean's waves are dashing
On the far-off Indian shore,
Where the coral rocks are flashing
'Mid the waters' rush and roar —
Where the sands are heaped and gathered
By the strong and sweeping tide,
And the billows, capped and feathered,
On their prancing air steeds ride —
Where wild mountain ledges, frowning,
High their granite faces lift,
And where rivers Oriental
'Mid their palmy islands drift —
There the gems of Earth are gleaming,
Diamonds flash and rubies shine;
Pearls of light are softly beaming
Down the dark and foaming brine.

DR. ABNER AUSTIN COLLIER.

BORN: HUNTSVILLE, MO., AUG. 15, 1830.

GRADUATING in 1853 from the Jefferson Medical college of Philadelphia, Mr. Collier at once began the practice of his profession at Chillicothe, Mo. A few years ago he retired from medical work, and moved to Trenton,



DR. ABNER AUSTIN COLLIER.

Mo., where he intends to devote his attention more exclusively to literary pursuits. Dr. Collier has contributed quite a number of articles to prominent publications that have been widely read and favorably commented upon.

THE INFIDEL'S SOLILOQUY.

When sad and chilling thoughts of death
Athwart my soul are flying,
Like moaning notes of winter's breath
Around my mansion sighing;

When earthly pomp, its wealth and state,
In darkest shadows cast,
And sounds of earthly fame would grate
As grates the midnight blast:

When friends of earthly mold and nature,
To my sad and dreaming heart,
Nor a smile of hope's bright feature
Can one solid joy impart —

I oft-times think my comrades gone
With all blasphemous mirth,
Of the sad story of the holy One,
Who dwelt, as christians say, on earth:

Whose life so pure and God-like was,
And all his precepts given,
So consonant with the Great First Cause,
And speaks so plain of heaven;

I think I see his robe, his crown,
His blood-besprinkled brow,
The mocking rabble kneeling down
In taunting supplianee low;—

Hail, king of the Jews, all hail!
Methinks I hear resound,
And quiv'ring lips, with scornful curl
Speak malice most profound;

I think I see — O, horrid sight! —
Upon the crimson tree,
The God of all miracles and might
In death's relentless agony!

I think I see Him fettered, bound —
All pierced his hands and feet,
And from the cross a plaintive sound
My unwilling ears doth greet —

„Father, forgive them,” and with look
Of heavenly mercy fraught,
He cries, „’Tis finished!” the bloody book
Is sealed! — immortal souls are bought!

The astonish'd earth doth cleave and quake,
The temple's holiest vail is rent,
The ancient saints from dusty slumbers
wake

At the death-knell of the Omnipotent!

The sun withdraws his blushing face,
Thick darkness hovers o'er,—
All nature, save the favor'd human race—
These guilty scenes deplore!

Again! I see the sacred stream
Forth gushing from his side —
A living fountain, to redeem
Mankind from sin and pride,

To cleanse and purge the guilty heart
From all its lust and vice,
And the priceless hope impart
Of eternal paradise!

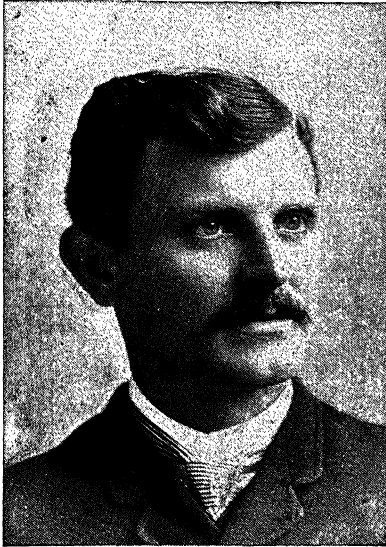
For, lo! I see his God-like form arise
Up from the darkling tomb!
’Tis conquer'd „death itself that dies,”
And yields his horrid gloom!

And now, methinks I hear Him sing
Triumphantly on high —
Oh, „Death! — where is thy sting,”
And „grave — where is thy victory!”

COURNELLI E. GITHENS.

BORN: CAMERON, O., DEC. 27, 1863.

THIS gentleman is now principal of the graded school at Hannibal, Ohio. He has written poems for the past decade, which have ap-



COURNELLI ELLSWORTH GITHENS.

peared in the Ohio State Journal, Wheeling Register, Atlanta Constitution, Youth's Companion and other publications of note.

MY DAUGHTER.

It is my little daughter
And she has grown so sweet,
I'm entranced to hear the putter
Of her noisy little feet.
Coming up the winding stairway
To my room to have a chat
With her papa 'bout her playthings,
Coming, coming pit-a-pat.
Now she bursts in through the doorway
Like a sudden beam of sun
From the skies when all is gloomy
Does my little daughter come.
All my mighty cares forgotten,
Every trouble quickly fleeting,
As she puts her lips of crimson
To mine for the welcome greeting.
How I pity all who have not
Little daughters, loving wives,
And without such love as their's is
Worry out their hapless lives.

So I press my love the closer,
And I think her talk so wise,
Her golden hair so like the sunlight
And the starlight like her eyes.
Thus an hour goes by unnoted,
Then I tell my little love
Of a blue eyed mamma waiting,
Blue-eyed mamma we both love.
So a good-bye kiss she gives me,
Calls me "papa" and all that,
And I hear her down stairs going,
Going slowly pit-a-pat.
Yet upon me 'mid this sunshine
Comes a cloud of misery,
As I wonder if my darling
Always will be spared to me.
Father-like, in hopeful logic,
I dispell such gloomy thought,
Saying "He will guard our treasure
That He in His goodness brought."

ATONEMENT.

Prince-like, above the virgin sod
There grew a stalk of Golden-Rod;
A poet low-bowed with worldly care
Passed by and saw it blooming there.
With joy at finding richest gem
He plucked it from its stately stem.
But scarcely done, in idle greed,
He repented of the vandal deed.
"Behold 'twill now soon fade away,—
Unplucked 'twould bloom full many a day."
The flower-Queen saw the repentant tears
And straightaway calms his sighs and fears.
"To atone for this, you shall" she says,
"Attune your verses to its praise."
Obedient to the Queen's behest
He sang the song as he knew best.
Its notes fell on the pulsing main
And earth-wide grew the glad refrain,
Till all mankind were mad to see
This theme of the poet's minstrelsy.

J. D. DUTTON.

MR. DUTTON is connected with the Enquirer of Oakland, California. His poems generally appear under the nom de plume of Timothy Hay.

BEAUTIFUL OAKLAND.

Mighty queen of royal line,
(So 'tis writ in Book divine),
Wisely spoke these words sublime,
Rising still adown through time,
"The half was never told me."
Likewise tourists from afar
Following the empire's star,
When they reach this Golden Shore,
Echo back those words once more,
"The half was never told me."

WILLIAM E. HOUSWERTH.

BORN: SELINSGROVE, PA., NOV. 7, 1853.

At an early age William learned the printers' trade, but abandoned it and followed the profession of school teaching for about twelve years. In 1878 Mr. Houswerth commenced



WILLIAM E. HOUSWERTH.

the study of law and was admitted to the bar two years later. In 1885 he was honored with a teachers' permanent certificate, and is now engaged in the practice of the law and in literary work in his native town. Mr. Houswerth is known in central Pennsylvania as the Bard of the Susquehanna.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

It's twenty years since I have seen
The house where I was born;
The meadows and the valleys green,
The fields of rip'ning corn.
Oh, how I loved in days gone by,
To stoop and fondly drink
The brooklet's waters dancing high —
Up to the mossy brink.
My childhood's days — sweet days of yore —
Forever they have fled;
And soon this world will give me o'er,
To slumber with the dead.
'Tis twenty years since I have felt
A mother's love so dear;
And oft my eyes to tears would melt
To think she's left me here.

My father, too, has gone to dwell
With her in bliss complete;
O would that I might break the spell,
And join their chorus sweet.

Ah, three-score years and ten have passed,
And I am left to roam
Unsheltered from rude winter's blast —
No cheerful, happy home.
But soon this form will wing its flight —
My troubles all will cease, —
To mansions of the fair and bright, —
To rest in Heavenly peace.

MRS. XENO W. PUTNAM.

THE poems of this lady have appeared from time to time in the periodical press under the nom de plume of Wilder Grahame. She is a resident of Harmonsburg, Pennsylvania.

THE BELLS THAT RING TO-NIGHT.

Gently falls the evening curtain,
As the sunlight steals away;
And the old church bell is tolling,
For the dying light of day.
Though the night is calm and silent,
And the evening air is clear,
And the old bell swings above me,
It is not the bell I hear.
While my heart is sad and weary,
There is something yet to do;
And I crave once more the freedom
And the rest my childhood knew.
Though the world is full of promise,
And the sky is clear and bright,
Yet the distant bells of childhood,
Are the bells I hear to-night.

Oh! The night is full of music,
As the day has been of care;
And it bears the rest and comfort,
Of the sacred hour of prayer;
Or the scented breath of summer,
That subdues the raging sea;
And the evening bells are ringing,
But they bear no charm for me.
Though the goal of peace is nearer,
Yet the road is rough and wild;
And I wander in the meadows
Oft, again a little child.
'Tis a walk my fancy pictures,
But the paths are clear and bright;
And the bells that then are ringing,
Are the bells I hear to-night.

EXTRACT.

It was only a rose some unknown hand
Had sent to ambition's slave,
But it fell like a pearl in the ocean sand,
And oped in his heart a grave.

MRS. MARTHA E. WHITTEN.

BORN: AUSTIN, TEXAS, OCT. 3, 1842.

At twelve years of age Martha contributed to the press, and from that time on her pen has been kept busily employed. Marrying young, she was left a widow at twenty-four with three children, and teaching was her only support. After five years she again married, and has now a large family. Mrs. Whitten's poems are



MRS. MARTHA E. WHITTEN.

full of thought and pathos; they were collected in 1888 and published under the title of *Texas Garland's*, which work was followed by the *Drunkard's Wife*, a temperance poem in pamphlet form. She has written numerous other poems that have received a wide circulation, and consequently is a writer of whom Texas may well be proud.

THE SNOW! THE SNOW!

The snow, the snow, oh the beautiful snow!
Falling so softly, so gently below;
Hiding the rubbish in by-way and street;
Bridging the road for the traveler's feet —
Silently, solemnly eddying down
Robing the hillside and shrouding the town.

The snow, the snow, it is with us again,
It is drifting in heaps o'er valley and plain;
'Tis spoiling the paths our feet loved to tread,
Winding its sheet o'er our dear precious dead—

Whisking and whirling and sailing around,
Filling the doorway and whitening the ground.

The snow, the snow, how we hail its return,
As higher the fires on the hearthstone burn;
The young and the merry, with fond hearts
aglow,

Welcome thy coming, thou beautiful snow!
Flitting and frisking and flying about
'Mid the sleigh-bell's jingle and the school
boy's shout.

The snow, the snow, unsullied it comes —
In its vesture of white 'tis draping our homes;
'Tis heaping a grave for the dear dying flowers,
Wreathing in beauty this bleak world of ours—
Till the woodland sparkles with crystalized
gems,

Where the sun rays slant through its glittering
stems.

The snow, the snow, 'tis staying the course
Of the "onward train" with its "fiery horse,"
Snorting and neighing, it boldly defies,
While deep o'er the track the snow-mountain
lies.

Oh the snow, the snow, the beautiful snow!
What ruin and wreck it can work below!

The snow, the snow, how its feathery flakes
Kiss the faces cold of the pure glassy lakes.
Till lost on their bosom in rest serene
The moon looks down on the beautiful scene
Where the lakes and flakes are blended in one,
And the Frost King reigns on his ice-girt
throne.

The snow, the snow, it is hurrying past,
Borne on the wings of the wild wintry blast;
Its delicate down is filling the air
O'er village and steeple, and city so fair —
Over the churchyard silent and white,
It gleams like a specter abroad at night.

The snow, the snow, it is finding its way
Through the battered hut where the wretched
stay;

It mocks their wants with a broad, cold grin,
As through crevice and crack 'tis hurrying in—
It heeds not their tatters, but pierces through
all;

God pity the poor when the snow-flakes fall!

The snow, the snow, the pitiless snow!
Unheeding the pauper, bereft and low;
He dies alone in the cold dreary street,
With naught but the snow for his winding
sheet.

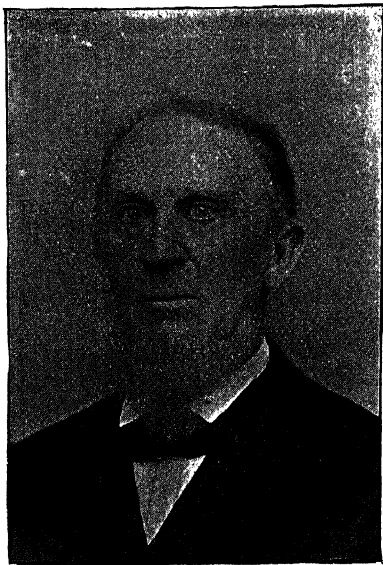
Like an angel kind with a delicate wing,
It bears him away to the home of the King.

The snow, the snow, by wayward winds toss'd,
Soon in the mire of the street to be lost,
An emblem thou art of man's primitive state
Ere yet the drawn sword guarded Eden's lone
gate.

REV. JAMES THOMAS WARD.

BORN: GEORGETOWN, D. C., AUG. 21, 1820.

THE poems, which are chiefly religious, of the Rev. James Thomas Ward, have appeared in the leading christian publications of America. He is President of the Theological Seminary of



REV. JAMES THOMAS WARD.

the Methodist Protestant Church, at Westminster, Maryland. The Rev. Ward has been in the ministry for half a century.

SPRING SONG.

Awake my soul! thy tribute bring
To him who sends returning Spring;
Mountain and vale resound his praise,
And grateful song should mortals raise.
Through Winter long, his grace was near,
Amid the gloom to bless and cheer;
And now, that gloom itself removed
Gives proof anew how much he loved.
He ever loved — he loves us still,
Let us delight to do his will;
With opening Spring renew thy vows
My soul! and now to duty rouse.
As streams go rippling to the sea,
As violets bloom in modesty,
As everything in nature's round,
In service of its God is found:—
So, oh my soul! be thou each hour
Employed, with every gift and power,
Thy Savior and thy God to own,
And make his truth and mercy known.

Begood, through his assisting grace,
Do good to all, each chance embrace;
Through life to God thy tribute bring,
And thou shalt find unending Spring.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The world of books is a wonderful world,
Embracing all facts and fancies;
And through it the mind may be rapidly
whirl'd,
As the car of thought advances.
But not too rapidly should we go,
If we would behold its beauties,
And learn the lessons we need to know
To fit us for life's great duties.
The traveler through it, if he be wise,
Will pause at every station,
And take due time for his mental eyes
To make full observation.
How many the lessons he thus may learn,
For future profit and pleasure!
Each answering some good, in turn,
For hours of business or leisure.
But the best of all in this world of books
Is the Book that God has given,
To guide the soul, through all life's crooks,
To an endless home in heaven.

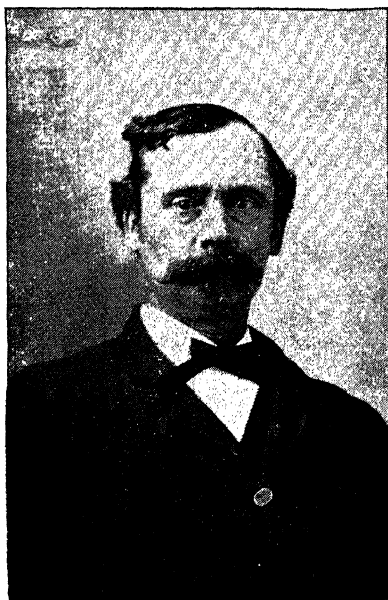
THE "PUNCTUALITY TICKET."

Mamma, don't you hear the bell
With its merry chime?
That is for the Sunday school —
I want to be in time.
Dress me quick and let me go
In my class to be:
They give a ticket, don't you know,
For punctuality.
I have seven tickets now,
And when I get ten
They a book will give to me —
Oh, I'll be happy then!
Besides, the lessons are so nice,
My teacher is so good,
She always gives us such advice
As you desire she should.
She tells us of the Savior kind
Who came from heaven above,
And showed us how the way to find
To him whose name is Love.
Then dress me quick and let me go,
I'll trip with joy along,
And reach my class in time to join
In the sweet children's song.
'Tis all about that Savior dear
Who gave his life for me,
And I will sing it with the rest
If I but punctual be.

JOHN HOLMES.

BORN: ENGLAND, ABOUT 1840.

MR. HOLMES has been in business for the past twenty-five years as plumber and tinner in Bayshore, L. I. He has written both prose



JOHN HOLMES.

and verse more or less since his youth, which have appeared extensively in the periodical press. Mr. Holmes is a charter member of the Iron Cross, and is well and favorably known in his adopted state.

OUR DARLINGS.

How we miss our little darlings,
No other tongue can tell;
Only we feel they are safe with Jesus
Who doeth all things well.
Yes, they are up in heaven,
Our dear little darlings fair,
Are safe in the arms of Jesus,
From suffering grief and care.
They are living amongst the blessed,
Our sweet little angels bright,
Held in the arms of Jesus,
Clothed in perfect white.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Though early carried away,
Are rejoicing to dwell with Jesus
In peace to endless day.

AN ACROSTIC.

Bayshore, it is a quaint old name,
And it is really a pretty town;
Yea, it has caught the progressive flame,
Surely with honor and renown.
Hail, all hail to the beautiful bay,
O'er which white-winged skiffs doth glide;
Running to and fro, busy and gay,
Ever the people's joy and pride.

WILLIAM WALLACE MAXIM.

BORN: BUCKFIELD, ME., SEPT. 19, 1844.

THE poems of Mr. Maxim have occasionally appeared in the periodical press. He follows the occupation of farming and gardening in his native state at Paris.

COURTING.

SHE:

O, are not you a little soft my darling,
To want to hold me in your lap so long?
Let me arise and go to the piano,
And tra-la-la a dainty little song.

HE:

Yes, but be brief, I can but poorly spare you,
'Tis awful here without you to abide;
I may be soft, but then I'm hard of hearing,—
Pray let me linger closely by your side.

THE SILENT HOUR.

The deepest thought comes forth in solitude
When holy stillness greets the new-born day;
The purest aims are sought and actions rude
Are hated most when from our kind away.
When silence creeps upon the heart and
brain,
And holds them in its long and sweet embrace,
When all their cords and fetters loose again,
And feel true pity for the fallen race.
When angels hang their harps upon the tree
And gaze in silence to the dome above,
'Tis then the soul stands forth so full and free
And claims its own peace, happiness and
love.

NOVEMBER.

The low dull, hollow sound within the forest,
The leafy tree that seems to stand aghast
Beside the ghostly lines of flickering shadow,
Proclaim the summer gone, the harvest past
The rustling reeds that erst gave up their juices
To sighing winds, are standing stark and
gray;
Health breezes blow among the pines and
spruces,
And down the rocky leaf-strewn gorges play.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRANTZ.

BORN: BRANDON, MISS., 1838.

AFTER receiving her education this lady became a school teacher, which occupation she followed until her marriage to Col. A. J. Frantz in 1857. Since her marriage she has resided in Brandon, and has been a con-



MRS. VIRGINIA FRANTZ.

stant contributor of both prose and verse to the periodical press. In 1885 she published a beautiful volume of poems, containing over five hundred pages, entitled *Ina Greenwood and Other Poems*, which have been highly complimented by the press.

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word! but a broken heart,
In secret bleeds with its tale untold;
Only a word! but the better part
Of one more life has away been rolled.

Only a word! but the silent tear
And quiv'ring lip of a little child
Tell how it pierced, like a sharpened sword,
And made it weep when it should have smiled.

Only a word! just a yes or no,
Hath sealed the fate of a noble boy,
Opened the door that doth lead to woe,
And robb'd a true mother-heart of joy.

Only a word! 'tis a woman speaks,

And signs away all her peaceful rest;
'Tis the first note of the funeral knell
Of hope and joy in her own pure breast.

Only a word! but it saved a soul
From sinking quite into dark despair;
A friendly word to an erring one,
And hope revived and she knelt in prayer.

Only a word! Let us ever speak
Such words as bring to some heart sweet cheer,
In tones that yield the most sweet of joys,
And ne'er the word that will cause a tear.

HUNGRY HEARTS.

Is there no hunger on this earth,
Save that in want of bread has birth?
And only lurketh famine where
Walks Poverty, all gaunt and bare?

Yes, many a spirit starves and dies,
For want of life's sweet harmonies,
In wealthy mansions, grand and fair,
With sumptuous viands rich and rare.

How many starving hearts doth hide
Beneath the silken folds of pride;
And bosoms bright with gems of gold,
For want of loving faith grow cold:

Yes, hearts, so starved, all wealth they'd give
For crumbs of love on which to live;
Yes, with all earthly treasure part
For balm to soothe the aching heart.

Why must hearts ache? They cannot buy
The food for which they pine and die;
And yet so very small's the cost,
That he who gives hath nothing lost.

What brings to life so much sure blessing,
As low, sweet tones, and love's caressing?
By what, as by a gentle word,
Is all the heart's deep music stirred?

All ye who do the bodies feed,
Of hungry, starving hearts take heed,
And scatter crumbs of sympathy
For every lonely one you see.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Means more than it doth seem when read;
For all our wants the Savior knew,
And he provided for them, too.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
Saith Jesus, who such love hath shown;
He kindly draws us to His breast,
For bread of life, comfort and rest.

If hungering for righteousness,
Through sin, and sorrow and distress,
We'll find relief in Jesus' arms,
From all earth's shadows and alarms.

MILTON H. MARBLE.

BORN: WAYNE CO., OHIO, MARCH 16, 1839.

THE subject of this sketch has been correspondent to various publications, and his poems have appeared in the Western Rural, Phila-



MILTON H. MARBLE.

delphia Ledger, St. Louis Magazine, Peterson's Magazine, and the local press generally. He is now in the real estate business at Table Rock, Nebraska.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

"Come be my Fairy, Mabel,
And give me a gift to-day,
A gift that shall last till the Present
Embraces the great for Aye."

"I will be thy Golden Fairy,
What would thy heart's wish be?"
And the laugh of the beautiful Mabel,
Sounded so sweet to me.

"Not a costly, lordly mansion,
Not a gift of golden pelf;
But the gift, I ask for, Mabel,
Is naught but thy own dear self."

"Oh! blindest of all blind mortals,"
She said in a voice so low,
"The gift you ask me for, darling,
I gave you, long, long ago."

WAITING.

Only in the Realm of Dream-land
Have I seen her beaming face,

Only in imagination

Has her form as yet a place;
But, I know the bright Ideal
Into Real soon shall bloom,
And this maid shall come to bless me
As the Soul-Queen of my Home.

Oft when slumber comes to woo me
To her fond and close embrace,
There arises up before me
With a smile, a beaming face,
Seeming far too fair a vision
For this earthly sphere of ours,
As if born to deck the other
World of bright, unfading flowers!
So I wait for buds to blossom,
Knowing it will not be long;
While the bright and fairy vision
Comes to make my soul most strong,
And I know the bright Ideal
Into Real soon shall bloom,
And this maid shall come to bless me
As the Soul-Queen of my Home!

WHO WILL CARE?

When I sleep beneath the flowers,
In the churchyard on the hill;
And the years seem but as hours
To my form so cold and still —
And my spirit soars in gladness
To its blissful home above,
Who will care? and who, in sadness,
Who will drop one tear of love?

Who will care? no one will miss me
From the busy walks of life,
When along my grave they pass me,
Where I rest all free from strife!
Who will drop a tear of sorrow
That I passed from earth so soon,
That there dawned a brighter morrow
For me ere I reached my noon?

Should one loved one chance to wander
Down a-through the churchyard gate,
Sit down by my grave to ponder
O'er the problem of my fate —
Drop a tear-gem, cast a flower
There, 'twould seem as golden rain,
It would prove a glorious hour
That I had not lived in vain!

AN IMMORTELE.

EXTRACT.

I took a little tiny seed,
You might not dream contained a treasure,
And placed it in its earthly bed;
When, after days and days of leisure,
I saw a little tender plant
Spring gently up, from old Earth's bosom,
And knew that soon a precious bud
Would come, and afterward a blossom!

JAMES HENDERSON, M. D.

BORN: CANADA, APRIL 7, 1857.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared in the Detroit Commercial Advertiser and other publications. He is now practicing his



DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

profession at Bad Axe, Michigan. Dr. Henderson will soon issue a book of his poems and essays. His poems have received very flattering praises from the press and public.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

A sprig of Scottish heather
They have sent me o'er the sea,
From Grampion's stately mountain foot,
Where oft I wandered free,
To pluck the wee blue flowers
That won my childish heart
And bound me so to native land,
That death alone can part.
When last I looked on Forfarshire
And Grampion's Hills beside,
I felt my blood course faster
And my heart was filled with pride;
For I felt where'er I wandered,
Be it far or be it near,
No home like Scotland's Highlands,
Would to me be half sae dear.
Oh welcome, sprig of heather,
You are doubly dear to-day,
As I press you to my bosom,
O'er a thousand leagues away.

And my mind reverts to Scotia,
Where you often cheered my sire;
And I see at foot of Grampion Hills,
The bairnes of Forfarshire.

ELLEN OF DUNBY.

Oh, 'twas but a whitewashed cabin,
On a barren hill beyond;
But a something hung around it,
That made my heart grow fond;
And I quietly stopped to listen,
To those notes so full and sweet;
'Twas an Irish maiden singing,
And her words I'd fain repeat.
For my heart sank low within me,
And I smothered up a sigh,
As I thought of lonely Eileen,
Lovely Eileen of Dunbwy;
As she sung to the breezes wafting
Those sweet notes across the sea,
Oh, could her love but listen
To the song that greeted me.
Oh, 'twas Eileen, lovely Eileen,
Faithful Eileen of Dunbwy
As she strolled without the cabin
That had caught my wandering eye.
Eileen, singing to her lover,
As he dwelt far o'er the main;
True to Ireland still and Eileen,
Safe beyond the captive's chain.
Lovely Eileen sweetly warbled,
'Till within the cabin door,
Stood her aged mother calling
"Eileen, Eileen, come asthore;
You will break me heart me darlin',
Don't be strollin' there alone,
Don't be grievin' so for Terrance,
He will come some day, ochone."
Soft the shades of even gathered,
Soft those notes fell on my ear:
And the evening twilight found me
Deep in thought, still lingering near.
For no fairer maid had over
O'er my spirit cast her spell,
All unconscious of your conquest,
Faithful Eileen fare you well.
Beauteous Eileen sing your love song
As the lark sings to his mate,
Dwell upon that barren hillside,
Nature's queen in rural state.
Charm the heart of each lone minstrel,
That may chance to pass you by,
But be true, be true to Terrance,
Lovely Eileen of Dunbwy.

THE BELLS OF JOHNSTOWN.

In mute abjection,
And sad reflection,
I often dream
Of those Johnstown bells:

MRS. ALMA P. HAYDEN.

BORN: LIMERICK, ME., 1856.

THIS lady gained the first prize for composition and in scholarship earned the rank of valedictorian. At the alumni receptions she has several times delivered the poem. She was married in 1886 to Charles Herbert Hayden, with whom she now resides in Lewiston,



MRS. ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN.

Maine. The poems of Mrs. Hayden have appeared in the Chicago Tribune, Boston Transcript, Globe, Portland Transcript, and other periodicals. Prior to her marriage she taught school for seven years. Personally Mrs. Hayden is a little above the medium height, with blue eyes, dark brown hair, and is a very entertaining conversationalist.

WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

What was thy cry, O sailor lad,
In the wild storm's roaring sound?
What was thy thought, O sailor lad,
When the ship went down?
Was thy thought of the childhood's home,
In a far-off eastern town,
And thy cry to the loved ones there,
When the ship went down?
Didst know they would pity thy fate,
As they sadly gather round,
To hear the tale of that fearful night
When the ship went down?

Alas! their grief comes late, too late,
In the deep grave thou hast found,
And the mother-land sent back no word,
When the ship went down.

But the Lord of seas was close beside;
His voice 'mid the breaker's sound
Said, "I am with thee, fear thou not,"
When the ship went down.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

It was such a discreet little letter,
Not formal enough to be cold,
Not fond enough to encourage
The reader to love and be bold.

It held him at right proper distance,
No sweet words or dead give-away,
Yet somehow it filled him with gladness
And brightened the whole prosy day.

For he read her love all unspoken,
And he had the assurance to write:
"My dearest, expect me at Lakewood
On the late train Saturday night."

Then he said that day in the office
He should take a week out of town,
That his sister was off in the country,
And he "really must make a run down."

O, happy the lover whose sweetheart,
Tho' prudent and shy she may be,
Leaves hid 'neath the lines of her letter
Some message he only can see!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

She used to wait for him down by the gate,
With a rosebud pinned in her curls,
With a smile and a kiss and a welcome so
sweet,

He vowed her the dearest of girls!

Now she meets him at noon with her hair up
in pins,

On her face is an ominous frown, [est man,
As she calls out in shrill tones, "You stupid-
You've forgotten my errand in town!"

And he — well, he isn't exactly the same;
Quite different from four years ago, [tect,
When he promised to cherish, to love, to pro-
And all sorts of nonsense, you know.

Now the watch dog protects her at night while
he goes

Away to his club or to dine,
And he grumbles and finds fault, and uses
harsh words,

When he's taken too freely of wine.

So the picture has changed since he asked her
to be

His loving and meek little wife,
When he swore that to make her happiness
sure

Should be the grand aim of his life!

LUCY M. CHAFFEE-ALDEN.

BORN: WILBRAHAM, MASS., NOV. 20, 1836.

FOR twenty years this lady taught school.
Verses always had a charm for Miss Chaffee,



MRS. CHAFFEE ALDEN.

and her poems have appeared in the leading publications of America. She also writes prose occasionally for the eastern periodical press.

TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Dear busy hand, so wont so long
The fair white page to trace,
In gentle ministry and strong
Dispensing generous wealth of song
And verse of sweetest grace,

To take thee once would be delight,
Because we claim thee kin
By sympathy — in daring spite
Of will of thine, or mile, or hight,
Or social line between.

And busy brain, whose patient play
Has wrought us pleasure so,
In opening for us far away
Enchanted galleries of to-day
And of the long ago, —

Whose sceneries, rich with cottage, tower,
Sea, mountain, stream and lake,
Have held our eyes for many an hour, —
We feel thine artful, artless, power,
And glad confession make.

Dear heart, whose faith and hope and love
Do make cold words so warm,
And find for doubt, the floods above,
Always some olive-leaf to prove
The passage of the storm,

We court the friendships thou hast wrought,
The charms thy loves can lend,
Till many a form thy fruitful thought
Has into mystic being brought,
Seems like our household friend.

Of "one dead lamb," one "open door,"
One "solemn voice and slow,"
Of many a shape that comes once more
With noiseless footsteps on the floor,
Ah! yes, we know — we know.

At "Children's Hour" we've seen them glide
Softly — for siege prepared —
Then, victor-victims, fast inside
The tender-hearted "dungeon" hide,
"Grave," "laughing," "golden-haired."

What rhythm, witching to our ears,
In Plymouth story rings,
And follows far, through hopes and fears,
Patient Evangeline for years,
And her sad victory sings!

War's "Miserere" on the air,
Christ's "Peace" and God's "Good-will,"
The sweet-voiced reading after care,
The clock's "forever" on the stair,
Are sounds that echo still.

With "God o'erhead and heart within,"
Dear songful soul, sing on,
Till thou shalt reach that "wayside-inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,"
When sets thy westering sun.

Beyond this strangely-changing lot —
Beyond these pictures dim —
Be thine the life where death comes not,
Thine "Ultima" of this forgot
In that life's perfect hymn.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

EXTRACT.

The years are full of men's wedding days,
The altars, of bridal gifts;
And high o'er the festive scenes of joy,
How many a curtain lifts!

Ay, the sun sets not on a single day
Unmarked by the solemn vow
Of two to abide in each other's love,
Till one to the grave shall go.

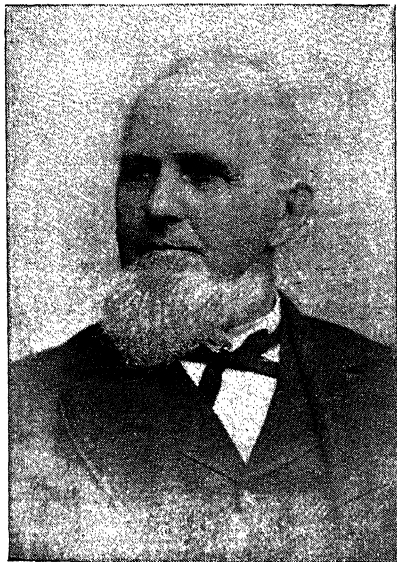
But when the years from each plighting
time

Have woven the lives of men
Into half the web of a century,
Ah! where are the pledgers then?

MILLEN SANFORD GREENE.

BORN: N. STONINGTON, CONN., DEC. 23, 1825.

THIS gentleman worked on a farm in his youth, taught school in winter, and his leisure hours were passed in study. At the age of twenty-two Mr. Greene went to sea, and continued in that employment for six years. After his return he again took up the avoca-



MILLEN SANFORD GREENE.

tion of a school teacher, which he followed for twelve years, when he entered a counting room. In 1869 he entered the insurance and real estate business, in which he has ever since remained. Early in life Mr. Greene developed a taste for poetry and music, and is the author of a series of Fireside Stories, with sketches of social chat, in verse.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

"I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives;"

My mother often sung,
In soothing numbers, soft and mild,
To me, when I, a fretful child,
Unto her bosom clung.

I could not know the sense of pain,
That, mingled with the sweet refrain,
Her gentle spirit wrung!

I could not know the weight of care,
With which she breathed for me the prayer
That trembled on her tongue
That love-wrought cadence to my ears
Comes floating down the stream of years

In tones that seem divine!
My soul is lulled to calm repose,
As when of yore, at daylight's close,
She laid her face to mine.

And now, beyond the mystic veil,
Angelic voices never fail
That song of love to swell;
The Heavenly chorus greets her ears,
In praise of Him, who thro' long years
She loved and served so well.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

What news art bringing from over the sea,
Thou foam-capped billows of brine?
What messages art thou whispering to me,
As thy white lips beckon to mine?

I lay mine ear on thy wave-washed sand,
And list to the undertone, [strand,
That comes with the surge from the far-off
Like the sobs of a distant moan.

It comes like soft music into my soul,
In cadences plaintive and low!
It seems like the dirge which the ages unroll,
As I list to thy rhythmical flow.

Is it sweet sounds from the coral isles,
Where the sea-god's temples are?
The chanting of priests in the deep defiles,
That lead to their place of prayer?

Is it the moan of a dying gale,
Whose breath is well nigh spent,
Bearing its load with a sorrowing wail,
From the islands of discontent?

Is it thy lullaby song to repose
When the sunset portal unbars, [goes,
As thy wave-rocked cradle, when the daylight
Lulls in thy bosom the stars?

Is it the suppliant pleadings and cries
Of languishing sea-nymphs that weep [skies
While breathing their love to the tremulous
Way down in thy fathomless deep!

Not these! my spirit bows with reverent fear,
When the on-coming billows I greet;
For the voice of thy Great Creator I hear,
As they foam and dash at my feet.

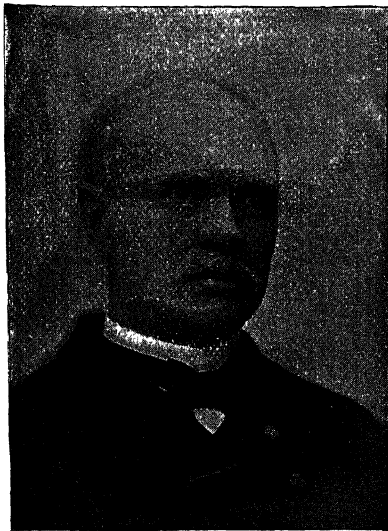
TO SAINT VALENTINE.

My dear old saint, I thee implore
To kindly pass my errors o'er,
And grant that in thy loving heart
Forgiveness thou to me impart.
One only boon from thee I crave:
The best that e'er immortals gave;
That I may at thy holy shrine
Choose Mary for my valentine;
And may her kind confiding heart,
Transfixed by love's unerring dart,
Receive the message so divine,
That I'll be hers and she'll be mine,
And live to bless Saint Valentine.

ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

BORN: STANFORD, N.Y., AUG. 14, 1835.

In political and journalistic circles Isaac R. Sherwood is prominently known throughout the union, and has been in the editorial harness for over thirty years. He is the present editor of the Daily News Democrat of Canton, Ohio. Mr. Sherwood enlisted in the union army in 1861, and served until the close of the war: first in the 14th Ohio infantry and later in the 111th. which he commanded in over



ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

thirty battles. This hero went in as a private and came out a brigadier-general. Gen. Sherwood served as secretary of the state of Ohio for two terms and represented the Toledo district in congress in 1873-4. While Gen. Sherwood has written considerable poetry, including a thrilling epic of the services of the army of the Tennessee, it is more as a writer of humorous verse in which he has won most distinction. His *Army Grayback*, a poem issued in book-form, profusely illustrated, has had a great run with the veterans, both north and south. Gen. Sherwood was married in 1859 to Miss Kate Brownlee, a lady who has also gained quite a reputation as a poet, and who is represented on the following page of this work.

THE SONG AND THE BROOK.

Among the joys that fade not with the dying year

Will be the fond, sweet memory of your bright face;

So pure in thought, so chastely, softly, fair, so near

My heart's ideal; that, when in smiles, I seemed to trace

The long-shrined image of a face, than all more dear

To manhood's happiest dreams, Life was then to me

A world of hope, and hope a full, flowing river Sunlit and silvery; wending to a far-off sea, Whose mists, like the soft haze of rainbows, take their flight,

Fading from sight, into an eternity of light.

And when you sang "The Brook" and sent the melody

Of song on—"on forever;" and looked with those brown

Eyes so gently into mine, I felt that I would be

A brook, to have the echo of your music drown

My own sad murmurs; and while you stood upon the brink

I would be calm, and let the stilling wavelets drink

All your sheen of beauty; and as the kindly sun

Mirrored you within myself, I would cease to be

Inanimate; but every gently sipping wave Would softly say—"Come lave thy loveliness in me!

I cannot be a brook, fair girl, nor can you be The better part of my uncertain destiny;

Yet here's my hope, my prayer, for now, forever!

May your bright life flow on as a full river: May young love's fondest, purest joys know

no surcease; But bear you hopeful as a soldier's dreams of peace.

INCIDENTS OF PUT-IN-BAY.

EXTRACT.

And I was there among the fair

To while the twilight hour away;

And 'twas my fate, that gentle Kate, The radiant belle with streaming hair,

Should row with me upon the Bay!

With rugged oar I hied to shore,

Past bold Gibraltar's rock we sped,

The rough-faced moon came up too soon;

For where on earth was Katie's head?

Oh, pallid face; O, rumpled lace!

O, streaming hair; O, white arms bare!

"How can you row and hold me so?"

The dove-eyed Kate supinely said.

Loved Island Bay, the moonbeams play

Around no brighter gem than this. . . .

MRS. K. M. B. SHERWOOD.

BORN: BEDFORD SPRINGS, PA., SEPT. 24, 1841.

FEW women have entered more fully into the life of our nation than Kate B. Sherwood. She has been a prominent figure in the social life at the capitals of state and nation. As editor of the woman's department of the Washington National Tribune she really founded the Woman's Relief Corps, a charitable institution that is known throughout the United States. When but eighteen years of age she



MRS. K. M. B. SHERWOOD.

was married to Isaac R. Sherwood, an editor and publisher, who has since become widely known as Gen. I. R. Sherwood, and whose name appears in this work. Many of Mrs. Sherwood's poems have been translated into German, and have appeared in the leading publications of America. Mrs. Sherwood is a member of numerous societies, and has held various offices. At her home in Toledo, Ohio, the library of this lady is filled with the newest and choicest of literature, the perusal and study of which she takes great delight.

FALL IN.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers!
The reveille is heard,
And bivouac and picket
Are at the summons stirred;

Fall in, that you may answer
The roll-call sounding clear,
And when the sergeant calls your name
Prepare to answer "Here!"

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
And rub your sleepy eyes;
The mists of time are heavy
Around you as you rise;
The friendships on the musket sworn
Grow rusty as its lock;
Fall in once more, touch elbows,
As in the battle's shock.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
By whatever name you bear,—
If you've made the march through Georgia,
If at Richmond you were there;
If on Lookout's lofty tablets
You've writ your names in blood,
You've stemmed the hosts at Franklin,
Pouring onward like a flood.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,—
You who recall the day
At Corinth on the battlefield—
The dead around you lay,
When Rosecrans rode down the lines
To Fuller's old brigade:
"I take my hat off in the face
Of men like these," he said.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
You who from Red House Bridge
Moved on to Chickamauga—
When Thomas held the ridge;
Moved on with gallant Steedman
That day he broke away
Like a lion from his covert
When he heard the battle bray.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
Perchance you followed well
At Kenesaw with Harker
And caught him when he fell;
Perchance you joined the wild mad cry
That through the army ran:
"McPherson and revenge!" then smote
The foemen rear and van.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
A glory crowns you still,
For marches under Sherman,
For raids with "Little Phil."
Though you swore by Grant or Thomas,
Or by Custer early dead,
There are roses for each bosom,
There are laurels for each dead.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
Each day the ranks grow small,
Each day a voice grows silent
Heard at the last roll-call;
A comrade's voice makes answer

Where was heard a manly shout:
 "Disabled in the service,
 And awaits his muster out!"

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers;
 A few more flying years,
 And roses will be blooming
 Above your lowly biers;
 The roses and the ivy
 And the lonely myrtle climb
 Above the sleeping millions
 Plumed and knighted in their time.

Fall in, fall in, old soldiers,
 And fight your battles o'er,
 Until above the last low bier
 The wings of Freedom soar,
 Stand hand to hand and heart to heart,
 In Fame's eternal care,
 Until the great reunion
 Unites you over there.

MARGUERITE.

Like a glad bride asleep
 In robes of white,
 Earth smiles; and yet I keep
 Sad watch to-night,—
 Saying, "Marguerite,
 Ma petite Marguerite,
 When in that fair, far country shall we meet,
 Marguerite?"

I waken with the dawn
 And say, "Her eyes
 Look from wide windows on
 The dear south-skies,
 Where, calling, 'Marguerite,
 Ma petite Marguerite,'
 She flung white oleanders at my feet,
 Marguerite!"

O fair child of the sun,
 Can I say, Come,
 Where skies are chill and dun?
 My heart grows dumb!
 Oh, speak, Marguerite,
 Ma petite Marguerite,
 Can love make all climes beautiful and sweet,
 Marguerite?

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

A flash of light across the night,
 An eager face, an eye afire!
 O lad so true, you may yet rue
 The courage of your deep despair!

"Nay, tempt me not: the way is plain —
 'Tis but the coward checks his rein;
 For there they lie
 And there they cry
 For whose dear sake 'twere joy to die!"

He bends unto his saddle bow,
 The steeds they follow two and two;
 Their flanks are wet with foam and sweat,
 Their riders' locks are damp with dew.
 "O comrades, haste! the way is long,
 The dirge it drowns the battle song;
 The hunger preys,
 The famine slays,
 An awful horror veils our ways!"
 Beneath the pull of prison wall
 The rush of hoofs they seem to hear;
 From loathsome guise they lift their eyes,
 And beat their bars and bend their ear.
 "Ah, God be thanked! our friends are nigh;
 He wills it not that thus we die;
 O fiends accurst
 Of want and thirst!"
 Our comrades gather,— do your worst!"
 A sharp affright runs through the night,
 An ambush starred, a column reined;
 The hurrying steed has checked his speed,
 His smoking flanks are crimson stained.

O noble son of noble sire,
 Thine ears are deaf to our desire!
 O knightly grace
 Of valiant race,
 Thy grave is honor's trysting-place!
 O life so pure! O faith so sure!
 O heart so brave, and true and strong!
 With tips of flame is writ your name,
 In annals deed and storied song!
 It flares across the solemn night,
 It glitters in the radiant light;
 A jewel set
 Unnumbered yet,
 In our republic's coronet!

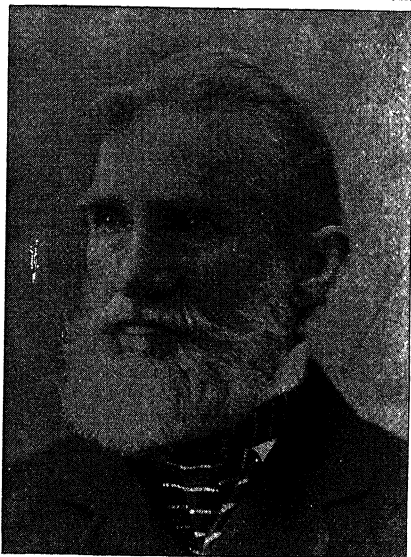
THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S HOME-STEAD.

Wrinkled and bronzed the battle-heroes stood
 Where erst, retreating through the open door,
 The sad apostle of high brotherhood
 Paced anguished hours across the humble
 floor,
 With mighty prophecies absorbed, o'er-
 wrought
 With dark foreboding's and o'ermastering
 thought,
 The pangs of mounting from the common
 clod
 To kingship, priesthood, fellowship with God.
 O heroes, brothers, in the same pure cause
 Of holier living and godlier laws!
 The form is vanished and the footsteps still,
 But from the silence Lincoln's answers thrill;
 "Peace, charity and love!" In all the world's
 best needs
 The master stands transfigured in his deeds.

EDWARD BRECK ROBINSON.

BORN: DORCHESTER, MASS., MAY 23, 1821.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Robinson adopted piano-teaching as a profession, and went to Portland in 1847 in that capacity. In 1851 he was organist at the First Parish church,



EDWARD BRECK ROBINSON.

but later resigned to go on an European tour. Mr. Robinson was partner in the firm of Andrews and Robinson, manufacturers of pianos and organs at Portland, but since 1858 has been engaged in teaching and dealing in pianos.

THE TRINITY OF TIME.

We throw our thoughts upon the past,
 Reflecting on the things that were —
 Then on the future they are cast,
 Divining what may there occur.
 The Past and Future are but wings
 That lift the present into view,
 And show to man the drift of things, —
 Things drifting from the old to new.
 The Present is a fleeting day,
 That plunges headlong into night;
 Around the world it makes its way,
 And on the Future throws its light.

ILL LUCK.

Most of us pound when the iron is cold;
 When hot, comfound it, no anvil is here;
 That found, we look, and the hammer is not,
 And when all are ready, then no one is near.

RETRIBUTION.

Sooner or later, more or less, —
 And Time has no forgetfulness, —
 Nature will pay us what we earn;
 The good and evil shall return
 To bless or curse — to curse or bless, —
 For Time has no forgetfulness.

Should charm of manner and of speech
 The hidden fires of passion reach,
 And tempt some impulse to go wrong,
 Ere plodding reason gets along;
 Remember 'twixt the no and yes
 That Time has no forgetfulness.

No good to pray, nor good is prayer,
 When Nature's laws a working are;
 But kneel before the deed is done,
 And in your thoughts the evil shun!
 Remember who will not do this,
 That Time has no forgetfulness.

MY IDOL.

Sweet impulse of the air, my words attend
 And tell me of thy presence, where thou art;
 And of thy friendship dear — my loving friend
 And of thy blissful state to me impart! —
 For in the flowery land must many be
 That center round thy form to worship thee.
 Do others look upon thy beauty fair [eyes,
 And draw the radiance from those tender
 And hear the melodies that fill the air
 When wander thou the fields of paradise?
 For in the flowery land there many be
 That think of thee when hearing melody.

And do they follow swift along thy path
 To catch the spicy fragrance of thy love,
 And see the winsome step thy spirit hath
 That thrills the fancy at each graceful
 move?

For in the flowery land there many be
 That feel a love when they thy beauty see.
 My idol sweet, dost thou my soul await
 That we together may each joy pursue;
 And walking hand in hand to each relate
 The memories of earth as old friends do?
 For in the flowery land there many be
 That seeing us alone would envy me.

SUNRISE.

Below the outline of an eastern sky
 The Sun crowds on its tide of flooding light;
 But ere its gorgeous splendor reaches high
 The stars retire; then westward wings the
 Night,
 Alighting on the shadows in its flight.
 Here lingering, it lurks behind the trees
 And objects all where shadowed forms are
 laid: [breeze
 And when the hanging branches feel the
 It shuns the light as if it were afraid [ed.
 And dodges to and fro when they are sway-

REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

BORN: NOVA SCOTIA, MAY 5, 1850.

THE poems of Rev. Arthur John Lockhart have appeared quite extensively in the Can-



ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

adian publications. He is now a resident of Cherryfield, Maine. Mr. Lockhart is the author of *The Masque of Minstrels*, *The Heart in the Sleeve*, etc.

O OCEAN.

O Ocean! restless, deep, and lone!
 What tribute dost thou crave!
 Thou hast one fairest, favorite one—
 The generous and the brave.
 He faded from the yearning shore
 With bark fleet-winged and free;
 He comes not—nor deserts thee more,
 O solitary sea!
 The feet of sorrow tread not where
 Thy winds and billows rave;
 No flower that scents the summer air
 Shall blossom on his grave.
 But, 'neath the waves tumultuous stir,
 And tempests' thunder sweep,
 Low-rapt in weedy sepulcher,
 He rests with thee, O deep!

THE MAIDEN EVE.

The maiden eve is a bride to-night,
 And her brow is bound with a circlet bright,

And her robe of blue in every fold
 Is sprinkled and starred with dust of gold.
 And I at the holy altar stand,
 And hold, sweet Mary, thy lily-white hand;
 Fair thy face, and thine eye is bright,
 And thou, meek maid, art a bride to-night!

THE LADY IN THE PICTURE.

In my room from the rude old wall,
 Dinged with the dust of years, and bare,
 Just where the day's last sunbeams fall,
 The portrait hangs of a lady fair;
 Pale and delicate, stately and tall,
 Light as a shower of snow in the air;
 Her eyes are stars, and they shine on all
 From the billowy brown of her beauteous hair.

No nymph of river or lilled lake,
 No fairy figure on forest lea,
 No creature of dreams that moves to make
 The night-world beautiful, bright, is she;
 These are gone when we start and wake;
 Waking, her pictured face I see;
 They the haunts of the heart forsake;
 'She is more, as a woman, to me.

Look in the wonderful deeps of her eyes!
 See the calm smile on her face that reposes;
 Watch the high spirit, benignantly wise,
 The lofty courage her mien discloses;—
 A breathing song, in the purest guise,
 A silent poem her gaze supposes;
 A bosom, birthplace of faintest sighs;
 A poet's forehead, whiter than roses.
 She hath homes in the land of thought,
 She hath tarried in haunted spaces;
 Folded in her sweet brain hath brought
 Odors and sounds of holy places;
 And oft when I come with my heart o'er-
 wrought,

Laden with frowns of darker faces,
 She drops her light on the shadowed spot,
 And fills my spirit with charms and graces.
 Beautiful lights on the dim old wall,
 Clasp her 'round with your soft embraces;
 Lofty o'er her features fall,
 And fondly cover the kindest of faces!
 Shine, my spirit to disenthral [traces;
 Of the shadows that linger,—the care-worn
 While the smiling welcome she gives to all
 Each cold repulse of the world effaces.

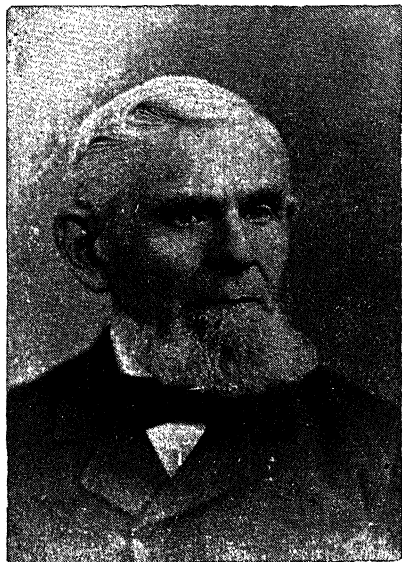
EXTRACT.

So beautiful, my darling!
 Our lowly life's decline;
 And softly 'round our parting hour,
 The lights of evening shine;
 One life, with faith unbroken,
 One love, from falsehood free;
 And, by God's grace in a holier place,
 One Heaven for thee and me.

GEORGE W. SNOW.

BORN: BANGOR, ME., MAY 13, 1809.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Snow taught school in North Carolina, but three years later returned to his native city, where he has resided ever since. He then was employed as a copyist in the office of the county register of



GEORGE W. SNOW.

deeds, and subsequently was elected clerk of the common council. In 1845 he was chosen city clerk and retained that position for twenty-seven years. Mr. Snow next became clerk in the bankrupt court; then chosen one of the city assessors, and in 1877 was elected clerk and collector of the city water department, which position he still retains.

MEMORY'S MAGIC SPELL.

With what strange, mysterious might
O'er the spirit steals —
Sudden as the lightning's flight,
Startling as its peals —
Wak'ning thoughts which long have slept
In the bosom's cell —
Scenes o'er which we've smiled or wept —
Memory's Magic Spell.

When the shade of twilight grows
Deeper o'er the scene —
And the star of evening glows
With the diamond's sheen —

In that sweet and stilly hour
On the heart will swell
Voices of the past — the power
Of mem'ry's Magic Spell.

'Mid the crowd in festal halls
As the joyous strain
On the 'raptured spirit falls
With its mystic chain,
Then some long forgotten tone
Thrills us like a knell, —
Then upon the heart is thrown
Memory's Magic Spell.

Cradled on the lonely seas,
At deep midnight's hour —
There will come, as if the breeze
From the far-off shore
Wafted thoughts of loved ones lost —
Scenes remembered well —
Visions of the happy past —
Memory's Magic Spell.

Time nor distance can control
Memory's wondrous power
Till life's currents cease to roll;
E'en in slumber's hour
Will the sleeper's eyes be wet,
Or a smile will tell
That in dreams is potent yet
Memory's Magic Spell.

THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

For me no more the wine cup fill,
Dash down the tempting draught,
Henceforth its subtle venom will
No more by me be quaffed.

The limpid stream, the spark'ling brook
To me far sweeter seem,
And I've the madd'ning bowl forsook
To drink the crystal stream.

A serpent lurks beneath the vine
That wreathes the goblet round,
And in the ruddy, sparkling wine
A power the soul to wound.

Then turn ye from its wily lure —
With death its red drops teem —
The poison cup for aye abjure,
And drink the crystal stream.

List to the warning voice that comes
From out the drunkard's grave!
Look on the wretched, ruined homes
Where drunken maniacs rave;

And learn that grave—that fate to shun —
That wild, delirious dream,
Then dash that fatal chalice down
And drink the crystal stream.

MRS. MOLLIE A. BOLING.

BORN: LAWRENCE CO., ALA., MAY 23, 1856.

THIS lady was married in 1874 to B. R. Boling, and resides with her family at Carrollton, Kentucky. Her poems have appeared in the Salem Democrat, New Albany Ledger, Mad-



MRS. MOLLIE A. BOLING.

ison Herald and the local press generally. The poems of Mrs. Boling have always been well and favorably received. Personally she is a little above the average height, dark-brown hair, dark-gray eyes, and of very fine stature.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I sit in the twilight's quickening glow,
And watch the shadows come and go,
And think of the twilights long ago,
When boy and girl together
We climbed the hill-side hand in hand,
While coasting on the snowy strand,
And thought the world a fairy land
In bright or cloudy weather.

But childhood's days too swiftly sped,
And all its joys too quickly fled,
And all our hopes seemed crushed and dead

When youth's bright day was done:
For relentless time with cruel spleen
Flung many years our lives between,
And you forgot for the time I ween
The childish heart you won.

But the destiny which shapes our ends
And all our joys and sorrows lends,
(For lives both strong and weak she bends
And brings them smiles or tears)
Has now, like a promise from above,
Sent this hallowed gift of love,
As in the end good faith to prove
And bless our later years.

Nor brighter seemed the youthful glow
Of the guileless hearts of long ago,
While coasting on the frozen snow,
Than this to-day appears,
Which fills our lives with roseate hues,
With light and joy the soul imbues,
For naught but peace our glad hearts
choose,
And find no time for tears.

A MEMORY.

For what are you searching to-day sad heart,
'Mid the mystic gloom of memory's halls —
Art seeking a trace of a radiant face,
Which a lingering dream of the past recallè?
Art seeking a bright, coquettish head,
Crowned with a wealth of chestnut curls,
Smiling with pride, a childish bride,
"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls?"

For a voice that is full of music,
Foreyes that are dancing with light,
For a face with a halo of beauty,
As crowns the queen of night?

Oh! face of exquisite beauty,
Come from the lethean night;
Come from the mystic realms once more,
With your erst sweet smile so bright.

Oh! voice, come out of the shadows,
And whisper to us once more,
As the murmuring of the ocean
Ever breathes of the long-lost shore.

But no, you are only a memory,
Sweet phantom of a vanished day,
And the voice of thrilling sweetness
Can only come in an airy way.

Like a sound that comes from dreamland —
Borne on the wings of night,
To cheer with its magical sweetness,
But is gone ere the coming of light.

EXTRACT.

Dear friends greet me day by day,
In my new home far away;
And the skies are just as bright and blue,
And the scenes are just as gay.
As those of my childhood's early home,
Where hope and joy were mine,
And love around my careless brow
A fairy wreath did twine.

MRS. CLARA M. ALLANSON.

BORN: CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y., JULY 21, 1830.

THIS lady was married at the age of twenty-two to George Allanson. Her poems have appeared in various magazines and the local press generally. Mrs. Allanson is the mother



MRS. CLARA M. ALLANSON.

of a very interesting family; her son, Edward, has gained quite a local reputation as a poet, and he is represented in this work. Mrs. Allanson will publish a volume of her poems in the near future. She is now a resident of Anita, Iowa.

A SILENT LESSON.

The sun was clouded, and my heart
 Reflected back the shade;
 The raindrops pattering on the roof
 A mournful music made.
 I longed to solve the mist and doubts
 That hemmed my spirit in,
 And read the precious page of Truth,
 Without a line of sin.
 And thus, unsatisfied I fled
 The cottage with its noise —
 The muffled music of the rain —
 The merriment of boys,
 And wandered through the rustic bower
 To larches fresh and green,
 Where, lo! a diamond drop reposed,
 Pure, perfect and serene.

In glad surprise I, ling'ring, gazed
 On Nature's rarest gem
 Reposing on its emerald couch,
 Meet for a diadem.
 And while I mused in rapt delight,
 The clouds that veiled the sun
 Swept onward, and a thousand beams
 Shot from the light of one.
 Oh, radiant, shining drop of dew!
 A lesson I would find
 For every heaven-reflected soul,
 And every deathless mind.
 In this existence here below,
 Amid earth's emerald bowers,
 A mission unto yearning hearts,
 Like thine to shrubs and flowers.
 Not beating out its feeble strength
 Against the unyielding bars
 Of God's great wisdom; but content
 To shine 'neath sun or stars,
 And lend with tender sympathy
 Its pure, unsullied ray,
 To guide some weary wandering feet
 To realms of perfect day.

THE THREAD OF GOLD.

Faded and worn, and out of date,
 In fickle fashion's phrase,
 Though once the pride of rich and great
 In manhood's palmy days;
 Now thrown aside in a ghostly place,
 To battle with moth and mold —
 Yet through the screen of dust I trace
 The gleaming threads of gold.
 We may not keep the tattered part,
 Revive the faded hue;
 But with the treasures of the heart
 This thought were sacred, too;
 That through the mist of coming years,
 When time grows sere and old, [cares,
 Our deeds shall shine through strife and
 Like gleaming threads of gold;
 And whisper of a better day,
 When truth, the shining thread —
 When every charm has passed away
 And every sense is dead —
 Will live — and like a cast-off vest,
 Faded and worn and old,
 We're laid in somber gloom to rest,
 Will gleam like threads of gold.
 And leave above the lonely spot,
 Above death's silent sleep,
 The thought that may not be forgot
 Though friends forget to weep;
 That though we faltered in the fight,
 Where fiery billows rolled,
 Our heart's frail vesture still was bright
 With truths of gleaming gold.

EDWARD G. ALLANSON.

BORN: ELGIN, ILL., NOV. 11, 1863.

THIS writer is the son of Mrs. Clara M. Allanson, a poetess who is elsewhere represented in this work. He attended the Iowa business



EDWARD G. ALLANSON.

college of Des Moines and there received a prize. His poems have appeared in the periodical press generally, and he bids fair to become well known in the literary world.

DRIFTING.

As we drift away on the waves of Time
Fond memory whispers a low sad rhyme,
For the days that once were bright and gay
Like the flowers of spring have faded away.
There's a bower of love, where a fountain
plays
In the liquid light of the moon's soft rays,
And music floats on the clear still air [er.
Like the low, sweet tones of an infant's pray-
There's a whispering grove on a Southern lea,
Where the mocking bird sings to the mur-
muring sea, [blime
And the beauty of Nature so grand and su-
Thrills the aching heart like a mystical rhyme.
Bright days that have passed on this sum-
mer sea,
They will never, never come back to me,
For this beautiful sea is the sea of Time,
And its waves sweep on with a surge sublime.

And we frail barques, drift to and fro
On the breakers of fate with the ebb and flow,
Till the twilight falls on the Gates Ajar
And we see the light of life's evening star.
'Tis the last grand finale; yet, the bell's sol-
emn toll [soul.
Marks the break of eternity's dawn o'er the

LIFE.

This life, like a river, unceasingly flows
In many a winding way:
And the deeper the grief, the more calm the
repose,
Yet stronger the sweeps of its silent woes
On its troubled way out to the sea.
There are ripples of mirth from the fair and
the gay,
But the whirlpools of sorrow and wrong
Will never cease, until Time fades away —
Till we wake in the dawn of eternity's day,
Our souls filled with rapture and song.
But 'tis not to compare the suffering here
With the glory to come by and by,
When our Father above shall dry every tear
And the threatening clouds of sorrow and fear
Will cease to drift o'er our sky.
And so we should struggle, for grief is a test
That chastens the soul's radiant glow,
Like a glistening gem in the river's breast,
That drifts to and fro, in ceaseless unrest,
Yet brightens with each turbid flow.
Oh, flowers of hope! that bloom by the way,
And springs of life-giving love,
Where flashes of truth from their fountains
play,
In the radiance that falls from day to day,
From the light of a world above.

GOD'S LANGUAGE.

I've climbed the Sierra Madres —
I've seen the big horn's leap —
I've fought the mighty silver-tip
In canyons wild and deep.
I've gone to rest at evening,
In lonely silent glens,
Where dark pines lift their towering crests,
And gray wolves seek their dens.
Where light the perfumed zephyrs
Cool on my brow would play,
Until the sun came up at morn
And chased the dawn away.
The tall firs towered above me;
I hear them whispering still;—
I see the velvet lawn beneath
Laced with the mountain rill.
The grandeur of those grand old hills,
How infinite — how sublime!
'Tis God's own language to the soul —
The impress of the Divine!

ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

BORN: FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y., 1843.

WHEN seven years of age, her family removed to Holland Patent, New York state, where her father, a minister, died the same year. Rose was educated at Houghton seminary, became a teacher in that school, and two years later assumed charge of the Collegiate institute in



ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Lafayette, Indiana. In 1885 she published a volume of lectures and essays under the title of George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies, and the year following a novel, entitled Long Run. She constantly contributes both poetry and prose to various periodicals. In person, Miss Cleveland is of medium stature with a shapely and highly intellectual face—good-looking, but not pretty.

THE DILEMMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EXTRACT.

Look around you
At Nature's bounty open to your choice;
Rise from the chains of custom which have
bound you
To slavish deference to Fashion's voice
And stale convention,—chains that must be
riven

By the same hands that forged and placed
them there,— [given
Those same soft hands that to you have been
For better use than always "doing hair,"
Or advertised by their jeweled glimmer
Your heart a bait for any golden swimmer.

Teach your proud will to make those nobler
choices [health;
Which bring to soul and heart enduring
Deafen your ears to these contending voices;
Look in your heart, learn your own being's
wealth,

Its resource vast, its undiscovered treasure
Waiting for these same idle hands to mine.
Dare not to sound its depth or take its measure
By any human gauge or finite line.
Learn that the grandest of Nature's creations
May not be bounded by man's limitations.

Choose work,—the work at hand. Nay, do not
linger
Where others wrangle over what just suits

Choose Love, the marvel,— Love, the old magi-
cian

Whose alchemy divine transmutes our dross
To finest gold—Love, the unschooled physician
Who, healing, takes no note of gain or loss.
Ay, choose thou Love: albeit in the choosing
Thou choose a day's feast and a life-long
dearth,

Thou gainest still a greater gain in losing,
For Love and Pain are beings of one birth.

Choose Faith, the salt of work, the soul of Love,
whose laughter [Past,
Chimes through an arid Present, o'er a barren
With full sweet echoes from the great Here-
after,

Assuring work contenting Love, at last.
Faith in thyself, thy greatness surely knowing:
Faith in thy work, undoubting of its worth;
Faith in thy Love, ever more trustful growing,
Faith in the Pain that came with thy Love's
birth.

Choose for thy soul such rich, sufficient diet,
And thou shalt find abounding health and
quiet,—

Such quiet as the sea knows where abideth
All moving life, all treasures rich and rare,
Such quiet as the untrodden forest hideth
Albeit all the singing birds are there.
So steadfast bide, whilst 'midst man's dreary
chiding

Eternity is surging o'er the beach of Time,
And underneath thy feet its sands are sliding
Into that Ocean vast with sound sublime.
Its surf shall salt thy patient work's endeavor,
While Love and Faith echo its grand FOREVER!

EMMA LAZARUS.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, JULY 22, 1849.

EMMA's first Poems and Translations were soon followed by *Admetus* and Other Poems. She has also written and edited several prose works. The translations of Miss Lazarus were collected and published as *Poems and Ballads of Heine*, and her miscellaneous poems under the title of *Songs of a Semite*. This lady is a Jewess, and has written several very striking essays on topics relating to the condition of her race.

Miss Lazarus is held in high esteem in New York City, where she is well known, not only as an eminent writer, but also by her high social following.

THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

If the sudden tidings came
That on some far, foreign coast,
Buried ages long from fame,
Had been found a remnant lost
Of that hoary race who dwelt
By the golden Nile divine,
Spake the Pharaohs' tongue and knelt
At the moon-crowned Isis' shrine—
How at reverend Egypt's feet,
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

If the sudden news were known,
That anigh the desert place
Where once blossomed Babylon,
Scions of a mighty race
Still survived, of giant build,
Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage,
Whose ancestral fame had filled
Trumpet-tongued, the earlier age,
How at old Assyria's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

Yet when Egypt's self was young,
And Assyria's bloom unworn,
Ere the mythic Homer sung,
Ere the God's of Greece were born,
Lived the nation of one God,
Priests of freedom, sons of Shem,
Never quelled by yoke or rod,
Founders of Jerusalem—
Is there one abides, to-day,
Seeker of dead cities, say!

Answer, now as then, they are;
Scattered broadcast o'er the lands,
Knit in spirit nigh and far,
With indissoluble bands,
Half the world adores their God,
They the living law proclaim,
And their guerdon is—the rod,
Stripes and scourgings, death and shame.
Still on Israel's head forlorn
Every nation heaps its scorn.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., SEPT. 15, 1824.

THIS lady is the daughter of Enoch Train, founder of a line of packet ships between Boston and Liverpool; she is also the sister of the noted George Francis Train. Mrs. Whitney has patented a set of Alphabet Blocks, which are now in general use. She has contributed largely to magazines for the young. Among the poetical works of Mrs. Whitney are *Foot-steps on the Seas*, *Pansies*, *Daffodils*, and *Bird-Talk*; her prose works are *We Girls*, *Real Folks*, *Homespun Yarns*, and numerous others.

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old, distorted face,—
An uncouth visage, rough and wild,—
Yet, from behind of laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,
My heart of youth doth inly ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness may
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts on,
Each as he wears it comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old!

The rifted pine upon the hill,
Scarred by the lightning and the wind,
Through bolt and blight doth nurture still
Young fibres underneath the rind;

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in pain;

Yet when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angels, happy, shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known.
But for the face behind the mask!

EXTRACT.

I am not young, I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling, and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green,
While westerly, along the hills,
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen,

THOMAS E. WILSON.

BORN; KITTERY, ME., SEPT. 6, 1839.

SINCE 1870 Mr. Wilson has been engaged in active business, but has found time for literary work. Most of his poetry has appeared in the Portland Transcript, Watchman and



THOMAS E. WILSON.

other publications. He is represented in the Poets of Maine. Mr. Wilson contemplates publishing a volume of his poems at an early date. He is at present engaged as a builder, and resides in Boston, Mass.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The early grass is springing
Above the soldier's grave;
The merry birds are singing
Above the true and brave.

My boyhood friend is sleeping
Within this narrow bed;
The years are softly creeping
Above the honored dead.

O comrade, pure and tender,
O soldier, brave and strong,
To thee we love to render
The tribute of our song.

And, in the life eternal,
Beyond our toil and pain,
Where all is bright and vernal,
We hope to meet again

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

The winds were hushed on Zion's hill,
And Jordan's waves were calm and still,
The stars looked down with tender light
While shepherds kept their flocks by night,
When, lo! the shining angels came
From worlds above on wings of flame,
And while the hills with glory shone,
They made their joyful message known.

"Fear not, behold to you we bring
Glad tidings of your heavenly king:
To you in David's town this morn,
A Savior, Christ the Lord, is born.

"And this shall be a sign to all,
His bed shall be a manger stall,
The Son of God, the child divine,
Shall rest amid the lowing kine.

"Glory to God, who reigns on high,
O praise Him, all below the sky:
Glory to God in Heaven above,
Peace on Earth, good will and love."

The winds were hushed on Zion's hill,
And Jordan's waves were calm and still,
When in the bright and peaceful morn
The Savior, Christ the Lord, was born.

WOMEN AT THE CROSS.

Upon that sad and awful day,
When in thine hour of sorest need
Thy loved disciples turned away,
And left thee on the cross to bleed,
Woman, in her love drew near,
And shed for thee the silent tear.

When laid upon thy sacred head
Was all our load of sin and shame,
While others from thy sorrows fled
And feared to own thy holy name,
Woman in her love we know
Felt the sharpness of thy woe.

When flowing from thy wounded side,
Thy precious blood ran slowly down
Till thou hadst in thy anguish died
To gain for us the victor's crown,
Woman in her love was nigh
And mourned to see thee bleed and die.

Upon that great and glorious day,
When from thy dark and dreary tomb
Bright angels rolled the stone away,
When thou hadst risen from its gloom,
Woman, in her love so rare,
Was first to meet her Savior there.

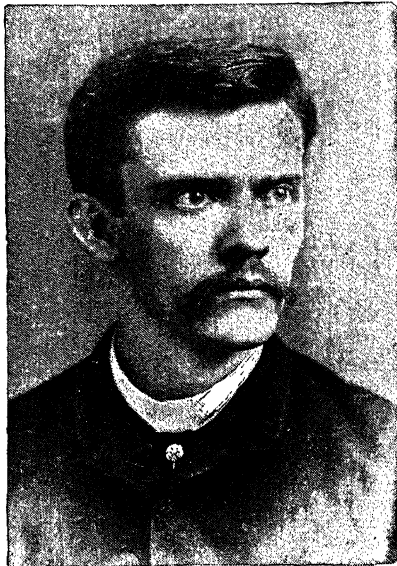
THE LEAVES.

The summer days, so fair, so brief,
Too soon have passed away,
And left us in the changing leaf
The emblem of decay.

AL M. HENDEE.

BORN: WILMINGTON, OHIO, AUG. 27, 1858.

In 1883 Mr. Hendee, in conjunction with Chas. C. Richmond, published a small volume of their poems. He has been connected with numerous newspapers, both as editor and manager, and his poems and prose have appeared in the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Kansas



AL M. HENDEE.

City Times, New York World, Topeka Lance, Writer, Journalist, and numerous other publications. Mr. Hendee has in preparation a volume on Literary Kansans, in which he will treat both critically and biographically of the leading writers of his adopted state. Mr. Hendee is now located at Whitewater, Kansas, and is editor of the Tribune of that city.

FORGIVEN.

A beaten path, an old-time lover
A ring that bears a maiden's name:
A word, a quarrel, and all is over;
The little gems she long had worn
Were from her fair hand rudely torn
Were mine again.

A pall, a bier, a pale form shrouded;
Another precious soul in heaven;
With burning thoughts my brain was
crowded —

"Forgive me, love," I wildly cried,
"Forgive me;" and the night wind sighed,
"All, all forgiven."

MAY I SO LIVE.

May I so live that when the summons comes
To quit this world so beautiful and bright,
To take a long farewell of all my friends so
dear,

The narrow grave will not forever hide
The memory of all I've tried to be.
May I so live that when that hour shall come
Both prince and pauper may in sorrow say,
"In him I've lost indeed a noble friend."

ENDURE.

Of my misfortune I complained
Unto the fields and hills,
The forests and the shady lanes,
The merry, laughing rills
Whose waters flow so free and pure —
But each one said "Endure, endure."

I sought the Bible for relief
But on its every page
In answer to my cry of grief,
"Endure" was all it said:
I closed the book; I'll search no more;
I am content, God says: "Endure."

THE EDITORIAL THREE.

PENCIL:

I'm the stub of a Faber
Well worn with labor
That lasts from sun to sun.
I toil like creation
With ne'er a vacation;
I'm the all-important one.

PASTE:

O, I'm made of flour
And used every hour,
I'm so very important you see,
That no editor's table
Has ever been able
To prosper at all without me.

SHEARS:

With a familiar clatter
I've clipped the best matter
That's come to this office for years.
So when you have read it
Please give me the credit —
I'm the editorial shears.

ALL:

O, We are three powers
So important all hours —
We're the editorial three.
No one is inferior
But all are superior
To the editorial "we."

MRS. HATTIE ELNORA HOAG.

BORN: PAW PAW, ILL., JULY 26, 1850.

THE poems of Mrs. Hoag have appeared from time to time in the local press. She was mar-



MRS. HATTIE ELNORA HOAG.

ried to her present husband in 1879, and is still a resident of her native state at Rollo.

AT REST.

At rest — sweet rest prepared by God,
 Calmly she sleeps beneath the sod;
 Her work all done, her trials o'er,
 In perfect rest for evermore.

O, Mother dear, sweet be thy rest,
 No pains, no suffering fills thy breast;
 We have laid thee away, where grasses creep
 O'er thy worn out form, in quiet sleep.
 Sadly we miss thee, Mother, to-night,
 Forever thou'rt hid from earthly sight;
 In tears thou hast left us, thy absence we
 mourn,

Savior, help us to say, "Thy will be done,"
 Sad, sweet reminders of her who is gone,
 Lie scattered around through our lonely
 home;

The bitter tears unbidden start,
 And we lay them away with an aching heart,
 But the tired hands are idle now,
 No suffering mars the pure white brow;
 Why do we mourn? Why do we weep?
 Thou'rt at rest in a dreamless sleep,

My mother, truest earthly friend,
 When earthly trials are at an end,
 May we meet again in a brighter home,
 Where the parting hour can never come.

WILLIAM H. COOK.

THE poems of Mr. Cook are generally on popular subjects, and have consequently always been well received. He is now a resident of Hampton, New York, where he is well known and admired for his many accomplishments.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Sacred day of joy and sorrow,
 Day of memory and of tears,
 Time doth touch thee but to hallow
 Through the ever-rolling years.
 Day of tears — for we lament thee,
 Soldier — in thine honored grave:
 Day of joy — we hail the nation,
 Thou did'st give thy life to save.

Where the white peaks of New England
 Greet the morning's dazzling light;
 Where the Golden Gate of Sunset
 Bids the day a fond "good-night,"
 Half the world shall hear our bugles,
 Half the world shall bow the knee,
 Half the world shall swell the anthem,
 Soldier — that we raise to thee.

In the beauteous land of sunshine,
 Where the laurel ever blooms:
 Where the birds, in nature's chorus,
 Chant a requiem o'er their tombs,
 There our "Boys in Blue" are sleeping
 In the sunshine and the rain;
 While the murmuring pine-tree branches
 Waile a dirge above our slain.

Ours, the mission of remembrance,
 Theirs, the holier one to die;
 Ours, the ransom of the nation,
 Theirs, the ransom of the sky:
 Ours, from Beauty's lovely fingers
 Flowers to scatter o'er their tombs:
 Theirs to walk the hills of glory,
 Where eternal summer blooms.

Not alone earth's fairy fingers
 Scatter flowers upon their biers,
 Not alone earth's sweetest chorus,
 Not alone earth's holiest tears;
 Unseen forms are hovering o'er us,
 Forms, that wear the martyr's crown,
 All unseen, the hands of angels
 Scatter Eden's roses down.

Teardrops wrung from weary bondsman,
 Teardrops shed above our slain,
 By the widow and the orphan,
 Falling like the summer's rain;

MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

BORN: FRANKFORT, ME., JUNE 13, 1850.

AFTER completing her education, this lady taught school until 1872, when she was married to Mr. Charles C. Hunt, of Hallowell. For five years Mrs. Hunt was corresponding secretary of the state W. C. T. U., and later entered upon the duties of state vice-president of the



MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society, also serving as general vice-president of that society. In 1886 Mrs Hunt became editor and publisher of the Home Mission Echo, the organ of the Baptist women of New England, which is still published by her at Augusta, Maine. She has been a very prolific writer, and her contributions of both prose and verse have appeared quite extensively in the leading periodicals of America.

ALPINE CALLS.

Do you know the charming custom,
Of the snow-clad Switzerland,
Just a simple ev'ning habit,
That the people understand?
When, upon these snowy summits,
Gleams the sunset's golden light,
When the valleys sit in shadow,
Waiting for the coming night;
Then the herdsman who is dwelling
In the highest home of all,

Takes his Alpine horn, and loudly
Gives this clearly spoken call,—
"Praise-the-Lord-our-God," and listen,
How it cleaves the very air,
How it rouses all the herdsmen,
Watching in the twilight there!

Quickly on their horns they answer,
O'er and o'er the words repeat,
Restless night-winds catch the greeting,
Bear it on with wings so fleet;
Till from mount and cliff resounding,
Rings the blessed clarion call,
Then it dies away, and silence
Settles gently over all.

Now with heads uncovered, kneeling,
All the herdsmen softly pray,
While the darkness, with its mantle,
Hideth all the light of day.
Then, at last, the highest dweller
Calls "Good night," and answer comes
From the rocky cliffs and mountains,
From the horns of of Swiss homes.

As those distant mountain shepherds,
When the night is coming down,
Thank the Father for the mercies,
That their pathway thickly crown,
So should we in humble reverence
Daily look to Him above,
Who, through all the years, has given
Priceless tokens of His love.

Then, dear-heart, in glad thanksgiving,
Sound the message far and wide,—
"Praise-the-Lord our-God," and always
In His love securely hide.
Some one waiting in Life's shadows,
May perhaps your keynote hear,
And, unheeded blessing counting,
Send abroad some note of cheer.

Like the call from Alpine summits,
Our "Good-nights" will soon be heard,
Friends with bated breath will listen
For the parting, whispered word.
Sometime in th' eternal dawning,
When Earth's night has passed away,
Sometime we shall say "Good morning,"
In the never-ending day.

GRANDMA.

Naught it matters that around her,
Goes the world its rushing ways,
With her rocking comes the mem'ry
Of the by-gone happy days.
Almost ninety years she counteth,
With their changing hopes and fears,
Beam her eyes with old-time brightness,
Then are dimmed with sudden tears.

MRS. AUGUSTA WORTHEN.

BORN: SUTTON, N. H., SEPT. 27, 1823.

AFTER receiving her education this lady became a teacher in the Andover Academy. In 1855 she became the wife of Mr. Charles F. Worthen, but is now a widow. She is the au-



MRS. AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

thor of a history of her native town, and has contributed quite extensively both prose and verse to numerous newspapers and magazines. Mrs. Worthen is a daughter of Col. John Harvey, and is now a resident of Lynn, Mass.

THE LILY'S STORY.

Linger not within the shadow
Of the lonely forest pines;
See on yonder hill and meadow,
Bright October sunlight shines!
Come, for bright must fall its radiance,
On the pond where lilies grew,
Still, perchance some breath of fragrance
Hovers o'er its waters blue.
O'er the rocks the wild vines creeping,
Flushed with autumn's crimson glow,
Wondering, see the clouds lie sleeping
In the mirror depths below.
We, with such sweet fancies haunted,
Seek the spot last year so fair,
Painfully are disenchanted,
For no pretty pond is there.

Coarse and rank the weeds are growing
O'er its dark and oozy bed,
But no murmuring brook is flowing
'Neath the alder-berries red.
Yet, in yon low quagmire gleaming,
Something pure and white I see!
But, I'm only fondly dreaming —
Can the flower a Lily be?
Yes, all fragrant, fresh and smiling
In October's mellow light,
Me of all sad thoughts beguiling,
'Twas a Lily met my sight.
None can tell my heart's deep pleasure,
Half the foolish things it said,
As I sought the precious treasure —
Bent me o'er its beauteous head.
Had my loving admiration
Waked some sweet responsive thrill:
Saw I not a faint pulsation
All its slender stamens fill?
Why did every petal tremble
'Neath my warm admiring gaze?
Might it not its joy dissemble
At my words of earnest praise?
Had it, like the human spirit,
Longed for recognition too?
Strong desires did it inherit
For appreciation true!
Wilt thou credit this sweet marvel
That, within my spirit's ear,
Words of hopeful, earnest counsel
From the Lily I should hear?
Sweet the tale of joy and sorrow
Which the Lily told to me;
Would I might its accents borrow
While I tell it unto thee.

Spring was young, thus ran the story,
When the tiny bud had birth;
Came and went the summer's glory
Ere she bloomed in beauty forth.
Never, on the clear bright billow,
Lifted from her lowly bed,
Never on a wavelet pillow
Rested she her gentle head.
Still, the torturing, upward-yearning
Instincts of her dainty race,
Bade her, from the dull earth turning,
Rise in purity and grace.
"Mockery every aspiration,
Prone and helpless here I lie!"
This in hours of dark temptation
Was her spirit's anguish cry.
"Vain the hopes, the longings endless,
For a freer, brighter life,
Making me more lone and friendless,
Wearing me with useless strife.
Let my better nature perish;
Nevermore will I aspire,
Nevermore will seek to cherish
Higher instinct, pure desire;

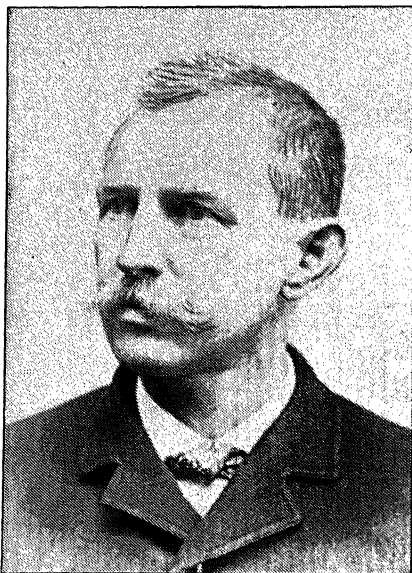
On these weeds will gaze admiring,
 Nodding in this earth-born breeze,
 Coarse, contented, unaspiring,
 Would I were like one of these."
 But the sunbeams on her falling,
 Roused from that despairing chill,
 And the voice within her calling,
 Bade her be a Lily still.
 Wind-borne, from some purer region,
 Came this testimony free:
 "Fear not, for their name is Legion,
 Who have hoped and toiled like thee.
 Slowly, painfully, thou learnest
 What thy destiny must be:
 All thine inner promptings earnest
 Are but glorious prophecy.
 Faithful to thy highest duty.
 Hope, yet work with heart and will,
 Thou shalt yet arise in beauty,
 Thou shalt be a Lily still."

Then, as to some touch mysterious,
 Every inmost heart-string thrilled,
 While her spirit, thoughtful, serious,
 With a wondrous joy was filled.
 Blessed hours of exaltation!
 Memories of such rapture rare,
 Saved her from her dark temptation,
 Strengthened her against despair.
 Though no partial friends beholding
 Cheered her with delicious praise,
 All unmarked her slow unfolding
 Through the long, long summer days;
 Though half doubtful of her mission,
 Dreading lest her power might fail,
 Musing on that dream Elysian,
 Hopeful grew the Lily pale.
 All its meaning scarce divining,
 Still new efforts she put forth;
 For the vital moistures pining
 Deeper struck her roots in earth.
 Gratefully, her thirst allaying,
 Every dewdrop gathered up;
 Choice perfumes from zephyrs straying,
 Hoarded in her pearly cup.
 Once, to let the sunbeams enter,
 Dared to ope that chalice white:
 Instantly her heart's deep center
 Caught their golden radiance bright.
 So she kept her pure corolla
 Free from earthly soil or stain,
 Till the autumn winds blew hollow—
 Fell the welcome autumn rain.
 Then a little pool collected—
 Raised her on her slender stem,
 Then a Lily was perfected
 Fairer than the fairest gem.
 Toiler, thinker, dreaming poet,
 Doubtful of your highest powers,
 Work in hope, for, ere you know it,
 Help shall come like autumn showers.

JOHN EVANS SCUDDER.

BORN: BROOKLYN, N.Y., SEPT 5, 1846.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared from time to time quite extensively in the periodical press. Mr. Scudder is a resident of



JOHN EVANS SCUDDER.

Walden, N.Y., where he is a journalist and printer. Mr. Scudder was married in 1869 to Miss Emma G. Armstrong.

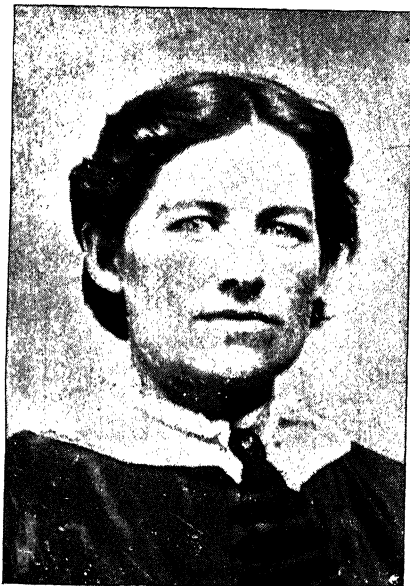
THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Sitting in the blessed twilight
 Of a summer's day that's past,
 How the tears that dim my eyesight,
 Gather thick, and gather fast.
 As the thoughts of many a wrong,
 Flash through tired and weary brain,
 And the memories of many song,
 Cause me to live life o'er again.
 Let the dead past be dead and perished,
 No more to haunt my wearied brain;
 Yet the hopes that I have cherished
 All spring back to life again.
 Is there no surcease of sorrow?
 Why into future attempt to gaze,
 Why live I, hoping for the morrow,—
 All of life seems but a maze.
 Yet there's one that still keeps luring,
 Her to whom my heart goes out,
 Ever anon my hopes assuring,
 Cheering even as I doubt.

MRS. M ALEXANDER.

BORN: POSEY CO., IND., JUNE 14, 1842.

MRS. ALEXANDER married in 1863, and three years later she was left a widow with one child, since that time she has devoted her-



MRS. M. ALEXANDER.

self mainly to the education of her daughter, spending a part of her time in writing and pursuing a course of historical reading. She now resides in Mount Vernon, Indiana.

CALLING.

Calling by flood and by fire, the voice

Echoes afar in its desolate woe;

Calling by pestilence, tempest and torrent,

Calling for many not ready to go.

In the dark night while the storm king is brooding,

Fearful in might and awful in wrath,
Down from the mountain the torrent comes flooding,

Strewing the valley with death in its path.

Wild shrieks of torture and sad cries come thrilling

Souls in deep agony on every side.

Fond wife and husband; loved parents and children,

Parted for aye, by death's rolling tide.

While in the bright sunny land of sweet living,

Falls the lightsorrow we scarce understand,

Compared with the woes which arise and appalling,

Scatter destruction abroad in our land.

Impotent man oft his reverence concealeth,

Seeking alone this world and its gain,

Till the Omnipotent power revealeth

All of his weakness, his terror, his pain.

Wasted by famine and stricken by fever;

Lashed by the storms of disaster and woe,

Cast between friends the dead line separation,

Now in our hearts bitter anguish doth flow.

Yet far above the bright stars are still shining

Steadfast and true, while death sweeps our shore,

And lifting our hearts above grief and repining

We follow the Father, and trust evermore.

While down through the darkness, the valley,
the shadow,

The bright ray of promise illumines our night;

Beyond death and flood and earth's awful sorrow

There gleams in its radiance a heavenly light.

WELCOME.

Welcome, yes welcome, to our shore,

All ye, who have a freeman's home,

America calls out for more

And gladly bids the stranger come.

But ever bear within your minds,

No traitor horde or vandal mars

The civil rights our country gives,

Beneath its floating stripes and stars.

School house and church and college rear

Their lofty domes unto the sky,

And humble though the man may be,

His heart-throbs beat in liberty.

Our land is broad, our mountains high,

But height and breadth can measure not

The love of freedom in our hearts.

Of our own homes, earth's dearest spot

To civilize and Christianize,

We open wide our doors to-day,

A welcome give to rich and poor,

To our loved land America.

Our prisons strong, our scaffold high,

And where no Christian love can reach

It is a traitor's doom to die,

Tho statutes of our law doth teach.

And twenty thousand glittering swords,

All sheathed and shining lie to-day,

Ready to defend our country's rights

From anarchists' unlawful sway.

No crimson horde or tyrant throng

Dare desecrate our sacred sod,

But liberty its peans strong

Lifts up its anthem to our God.

W. T. VANCE.

BORN: CANADA, JULY 12, 1826.

WHEN eleven years of age the subject of this sketch removed to Sturgis, Mich. After receiving his education he learned the wagon-makers' trade, and subsequently as a journeyman meandered over the then railroadless re-



W. T. VANCE.

gions between Canada and Mexico. At the age of thirty-two Mr. Vance married Miss Julia Powers, a dear and kindred spirit, whom in 1885 he was deprived of by death. He has written numerous poems, some of which have appeared in the Messenger and other local papers of South Haven, Michigan, where he now resides.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HAVEN.

South Haven, the fair, soon will receive
The beautiful robes the fates did weave,
And so very long was held in store
For the loveliest town on the eastern shore
Of that inland sea,
Whose pure winds free
Fan the pallid cheek to rosy health,
And fill the sails that bring the wealth
Of freight to factory, farm and store,
For the loveliest town on the eastern shore
Of that inland sea,
Whose pure winds free
Toss the waves on the pebbly strand,

Where laden with trains, the steamers land,
Or, swiftly gliding them o'er and o'er
To the loveliest town on the eastern shore,
Of that inland sea;

Whose pure winds free,
Scatter the blooms from myriad trees,
Whose odors exhaled, perfumes the breeze,
That bear the sea-birds' song, as they soar
O'er the loveliest town on the eastern shore,
Of that inland sea,

Whose pure winds free,
All rippling with laughter and song,
Rising from pleasure boats moving along,
As soft as the flight of the raven,
Gliding into our beautiful Haven.

A SIMPLE PLAN.

Deep in my soul a feeling
Comes o'er my senses stealing
All other thoughts away;
Of my brothers lowly toiling —
All their aspirations foiling,
Because of scanty pay.

Employers kind and just
Grieve because they must
Cut wages in self-defense.
Now here's a simple plan
Good alike to every man,
And appeals to common sense.

Let employers form a ring,
And large enough to bring
All trades together banded,
To raise wages fifty per cent, —
Your goods to that extent
Will surely be demanded.

Labor millions more can buy
To make the wheels of commerce fly,
Then happiness becomes the style;
Looms dance — spindles sing
Amid the anvil chorus ring —
Sad-eyed millions smile.

THE LAND SHALL NOT BE SOLD.

Men of conscience, men of brains,
From the workshops and the trains;
Men from Grangers' rural halls,
On you the sacred duty falls,
To say the land shall not be sold.

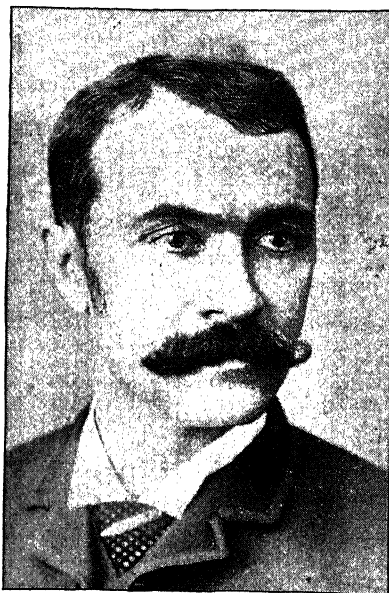
Men from pulpits and the bar,
Hurl Promethean brands afar,
To break the stupor of the ages,
And prove yourselves the sages
Who say the land shall not be sold.

Wake ye giants of the mighty press,
Whose world-wide power to bless
Is crippled by the stupid lie,
The sordid nabob's right to buy
Land that shall not be sold.

EDGAR POE ARCHBOLD.

BORN: CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, FEB. 13, 1857.

MR. ARCHBOLD has been employed as a newspaper writer upon the principal dailies of the west. In 1882 he went to Leadville, and there became a gold miner and prospector. He has contributed quite extensively to the mining



EDGAR POE ARCHBOLD.

literature of Colorado, in which state he now resides at Pueblo, although he expects to make Kansas his permanent abode. The poems of Mr. Archbold have appeared quite extensively in the local press.

MASONRY.

The mystic lights that wrap thy shrine
In antique vestments of the past,
Within our modern temple shine,
As rays from vanished ages cast.
The minds that gave thy mysteries birth,
With all that marked thy days of youth,
Have slowly withered from the earth,
And naught remains but light and truth.
The centuries which have o'er thee flown,
Have left us these to guide our way,
Through paths which masons tread alone,
To reach the light of perfect day.
And he who takes thy vows kneels,
And at thy modern altar kneels,
In whatsoever land or clime,
But seeks the light that truth reveals.

A BROKEN COLUMN AND A SPRIG OF ACACIA.

IN MEMORY OF ROB. MORRIS.

By imagination's aid, we stand to-day at the grave of our most distinguished brother. Upon his lips there rests a silence born of death, and on his forehead lies the jeweled crown of Fate.

For him, the acacia blooms no more.
For him, the dawn has faded from the sky.
From the weeping stars of Palestine, to the moonlight of the Nile, the broken column mutely mourns the dead.

Eternal night has come; and somewhere on its shoreless tide, Rob. Morris is at rest.
The purple of the twilight, and the beauty of the stars, softly blending, touch the face of him that's dead. Touch and kiss the pallid lips of him that's dead.

Across the midnight of the ages, he flashed a torch of Light, and in the sands of Egypt sought for Truth.

At the cradle of the craft he bowed his head, and in tradition's wondrous web he traced our way.

In the dreamless sleep that wraps him now, we consign him to the kind embrace of earth. On the coffin place the emblems of his craft, and in silence let him sleep among the hills.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

The winds that career o'er the bosom of ocean,
The shadows that curtain the face of the sky,
[motion,
The stars in their beauty, the worlds in their
Proclaim their Creator — our Father on high.

The mountains are Thine in their mystical splendor,
[Thy hand.

The dawn of the morning springs fresh from
The night follows on, ever eager to render
Devotion and praise, at Thy holy command.

The lance of the storm, at Thy order is broken,
The lightnings are chained to their home in the clouds,
[token,
The phantoms of air, with the ills they be-
Return, at Thy word, to the mist of their shrouds.

The evening's soft beam, and the midnight's deep beauty,

Awaken the soul from its slumber of death;
All doubts disappear; I remember but duty;
Conviction sweeps on like the hurricane's breath.

O let me adore Thee, thou God of creation!
Let me turn to Thy love like a star to the sea,

O let me declare my eternal salvation!
And bow in devotion and homage to Thee.

A PRAYER.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear;
 For I am poor, and need Thee.
 Preserve my soul from earthly dole,
 And toward Thy mercy lead me.
 And let my voice in praise rejoice,
 Unite my heart to fear Thee;
 Teach me Thy way, that night and day,
 Thy mercy may be near me.

MRS. L. A. FOLSOM.

BORN: MILFORD, ME., JULY 23, 1844.

THIS lady is engaged as a local reporter for various newspapers. But she loves to write verse, and contributes poems from time to



MRS. L. A. FOLSOM.

time to the Portland Transcript and other publications. She was married in 1884 to Frank W. Folsom, and still resides in her native state at Old Town.

NATURE'S WARDROBE.

The loveliest vesture of exquisite hue,
 Dainty of pattern and texture, too,
 Dame Nature dons at will;
 Her garments are many, surpassingly fair;
 And which most enhances her beauty rare,
 I'm at a loss to tell.
 Her robe of the springtime is delicate green,
 'Broidered with dewdrops' silvery sheen,
 And flecked with violets blue;

Crocuses golden and snowdrops white,
 Are caught in its folds, where primroses
 bright

And sweet birds nestle, too.

Gorgeous and gay is her summer dress,
 Replete in its own fair loveliness;

And heavy with odors sweet;

Roses whose petals blush crimson and red,
 Lie on her bosom and circle her head,

While blossoms spring up 'neath her feet.

Vividly bright her autumnal attire,
 Flashing with color like tongues of fire,

Richer than princess e'er knew;

Her robes trail along with a rustling sound,
 And bright is her pathway, scattered around
 With leaves of rainbow hue.

Her dress of winter is purest white,
 Bridal emblem, no colors bright

E'er mar its chastity rare;

'Tis wrought with filmy frost-lace white,
 Intermingled with crystals that quiver with
 light,

And diamonds gleam in her hair.

TWO HANDS.

One was rough, and scarred with toiling,

Brown and seared as with fierce heat;

Yet, the memory of its clasping,

Lingers like a perfume sweet.

Fair as rose-leaf tints, the other —

Or as sea-shells by the sea,

And its tender touch like snowflakes,

Comes in sweetness back to me.

One in helpfulness was mighty,

Shielding me from tempests wild;

But the other, in its weakness,

Nestled like a trusting child.

Which I loved the best, I know not;

But, through all life's ebb and flow,

One gave strength and hope — the other,

Sweetest comfort here below.

HEART REST.

Oh, heart, that since my natal day

Has ceaselessly throbbled for long, long years,

Sometimes tumultuous with thy joy,

Then, keeping time to falling tears.

Ever in rhythmic measures fall

Thy firm pulsations night and day,

And e'en when sleep my eyelids close,

Still thou dost hold thy gentle sway.

All things in nature find repose;

The birds fly home at set of sun,

All seek sweet rest when night comes on,

But, heart, thy work seems never done.

Sometime, somewhere, thou, too, shalt rest,

Yet not while life entralls you fast;

Wait, heart, full soon 'neath daisies white

Thou shalt find sweetest rest — at last.

JOSEPH PEEPLES HART.

BORN: ARKADELPHIA, ARK., MAY 9, 1847.

THE poems of Mr. Hart have been published extensively from time to time in the periodical press. He was married to Miss Lizzie Bell, and is still a resident of the place of his nativity. Personally Mr. Hart is a little below the



JOSEPH PEEPLES HART.

average height, robust, with hair a deep black and gray eyes. He was admitted to the bar in 1872. As a journalist he has had much experience, having established the Arkadelphia News, and edited the same prior to its sale and change of name to the Herald, which is still being successfully published.

THUS LIVE.

So live, that when the strife
Of this tempestuous life,
Like battle smoke has passed away—
When bugle call
Shall summon all
To the God of battle's reveille,
Thou go not hence undone
As some dastard—craven one
Who, when the shock of battle came
Of standing firm, instead,
Recoiled, ignobly fled
With infamy covered, and shame!
But go thou then with tread
Of lofty heart and head,
All full of expectation,

As one who inly knows,
He to the general goes
To reap a decoration.

THE STAR OF MASONRY.

When first the gloomy monarch, Night,
Put on his crown of sparkling light,
Before "the star of Bethlehem"
Enriched his lustrous diadem,
Which jewel flashed most brilliantly!
It was the star of Masonry!

What gem then sent its fiery ray
To lighten up the dark highway
That leads from earth to Heaven?
What gem was then in mercy given
To shine on till eternity?
It was the star of Masonry!

Whilst groping on in night profound,
In selfish folly's irksome round,
What beacon did I seek and find,
That ever after called to mind
Its grandeur and sublimity?
It was the star of Masonry!

What sought I when departed day
Before me left a rugged way:
And when my heart did quake with fear;
And when the scythe of Death flashed
near;

And when I called on Deity?
It was the star of Masonry!

What since the days of Solomon,
Have been the good man's mighty sun,
Dispensing in his pathway light
That showed him how to walk aright,
And live in peace and harmony?
It was the star of Masonry!

As it has beamed from Time's gray morn,
On all the nations yet unborn,
What is it than shall ceaseless shine,
And shed on these its light divine,
Until appears eternity?
The star, the star of Masonry!

ALL HAIL TO THE FLAG.

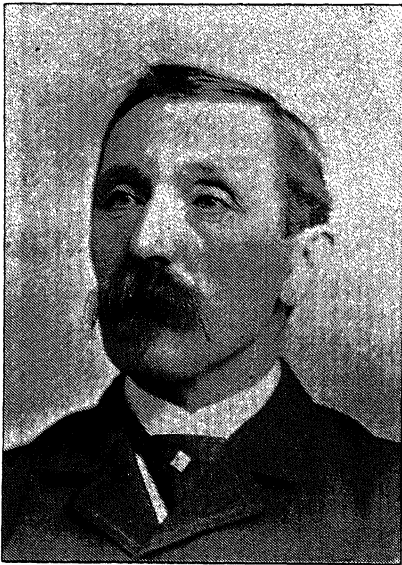
In great Columbia's name
Thou flag of deathless fame—
Ensign of liberty,
And of the valiant free,
All hail, all hail to thee!
The red, the white and blue,
These blended and there grew
On clouded horizon,
At rising of his sun,
Freedom's bow, brightest one!
On this our own "new world"
To breezes first unfurled—
Cynosure of all eyes—
That banner flaunts and flies,
A mistress in all skies!

Flag of our Washington —
 And of our Jefferson —
 Flag that our fathers gave:
 Eternal may it wave
 O'er earth's last tyrant's grave.
 Lord hear our fervid prayer!
 Oh, may our flag in air
 Float till its home shall be
 In ev'ry land and sea!
 Sweet flag, all hail to thee!

JOHN WESLEY EVANS.

BORN: ENGLAND, MAY 8, 1848.

EMIGRATING to America in 1880 Mr. Evans has since lived in many of the states, and finally in 1874 settled down in Lonaconing, Md.



JOHN WESLEY EVANS.

Since 1879 he has contributed both prose and verse to local and national papers, which have been well received. He was married in 1874 to Miss M. A. Johnson, and now follows the occupation of an agent.

TIME.

As fond remembrances fade,
 Keeping pace with Time,
 So will the cloudy shade
 Hover o'er each sunny clime.
 Years may swiftly pass away,
 And cherished hope forgot,

Erasing many a happy day
 Which is now remembered not.

By some of our kindred dear,
 Who perchance have gone before,
 Leaving us in dread and fear,
 As their forms are now no more.

Then memory sweet forget me not,
 Or cast thy mantle o'er my face,
 And many fond remembrance blot,
 Wandering from place to place.

The darkest day may yet unfurl
 A banner of true light,
 And not a sad remembrance hurl
 As fond Time makes its flight.

LIFE.

Life is but a season
 Fading with the Time,
 Losing all its reason
 In every land and clime.

Could we grasp it longer,
 Or stay its onward march,
 Ambition would be stronger
 To soothe the lips of parch.

Its well that life's limited
 By one who wields a power,
 As rich and poor are benefited
 In many a trying hour.

Then raise your hands heavenward,
 And let your voice exclaim:
 May God continue onward
 His present course to aim.

A FASTIDIOUS SWELL.

The other day I chanced to meet
 A feminine of slender form;
 Whilst gazing at her tiny feet
 She eyed me with a look of scorn.

Why should the fair sex man disdain,
 When a helpmate he shall be,
 In sunshine or in rain,
 In sorrow or in glee.

I trust the day is not far hence
 When nothing in your mind will be,
 But courtesy and common sense,
 Instead of pride and vanity.

And now, young girl, take my advice:
 Let politeness be your aim,
 Let not harsh words or vice
 Disturb your feeble brain.

MRS. M. S. CURTISS.

BORN: OSWEGO, N. Y., MAY 27, 1822.

THE poems of this lady have received publication in some of the leading periodicals of



MRS. M. S. CURTISS.

America. Mrs. Curtiss now resides in the pleasant home of her son, E. A. Curtiss, on the banks of the Passaic river, at Woodside, Newark, N. J.

THE LADY OF ELGIN.

Just yesternorn some strangers fair,
Came to me; how they knew my name
Or place, I know not — yet they're here,
These harbingers of western fame;
And such as I have now I give,
Of greeting, warm to those who tell,
In many a column crowded full,
Of truths I love — oh, passing well!
Who would not? wealth of shining ore,
Delved for in many deeps of mind,
And earnest thoughts, each one as pearls,
In goodly setting, safe enshrined;
Hail! "Lady Elgin!" do you know
I deem you fortunate as fair,
Uniting wealth of metal gold
With all the years that time may wear?
Life's sands are not for all, always,
Ticked off to any measured rhyme
Of watch or verse, and so I deem
This "Lady Elgin," in good time,

And favored well by those who hold
In charge the counting of life's sands:
May these bring long years and success
To crown her earnest heart and hands.

WHAT IS A POEM?

Is it a richly wro't musical rhyme,
Wreathed with garlands from many a clime;
Woven in tissues of fairest dyes,
And bright as are cerulean skies?
Is it only an airy carol of song,
That like the rivulet dances along?
Time and step keeping with breezes gay
Thro' the long hours of the bright summer day?

Ever blessed and bright be the beautiful wings,

That preside o'er all these beautiful things;
And long may rich madrigals from them all,
Enliven the heart homes of palace and hall.
But a real poem who shall define
In any song rhythm or measured line?
While all the earth, and the air and the skies,
Are abundant in poems of richest dyes.

Poems ever unwritten and unsung,
Are by life's wayside plenteous flung;
All beautiful too, and rich and grand,
As are pearl-freighted sea waves near the strand,

The deep, dense wood is a poem divine
Bounded and full in its every line;
And all undulations of flowery fields,
Vast realms and whole realms of poems yield.

There are life aims reaching out far away,
As the searling fires of summer's sunray;
Thence lives are enriched with poems divine,
Symmetrically woven — every line.
There are ripening harvests from the seeds
Of noble charities and kindest deeds;
These in Heaven's own good way and time,
Will be fashioned in living poems sublime.

THOUGHTS OF SPRING AT EVENING.

Pale, pensive night with starry wing
And dewy robe again is near!
Sweet influence o'er the heart to fling
Weary and way-worn ones to cheer;
And yet night's shady, sable wing
Can scarcely hide the glow on high;
For 'tis the time of early spring,
When gorgeous colors drape the sky.
The heavens now wear their loveliest tinge,
And clearer is their deep, deep blue,
And richer seems their golden fringe,
As nature's hand had rolled them near,
And burnished bright those gems of night
That thus so brilliantly they glow;
While glad some spring with tardy wing
And timid step, comes faltering slow.

Now hardy flowers, in woodland bowers,
 Awaken from their wintry dreams;
 And haste to greet that form so sweet,
 For while the stars so brightly gleam,
 Soon lengthening days with milder rays,
 Will waken all the wildwood flowers
 To usher in the reign of spring,
 And beautify the balmy hours.
 Soon may be seen the velvet green,
 Earth's soft attire for lovely May,
 With here and there sweet violets rare
 Of rich perfume and colors gay.
 Then lovely spring, with roseate wing
 Will pause awhile and with us stay,
 Sadness and gloom make ample room,
 For one so beauteous, bright and gay.
 The evening's light, so placid, bright,
 As from celestial worlds it shone,
 Where spring supernal, ever vernal,
 Blooms and glows around the Throne!

MRS. OPHELIA COOK JONES.

BORN: BROWNSVILLE, MISS., FEB. 5, 1849.

THIS lady now follows the occupation of teaching at Abbeville, Louisiana. Her poems have appeared in Godey's Lady's Book and



MRS. OPHELIA COOK JONES.
 the periodical press generally. The poem, What My Lover Said, has been attributed to several poets of high standing, but Mrs. Jones is without doubt the author of it. She has written some beautiful poems.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
 In the orchard path he met me;
 In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
 And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
 Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
 So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
 With my face bent down above it,
 While he took my hand as he whispering
 said — [head
 (How the clover lifted each pink, sweet
 To listen to all that my lover said;
 Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!]
 In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
 And the low, wet leaves hung over;
 But I could not pass upon either side,
 For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
 In the arms of my steadfast lover.
 And he held me there and he raised my head,
 While he closed the path before me,
 And he looked down into my eyes and said —
 (How the leaves bent down from the boughs
 To listen to all that my lover said, [o'er head,
 Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!]
 Had he moved aside but a little way,
 I could surely then have passed him;
 And he knew I never could wish to stay,
 And would not have heard what he had to say,
 Could I only aside have cast him.
 It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
 And the searching night-wind found us,
 But he drew me nearer and softly said —
 (How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
 To listen to all that my lover said;
 Oh, the whispering wind around us!]
 I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
 That I must be all unwilling;
 For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
 As the night was come with its dew, at last,
 And the sky with its stars was filling. [fled,
 But he clasped me close when I would have
 And he made me hear his story,
 And his soul came out from his lips and said —
 (How the stars crept out where the white
 To listen to all that my lover said; [moon led
 Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!]
 I know that the grass and the leaves will not
 tell,
 And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
 Will carry my secrets so safely and well
 That no being shall ever discover
 One word of the many that rapidly fell
 From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
 And the moon and the stars that looked over
 Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell [dell,
 They wove 'round about us that night in the
 In the path through the dew-laden clover,
 Nor echo the whispers that made my heart
 swell
 As they fell from the lips of my lover.

MRS. MARGARET J. SWEAT.

BORN: PORTLAND, ME., NOV. 28, 1823.

COMMENCING to write poetry at an early age the productions of this lady have appeared in the *Galaxy*, *New Orleans Picayune* and other publications of note. She is also represented in *Poets of Maine*. In 1849 this lady was married to the Hon. L. D. M. Sweat. She visited



MRS. MARGARET J. M. SWEAT.

Europe in 1859 and wrote letters to the *Christian Register*. In 1859 she published her first book, *Ethel's Love Life*, and a few months later appeared *Highways of Travel* or a *Summer in Europe*. Mrs. Sweat traveled extensively in Europe in 1873-4 and again in 1887. Her writings include poems, essays, criticisms and sketches of travel in *Egypt*, *Europe* and *America*.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

If time is measured by sensations,
And passions make us centuries old;
If sympathy creates relations,
To which the ties of blood are cold;
Then thou and I, though lately meeting
Have made the moments fly so fast,
That our two hearts, together beating,
Through years of love and life have passed.
Then do not wonder that I woo thee
With strangely rapid words and ways,
But let me, as a lover, sue thee
To count as years these few sweet days.
Each hour has proved a month of pleasure,
So, dearest, I have loved thee long;

Cease then by minutes life to measure,
Love's calendar will prove thee wrong.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

When blue eyes melt in liquid light
My bosom swells with languid pleasure;
When black eyes gleam like stars at night
My pulses throb with quickened measure;
And then, when gray ones flash and glow,
And shed their radiant beams upon me,
Why — on my word! — I scarcely know
Which of these lovely orbs have won me.

Redundant locks of raven hair
Befit a heroine of story;
While auburn tresses floating fair
Bewilder with their golden glory;
And simple bands of shining brown
Suggest a *Raffaello's* Madonna;
Which of these heads should wear a crown
I cannot tell, upon my honor!

That sylphlike girl with fragile form
Seems like an artist's fairest dreaming;
This tropic beauty takes by storm,
And charms by being — not by seeming;
Ethereal saints to rapture wake me,
And lift me to the upper regions;
But earthly hours quickly take me
Back to their own unholy legions.

One day I kneel before a shrine
And offer up a reverent duty;
The next — if all the world were mine
I'd give it to some naughty beauty.
And till one woman shall combine
The varying charms of all the others,
This changing fate must still be mine,
To be first yours and then another's.

MRS. SARAH S. W. BENNETT.

BORN: WILSON'S MILLS, ME., JULY 12, 1838.

THE poems of Mrs. Bennett have occasionally appeared in the *Gorham Mountaineer*, *Oxford Democrat* and the local press generally. She was married in 1869 and still resides in her native place.

HALCYON DAYS.

Oh! halcyon days! how brief in your brightness,
That lights the departing year to its tomb,
The gleam of the snow-covered earth in its whiteness,
Is a symbol of the glory beyond its gloom.
So ought the life that is rich in well doing,
Whose days of strength in labor were passed,
With toil-hardened hands its duties pursuing,
Rest in sweet sunshine and peace at the last.

JAMES DAVIS.

BORN: GLOUCESTER, MASS., JAN. 29, 1815.

FOR about five years Mr. Davis taught school. Afterward he engaged in building schooners for the fishing fleet, and subsequently was employed in clerical business. He has held numerous positions of trust, and was ap-



JAMES DAVIS.

pointed judge of the police court of Gloucester in 1862, which position he has ever since held. His poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and in 1877 he published a neat volume in verse, entitled *Pleasant Water, a song of the sea and shore.*

A GOLDEN WEDDING SONG.

We sing a golden wedding song,
A song that should be sung,
When hand to hand and heart to heart
For fifty years have clung.
We blame no single man or maid
Who ne'er a mate could find,
But bless the happier lot of those
Whom Hymen's chain doth bind.
O Love! that half a hundred years
Has bound this worthy pair,
And helped them help each other well
Life's burdens all to bear!
An angel thou, sent from above,
On errand blest to run,
And bring to souls their best estate
By joining two in one.

Sweet Wedded Love! Dear Household
Forbidding hearts to roam, [Queen!
And rearing as earth's fairest fane
The sanctuary home!

These two that in the bond of bliss
Thy golden chain has bound,
Have in the chosen, sweet constraint
Their truest freedom found.

Indulgent Heaven, with kindly care,
Hath guarded well their ways,
And to a happy, green old age
Hath lengthened out their days.
For that of those He gave so dear
His love has left them one,
For that His love the others took,
They say: "Thy will be done."

And if their hearts could have a wish
For so much life below,
And he who metes might think it good
Such measure to bestow,
We would the Gracious Father pray
Their union to prolong,
Till other friends should meet to sing
Their diamond wedding song.

PLEASANT WATER.

EXTRACT.

Upon a gently rising ground,
By grass-grown, winding roadways reach'd
That lead from quiet hamlets 'round,
Stands the old fane where Bradstreet
preached

The sacred word, and Leonard now,
Weekly, with Heavenly manna feeds
The souls that at its altar bow,
Till hearts grow strong for noble deeds.

'Tis a rude structure, gray with Time,
Nor hath it show of art in aught,
Save that which makes all art sublime,
When outward forms express the thought
To highest sense of duty leal;
Built of the fathers' scanty store,
It shows that Heaven commended zeal,
Which makes the less appear the more.

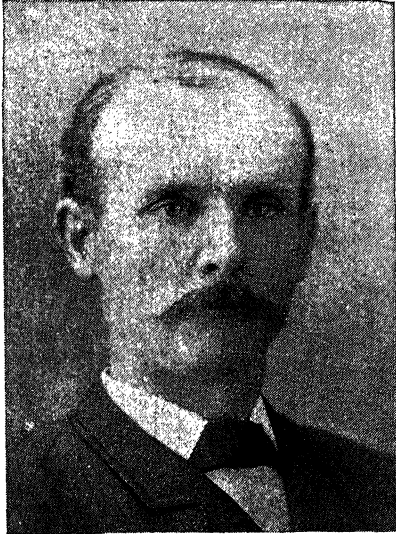
Above it stands nor spire, nor tower,
Nor belfry with its brazen tongue,
To tell the villagers the hour
When prayer is made and praises sung;
No soft upholstery within
Invites the drowsy head to sleep,
When plain, but solemn words would win
Their feet the Heavenly way to keep.

Yet not without a pleasing grace,
And fitness reverent minds would use,
Is the arrangement of the place:
The neatly paneled, square-built pews,
The galleries stretching three sides 'round,
The deacons' seats, the pulpit high, [ed,
With the quaint sounding-board high crown-
Might not offend a cultured eye.

WALTER ISIDORO DAVIS.

BORN: GORHAM, N. H., AUG. 7, 1848.

MR. DAVIS secured his education at the Colby university, and he now follows the profession of a school teacher. He was married in 1880 to



WALTER I. DAVIS, A.M.

Miss Leona M. Spencer, who died in 1888. In 1890 he married Ada M. Holbrook, and still resides at Berlin, N. H. The poems of Mr. Davis have appeared in the Waterville Mail, Zion's Advocate, Berlin Independent and the local press generally.

THREE LEGENDS.

The learned Mohammedans relate,
That a mallow reared its head,
Where the prophet's journey led,
Close beside a brazen gate,
Just a common mallow.

His robe but touched it as he neared,
When, instead of mallow base,
Standing in the self-same place,
A geranium appeared,—

At his garment's touch appeared.
Have you read the wondrous tale
Of a passing Nazarene,
When a woman there is seen
To touch his robe?— a woman pale,—
Only just his garment's hem.
But, oh! wondrous healing power!

As the woman in the press,
Touched this lowly peasant's dress,
She was healed the very hour,—
Cured of her infirmity.

But a legend, stranger still,
Is related everywhere,
That a form divinely fair
Passest wheresoe'er it will,
Clad in robes of dazzling white.
And while earth shall onward roll,
Whosoever draweth nigh,
When the presence passeth by,
Is of Sin's disease made whole,
If he touch the garment's hem.

MY PEARL.

Only a darling
Sweet little girl,
Yet, what a treasure!
Ina, my Pearl.

Like autumn foliage,
All in a whirl,
Skipping and twirling,
Ina, my Pearl.

Hair blown in frizzles,
Ready to curl,
Color of amber,
Ina, my Pearl.

Cheeks like moss-rose buds
Ere they unfurl,
Cunningest dimples,
Ina, my Pearl.

Eyes like a gentian,
Voice like a merl,
Ready to chatter,
Ina, my Pearl.

Happy as sunshine,
Rich as an earl,
That is my baby,
Ina, my Pearl.

DR. GEORGE W. FUREY.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared in some of the leading publications of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. Dr. Furey practices his profession at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, where he is well known and highly respected both as a scholar and gentleman.

SPARROWS.

You may sing of the glad happy springtime,
Its flowers, its fast budding trees!
Of the joy it brings to our north clime,
And of all its efforts to please;
Of the gambols of lambs on the hillside,
The rippling of brooks through the plain;
But a dirge I'll chant this eventide
For music we'll hear not again.

You may sit at your home in the city,
Or ride through the country's soft breeze,
And you'll notice the absence, with pity,
Of song birds among the old trees.

Where there once was a medley—enchancing,
From robin, and blue-bird, and thrush,
You will hear nothing now but a canting
From meadow, and woodland, and brush.

“Not a sparrow shall fall” saith the good book
Which spares them from carnal comment;
But, I modestly offer this outlook:
Was the English sparrow then meant?
With their numbers and mien-overbearing,
They’ve crowded our song-birds away;
And they’re not even willing of sharing
A nest-right on eves, branch, or spray.

What a type of heredity are they!
What emblems of England, alone!
How they “press-gang” our chippy, and blue
Jay,

With their harsh rasping rhythm and tone.
I opine, when the great book is shown us,
Of matters domestic and state,
’Twill appear they were sent here to tone us
For the Alabama’s sad fute.

OLD SHOES.

Up in the garret, sprinkled and gray
With dust of the past and mold of to-day,
Cobwebs in plenty, rubbage supreme
Clinging about and everywhere seem
Straps of old harness, broken-down chairs,
Grandmother’s spindle set free from its cares
Seed-corn and onions, flax, thyme and sage
Hang from the rafters beside an old cage.

Coiled round a stringer, up from the mice,
Serpentine sausages dappled and nice,
Bottoms of wash-tubs, hoops of old pails,
Grandfather’s clock and quaint thrashing
flails,

Brass-headed “dogs,” “dutch oven” and
“crane,”

All tarnished and rusty, long there have lain,
Back in a corner, musty, profuse,
Relict of the past — a pile of old shoes.

Gaiters and brogans, rubbers and kips,
Gumboots and stoggies, and wee copper tips,
Grandfather’s sandals long been forgot,
Mother’s old slippers — best known of the lot;
Once they were useful, once they were new,
Some were admired before they wore through;
All of them gave us naught to abuse,
Now they’re forgotten a pile of old shoes.

How like the friendships back in our past
That fitted the form and length of our last,
Bent with our instep, wrinkled at each corn,
Hid our torn stockings, faded and worn,
Kept off the dust and mud of the street,
Cold of the winter, or summer’s great heat,
When inconvenient for us to use
Up in the garret we sent the old shoes.

Where are ambitions of school-days gone,
What of the plans and our hopes pro and con?

Most of the precepts urging to strive
Promising riches or wherewith to thrive?
Back in the bygone — ghosts we revere,
Covered with cobwebs and dust, now, we fear
Once they betrayed us once did they loose,
And up the garret we sent the old shoes.

Our good intentions and worthy pains
Must accrue unto us in present gains
Or we’ll take them back, lament their fate
As a foregone bid on luck’s made-up slate.
Yet, stand for the right, do what we can,
Aim not too high, nor too far to span,
Suffice with enough — wish what we choose
And life’s best results will not be old shoes.

HARRIET S. BAKER.

BORN: NORRIDGEWOCK, ME., SEPT. 11, 1829.

FOR many years Miss Baker has been an invalid. The thoughts of this poet have generally been given on religious themes. Miss Harriet Baker received representation in Woman Workers and also in Poets of Maine. She has also had great success in writing prose. Miss Baker is still a resident of her native town, where she is well known and surrounded by a host of friends.

WALKING BY FAITH.

The sunshine kisseth the tall tree tops,
In the early morning light,
While the dew on the lofty mountain’s peak,
Sparkles like diamonds bright.

But over the lowly valleys,
Or down the mountains steep;
Dark and gloomy shadows,
Continually creep.

As the king of day ariseth,
He sheds o’er all the earth
A sea of wondrous glory,
As at creation’s birth!

The rivulets right cheerily,
Go laughingly along;
While glad birds fill the perfumed air,
With sweetest praise and song.

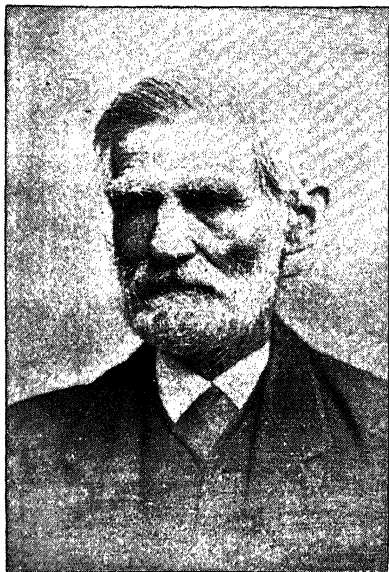
Tho’ clouds within us hide God’s face,
He ever loves us still;
And sweet the peace when we can bow,
Submissive to his will!

His love shall turn to golden day
The spirit’s darkest night:—
Triumphant then we rise to walk,
By faith — and not by sight.

ELIAS WERDEN.

BORN: NEW MARLBRO, MASS., APRIL 26, 1816.

A LITTLE volume entitled Sketches in Prose and Verse from the pen of Mr. Elias Werden has received high commendation from the



ELIAS WERDEN.

press and many literary people of prominence. The poems of Mr. Werden occasionally appear in the periodical press. He still resides in his native state at Pittsfield, where he passes the time in reading and literary work.

SILVER LAKE.

On the borders of Pittsfield, Mass.,
There is a treasure called Silver Lake;
It should be more admired,
And devoutly loved for conscience sake.

The precious gift, from Nature's hand,
At your door is freely laid:
The charm in patience waiting still,
A place of beauty it should be made.

The gem itself is bright and fair,
All it needs is proper care;
The time is not so far away
When you'll wonder at such delay.

When on my bosom you swiftly glide,
You'll sing my praise with joy and pride,
Then on my shore can walk or ride;
You'll have these things when you decide.

BEAUTIFUL GRASS.

I love the tiny bits of grass,
Bedecked with pearls of dew,
What a charm it would inspire
If 'twas only something new.

How can it be we fail to see
The precious gift from Nature's hand —
The lovely grass in colors bright,
And how it grows at God's command?

The Lord he knows how many spires,
But we of this have little thought,
Behold the field in bright array
And don't forget what God hath wrought.

The grass at first is short and fine,
But later on it goes to seed,
The sons of toil secure the gift,
The useful grass we so much need.

The lawn, the lawn, oh what a charm!
The sight of which we never tire,
Nature's carpet, soft and bright,
Of all things else we most admire.

One lone spire would not be much,
Tho' far beyond the skill of man;
How great, how small, the ways of him,
Reflect and ponder all you can.

THE BICYCLE.

What on earth is that I see?
Something sailing near the ground,
It shines and glistens on the way,
In silence whirling round and round.

My motion is pleasant to the sight,
My tread is soft and light,
I have no wings, I cannot fly,
But like a phantom pass you by.

My main support is made of wire,
Then the rim and rubber tire;
I make no fuss, but some display,
I sail, and roll, and whirl away.

Was long in coming, as you see,
The world has waited long for me,
The boys rejoice that I am here,
All hail the day I did appear.

My way is straight or on the curve,
My riders have a steady nerve,
I never tire or stop to eat,
But whirl away a friend to meet.

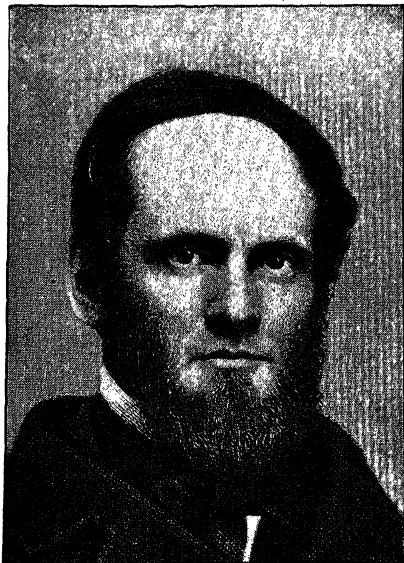
I might be called a rolling horse,
But take no pride in such a name,
I only ask an even chance,
Can plainly see I'm sure of fame.

Can neither canter, trot, or pace,
But whirl away with speed and grace;
I never balk nor run away,
But where you leave me I will stay.

HENRY W. HOLLEY.

BORN: PIERREPONT MANOR, N. Y., MAY 5, 1823.

FROM an early age Henry W. Holley has contributed extensively to periodical literature. He has published three works in rhyme entitled *Moods and Emotions in Rhyme*, *The Politicians and Other Poems*, and *What I Think*, a satire. Two works in prose have ap-



HENRY W. HOLLEY.

peared from the pen of this writer, entitled *the Heggensville's Papers*, and *Random Shots at Living Targets*. As an author Mr. Holley has achieved great success, and the press speaks in glowing terms of both his prose and verse. He was married in 1855 to Miss Eliza J. Christie, and is a resident of Winnebago City, Minn.

DREAMLAND.

Into the summer sky listlessly gazing;
 Dreaming by daylight a beautiful dream;
 Turreted castles from fleecy clouds raising,
 Where I betake me, a monarch supreme;
 On the rapt soul no trace of a sorrow—
 Over the vision no shadows are flung;—
 No gloomy fears of disaster to-morrow,
 Linger these glories of dreamland among!

Hushed is the wild din of life's busy clangor;—

Quiet is brooding o'er earth, air and sea;—
 Life's dreary routine, work, restlessness, anger,
 Comes not to harass or disquiet me;

Glorious to breathe the sweet breath of immortals,

Freed of life's attributes, sorrow and pain;
 Ah! they who enter these ideal portals,
 Never come back to the real again!

Oh! the great world in its wonderful splendor,
 With these bright day dreams has naught to compare;

Nothing to give like the ecstasy tender,
 Which the rapt dreamers in fairyland share;

Fie! on the hunt for a name and its glory;
 Fie! on success and its answering bliss;
 You take the years which shape heroic story,
 Give me the rapture of moments like this!

Here 'mong the clouds if you choose to deride me,

Fool like I may be, but happy I sit;
 Angels above me, below me, beside me,
 In the warm love-light of memory flit;

Scoff if you choose, me thus listlessly dreaming,

Riding the sky in my chariot of gold;—
 To your heart seared by life's every day scheming,
 Never has been such enchantment unrolled!

Scoffer, forsooth! your sneer of derision,
 Proudly accepted, I wear as a crown;
 Scoffer, forsooth! when the joys of Elysian,
 Lavishly on my day-dreamings come down;

Scorn, if you choose, me, with glance, lip and finger,

Yet I must float down the beautiful stream;
 Still 'mong its castles enchanted I linger,
 Still, 'neath the blue sky delighted I dream!

Fie! on the race for the gold-bearing mountains;

The years of unrest for the glittering spoil;
 The head's cruel schemes and the heart's dried-up fountains,

The nights of unrest, and the long days of toil;

The conscience all seared to the sweet call of duty,

The usurer's coffers, — the conqueror's crown;—

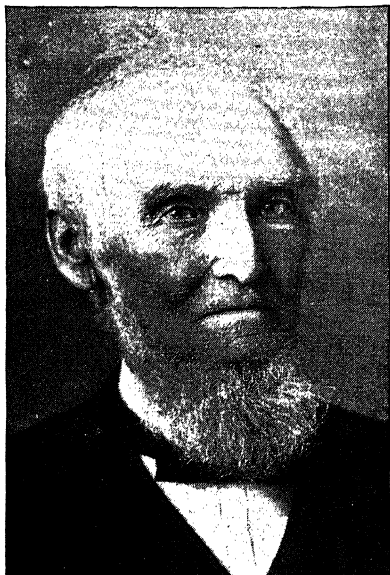
Oh! dreamland, one glimpse of thy wonderful beauty,

Hath torn from my altars these base idols down!

REV. ISAAC K. BROWNSON.

BORN: SMITHFIELD, N.Y., JULY 6, 1810.

THIS gentleman is a graduate of Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary. He still follows the calling of a Baptist minister in



REV. ISAAC K. BROWNSON.

his native state at Fayetteville. Commencing to write verse in his youth, the poems of the Rev. Brownson have appeared more or less for the past half century in the periodical press.

SHADOWS.

The reddening rays along the western sky,
And deepening shadows tell the night draws
on,
Disporting swallows to their chimneys fly
And home-bound laborers tell their work is
done.
If opening day is joyous, so its close
When weary toilers seek their sweet repose.
But brightest summer days and blooming
flowers
Can scarce allure me from my care and pain.
Through starlit night serene I count the
hours
And morning's blushing smiles seem almost
vain.
Ungrateful and profane were yet the sigh,
My waning days of life should thus go by.
A sentinel before death's iron gate,

In anxious vigils and uplifted prayer,
With weary partner of my life I wait
Seeking to stay while her entrance there;
I tread but softly as on holy ground
While unseen spirits seem to wait around.
We know not scenes which time may yet re-
veal,
Yet this we know,—that Providence is kind;
With steadfast hearts till Heaven shall break
the seal
We know 'tis merciful that we are blind;
We're nearing harbor of the unknown coast
With guiding pilot who cannot be lost.
It shall be well,—no ill can us betide;
He who led Israel's host in shining cloud
Appoints our way,—and walks with us be-
side,
To gain a heritage not here allowed;
Princes to be,—ours be the princely part
To know no doubt or feebleness of heart.
The day is mightier than the darksome night,
The summer's sun subdues cold winter's
reign,
So life shall conquer death,—and put to flight
Its kindred elements of ill and pain;
We lift our heads in weakness thus bowed
down
And wait for healing and a fadeless crown.

WOMAN'S SMILES.

Before a maiden group I stood,
Whose varied features, dress and mien
Revealed the forms where graces brood
And only blush when they are seen.
Where all are lovely who of all
Attract and fix our restful eyes?
Not form symmetric,—short or tall
Nor dress, complexion quite suffice.
True,—well-formed lineaments of face
With speaking eyes and tasteful dress,
Where culture adds its magic grace,
Are powers to hold love's fond caress.
Yet smiles which from kind nature spring
Yield charms that else had been denied,
And like the sunbeams o'er us fling
A sweetness to the heart allied.
More winsome than adorning gold
Or gems that fancy oft beguile,—
Subduing hearts to gentler mold
Is woman's native artless smile.
The lily's breath or dewy rose —
The azure of the sky above,
Not more of pleasing beauty shows
Or more attracts the heart to love.
Who can its mystic power explain?
Or sever 'twixt the false and true?
A smirk is false,—a giggle vain,—
Yet the heart smile like morning dew.

Smiles are love's garb in dress parade,
And much adorn a soul sincere;
When forced, as oft to masquerade,
Their fond enchantments disappear.

LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET.

I see the evening shadows lengthen fast
And darkness will succeed with chill and cold,

Yet day seems mightier when its strength is past,

It paints the heavens with sheets of burnished gold.

As one with friends reluctant, must needs part,

Yet with his ardent blessing would dismiss,
The golden sun earth presses to his heart,
And like a lover leaves with a kiss.

If day be parable of man's estate,
Mark—it begins with eve and ends with morn,

The night between is much annihilate,
Then we awake and rise as if new-born.

The primal day was from the twilight hour:
The night was tempered with some lesser light;

Day shall be victor in exalted power
When resurrection splendors banish night.

The sunset now is day's triumphant hour,
When down the vault of heaven his chariot goes;

Calling earth's weary toilers to his bower
He banquets all in slumbrous repose.

This is indeed the King's prepared highway
Where myriad pilgrims ages past have trod,
Those golden tints suffusing closing day
Are but reflections from the gates of God.

Yet o'er the hills there lies a darksome vale,
Passing through which we reach a river stream

Where sight, and sense and human vigor fail,
And glorious life subsides as if a dream.

This is but sense;—that vale has angel bands
Whose radiance seem reflections from above;

And through that tide, dispersed by cherub hands,

Conduct tho pilgrims to the realm of love.

Why so reluctant quit our earthly state,
With Christ to tread sepulchral shadows dim?
From out those depths eternal honors wait —
In both alike we must be joined with him.

I dread not parting with what sense is fond,
Nor fear that slumber which my Savior blest,

Since hope embraces life that lies beyond,
That life triumphant by the saints possessed.

There comes a loneliness with added years,

Through junior throngs are pressing hard behind:

A buried world of friends, deeds, smiles and tears,

Where our hearts live, while those to these are blind.

With love and pity toward all human born

I soon shall pass, alike to all unknown;

My day is blest both by the flower and thorn;
What if still more, I gain a fadeless crown.

Should fiery trials come ere life be past,

Lord, be my help, nor yet my prayer upbraid —

My strength, a sparrow's wing amidst the blast
Be thou, Omnipotent! my present aid.

Lord, I have purposed keeping to the right,
Pardon wherein my feet have gone astray;
I yield to the my powers,— trusting thy might
Will safely lead beyond where shadows play.

IVER CLIFGARD.

BORN: BLUE MOUNDS, WIS., OCT. 20, 1869.

MR. CLIFGARD follows the profession of school teaching, aspires to become a lecturer, and has already appeared on the platform. His poems have appeared in the Mount Horeb Sun and the local press generally.

THE STAIN.

There never was a man so great,
There never was a scene so grand;
But 'neath its garb of splendor laid
That which its face with shame could brand.

There never was a youth so gay,
Nor ever a maiden so fair;
But upon their life's pathway lay
Of grief, and of sorrow their share.

There never was a state so strong,
Nor enlightened, wealthy or vain;
But within its dominion a wrong
Was found that brought it grief and shame.

So our union though strong and great,
Though full of freedom, wealth and fun;
The greatest curse of any state
In its very midst is found — rum.

Ought not the cries of bitter grief,
Ought not the oozing blood that calls
To God for revenge, make at least
Uncle Sam shiver behind his walls.

Ought not the agonizing shrieks,
Or the assassin's bloody deed
Persuade those who ruin's mansion seeks,
Never its attentions to heed.

Cease not to the world to proclaim,
That rum is its mightiest foe,
Blow the trumpet unceasingly
As onward to victory we go.

JAMES M. KERR.

For the past decade Mr. Kerr has been a law editor and writer. Jones' Index of Legal Periodicals gives Mr. Kerr credit with having written more articles for the various law



JAMES M. KERR.

magazines of the country, which were worthy of preservation, than any living writer, except Irving Brown, editor of the Albany Law Journal. He is a member of the law firm of Chamberlain and Kerr, of Rochester, N.Y., where he stands high as an attorney and journalist.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

A PARODY.

Tell us not in idle jingle,
 "Life is but an empty dream,"
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 Single-blessedness a fib;
 Man thou art, to man returneth,
 Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
 Is our destined end or way;

But act that each to-morrow
 Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts though light and gay,
 Still like pleasant drums are beating
 Wedding-marches all the day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
 Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
 Let the dead past bury its dead;
 Act—act in the living present,
 Hoping for a spouse ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us
 We can live our lives as well,
 And departing leave behind us
 Such examples as will tell—

Such example that another,
 Wasting time in idle sport,
 A forlorn, unmarried brother
 Seeing shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart on triumph set;
 Still contriving, still pursuing,
 And each one a husband get.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.

BORN: MUSKINGUM CO., OHIO, JUNE 21, 1840.
 For several years Mr. Johnson was prominent in public school work, and is now the well-known editor of the Saturday Weekly Globe of Oskaloosa, Iowa. As grade teacher, high school principal and city superintendent he was always popular and successful. He was married in 1872 to Delia Wilson. The poems of Mr. Johnson have been widely published.

MY MOTHER.

In a quaint, old prairie town,
 Where the road goes winding down
 'Mid woodlands and rich farms,
 Where the school o'erlooks the hill,
 And the folks two churches fill
 Every Sunday morning.

Where busy people work or rest,
 And whatsoever is, is best,

To them there lives my mother.

Threads of gray are in her hair,
 Flying years have brought her care,
 And oft times false alarms.

Friends have gone to other lands,
 Or have crossed the golden sands,
 Some home there adorning.

Her own have sought new homes afar,
 But that old gate stands yet ajar,
 For us where lives my mother.

O do not "teach me to forget"

Her life and love, I cherish yet,
 Her goodness and her charms.

Sin and grief may thought dethrone,
 Fortune flee and friends disown,

E'en my memory scorning,
 But not she, whose love sublime
 Follows me in every clime,
 Not she, my angel mother.

MRS. KATE S. KISNER.

BORN: WHITESIDE CO., ILL., APRIL 26, 1858.
At the age of sixteen this lady removed to Pennsylvania, and four years later was married to Yetman E. Kisner, with whom she now resides at Hazleton. As an authoress and newspaper correspondent she has gained



MRS. KATE S. KISNER.

quite a reputation, and her poems have appeared in some of the leading publications. Mrs. Kisner is the author of several novels: *Eye, or Lights and Shadows of a Girl's Life*; *Me and Bijah*, a humorous story, and *Except These Bonds*. Her poems would fill a volume.

EIGHT STAGES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

At the casement plays a baby,
Laughing, cooing with delight,
While dimples play at hide-and-seek
On her flesh all pink and white.

At the casement sits a young girl
With a sweet and modest air,
Weaving garlands of white daisies
For her wealth of waving hair.

At the casement sits a maiden
Wondrous fair and wondrous wise;
A golden circlet on her finger
And a love-light in her eyes.

At the casement sits a lady,—
She, the bride of yesterday;
Thinking of the vows she uttered
Which bound both heart and hand away.

At the casement sits a matron
With a babe upon her breast,
Which she, with tenderest loves caresses,
And proves herself a mother blest.

At the casement sits a mother,
While a youth beside her stands,
Whom she has nestled in her bosom —
Now he will shield her with his hands.

At the casement sits a woman
Aged — feeble — wrinkled — bent,
With a hoar frost on her tresses
Waiting her last summons to be sent.

At the casement rests a casket —
A woman's cold clay rests within;
Her waiting soul has fled its portals
And joined a throng all free from sin

THE MAN I LOVE.

The man of my heart's own choice,
Doth make my soul rejoice;
He is wondrous fair,
With gold-burnished hair,
And a kind and winsome voice.

He has the classic brow of a sage,
And his life is a clean, white page;
And naught will he do,
To make him blush to
Reflect on it in old age.

His eyes are like Heaven's own blue,
And his heart is just as true;
And he loves me, oh,
And his children, so!
There is naught for us he would not do.

He is not very great in size,
But he is, oh, so very wise;
And there is naught to compare
With the light that shines there,
In those luminous soul-lit eyes.

PEN PICTURE OF THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love has lips like cherries,—
Eyes as black as the blackest berries;
Cheeks as red as the dewy rose,
And, oh, the sweetest, prettiest nose!
Ears like the shells of the ocean's hue,
And just as pink and as dainty, too;
A brow as fair as the white swan's breast,
Hair as black as the raven's crest.
Neck like a marble column grand,
Encircled about by a golden strand.
With a bust as round as Venus of old,
And a heart beneath it as pure as gold;
Arms and limbs so taper and fair,
As to rival the goddess of beauty there;
Hands so strong, and shapely, too,
Which many an act of kindness do;
Feet that a sculptor might envy in vain, [rain;
Which carries my darling through sun and
A soul free from stain as the angels above,
And this is the picture of the girl I love.

MRS. EMMA M. ANDERSON.

BORN: ASHE CO., N. C., OCT. 14, 1855.

WHEN she was three years of age her parents removed to Beaufort, where she lived until her father's death in 1865. After receiving her education Emma was employed as governess until her marriage in 1881 to Mr. S. C. Anderson



MRS. EMMA MARY ANDERSON.

of Durham, where she has since resided with her husband and children. From her girlhood this lady has shown a decided fondness for poetry, and many of her pieces have appeared in the papers of her state. Mrs. Anderson has for some time contemplated the publication of her poems in book-form.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"Once upon a time," little children,
(For that's the way stories begin,)
 There was a beautiful garden
With many flowers therein.

Rich and radiant blossoms,
Crimson colored and rare,
Blushing roses, and lilies,
Tall, stately, and fair.

Beds of velvety pansies,
Purple and black, and gold;
Queenly tulips, bright and gay,
Too many to be told.

Vines of honeysuckles,
Making sweet the air,
And the pure white jasmine,
Fragrant and so fair,

Faunting scarlet poppies,
Holding high their heads,
Dainty little crocuses
Peeping from their beds.

I can't begin to tell you,
Of all the flowers there,
But the sweetest little blossom
In all that garden fair,

Was a little blue-eyed violet
Nestling in its bed,
While on all around
A sweet perfume it shed.

'Tis said one day a meeting
Of all the flowers was called,
And a prize was to be given
To the fairest of them all.

And then the flaunting poppies,
The lily fair and tall,
The proud rose and the tulip,
Set forth, one and all,

Each thinking vainly to herself,
"The prize is mine, I'm sure;"
But alas! for their silly pride,
It did not long endure.

For as they passed along their way,
Close by the violet's bed,
That little flower, to see them pass,
Held up its tiny head.

And then the judge espied it,
'Mid leaves and grasses green,
And cried, "The prize is yours," for ne'er
Such beauty had he seen.

So lovely and and so modest,
'Tis that that makes you fair,
And makes you lovelier far than these,
Though they be rich and rare.

Do you know little children,
This world's a garden fair?
And you are little blossoms,
Blooming everywhere?

And do you know some day
A blessed Judge will come,
To take the fairest blossoms
Up to a brighter home?

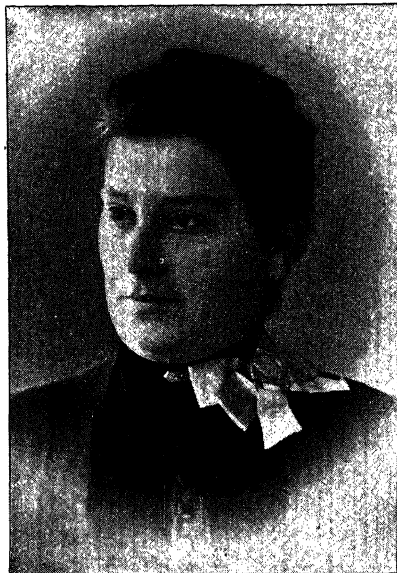
And as the little violet,
Fulfilled its mission here,
And murmured not in sun or rain,
But counted both so dear.

So every flower that blooms aright
Then will receive a prize,
A home and be transplanted there
To bloom in Paradise.

CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

BORN: LIMA, N.Y., APRIL 9, 1868.

FROM 1884 to 1888 Miss Southwell attended Albion College. She takes a great interest in literature, and now devotes much of her time



CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

to composition. Her poems have appeared in the Michigan Farmer, Marshall Statesman and numerous other papers. She is now a resident of Marshall, Michigan.

MY FOUR SHIPS.

I stood on the shore of a boundless main,
Which no seaman with compass and chart
Could ever explore, for so broad is the sea
Of desires of the human heart.

Many and long were the hours I spent
In gazing across the breast
Of this wildly sobbing and throbbing main,
Which never has found its rest.

I waited to see four tall, gallant ships
Come sailing across the blue —
Four beautiful ships that were all my own,
So handsome, and gay and new.

One was wealth, who would bring me gold,
And satins and jewels fine;
O! a happy mortal would I be
When this brave ship was mine.

The next was fame — who was laden with
Great bales of praise, and I
Watched anxiously for fame, who'd sail
E'en after I should die.

Another, love, whose chiefest load
Was happiness divine,
But love was frail, I almost feared
To make her wholly mine.
The last was hope, a gallant ship
On goodly mission sent,
Whose freight was faith in that which lies
Beyond, and true content.

Many winds arose one day
And made a white-capped wave
Dash over wealth, and now she lies
Deep in a watery grave.
Fame was sailing bravely on —
Eager for home and me,
When winds of fate blew from the north
And she was lost at sea.

Suspicious cloud once came low down,
And love was frail, you know:
She struggled, but suspicious wind
Drove her to depths below.

One day the clouds of sorrow came
Low down upon the shore;
I gazed across the waves and thought
My ships sailed there no more.

When lo! a tall, white sail is seen
Far out upon the sea,
And there amidst the clouds and fog
My hope sailed back to me.

Tho' love, and fame and wealth were lost,
I look beyond and see
Visions of happiness and rest,
Which hope has brought to me.

ROSE MAXIM.

BORN: BUCKFIELD, ME., AUG. 30, 1850.

As a writer of both prose and verse this lady has been quite successful. Her health is generally very poor, which has interfered somewhat with her literary pursuits. She is now a resident of North Cambridge, Mass.

BENEATH THE OAK.

How sweet it is in solitude to be,
A little while away from worldly care,
Reclining calmly 'neath the spreading tree
Where odors sweet are wafted on the air.
Now gentle breezes fan the glowing cheek,
And stir the leaves that rustle audibly,
The softly swaying branches seem to speak:
„Here I will ever rest and shelter thee.
No sound is heard save the low, babbling
brook,
The cricket's chirp, the song of whip-poor-will.

Within this beauteous, sequestered nook,
Where life is sweetest, let me linger still;
Where Nature and the soul can be in tune,
The creature and Creator still commune.

MRS. MARTHA P. SMITH.

BORN: NORTH CONWAY, N. H., SEPT. 29, 1836.

THIS lady is a staunch advocate of temperance, and some of her productions are found in the temperance department of *Woman in Sacred Song*. She has written extensively for *Potter's*



MRS. MARTHA P. SMITH.

Monthly, *Peterson's Magazine* and the periodical press generally. She was married in 1859 to Edson Rollin Smith, and resides with her family in Le Seuer, Minn. Both the prose and verse from the pen of this lady have been well received, and she has already gained a national reputation in the world of literature.

MINNEHAHA.

Cease from laughter, Minnehaha,
Hold in check your gleeful flood,
Hear you not that bitter wailing?
Lo, the land is soaked with blood.
Where is pretty little Jenny?
Laughing-eyed and sweet was she;
Like a robin, she was merry,
As the breeze, from care was free.
Where is little whistling Tommy?
Where is Freddy with his song?
O, they kept the prairies ringing
All the pleasant summer long.
Where is precious baby Lily
With her smiles and dimples sweet?
Why so empty stands her cradle
In the cottage once so neat.

Wring your hands, O, Minnehaha!
Weep, and wail their dreadful fate;
The land but yesterday so smiling
Lieth black and desolate.
Stand aghast in speechless sorrow
For your little playmates slain;
Lo, the children's tangled ringlets
Lie neglected on the plain.

STILL THE BIRDS SING.

Stout hearts break, are crushed and die,
Still, the birds sing;
On the sea rocks sad shipwrecks lie,
Still, the birds sing.
Storms roll over the frothing main,
Hope's star fadeth in mist and ruin,
Love goes seeking her own in vain;
Still, the birds sing.
Spring's sweet blossoms will fade away,
Still, the birds sing;
Surely night will follow the day,
Still, the birds sing.
Birds have troubles as well as I,
Wind and tempest their small hearts try,
Nests are scattered, and birdlings die;
Still, the birds sing.
To-morrow will bring both work and care,
Still, the birds sing;
To-morrow will bring each bird its share,
Still, the birds sing,
Days once vanished come not again,
Heaven may count my loss as gain,
O, to be cheerful even in pain,
And, as the birds, sing.

A CONVICTION.

The blood of kings flows in my veins,
I feel it coursing warm;
'Tis pure and blue;
Who dares to doubt it—oh blind dolt
Shall live to yield it homage due.
A throne awaits me—this I know
By signs unfailing, sure:
This inward sense
Of power is not a myth to cheat,
It is a living truth intense.

A BOUQUET.

Violets blue,—blue as June's soft skies,—
Blue— just the blue of Ethel's eyes.
Roses red,— red with summer sunsets' bliss,—
Red as the lips and cheeks I kiss.
Lilies white,— white as an angel's wing,—
White as the soul of Ethel King,
This beauteous trinity I wear
On my heart with this one prayer,—
'Though time will rose and violet blight,
God keep the lily always white.'

MRS. ANNA E. MCFALL.

BORN: KENTUCKY, OCT. 19, 1839.

UNDER the nom de plume of Rose Heath this lady has written quite extensively for the periodical press. She is a first-class musician,



* MRS. ANNA E. M'FALL.

and has for the greater part of her life taught music. She is now a resident of Mayfield, Ky., where she is surrounded by a host of friends. She was married to her present husband in 1875.

FAITH.

The sky with clouds was overcast,
No gleam of sunlight there,
The wind sighed mournfully among
The leaves so brown and sere.
Long had the song of birds been hushed,
And pendant from the trees,
Congealed, the raindrops hung and swayed
To every passing breeze.

I saw the while a gentle child,
In sad and thoughtful mood,
Gaze earnestly above, around,
The prospect calmly viewed.
Then sighing deeply, softly wept,
And sadly turned away,
Murmuring low, and soft, the while,
"I cannot play to-day."

I took the little hand in mine,
And bade her tell me all;
She asked, "Where are the flowers that
bloomed

Beside the garden wall,
And where the leaves that grew upon
The chestnut tree, so bare —
And where the sun that yesterday
Shone brilliantly up there?

And where the pretty birds that sung
So sweetly all the day?

If all are gone, I'm lonely now

And cannot, cannot play."
So beautiful, and yet so sad,
Thoughtful beyond her years,
Seldom had I gazed upon
A face so fair as her's.

I bade her wait, and hope, for soon
The winter would be o'er,
And trees, and flowers bloom again,
And from the far-off shore
The robin would return, and sing
Again as cheerily,
And build a tiny nest among
The leaves that greenest be.

Behind the clouds the sun still shines,
And other eyes can see

His glorious beams — in other lands
The birds sing merrily.

I'll wait, the little one replied,
I'm sure they'll come some day,
And from the roseate cheek she brushed
The pearly tears away.

I'll sing until I hear the birds,
Among my curls I'll twine
The evergreen, the clouds will break,
And soon the sun will shine.
Could we as meekly thus submit
Unto decrees of fate,
Contented be, with that we have
For blessings patient wait.

And feel that soon the glorious light
Of better days would gleam
Through sombre clouds, and unseen hands
Adown life's troubled stream —
Our frail barks guide — and wipe away
Rebellious tears that fill
Our blinded eyes, and hopefully
Await th' All Father's will.

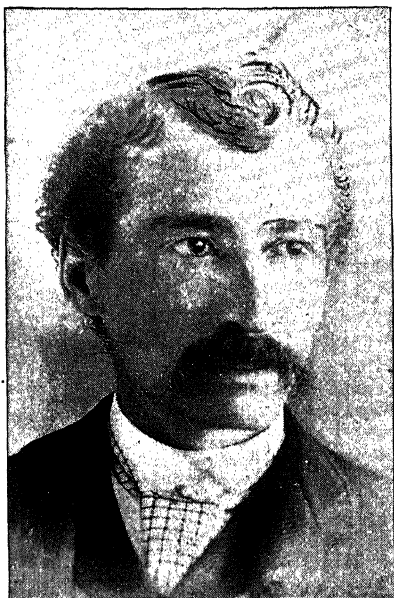
EXTRACT.

Oh home of my childhood, I love thee,
The remembrance of thee is as dear
As when I first wandered afar
From the roof-tree, to find a home here.
The meadow, the sweet-scented orchard,
The stream, and the wild woodland flowers,
I live in the sweet recollection
Of childhood's happiest hours.

RYAL J. PHILLIPS.

BORN: GEORGIA, 1862.

At the age of twenty Ryal took up the study of law. He then traveled several years, and has been correspondent for several newspapers and magazines. From an early age he



RYAL J. PHILLIPS.

began writing verse, which easily found their way in print. Although actively engaged in the practice of law, he devotes his spare time to literature, and will in all probability publish a volume of his works in the near future.

THE GRAND OLD PINE OF GEORGIA.

The grim old pines of Georgia,
So tall, and strong and grand,
Their beauty shades our pathway
As we march through the land.
Their only robe of verdure
Is never stripped from them at fall;
And yet of all our native trees
We love them best of all.

Upon her hills and in her vales
The pines were ever seen,
Till felled by some rough pioneer
Who wealth had come to glean.
Oh, cruel deed! oh, heartless man,
That comes for wealth alone,
Regardless of a country's pride,
Or her beauty thus adorned.

We love the pines still living
So noble, grand and gay;
We also love the dead that are decaying,
On their cold and silent beds of clay.
We love them for the warmth they give us,
Which cheer our social hearth,
For their crimson flame make our girls the
fairest
Of any on the earth.

The grand old pine of Georgia—
The monarch of our land;
No one has ever gone unsheltered
Beneath thy outstretched hand.
Longfellow tried to sing thy praise
With Anderson, Pope and Gray.
And still you stand in all your splendor,
While they are sleeping in their beds of
clay.

Thou true and noble pine,
Thou art the poor man's dearest friend;
When others one by one have left him,
You a helping hand will lend.
The rich, too, will ne'er forget you,
And o'er their heads your watching eyes
will gaze
When in their palace homes they gather—
In December's morn, you'll bless them with
your blaze.

Ah, stretch your arms, oh, noble pine,
All o'er our southern land,
And when my soul has left this sphere,
Come, I implore thee, and o'er my body
stand.

Again, majestic friend, this boon I only ask,
Show to the world where I may be,
My name inscribe on a wooden slab,—
The name of R. J. P.

TO MY MOTHER.

I once was young and happy, mother,
So true, so gay and bright,
That you thought that I would never do no
other
But that which was always right.
That was when you nursed me, mother,
And my feverish brow did kiss;
When I was young and tender, mother,
My lips you would so lovingly caress.

You would then, dear mother,
Step softly by my little bed,
I, kneeling down at your command,
My prayers I always said.
I said them slow and easy, mother,
All in my childish glee,
Not dreaming then I would ever live—
Alone and far from thee.

Time has come on, dear mother,
And I to manhood now have grown,

While all the thoughts of childhood,
 Like birds from me have flown;
 They have gone and left me, mother,
 All in their onward flight,
 And I, like them, have wandered
 Far from thy careworn sight.
 I am away from thee, dear mother,
 Far from thy tender hand,
 But I have never betrayed thy love —
 In this strange, sinful land.
 I meet with those that want me, mother,
 To "take in" all that's bad,
 Yet I well remember when you said,
 "Never make dear mother sad."
 If I was to be seen, dear mother,
 Bowing down in deepest sin,
 Would you, when I returned, dear mother,
 Refuse to take me in?
 I know you would not chide me, mother
 Or give me any blame,
 But still it would be shameful, cruel,
 To give your heart such pain.
 You need not have a fear, dear mother,
 That I will lose my love,
 For one so good and careful,
 Even though she had gone above.
 I feel your words, dear mother,
 As when we last did part;
 They are precious now, dear mother,
 I'll keep them ever in my heart.

GRIM DEATH.

Grim death
 Depopulates the nation; thousands fall
 His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flow-
 er,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
 Unfinished, by infectious Heaven destroyed.

EXTRACT.

When one has neither wealth nor wit,
 Or beauty to improve them,
 If they be good I'll show you yet
 Good reason why I love them.

GEORGE W. SWARTHOUT.

BORN: LAINGSBURG, MICH., 1850.

AFTER leaving school Mr. Swarthout taught for a number of terms, and has been superintendent of schools. He now owns a farm, but is engaged in the hardware business in his native town, where he also holds the office of justice of the peace. Mr. Swarthout commenced to write for the local press at an early age, and has been regular correspondent for numerous newspapers. He has enough poems to make a neat volume, which have generally been published under the nom de plume of

Zisca. Mr. Swarthout was married in 1877 to Miss Mary A. Slocum.

THE THREE FROGS.

Three frogs, one time, lived in a pond,
 Which thought themselves quite wise;
 They wore green coats and vests of white;
 Each blinked two shiny eyes.
 They sat upon a mossy log
 Down in a damp, cool place,
 And gave a concert free to all,
 Of tenor, alto and the bass.

A sly old turtle chanced that way —
 He heard the singing gay;
 And now, said he, I'll have a meal
 Before the close of day.
 This turtle he was fond of frogs —
 Ah, very fond was he;
 And these three frogs were sleek and fat
 As he could wish to see.

Said one frog, "Listen to my voice
 With every note complete;
 I think you fellows must agree
 That none sing half so sweet."
 "Oh, fie!" the other two frogs said,
 "How foolish you must be;
 Your voice is harsh — you can not sing
 One half so sweet as we."

The singing ceased and in dispute
 Each frowned upon the rest;
 For each was very sure, you know,
 That he could sing the best.
 And each had told the other.
 In frog language, that he lied,
 When the turtle showed his old brown nose
 And said: "I will decide."

"But I am very deaf, my friends
 You needs must come quite near,
 You know I cannot well mistake
 When I can plainly hear."
 And so they all sat very near,
 And sang with all their might;
 The turtle laughed; he never saw,
 Three frogs in such a plight.

"A little nearer, if you please,
 Then I shall hear each note,
 And know which soft sweet strains
 Are uttered by each throat."
 Just then old turtle made a grab
 And caught those foolish frogs,
 And swam away with all his might
 Among the weeds and bogs.

Some foolish men, like these three frogs,
 Invent some strange dispute,
 And call a lawyer on each side
 To carry on the suit;
 But soon, alas! when all too late,
 They plainly see and feel
 That while they lost their dinners,
 The lawyers made a meal.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., ABOUT 1825.

IN 1849-50 Miss Preston's first contributions appeared in Sartain's Magazine. She subsequently published a novel, entitled *Silverwood*, but has since devoted herself to poetical composition. She was an ardent sympathizer with the south, and her most sustained volume of verse, *Beechenbrook*, a poem of the civil war, enjoyed a wide popularity. Her other works include many fugitive poems, *Old Songs* and *New*, and *For Love's Sake*, which latter work appeared in 1887. Her writings are vigorous, suggestive, and full of religious feeling.

WE TWO.

Ah, painful-sweet! how can I take it in!
That somewhere in the illimitable blue
Of God's pure space, which men call Heaven,
—we two

Again shall find each other, and begin
The infinite life of love, a life akin
To angels',—only angels never knew
The ecstasy of blessedness that drew
Us each to each, even in this world of sin.

—Yea, find each other! The remotest star
Of all the galaxies would hold in vain
Our souls apart, that have been heretofore
As closely interchangeable as are
One mind and spirit: Oh, joy that aches to
pain,
To be together—we two—forever more!

ALPENGLOW.

—Yes, that's what I said;
The grass has been greening above his head
Two summers and more, yet—I scarce know
why—

There was that in his smile that could not die,
For it has not died. In this autumn ray,
Ah me! the third since he went away!
'Tis palpable as the Alpenglow
That clings to the footless slopes of snow,
As if to lighten, through evengloom,
Some loitering mountain-climber home;
Or rather,—turn to the sunset hills
Yonder, and mark how the shadow fills
All of their sadden'd faces: one,—
The amber'd peak that is next to the sun,
Holds yet to its breast, as I to mine,
A glint of the still-remembered shine:

—Well, that is the way
With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

Have you watched a bird
Ever poise itself when something stirred
Its spirit to song? A quiver of throat,

The croon of a tremulous, trial note,
The catch with a crowding rapture crowned,
Then,—floods, where the swooning soul was
drowned!

Even so, I have often sat apart
And marked the flutter about his heart
Thrill to his lips, as with a hum
Of voiceless music it seemed to come
And ripple around his mouth, with shy,
Impassionate answer of the eye,
While an overflush of marvelous grace
Would master, a-sudden, all his face,
Till the delicate nostril curved and swelled,
And the glance an eloquent sparkle held,
And a sense of song would come and go,
Such as dreamers watched by Ariel know;

—Well, that was the way
With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

And because I said
The grass has been greening above his head
Two summers and o'er, shall I think, therefore
That smile can ne'er be kindled more?
—That the grave could hold it, that cannot
hold

Captive one straggling gleam of gold?
—That it's prisoned away in ashen'd clay,
As centuried sunbeams are to-day
'Neath fathoms of blacken'd strata? No!
Can essence immortal perish so?
When clouds have gathered betwixt the star
And the vision that watches it blazing far
In limitless ether, shall the eye
Drop earthward, and lips that are faithless,
sigh,

—“Ah me! for the mist, the murk, the rain!
I never shall find my star again.”
While to spirits that come and go its shine
Has never before seemed so divine?

—Well, that is the way
With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

“SIT, JESSICA.”

As there she stood—that sweet Venetian
night—

Her pure face lifted to the skies a-swim
With stars from zenith to horizon's rim—
I think Lorenzo scarcely saw the light
Asleep upon the bank, or felt how bright
The patines were: She filled the heavens for
him;

And in her low replies, the cherubim
Seemed softly quiring from some holy height.
And when he drew her down, and soothed her
tears

Stirred by the minstrelsy, with passionate
kiss,

Whose long, sweet iterations left her lips
Trembling, as roses tremble after sips
Of eager bees, the music of the spheres
Held not one rhythmic rapture like to this!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

BORN: ANDOVER, MASS., AUG. 13, 1844.

THIS well-known author began to write for the press at the age of thirteen. Her life has been devoted to benevolent work and advancement of women, temperance and kindred reforms. She also delivered a course of lectures before the students of Boston university in 1876. She has written a score of novels. In 1875 she published *Poetic Studies*, a volume of poems, which has received a fair circulation. She has written numerous poems and contributed largely both prose and verse to the press.

EXTRACT.

Oh, to be sound to such an ear!
Song, carol, vesper, comfort near,
Sweet words, at sweetest, whispered low,
Or dearer silence, happiest so.

By little languages of love
Her finer audience to prove;
A tenderness untried, to fit
To soul and sense so exquisite;

The blessed Orpheus to be
At last, to such Eurydice!

GALATEA.

A moment's grace, Pygmalion! Let me be
A breath's space longer on this hither hand
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad to meet.
Whether to be thy statue or thy bride—
An instant spare me! Terrible the choice,
As no man knoweth, being only man;
Nor any, saving her who hath been stone
And loved her sculptor. Shall I dare exchange
Veins of the quarry for the throbbing pulse?
Insensate calm for a sure-aching heart!
Repose eternal for a woman's lot?

Forego God's quiet for the love of man?
To float on his uncertain tenderness,
A wave tossed up the sea of his desire,
To ebb and flow whene'er it pleaseth him;
Remembered at his leisure, and forgot,
Worshipped and worried, clasped and dropped
at mood,
Or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will,
Now Paradise my portion, and now Hell;
And every single, several nerve that beats
In soul or body, like some rare vase, thrust
In fire at first, and then in frost, until
The fine, protesting fibra snaps?

Oh, who

Foreknowing, ever chose a fate like this?
What woman out of all the breathing world

Would be a woman, could her heart select,
Or love her lover, could her life prevent?
Then let me be that only, only one;
Thus let me make that sacrifice supreme,
No other ever made, or can, or shall.
Behold, the future shall stand still to ask,
What man was worth a price so isolate?
And rate thee at its value for all time.

For I am driven by an awful law.
See! while I hesitate, it mouldeth me,
And carves me like a chisel at my heart,
'Tis stronger than the woman or the man:
'Tis greater than all torment or delight:
'Tis mightier than the marble or the flesh.
Obedient be the sculptor and the stone!
Thine am I, thine at all the cost of all
The pangs that woman ever bore for man;
Thine I elect to be, denying them;
Thine I elect to be, defying them;
Thine, thine I dare to be, in scorn of them:
And being thine forever, bless I them!

Pygmalion! take me from my pedestal,
And set me lower—lower, Love!—that I
May be a woman, and look up to thee:
And looking, longing, loving, give and take
The human kisses worth the worst than thou
By thine own nature shalt inflict on me.

ELAINE AND ELAINE.

Dead, she drifted to his feet;
Tell us, Love, is Death so sweet?

Oh! the river floweth deep;
Fathoms deeper is her sleep.

Oh! the current driveth strong:
Wilder tides drive souls along.

Drifting, though he loved her not,
To the heart of Launcelot.

Let her pass; it is her place.
Death hath given her this grace.

Let her pass; she resteth well.
What her dreams are, who can tell?

Mute the steersman; why, if he
Speaketh nor a word, should we?

Dead, she drifteth to his feet.
Close, her eyes keep secrets sweet.

Living, he had loved her well,
High as Heaven and deep as Hell.

Yet that voyage she stayeth not.
Wait you for her, Launcelot?

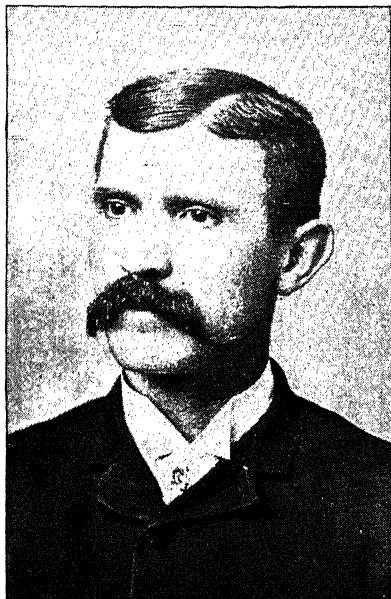
Oh! the river floweth fast.
Who is justified at last?

Locked her lips are. Hush! if she
Sayeth nothing, how should we?

MILTON TAILOR KENDALL.

BORN: MEADOW RUN, PA., 1851.

GRADUATING from the Monongahela college, Jefferson, Pa., in 1877, he has since written many poems of merit that have received pub-



MILTON TAILOR KENDALL.

lication in the Toledo Blade and other papers. Mr. Kendall hopes to publish his poems in book-form in the near future.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Come erring brother of the sunny land,
Fair land where icy storm winds rarely blow,
Let's bridge the gulf, once more united stand,
Forgetting all that made a northern foe.
Of horrid war and battles dream no more,
Let discontent, ill-will and hatred cease,
With one proud starry ensign waving o'er
Let's hail with joy the universal peace,
Beneath whose fostering care our common-
wealths increase.

Not as the humbled nation in whose breast
There dwells the memory of burning wrong,
Whose tale, as from a suffering land oppressed
Is heard in story and proclaimed in song,
Could'st thou the dread revenger's spirit hold,
At some far time to strike the fatal blow,
Like some fierce chieftain's warrior tribe of
old;

Thus heaven frowns and God doth will it so,

When he from chains would have His He-
brew children go.

Back through the years, a dreamy century
gone,

Beheld, on sterile shores a loyal band
Long from the tragic scenes of life withdrawn
For freedom, fleeing from a tyrant's hand;
Here sought amid this wilderness a home,
Here planned its laws for loyal hearts and
just,

A Union for its millions yet to come;
With us our sires have left the sacred trust;
That flag, their joy and pride, ye trampled in
the dust.

Long years ago, from ocean's farther side
Into the currents of thy gay young life,
There flowed a dusky stream, a dark still tide
From whence is born that dread, that fatal
strife,

Engendered in each proud and listless race,
Where man, like brutes, is fettered to the soil,
And all its varied actions kept apace
Supplied and nurtured by another's toil;
In Sumter's fall ye dealt its proudest blow,
In Appomattox felt its deepest, darkest woe.

And now since war's destructive dreaded art,
In battle's fiercest strife and blighting wave
Of death has swept our land, and many a
heart

Lies moldering in a far and lonely grave;
One common sorrow in our bosoms burn,
As back we call the tearful mem'ry o'er
Of those brave sons who never will return;
This grief alike we bear, but ye have more;
The presence of those dusky millions to de-
plore.

But while 'tis yours the bitter fruits to bare
O'er all that bloody field of ended strife,
Kind heaven's blessing smiles and every-
where

Is heard the busy sounds of thrift and life;
A glorious era dawns; with joy for thee
We see thy shattered nation gathering
power;

From bonds released with equal rights and
free,

Now heavenward thy people's strength shall
tower,

And onward ever be the watchword of the
hour.

Oh! Southland, these thy great reverses met
Shall not despel thy heroes' early dreams;
Thy sun of glory is but dimmed, not set,
Before thy view hope's radiant glory beams;
With Him who rules sometimes it seemeth
best,

His erring children shall bewail in tears,
'T may be with thee, the blessing yet may
rest,

MRS. HARRIET M. CONVERSE.

BORN: ELMIRA, N.Y.

LEFT motherless when a child she was put to school at Marion, Ohio. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States. In 1883 Mrs. Converse published her first volume of poems entitled *Sheaves*, which has since passed through several editions. Mrs.



MRS. HARRIET M. CONVERSE.

Converse has been complimented on the beauty of her verses by John G. Whittier, Alfred Tennyson, and other eminent poets. This beautiful writer possesses true poetic genius—her poems are really exquisite in thought, tone, and treatment; and her name is already well and widely known.

THOU OR I.

Some day, dear, one of us—we twain
Will watch alone in tears,
And call the other one in vain,
In voice of hopeless fears,
As in death's silence one of us shall lie;
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?
Were one of us by death bereft
So of love's thought and speech,
What other word of hope is left
To utter each to each?
So one shall watch and one in death shall lie!
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?
Beside life's pathway as we go
One will grow faint and fail,

And seek another way to know
Where death shall not prevail;
And one will wait alone as days go by
For yet a longer space,
God's pitying grace;
Which will it be, dear, thou or I?
I may be first to understand
The life so far from thine;
Mine may be woe to fold thy hand—
Grown still and cold in mine—
As sign of death across thy breast to lie.
God chastens others so.
Thank him, we do not know
Which it will be, dear, thou or I!

TO A ROSE.

Faire, fragrant rose, to one I know
I bid ye on love's errand goe,
Though fearlesslie, be on thy guard,
Do not disclose the sweet reward
For which I sigh and die!
If in the daring of thy glee,
Within the blush and revelrie
Of her deare face, ye linger long,
Thou'lt heare the whisper of Love's song
For which I sigh and die!
Close to her breath, when ye shall be
The fairest of thy rosarie,
With all thy grace, rose, doe but this—
From her sweet lips snatch but one kisse
For which I sigh and die!
And should thy luscious floure be blest
To lie upon her downie breast,
Thy pouting leaves will swift unclose,
Thrilled with the secret love, sweet rose,
For which I sigh and die!
Faire fragrant rose, to one I know,
On Love's sweet errand faultless goe,
And be in haste, with feareless bliss—
Thou happy rose—to win the kisse
For which I sigh and die!

MAY PEACE WITH THEE ABIDE.

May peace with thee abide!
Though dreary seems the way,
No staff, no scrip, no guide,
And all thy heart astray.
May peace with thee abide!
And when thy burdens grow,
Fear not, faint not; beside
The rock the waters flow!
May peace with thee abide!
With care and toil oppressed,
Submit; He will provide
For thee his grace and rest.
May peace with thee abide!
On thee may God's light glow!
His peace is not denied,
Although thou falter so.

MRS. ZILPHA C. RICHTMYER.

BORN: BROOME, N. Y., NOV. 12, 1841.

As correspondent Mrs. Richtmyer has written steadily since 1884 for several newspapers, in



MRS. ZILPHA COUCHMAN RICHTMYER.

which her poems have also received insertion. She is now organist of the Conesville M. E. church for the sixth year.

MY DOLLS.

My first was a home-spun apron rolled;
 And 'round a bright-hued ribbon twined,
 Worth more to me than chain of gold
 From olden Ophir's precious mine.
 And though the cloth was patched and old,
 I for awhile my prize did hold,
 From other hands a while 'twas held,
 Safe as the miser holds his gold.
 Sometimes I gave it wondrous care;
 Sometimes — alas! my charge forgot;
 And though I thought it 'yond compare,
 I one day sought — but found it not,
 Had I that worn-out apron yet,
 How far more dear its every fold!
 For she whose hands each thread had met,
 Lies slumbering in the valley's mold.
 Another doll, those same dear hands,
 Of muslin, cotton, hair and dye,
 Then fashioned; and in all the land
 Was there no happier child than I.

But soon — ah me, such havoc made
 A dirty, ill-conducting dog,
 That sadly my doll's tomb I made
 Of a bare and hollow, old pine log.

Then I, in childish woe did send
 A message, which was swift conveyed
 To Santa Claus, the children's friend,
 And he my earnest grief allayed.
 To him my grave request was told:
 "Send me a lovely doll and new;
 And whether the hair be jet, or gold
 O, let the eyes be bonnie blue!,"

It came. I loved it long and well,
 And that 'twas strange, I'll not deny —
 Not one misbap that doll befell!
 And thus my childhood fled by.
 Now I have found another home;
 And Santa Claus (the generous one,)
 To my new home has learned to come,
 With gifts to light like life's rays of sun.

Dear, good old saint! he's forgotten not
 My message, through the years since rolled,
 And to my welcoming arms has brought
 A sweeter doll, with a living soul!
 To others it may not be fair;
 But O! — so beauteous to my view,
 That sparkling gems cannot compare
 With those loved eyes of 'bonnie blue.'

But fear doth every bliss attend,
 Along this darkened, earthly way;
 My spirit quails — O Father! — Friend!
 Grant me Thy light — Thy heavenly rays;
 Help me to guide those tiny feet
 In wisdom's paths, all fair and bright,
 That lead at last to golden streets,
 Where 'tis e'er day — where is no night!

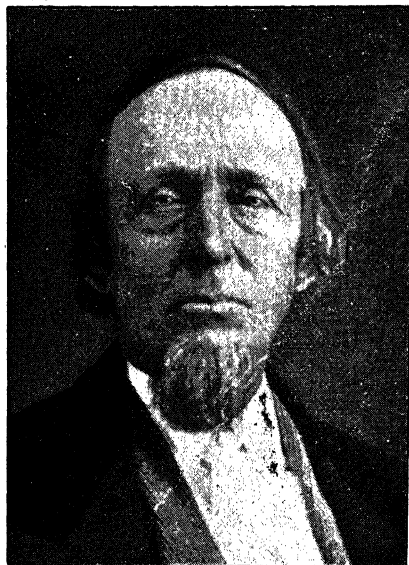
LAMENT OF KRISS KRINGLE.

Kriss Kringle leaned back in his wide arm-
 chair,
 With missives around him piled high;
 The fire-light was rosy, the day was fair,
 But gloom o'ershadowed his eye.
 He'd read all the letters, both short and long;
 He'd studied some characters quaint;
 But in each message he'd found something
 wrong;
 And thus he makes known his complaint.
 "Now I'm away on my mission with speed;
 I give to the pamper'd and vain; —
 Both blind and deaf to those sadly in need,
 Nor heed I those moaning in pain"
 Yes! — this inscrutable law I obey:
 Nor grieve at these strange behests;
 I've learned by the light of heavenly rays,
 'Tis ordered by Him who knows best."

HIRAM THAYER.

BORN: CAYUGA CO., N.Y., DEC. 23, 1813.

LOCATING in Bradford, Ia., in 1880, Mr. Thayer
er was elected justice of the peace the follow-
ing year, which office he has held continuous



HIRAM THAYER.

until the present time. He was also postmas-
ter for over twenty-two years. His songs
have been chiefly on political, patriotic and
temperance subjects.

BONNIE ANNIE.

Awake, O muse, inspire my lay, a truthful
tale I'll tell,

Upon the Turkey's bonnie banks a lovely
maid doth dwell,

Who trips as lightsome as the fawn upon its
native trail;

They call her Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie of
the vale.

CHO.—Bonnie Annie, Gentle Annie,
Lovely to behold,
Her hair so fair in ringlets rare,
Hangs down in chains of gold.
I loved her for that gentle grace,
A charm that doth not fail;
O, happy day, when first I met
Sweet Annie of the vale.

Her eyes are bright as stars at night above
the summer sea,

Her voice so sweet and gentle, is like music
unto me;

The birds sing sweet in sylvan grove, and
down the floral dale,
But the sweetest bird in all the bower is An-
nie of the vale.

Her breath is like the morning, when wild
flowers deck the lea;

Her very thoughts are sweet and pure as gen-
tle zephyrs be; [the passing gale,
The roses bloom in beauty bright, and scent
But the fairest flower in all the glen, is An-
nie of the vale.

TO MARCIA.

Amid the green bowers
And sweet-scented flowers,
She floats like a fairy
To spend the gay hours,
While dewdrops are shining,
A rosy wreath twining.
And now with her singing
The wild wood is ringing,
As with a light heart
Quickly homeward she's springing,
Her rich treasures bringing
And jetty locks flinging.
With cheeks like the roses
She came to me smiling —
And gave me a garland
The moments beguiling,
And I loved the sweet maiden
With rosy wreaths laden.

ZIMENIA.

There's a wail upon the waters, on the gentle
breezes dying, [more.

For the beautiful Zimonia, sweet Zimonia is no
From the hills the zephyrs sighing
Echo back the plaint replying
To the vale where she is lying,
On the bright Jadagna shore.

CHO.—Oh Zimonia, dear Zimonia, thou hast
left us for a time.

But we hope ere long to meet thee in
that brighter, fairer clime.

In thy youth's enchanted morning, and when
sweet wild flowers were springing,
And the lilies spread a carpet of bright blos-
soms o'er the bay;

While the choral songs were singing,
Heavenly joy to mortals bringing,
Thou hast left us and forever
For the islands far away.

Oh, Zimonia, dear Zimonia, may thy song be
ever sweeter,

In that land of light and gladness, where thy
tears are ever dry,

Where we hope again to meet thee,
And with joy again to greet thee
On the Elysian Fields o'er yonder
We will meet thee by and by.

MARTHA OWEN COLCORD.

BORN: HANCOCK, N.H., DEC. 5, 1845.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Boston Pilot, Zion's Advocate, Christian Mirror and other publications. She is also



MARTHA OWEN COLCORD.

represented in the Poets of Maine. One of her poems, My Sailor Boy, has been set to music and has become very popular.

MY GARDEN.

I go to my garden at night
 When the dew is on the flowers,
 And I hear, far off in the village
 The church clock striking the hours.
 Pale chamomile flowers are there,
 White lilies scent the air,
 And I offer up a prayer
 For the loved ones dead and gone.
 When I waken in the morning,
 And the gray mists fill the skies,
 Again I go down to my garden
 To see the red sun arise
 From his bed on ocean's breast;
 But sea-gulls seek their nest,
 For a cloud is in the West,
 Which shadows the coming dawn.
 Yet again, and the night is here,
 And far away o'er the sea
 The moonbeams glisten and glow
 Where the waves roll peacefully.

Thus, weary and tempted soul,
 Shunning each rock and shoal,
 In peace thou shalt reach the goal
 When the night of death comes on.

MY LOVE.

Long ago under distant pines,
 I met my love in the sultry noon;
 But she, like summer's fairest flowers,
 Has faded all too soon.
 Sunlight played in her golden hair,
 The cardinal flowers at her feet
 Lit the weird place with dusky gleams,—
 My love was fair and sweet.
 Stooping she plucked a dainty spray,
 Glowing so redly beside the brook.—
 But in the fragile, saintly face,
 I hardly dared to look.
 Just a year and a day had passed
 Ere I had won her to be my bride;
 Now, the cardinal flowers she loved
 Are growing by her side.
 So, long ago, beneath the pines
 I met my love; but the dreary knell
 Of cherished hopes I seem to hear,
 And never the wedding bell.

BENJAMIN SMITH RUSSELL.

BORN: BRIDGEPORT, N. J., NOV. 9, 1834.

THIS gentleman is now a teacher in the high school, and is still a resident of his native town. He was married in 1868 to Miss Mell Layton.

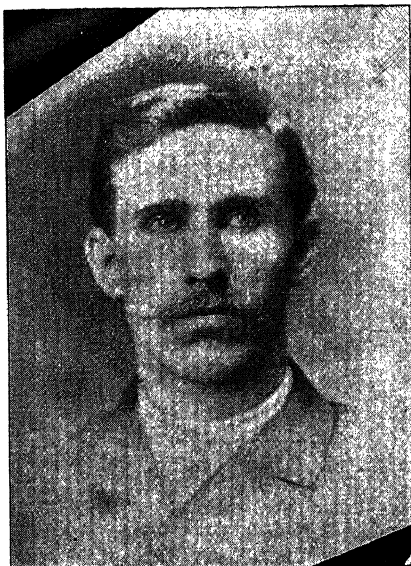
PEGGY AND PAT.

Peggy was up in the early morn
 With hair disturbed and a look forlorn;
 She scolded Pat till his wrathful ire
 No longer had vent by poking the fire.
 Peggy, said he, it is strange that ye
 Are always at variance with me,
 While the cat and dog in the corner lay,
 And no strife between day by day.
 Ah! said she, ye hateful Pat,
 We used to be better friends nor that;
 Tie them together and you will see
 By jabers a scratch there'll be.
 Now girls remember Peggy and Pat
 When you are about to tie the fatal knot
 With your darling beau, whose purse is free.
 You after marriage may never agree.
 And boys when you're about to pass that
 bourne
 Where no bachelor ever returns;
 You're sweetest girl like Peggy's cat —
 Instead of kiss will give you a spat.

LEWIS ELLSWORTH RADER.

BORN: HAZEL DELL, ILL., MARCH 16, 1864.

IN his youth Mr. Rader taught school, and graduated from the Kansas normal college at Fort Scott in 1888. He is very devoted to literature and politics, and has written num-



LEWIS ELLSWORTH RADER.

erous political articles for the Chicago press and other publications.

Mr. Rader is the proprietor of the Washington Democrat, published at Montesano. Since 1885 his poems have appeared constantly in the periodical press.

SOLITUDE.

When the heart is weary and sad with the
toils and cares of the day,
And life seems a burden;
When all that the world can bring of confidence,
joy, or dismay
Is no longer a guerdon;
When sorrow's surcease
Brings no longed-for peace
To the heart sore-tried with affliction;
Its strength is renewed
By sweet solitude,
Which acts like a fresh benediction.

The angels gather in throngs, they say, in
the beautiful realms above,

When they glorify God;
Their voices, attuned to the harmonic
spheres, sing songs of love
As the golden streets they plod;
So we on earth,
In spiritual dearth,
Collect, praying, confessing;
But the soul's renewed
In sweet solitude
Which acts like a heavenly blessing.

The lonely garret, the trackless wood are the
great man's truest friends
When he seeks to know:
Great thoughts come to him who retires from
the world's busy aims and ends
And what it can bestow;
Then he rivets his view,
In his search for the new,
Upon what he seeks to prepare;
Thus the mind is renewed
By sweet solitude
Which acts like a soul-stirring prayer.

As the mighty river in its onward sweep
through the valleys and plains of earth
Must have a source;
So each stream of thought in a mental fount
must have its first true birth,
Ere it starts in its course;
The best to secure
That birth must be pure,
Untainted by Policy's denizen;
Then the thought is renewed
In sweet solitude,
Which acts like an uplifting benison.

IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN.

You may search the world over from here to
Cathay,
You may ransack the records of time,
You may carry your efforts wherever you
may,
From the filthiest hut to the palace sublime;
Wherever you find a human heart beat,
Though in words it does not complain,
Whatever the efforts to keep it from sight,
There is something which goes 'gainst the
grain.

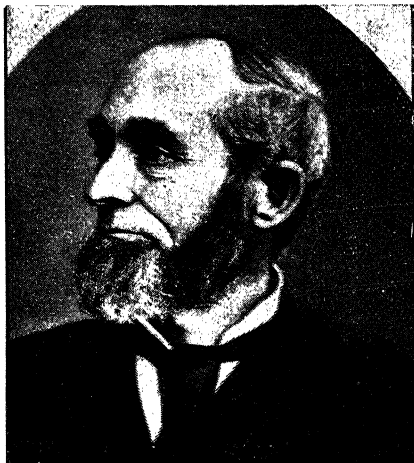
The humblest resolve oft meets its reproof
In ambition's discordant desire,
And envy enthrones a spirit of sin
In its mad attempt to rise higher;

But effort and truth are the aids in this
work
Of seeking for goodness, and gain,
The good do evil, and the evil do good,
But it goes terribly 'gainst the grain.

NATHAN A. WOODWARD.

BORN: FAIRFAX, Vt., MARCH 9, 1818.

THE poems of this gentleman have received publication in the Rochester Daily Democrat Cincinnati Gazette, Buffalo Express and various other publications. In 1888 he published



NATHAN ARMSY WOODWARD.

King Cotton, a poem, which was well received. Mr. Woodward is a graduate of Union College and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society. For some years he taught in Union Schools and Academies, when he became a member of the bar, which profession he has practised for forty years. Mr. Nathan A. Woodward is a polished scholar and gentleman; he resides in Batavia, N. Y., where he is very popular and highly esteemed.

MONEY IS KING.

Money is King — despotic its power —
It ruleth the world. Men tremble and cower
At the beck of its nod
As if it were God;
And many would rather lie under the sod
Than feel the displeasure, or meet with the
frown.
Of this terrible king men honor and crown.
It buildeth the palace, the temple and tower,
And fills them with pride and pomp by its
power;
It erecteth the fort
To guard a king's court,
And all the rich commerce that sails into
port;
It fashions the war-ships with armor of steel,
Their thunders cause rock-built cities to reel.

It bridgeth the river, though wide be its
stream,

It buildeth of iron a highway for steam

To draw from afar,

On the rumbling car,

The products of peace, or sinews of war;

It casteth the cannon, makes powder and
ball,

And armeth the legions that come at its call.

It lureth the robber — burglar and thief,

As pirates, by false lights, lure ships to the
reef;

It buildeth the jail,

Then furnisheth bail,

For culprits whose crimes are on a large
scale;

It prompteth the traitor his country to sell,

Then payeth the sexton for toiling his knell.

It hireth the parson to herald reform,

Then payeth the skeptic to teach men to
scorn

What the parson may preach

And the gospel doth teach,

As if it had equal regard for each;

Not caring if wheat, or if tares be sown,

Provided men bow at its kingly throne.

What form hath this king men serve and
obey,

And how doth it look, and dress, day by day?

Can any one tell

By what magic spell

It ruleth mankind wherever they dwell,

Regardless if peace, or war may prevail,

If widows do weep, or orphans may wail!

Its body and head are finest of gold;

Two glittering diamonds its eye-sockets hold;

They glisten and shine

Like the sparkle of wine,

Or eyes of an adder — with light serpentine;

The rest of the form of silver is made,

And the king in bills and bonds is arrayed.

The form of the king no mortal doth know,

Whether angel above, or demon below;

But judged by its deeds,

And the people it leads,

An angel of light when relieving men's
needs;

A demon of hell when leading astray,

And luring to vice frail creatures of clay.

Men worship this king as they did of old,

The calf once molded, by Aaron of gold;

And some have their price,

Like cotton or rice,

Or goods that are woven with cunning de-
vice;

They eagerly strive for increase of gain,

And barter for pelf, soul, body and brain.

For few can resist this king of the mine,
 Who holdeth the world in coils serpentine,
 This demon of night,
 Or angel of light,
 Who speedeth the wrong—or enforceth a
 right;
 This Janus-faced king—despotic in power,
 At the beck of whose nod men tremble and
 cower.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

What careth the world for a man when dead,
 When his breath is gone—his spirit hath
 fled?
 Though his form, before, was comely and
 fair,
 'Tis hurried away—lest it taint the air;
 The vacancy left, another can fill,
 And the world moves on—at the same pace
 still.

The restless mass goes dashing along,
 And—who will miss him amid such a throng?
 Though once the foremost of all in the race,
 He had won for himself the loftiest place—
 Though noble and grand was the work of his
 hand,
 Performed for his own or a foreign land;

Though his fame spread wide and his name
 be great,
 From ruling a realm or forming a state—
 What careth the crowd for his senseless clay?
 The lion is dead;—he hath had his day.
 So they hasten to lay his corse away
 From the sight of men—and the world is gay.

What careth his kinsman—daughter or son,
 Provided they clutch the gold he hath won
 From trade, or by toil, hath wrung from the
 soil;
 Which—since he is dead—is legitimate spoil
 To be seized by his heirs, as their legal right
 The moment the clouds conceal him from sight.

Their grief at his loss—aside from pretense,
 Can mainly be reckoned by dollars and cents;
 They deeply regret he did not have more
 Of silver and gold—for them laid in store.
 Though mourners, they drape—in costliest
 crape—

Have burial service—with plenty of tape—
 Though his fame spread wide—and his name
 be great

From ruling a realm—or founding a state—
 Yet little care they for his worthless clay!
 The lion is dead;—he hath had his day.
 So they hasten to lay his corse away
 From the sight of men—then laugh—and
 are gay.

Yet men of the world will labor to win
 Great wealth for their heirs, and next of kin;

From the dawn of day, to the set of sun,
 And oft till the noon of night comes on—
 They will toil, and drudge, and traffic and
 trade,
 Will blast in the mines, or delve with the
 spade,
 Will peril their health and lavish their time,
 And worry and pinch—for a dollar, or dime,
 And deem they have rendered their lives sub-
 lime
 By hoarding up gold—if—when they are
 old—
 And their funeral knell is about being tolled,
 They have stocks and lands—by heirs to be
 sold.
 They will strive for place—and struggle for
 fame,
 That—when they are dead—they may leave
 a name
 Ennobling their kinsmen—making them
 great—
 Fit persons to found—or govern a state.
 But their kinsmen—they—are doomed to de-
 cay;—
 They soon pass away. Men laugh and are gay.

MRS. CAROLINE F. DOLE.

BORN: NORRIDGEWOCK, ME., JULY 22, 1817.

THIS lady was married in 1842 to Rev Nathan
 Dole, who died in 1855. She then returned to
 her early home, where she has since resided.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Are angels hovering in the air
 Each Christmas night;
 And do they sing the wondrous song
 Of our delight?

"Peace on the earth, good will to men!"
 What music sweet!
 "To you this day a Savior's born"
 All needs to meet.

Oh listen 'mid the ringing bells,
 And children's choirs;
 Oh hear it loud! oh hear it low,
 By Christmas fires!

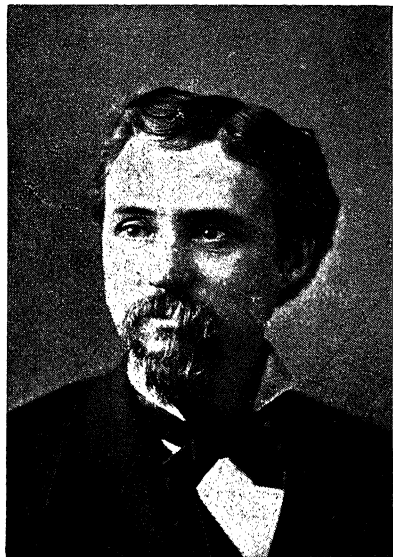
See in the lowly manger rude
 The Holy Child!
 Who never by a touch of sin
 Shall be defiled.

To God be highest glory given,
 For this dear love;
 Let every voice the angels' join
 Here and above.

STEPHEN MARION WATSON.

BORN: SACO, ME., JAN. 22, 1836.

ENGAGING in business at Boston for several years, Mr. Watson returned to his native town in 1872. He was elected superintendent and librarian at the York Institute of Saco, which position he resigned in order to accept



STEPHEN MARION WATSON.

a similar one in the public library of Portland, which position he still holds. Mr. Watson is the editor and publisher of the Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder. The poems of this writer have appeared in the leading publications of Maine and Mass., and he is represented in the Poets of Maine.

GROWING GRAY.

Ah, silver threads are in my hair,
What business have they growing there,
It cannot yet be time.

I thought myself quite young and fair,
Do I not yet quite well compare
With others in their prime?

"Ah, no!" says wife, "I lately see
You stoop a little just like me;
We must be growing old.

Our youthful days, how quick they flee,
I am surprised that I can be
The age that I am told.

"Crows feet, too, are on your face,
I can the crooked wrinkles trace,—
There's one for every care.

But husband, age is no disgrace,
I think I like the honored place,
And silver in my hair."

But see, dear wife, I don't expect
My youth prolonged, but I reflect
On time that I've misspent;
I've not much saved through my neglect,
To us in our old age protect

'Gainst want of meat and rent.
And this is why I cannot bear
To see the silver in my hair,

Till I've made a fortune;
The time's so short I most despair
Of saving much I do declare,
Since we get old so soon.

It takes one life to learn to live,
How we should save, and when to give
To balance our account;

To start anew I do believe,
Two-fold in value I'd receive
For one in paying out.

"Oh, selfish you would be," says wife,
"To live so miserly a life,
And cheat your neighbors so;
Keep clear your mind from evil strife,—
Let good works in your heart be rife,
Then let the silver show."

PERSEVERANCE.

Though the spider breaks her tiny web
A dozen times a day,
How patiently she repairs each thread
And waits again for prey;
The thoughtless wind that around her blew
Has torn the whole away;
Again she constructs it all anew,
Resolved to make it stay.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

That good angels for you may twine
Beautiful wreaths of love divine,
From which, as sparkling gems may shine,
All the good deeds on earth of thine,
Is the sincerest wish of mine.

ROSE ETTA VIOLA CURTISS.

BORN: HAMPTON, VA., MARCH 25, 1870.

THE poems of Miss Rose have appeared from time to time in several of the local papers.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, 'tis hard to part,
Whate'er fate, to thee befall,
Go where you will, you take my heart
Farewell, my love, my all.

'Tis hard, to be torn asunder,
When again we retrace our feet,
Will our hearts be changed I wonder,
Will our souls be glad again to meet.

CHARLES W. LOUX.

BORN: ALUTA, PENN DEC. 4, 1888.

CHARLES has received a good education, in the meantime teaching school. His poems



CHARLES WILLIAM LOUX.

have received extensive publication in the periodical press.

FALLING IN LOVE BY MOONLIGHT.

When first they met, the light
Of bow-shaped Luna bright
Shone forth, and lo!

Each gleaming ray departs
Upon two beating hearts,
Like silver-pointed darts
From Cupid's bow.

Through each deceptive beam
Beauty alone would gleam
Upon her face;

What moonlight dim could hide
Fond fancy soon supplied;
And thus he but espied
A form of grace.

But light of sun revealed
The blemishes concealed

In moon-lit smiles;
So, lovers then beware
Of forms by moon-light fair,—
But only, only there,—
And shun their wiles.

AN INTRODUCTION.

"Thou art so near and yet so far,"
Thus he was sadly musing,
While calmly in the palace car
Her book she was perusing.

Through opened window zephyrs stole
And tossed her beauteous tresses,
While he beneath love's strong control,
Scarce all his sighs suppresses.

The train still swiftly moves along
And brings him to his station;
Her heart remains as full of song,
His full of desolation.

Why thus within his bosom's core
Was he his love concealing?
Why did he not, as oft before,
Give utterance to his feeling?

O barrier huge as Alpine cliffs!
His was a strong obstruction;
His was the worst of lover's "if's"—
He had no introduction.

O, ill device! why give such pain
To some that should have mated,
By ever making them remain
Thus widely separated?

O, that we always have to list
To custom's stern instruction —
That half life's joys must oft be missed
For want of an introduction.

DIFFERENCE IN POLITICS.

O ye melancholy
Memories of folly,

Why torment my soul once more?
Gladly would I bury
All imaginary
Thoughts of grief and worry,
But the real I deplore.

In the happy hours
When youth's dewy flowers
Freshly bloomed beside my way,
Life, as in some Eden,
With no grief was laden,
For I loved a maiden —
Yes, a maiden fair as day.

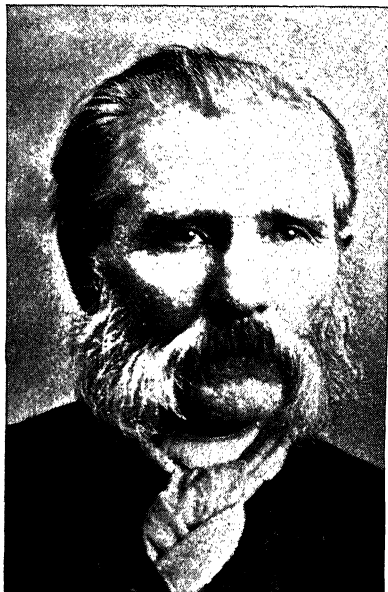
Let me but remember
Till my life's December,
Those blue eyes and flowing hair.
But, oh! why did you sever
Her from me forever —
Yes, ah! yes, forever?
'Twas her father, I declare.

I can not be to her
A delighted wooer
While he has me in this fix.
Dim became my vision
When that politician
Made the great condition,
"You must change your politics!"

JAMES S. KENNEFICK.

BORN: IRELAND, DEC. 25, 1829.

THE subject of this sketch is the brother of the late Rev. Maurice Kennefick, P. P., of the united parishes of Racormac Gortroe and St. Bartholmew, county Cork, Ireland. James S. Kennefick was a class-fellow of the late Rev. John Quinlan, R. C., bishop of Mobile, Alabama, and other men of mark. Born within birdseye view of the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, no wonder that James S. Kennefick was inspired to write his beautiful poem



JAMES S. KENNEFICK.

of Recollections of Queenstown. At the age of nineteen Mr. Kennefick studied the higher branches of geometry, trigonometry, mensuration, conic sections, land, lake and water surveying, mapping, prospective and landscape drawing, in which he graduated in 1847. He then went to Scotland, and in 1851 he crossed the Atlantic to Canada, where he engaged in learning the practical part of civil engineering on the Great Western and Grand Trunk railroad, commencing as tapeman, then rodman, copying draftsman, etc., finally reaching the position of division engineering. Since that time he has filled important positions of draftsman and civil engineer in the construction of public works. The next position James S. Kennefick filled was as editor of a liberal conservative paper, which he filled for four years. In 1864 we next find this great

engineer at Green Bay, Wisconsin, engaged in topographical work. In 1864 Mr. Kennefick was deputy county surveyor of St. Clair Co.; elected county surveyor the following year; and was city engineer of Port Huron in 1875. In 1882 he removed to Sanilac county, Mich., with headquarters at Sandusky, where he has since pursued the avocation of surveyor of state, county and township public drainage, at which business he is now engaged.

INAUGURATION OF PRES. HARRISON.

Hail chieftain, hail! Oh! freedom's son,
Thy hour of triumph came,
Hallowed and sweetly divine,
From out the vault of fame;
Steady and firm, with nature's gifts,
Thy powerful genius sway'd
A mighty nation's sufferage,
In brilliant train array'd.

From out the bright valhalla,
Of a nation's greatest choice,
Thy soaring flight to eminence,
Sealed by a nation's voice.
Soared high aloft serenely mild,
As with one loud acclaim,
Declared thee ruler of this land,
With a place on the scroll of fame.

Long years have passed with lightning speed
Through time's relentless space,
Since thou wert by nature's God destined
To fill this glorious space;—
This great Republic of the west,
And a mighty people free,
Proclaimed thee President of this land —
This land of liberty.

There stands the bloodless champion,
Unique in all that's great,
Before the nation's greatest men —
In the arms of power and state,
And 'neath the sacred canopy
Of heaven's supernal arch,
He's crowned with a nation's purest wreath
On the glorious fourth of March.

O, wear it, chieftain wear it,
Forever be its guard and guide,
Our father's blood has bought it,
'Tis the nation's boast and pride;
Let traitors hang their heads for shame,
Let free men boldly stand
Through life and death for liberty,
And for freedom's hallow'd land.
Then hail our nation's President,
Oh! may his rule be bright,
As Aurora's balmy, soft blue dawn,
'Neath heaven's blue vault of light;
Long may his shield and Ægis wave
O'er all this favor'd Land,
Where Lincoln ruled supremely wise,
And Grant held high command.

RECOLLECTIONS OF QUEENSTOWN.

By the Lee's winding river when daylight was fading,
 And the bright polar star set a watch o'er the night,
 I stay'd by the banks of its blue waters leading
 To fair Queenstown harbor in their quick rushing flight.
 I sought not my home 'till the cannon's loud token,
 From Camden's high turrets gave the signal of day,
 And the watchman's hallo! from the guardship unbroken
 Came rumbling along o'er the water's blue spray.
 Calm was the night and the scene sweetly charming
 Along the green margin of the loud weeping tide,
 And heard softly echo'd the fisherman's warning,
 As lightly his swift craft o'er the waters did glide.
 The streamers full flaunting from rampart and penant,
 And hypernan leaving his throne in the east,
 Gave lustre and grandeur and beauty resplendant
 All o'er the gay harbor with his bright golden crest.
 O, gay, lovely Queenstown with thy high streets mean'dring,
 Reflecting great splendor on the Lee's flowing stream;
 And thy broad matchless Beach where the elite's ever wandering,
 Is mirror'd most sweetly by the sun's golden beam.
 High soars the gray turrets on Rostellan great mansion,
 And boldly each cannon sets on Carlisle Fort,
 With broad stately island in the water's expansion,
 To shelter the harbor from the winds of the north.
 'Tis there you would see native genius expand'd,
 And ships of all countries with their flags flaunting free,
 'Tis there that the fair nymph of beauty first land'd
 And deck'd the sweet harbor with rare scenery;
 Yes, bless'd the sweet harbor, but crush'd the brave people,
 That languish and pine 'neath the usurper's rod,

O, heaven look down from thy abode in the highest,
 With one ray of fair freedom bless'd by nature and God.
 I have been in many a city of splendor,
 Where mirror'd a thousand phantomme forms,
 On the Ohio's sweet and fast-winding river,
 And down the Mississippi in wild raging storms;
 I have seen the Niagara's Cataract foaming,
 Belching forth in its frenzied silvery sheen,
 But oh! thou sweet Cove where in dreams I'm oft roaming,
 Its fairest and dearest of each lovely scene.
 Farewell, O Queenstown, near the home of my childhood,
 Farewell to sweet Cloyne, the dear haunts of my youth, [green wood,
 Farewell to Aghada, each grot and each And Monkstown and Passage on the Lee's sunny south; [grand knell,
 The loud Bells of Shandon that ring out each Or funeral note with a sad mournful toll,
 And each scene of my youth I now bid thee a farewell, [in my soul.
 O, long shall these recollections live green

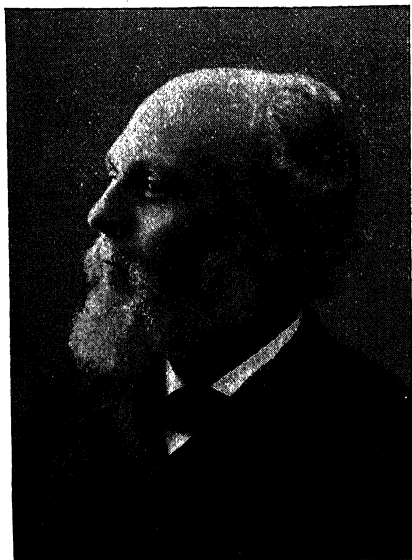
DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The bells are loudly tolling,
 A requiem from shore to shore,
 For our nation's greatest President,
 That alas! is now no more,
 There's a wall of deepest anguish,
 Throughout the stricken land,
 For the soldier, statesman, scholar,
 That fell by the assassin's hand.
 Ah! me what patient yearnings,
 Had fill'd the world with joy,
 When the bulletins each day announced,
 A hope for the "canal boy."
 But fate decreed, reluctantly,
 That death would have full sway,
 And blanch'd the nation's brightest hopes,
 In death's dark, dismal way.
 Through years of toil and labor,—
 Through the ups and downs of life,
 This brilliant child of nature,
 Has breast'd this world's false strife.
 Through the fiery ordeal unflattering,
 He braved the storms of time,
 And trod the flowery paths of fame,
 Pure, holy and sublime.
 Born not in the lap of luxury,
 Nor 'neath the gaudy roof of wealth,
 This brilliant son of Columbia—
 Of stately mien and health;
 March'd forth into the world's domain,
 Untrammel'd, gay, serene,
 To rule the greatest nation,
 The world has e'er yet seen.

EDWARD P. WOODWARD.

BORN: WARSAW, N.Y., JUNE 8, 1840.

At twenty Mr. Woodward went to Providence, R. I., and Boston, Mass., where he remained twenty-four years, reporting, and connected with newspaper, publishing and other interests. In 1880 he was ordained as a minister of the Christian connection, having preached



REV. EDWARD P. WOODWARD.

since Jan. 1, 1878; and was pastor of a church in the city of Malden several years. In 1884 he removed to Harrison, Maine, and became connected with the Advent Christian denomination; and since 1888 has been pastor of the second Advent church of Portland, Maine, where he is now vice-president of the Maine State Advent Christian Conference, and president of the Young Ministers' Christian Union. The poems of the Rev. Woodward have appeared in the leading religious and secular publications.

THE BELLES.

I.

See the sledges with the belles,—
Laughing belles!
What a world of happiness their merriment
foretells!
How their beaming, black eyes twinkle
In the frosty air of night!

While the sleigh bells tinkle, tinkle,
And the flakes their heads besprinkle,
Filling with a strange delight;
Keeping time, merry time,
In the most unfettered rhyme,
To the merry, joyous laughter that so sweetly,
richly swells
From the wildly-throbbing bosoms of the
belles:

Belles, belles, belles,— [belles.
From the happy, careless, laughter-loving

II.

See the stately, queenly belles,—
Wedded belles!
What a wealth of mother-love their quiet
manner tells!
In the silent hours of night,
To the little one's delight,
From the trembling, swan-like throats —
In broken tune —
What sweet, low, soothing music floats
To the little dove that nestles, gently borne
Around the room.
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What peaceful harmony continuously wells!
Now it swells —
Anon it dwells
On the Past; then it tells
Of the Future that impels
To the toiling and the praying
Of the belles,—
Of the earnest-hearted belles:
Belles, belles, belles,—
To the watching and the waiting of the belles.

III.

See the anguish-stricken belles,—
Weeping belles!
What days of wasting sorrow their terror now
foretells!
And the gentle eye of Night
Looks upon them in their fright,
Crushed beyond the power to speak:—
Only now and then a shriek —
Discords tune —
With despairing heart appealing to the mercy
of the fire,—
Struggling helplessly with Rapine's wither-
ing, wasting fire,—
Rising stronger, fiercer, higher,
With insatiable desire
Now to seize and blast forever
Virtue's bower and Beauty's bloom!
Oh, deceived and ruined belles!
With a wail their horror wells
From despair!
How they groan, and writhe, and pour
Sighs and tears so vainly o'er
Unpitying earth, and trembling air!
And the ear too plainly knows

By the sighing,
And the crying,
How their anguish ebbs and flows:
And to the ear it plainly tells
In the groaning,
And the moaning,
How this nameless Horror swells,
By the mad, despairing accents of those hopeless, helpless belles;
Of the belles,—
Of the belles, the weeping, sorrowing belles:
Belles, belles, belles,—
Of the broken-hearted, crushed, despairing belles!

IV.

Sad procession of the belles,—
Fallen belles!
What weird, solemn, awful thought their passing by compels!
'Neath the flickering gaslight,
How the soul is filled with fright
At the hollow, ringing mockery of their tone!
And each sound and word that floats
From their brazen lips and throats,
Seems a groan!
But the people!— they who dwell
On the dark confines of hell,
All alone,
Planning, plotting, darkly working,
Hating all, beloved by none,—
And who revel thus in turning
Tender, loving hearts to stone!
Are they either man or woman?
Are they either brute or human?
Unpitying ghouls!
And their King it is who rolls
Agony on human souls—
Tolls
The knell of fallen belles!
And his fiendish bosom swells
As he counts the ruined belles!
And in mad delight he yells,
Dances, wildly keeping time
(Paying little heed to rhyme)
To the sighing of the belles,—
Of the belles:
Keeping swift, unmeasured time
To the groaning of the belles,
Of the bells, belles,—
To the sobbing of the belles:—
Keeping time—glad time—
As he knells, madly knells
In a proud, triumphant rhyme,
To the curses of the belles;
Of the belles, shameless belles,—
To the wailing of the belles,
Of the belles, fallen, dying belles,—
Belles, belles, belles,—
To the silence and the darkness of LOST BELLES!

VERE D. PALMER.

BORN; NORTH STAR, MICH., JUNE 8, 1867.

THE poems of the subject of this sketch have appeared quite extensively in the local press. Mr. Palmer was married in 1886 to Miss Mina Belding. He has generally followed the occupation of school teacher, but is now engaged in agriculture in his native place, and is correspondent for several local papers. The poems of Mr. Vere D. Palmer have always been well and favorably received by both press and public, and he has become quite popular in his native county.

COMME IL FAUT.

We were standing in the twilight,
As the golden sunbeams fled,
On my shoulder, gently pillowed,
Lay her charming little head.

And her loving eyes uplifted,
Beamed on me their warmest light,
As the distant shadows lengthening,
Warned us of approaching night.

On her face upturned there lingered
Not one trace of pain or care,
For of sorrow she had known not,
But of pleasures had to spare.

For above us were the heavens,
'Neath our feet the grasses grew,
And her eyes like diamonds sparkled,
Soft as brightest morning dew.

I was thinking of that evening,
When I met her, long ago,
As she wandered on the hillside,
Where the mountain daisies grow.

She one moment gazed upon me,
Then as though by instinct led,
Turned and downward through the valley,
'Long the murmuring brooklet fled.

Not so now; she loves to linger
By my side at set of sun,
When the day's toil is over
And the busy labors done.

But alas! the spell is broken:
Down the lane the milkman comes,
And from reverie I'm awakened,
By the noisy tune he hums.

My companion, too, is startled
By the milkman's noisy laugh;
With a bawl she rushes from me,
That confounded— Jersey calf.

TRAVERSE EUGENE STOUT.

BORN: PUTNAM CO., OHIO, APRIL 12, 1858.

MR. STOUT has received a thorough education, and graduated in 1882 from the state university of Wisconsin, and subsequently wrote an elementary treatise on evidence, designed for the use of students, which has had a large sale. Mr. Stout has written both prose and



TRAVERSE EUGENE STOUT.

poetry, which has been published at different times in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, The Army Herald of Des Moines, The Budget of Knoxville, Des Moines Register, Waverly Magazine, and the periodical press generally. Mr. Stout is unmarried, and resides at Huntington, W. Va., where he is engaged in law.

DRIFTING.

Surely apart on Life's great sea,
Drift I from you — and you from me,
Though wind and sea are fair,
I press my hand against my breast,
Alas! for me there is no rest,
For oh! my heart's not there.

But 'tis with you — sailing away,
Surely drifting — taking the day,
Leaving the night for mine:
Once side by side we sailed together,
Sailed through fair and stormy weather,
Over the mystic brine.

A jealous hand in the calm, blue sea,
Then turned your boat apart from me;

I struggled 'gainst its will,
But all in vain — a glimpse of white;
You are drifting yet — just in sight;
Yes, drifting — drifting still.
To hope farewell — farewell to you,
Vanished yourself and boat from view,
Out on the distant bay.
In thoughtful hours, on mem'ry's sight,
Will often break your boat of white
Still drifting — drifting away.

MARY.

Brown-haired graceful Mary,
Blue-eyed little fairy,
When the dawn appears
Your words fall on my ears;
When the sun goes down
Unchecked your talk flows on, —
Now of this and then of that,
Of the grove, the bee, the bat,
Mocking now the river's song,
Wandering all the woods among,
Chirping like the sweet ground bird;
Was there like thee ever heard,
Swain, or maid or flowing stream,
Talking, singing from the gleam
Of the dawn till far in night,
With such vim and such delight?
Pearl-toothed, graceful Mary,
Blithesome little fairy,
Dimpled cheeks are yours;
Your breath more sweet than flowers,
Tempting lips so red,
Bewitching molded head,
A thousand charms to win,
The fair God Love within;
But when he'd kiss your cheeks,
Or dare approach your lips,
Before his love he speaks,
Your restless tongue outslips,
In its long accustomed way,
And so much 'twould have to say,
That your lover weary grown,
With his message all unknown,
From your side would haste away,
Neither come another day!

Ever-talking Mary,
Self-will'd little fairy,
I'll a sermon preach;
When the dawn appears,
When fair love would woo,
When the evening nears,
This of all things dare to do,
Bride you your speech.

O what a storm I brought
On me thus before I thought;
All her words ran riot
When I bade her tongue be quiet!
I'll remember all my days
The dire tempest I did raise;

But the storm at last went by,
 Teardrops trembled in her eye,
 Yet she would not deign to cry,
 Queen-like there she passed me by.
 Brown-haired graceful Mary,
 Blue-eyed little fairy,
 Humbly I entreat,
 You will mercy mete
 To my broken heart,
 That to love did start,
 When the tempest I awoke,
 When your heart so freely spoke,
 Then I knew I loved thee, Mary,
 Brown-haired, blue-eyed, talking fairy!

MRS. HATTIE E. FURMAN.

BORN: DELHI, IOWA, FEB. 8, 1853.

SINCE 1871 the poems of this lady have appeared in the Dubuque newspapers, the House-



MRS. HATTIE ELIZABETH FURMAN.

keeper, and the local press generally. She was married in 1882 to Charles H. Furman, and still resides in her native place.

TWO DREAMS.

Asleep in a sunny meadow,
 When the June winds soft and low,
 Are swaying, swaying, swaying,
 The tall grass to and fro,
 He dreams a dream of the future,
 With boyish abandon—sweet—

That a world of pomp and treasure
 Is lying at his feet.
 The ragged boy in the meadow,
 'Neath the June skies soft and blue,
 Awakes from his care-free dreaming,
 To find it all—untrue.
 Asleep in his splendid chamber,
 He dreams of the long ago,
 Of winds in a meadow swaying
 The tall grass to and fro.
 The man of the world is dreaming:
 Oh illusion fond and sweet—
 That his life untried before him,
 Lies at his boyish feet.
 He 'wakens—the old, old story,—
 As ever earth's dreamers do,
 To find, outside of heaven,
 Their brightest dreams—untrue.

SEEKING A SIGN.

Oh red, red rose! The warm glow in your
 heart
 Is deep and rich to-day; your perfume sweet,
 As when on Sharon's plains the Asian sun,
 Wooed you to being when the world was
 young.
 Oh royal lilies! you are with us now,
 Stainless and spotless in your purity,
 As when you grew around Jerusalem,
 An then in your pale splendor did out shine
 The glory of Judea's proudest king.
 Oh purple heartsease, with your bended
 heads,
 The shadow, resting on your faces sweet,
 Has never once been lifted since the day
 The gates were shut on Eden; for you wear
 The patient look of one who always waits.
 And though you never see the Presence that
 Was wont to walk the garden at the hush
 Of night-fall, yet I know you always watch
 The dusky silence—faithful, fond and true.
 Oh fair and fragile flowers, whose fleeting
 bloom
 Dies in an hour, but whose sweet history
 Reaches behind the history of nations!
 You, who are so peerless and so perfect,
 And, who are, methinks, the only earthly
 thing
 On which no curse has fallen, do you know
 With what fond love, and brooding tender-
 ness,
 A troubled world has loved you? Let us look,
 I pray, deep in your tinted chalices,
 Seeking therein a pledge divine, that when
 The low, green grasses grow 'tween us and
 you,
 We shall find upon the unknown heavenly
 Hills the deathless bloom of immortelles.

MRS. MARY A. THOMAS.

BORN: LA VERGNE, TENN., JAN. 10, 1841.

THIS lady was married in 1872 to Archie Thomas, and now resides in Springfield, Tenn. She received a good education and has a fair knowledge of Latin, Spanish and music. From an early age she has written quite extensively for the periodical press, and in 1871 was elected honorary member of the Tennessee Press Association. Mr. Thomas was a very popular journalist, a free mason and knight of honor, and his death in 1888 was deeply lamented. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Thomas has continued the publication of the Springfield Record, in which she has been very successful.

HEAL THYSELF.

"As fickle as she's fair," man says
Of woman. "Sweet words, tender smiles
Are bestowed on all men alike;
There's no end to her flattering wiles.
"And this one, that one, and the other —
Poor, blind dupe, thinks he is loved best;
That, should he but please, she would gladly
Give the mitten to all of the rest."
Thus he looks, criticises, condemns;
Swears woman serves man very badly;
While the beam is in his own eye
He has judged. And then reflects sadly:
"What a heaven this world would be
If women were sincere and true;
If they would as honestly act
In such matters as we men do."
His elastic conscience ne'er whispers
Of falsehood the least suggestion.
Attend a few moments — I'll show you
The opposite side of the question.
To her friend man praises one woman,
But says, "you are more beautiful far" —
Directly murmurs to another,
"You are bright as a midnight star."
Sometimes his eyes will speak tender;
He breathes fondly in one maiden's ear.
"I knew not what love is till now,"
To some other "My heart holds you dear."
He leans over a trustful young girl
And "Sweet Alice with hair so brown,"
Quotes softly; and royal she feels
As if wearing a golden crown —
Though whether or no he means aught
She knows not; and he cares much less:
What is it to him if the words
Are destined to bane or to bless?
Again he'll clasp warmly both hands
Of fair friends he chances to meet,
And all think "If for me he cares naught
Would he greet me with glances so sweet?"

"A word to the wise is sufficient;"
I shall instance no other cases —
Just advise a right cultivation
Of three most rare christian graces.
But flirting is a time-honored custom.
Likely dates back to the fall
From Eden. And perhaps, it is only
"Diamond cut diamond" after all.

A POEM.

A city fair, yet in her beauteous youth,
Sitting enthroned within her sovereign
State,
Clad in the royal robes of justice, truth,
And every attribute that makes her great,
From her rejoicing Commonwealth receives,
On this Centennial of natal days,
Rich homage shown in rare and countless
sheaves
Of excellence, that all true men appraise —
Industry, Genius, Talent, and whatever tends
To grace the human brow, or make all man-
kind friends.
One hundred years ago this vernal time
The sun arose upon a forest wide,
Where wild game flourished in our genial
clime,
And basked upon our sparkling river's side.
The savage lurked within the wild-wood
shade,
His murderous tomahawk high raised in air;
But sturdy settlers, firm and undismayed,
Soon forced him back unto his green-wood
lair.
Where erst the Indian's wigwam smoke curl-
ed toward the skies,
He saw the pale-face habitations surely rise.
Then vengefully the vanquished warrior flew,
The sunset rays upon his dusky face —
The clustered cabins to a village grew —
The village to a town increased apace.
Her citizens in virtues oft excelled:
In peace and war alike were they renowned.
Dominion, honor, in her precincts dwelled —
She regnant city of the State was crowned.
And steadily, towering upward to the clouds
we see
The dome of the proud Capitol of Tennessee.
Lawgivers, Statesmen, Generals she gave,
Who risked their all in danger's whelming
tide;
Wise, patriotic, honest, true and brave —
Well worthy of a nation's loving pride.
Twice sent she forth one of her sons to fill
Our glorious country's presidential chair;
A man of energy and iron will, [there.
Who served the people well that placed him
Let Nashville's cannon loud reverberate to
tell [ry dwell.
The Hermitage that Jackson's deeds in mem-

Again our city, at the nation's call,
 Glad yielded one of her most able men —
 Whose enemies his graces held in thrall;
 His praises spread afar o'er mount and glen.
 When he had loyally fulfilled his part
 He sought his home to rest beneath her sod —
 For aye he lives within his country's heart —
 And Nashville loves the places where he trod.
 And her Centurial guns boom o'er Polk's hon-
 ored dust,

And speak her pride of him, her own, her no-
 ble, just.

Suppose the deep-mouthed cannon's roar has
 broke

The fetters of decay, which long have bound
 The crumbled forms of those red men who
 woke

The forest with their savage life, and found
 For them a resurrection brief, that they
 May view the progress the pale race has
 wrought,

The while they in their rude graves quiet lay
 A hundred years with mighty events fraught.
 Behold them rise from many a long lost In-
 dian mound, [round.

Among us grimly stalk, and gaze bewildered
 They note the tokens of the white man's
 might;

The sounds of busy, joyous life they hear;
 With low-bowed heads, and footsteps spirit-
 light,

They from our presence wond'ring disappear.
 The dark, weird woods receive the ghostly
 throng —

Rekindle they their long extinguished fires.
 Dance their death dance, and chant their fun-
 eral song,

And then those phantom sons, sepulchral
 sires, [glide

A painted, savage, specter crew, all silent
 Back to their graves, again to wait a cen-
 tury's tide.

A century's tide! What wondrous things are
 hid

Among its stealthy, sure, swift-rolling waves?
 What will evolve from intellects which bid
 Defiance to deep nature's secrets — braves
 All sacrifice for good of human kind?

What mysteries will science yet reveal,
 Within that era, to still closer bind

Our race in deeper woe, or brighter weal?

From 'mid Time's teeming, hasting billows
 shall be hurled [world.

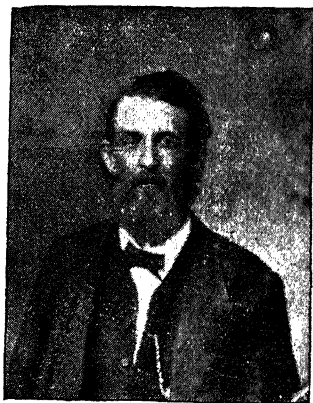
Events that will amaze a startled, gazing

JOHN HOTCHKISS.

BORN: DERBY, CONN., NOVEMBER, 1830.

FOR three years the subject of this sketch was
 apprenticed to the drug business at Bridge-
 port. In 1849 he removed to New York state,

where he learned the printing business at
 Randolph. Mr. Hotchkiss served in the civil



JOHN HOTCHKISS.

war from the beginning until its close. In
 1866 he started, in Wisconsin, the Fox Lake
 Representative, in which city he still resides
 with his wife, by whom he has two children
 living.

GENEVEY LAIK.

Genevey Laik — magestick stream!

Thy buties can't be told;

They far surpass the poet's dream,
 Or farey tails of old.

Beneath thy waters clear and brite,

Do eny farey murmades dwell,

Or are the siskos all the go,

With now and then a pickurel?

Now is there not sum calm retreat,

Sum nook of mud in thy waters clear,

Where bullheds fat each uther greet

Beyond the reech of hook or speer?

And tell me, O murmerrin waves,

As proudly you role on in glory.

Have you no romanse of gone by dais,

No tail, tradishun or story?

Did the red men of yore build huts on thy
 sand,

And squas and papposes lay around loos,

Or were the denizens of thy forist land

Only the Gofur, the Elk and the Moos?

Go it little billers — bust on the shore,

And all kerfummux and brake;

I cood ride on thy waves forevur more,

And hark to the musick you make.

O, laik of buty — vurdent spot,

The puttist in creasion —

I mite rite more if twant so hot,

And the rest of the fellers would only jest

,quit their botherashun.

WILLIAM V. LAWRENCE.

BORN: GREENE CO., O., NOV. 10, 1834.

MR. LAWRENCE was admitted to the bar in 1860, and the following year enlisted as a private, serving until the close of the war, with the exception of a short period in 1863 when he was obliged to return home to regain his shattered health. In 1865 Mr. Lawrence began the practice of his profession at



WILLIAM VICKARS LAWRENCE.

Waverly, Ohio, and three years later settled permanently in Chillicothe, where he now resides with his wife, whom he married in 1864. Mr. Lawrence has written verse from his youth, and in 1874 published a volume of poems entitled *Ellina*. In 1889 appeared *The Story of Judith*, a neat volume of poems that has been well received. Mr. Lawrence is well known as a successful lawyer and gentleman, and now occupies the position of assistant quartermaster general of the department of the Ohio G. A. R.

MUSIC THAT EVER IS NEW.

I have listened to-night to music so sweet
It charmed all my sadness away.
In the rhythmical sound of merry young feet
Of children in innocent play.
Their laughter like ripples of water, flows
Enchanting upon the breeze;
While echo, repeating it, comes and goes,

Refining the notes which please.

I drink of the music as one does wine,
Athirst for the cheer it brings;
But sweeter to me this draught of mine,
Which comforts but never stings!

The voices come in at the open doors,
And float through each vacant room,
Like fragrance blown in from the bursting
flowers

Which under my windows bloom.

And yet no feet o'er the threshold come,
And under my roof-tree rest;
No nestlings at eve to my gates fly home
To shelter upon my breast.

Yet a hand once touched the open door,
A foot at the threshold stayed;
And a shadow lies there forevermore,
A sorrow that will not fade!

SONG.

The stars are glowing in the skies,
The clouds have fled away,
The mist of night around me lies
In shadows dull and gray.
Come stray with me, dearest,
While stars their watchings keep,
Come stray with me, come stray with me,
Let those that love not sleep.

The night grows deeper on the plain,
Our steps must homeward turn;
The dew reflects from earth again
The heavenly lights that burn.
Come, come with me, dearest,
We can no farther rove,
Come play for me, come play for me
Those melting notes of love.

Ah! sing to me, for in my breast
All tuneless are those strings
That vibrate when the heart is blest,
And rapture inly springs;
Yes, sing to me, dearest,
Thy voice is music sweet;
The echoings, the echoings,
My heart shall still repeat.

And when the last note dies away,
New strings shall catch the strain;
A viewless hand shall sweetly play
The song of love again.
Then list with me, dearest,
Love tunes the echoing song;
Within my breast, within my breast,
Those notes shall echo long.

WHO KNOWS.

The lights flash out along the street,
And merry feet still come and go,
While distant music soft and sweet
Floats up, and voices from below
Ring out in laughter; distant call

And answer back come up to me;
 And yet like throbs of pain they fall,
 And thrill my heart and soul and all
 With one fierce throe of misery.
 I do not know why this to-night;
 I love sweet music, and I love
 To hear the merry voice and light
 Which floats to where I sit, above
 The crowd which hurries to and fro;
 I close the sash and shut me in,
 And press my heart, which flutters so—
 I hear the muffled roll within.

It may be that one voice is gone
 Whose tones would harmonize all sound:
 One footstep falling on the stone
 Might rhythmic make each step around:
 A touch of one fair hand might still
 The tumult of the heart within,
 To joy the saddened thought yet win,
 The heart with hope and sunshine fill,
 Who knows? The secret yet unguessed
 Is closed and locked within my breast.

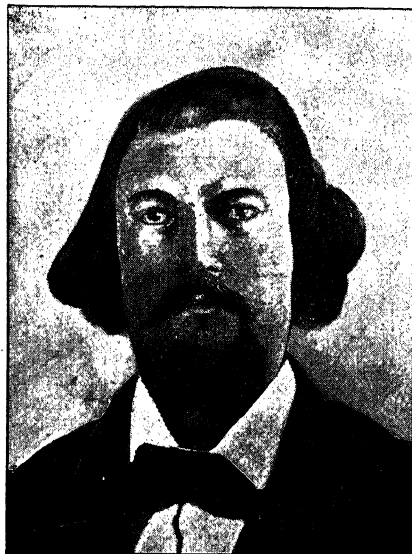
THE ITINERANT.

He tried the problem of this life,
 And found it hard and intricate,
 Not in its toil and vexing strife,
 The heritage of rich and great;
 Not in its greed for fame and place,
 The world's chief aim, Ambitions's goal,—
 But in that work, made sweet through
 grace,
 To win and save a dying soul.
 Few were his needs,—an humble fare,
 His bible with its tear-stained page;
 A book of sacred song and prayer,
 The comfort of his pilgrimage.
 He had no home save with his flock,
 Which took him in its fold a time,—
 A refuge in that Rifted Rock
 Made perfect through a faith sublime.
 A wife gave comfort in those days
 When labors pressed and sorrows pained,
 And followed him in lowly ways
 Where duty called and souls were gained.
 What need was it her faith to prove?
 The dullest eye her heart could read;
 A Ruth was she in trust and love,
 His people hers in faith and creed.
 A year of sojourn here and there,
 They pitch their tents and call it home;
 The fallow for the seed prepare,
 And so for reapers yet to come.
 They gather sheaves as those who glean
 The harvest field, the reaping done,
 The golden store, though small and lean,
 By thrift despised, they make their own.
 His life is one of ceaseless toil,
 With frugal board and humble bed,

And gleanings from a scanty soil
 Repaying grudgingly in bread.
 His Master gave the test for all,
 Though clad in rags or purple gown,
 By it adjudged we stand or fall;
 "Tis by your fruits ye shall be known."
 So from these lowly fields of grain
 His eager hands their trophies bring,
 Well pleased if he at last may gain
 The smile approving from his King.
 His master taught, he followed him
 In faith and patience to the end;
 And when he found his way grown dim
 He counseled with him as a friend.
 He faltered not, but went his way,
 Nor questioned where the duty plain;
 Few flowery vales inviting lay
 Amid those steeps of toil and pain.
 His seemed a lowly life to those
 Who journeyed not upon his road;
 And yet from height to height it rose,
 And scaled th' Eternal Mount of God!
 For him no grand cathedral rung
 With organ-peal and chanting choir;
 No glittering throng ecstatic hung [fire.
 On his chaste lips, though touched with
 Yet his the broad and echoing halls
 Of Nature, where her leafy shrine
 She reared in arches vast, and walls
 Wrought out and decked by hand divine!
 There, templed in the fragrant wood,
 Blue-arched and spanned by skies above,
 Amid a weeping multitude
 He preached them Christ's redeeming love.
 With cause so great, at shrine so grand,
 God's curtained throne, its arch and dome,
 Proclaimed his love on every hand,
 Made perfect in a life to come!
 His name a household word becomes
 In all his circuits, far and near;
 A benison in all their homes
 His face familiar grown and dear.
 The grandsire, father, wife, and maid,
 The babe upon its mother's knee,
 On each his hand in blessing laid,
 Baptized them in their infancy.
 He labors till life's eventide
 Casts silvery gleams on locks of brown;
 And she who journeyed by his side,
 Aweary, lays life's burdens down.
 Dark grows the way without her hand
 To clasp in his and guide his feet;
 He wistful views the promised land
 Where they across the flood shall meet.
 The summons comes, he owns Death's power
 Yet, victor crowned, he mounts the sky;
 He lived each day to meet this hour.
 And, living thus, learned how to die.

WILLIAM M. GILLELAND.

At the age of seventeen William began to write verses. Removing to Austin, Texas, when a young man, Mr. Gilleland remained there over a quarter of a century, during which time he was employed in the state department, and for a number of years was a



WILLIAM M. GILLELAND.

clerk in the general land office; also was the enrolling clerk of the senate for two terms, and librarian of the supreme court. In 1864 Mr. Gilleland wrote his greatest poem, *The Burial March of General Tom Green*. Of late years Mr. Gilleland has suffered greatly from wounds received in 1860. He is now a resident of San Antonio, where he has a large family.

THE BACHELOR'S NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

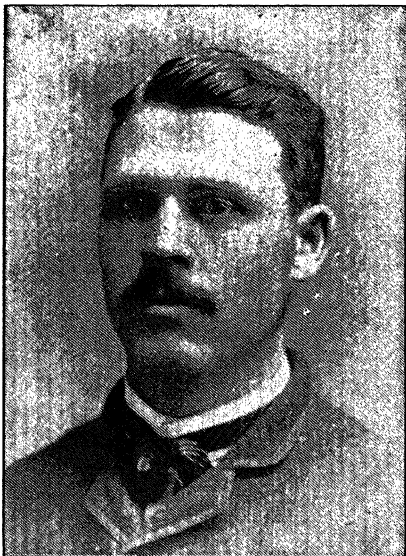
I'm sitting all alone to-night,
And sad November 'round me grieves,
The sky is misty, dark and cold,
And sadly sound the falling leaves:
The cat is purring on the rug—
The dog is dreaming of the chase,
And starts and snaps at Tabby's tail,
Forgetful of the time and place.
The windows rattle to the blast,
Which moans like some deep heart in pain,
And like the strains of saddest song
Comes down the cold November rain!
The bells their funeral chimes have hushed,
Where late the burial rites were read,
And they who swelled the weeping train,

To music of the banquet tread.
It is a night for memories wild—
Of golden dreams of diamond days,—
A night when ghosts the churchyards walk,
And minstrels on their tragic lays;
The fire is low upon the hearth,
My midnight lamp is burning low;
While tranquil sleep on couch and tomb,
The travelers of the world below;
It is the last of lonely nights,
That I perchance shall know for years,
And wine of joy will fill the cup.
That only brimmed before with tears!
My books around me scattered lie,
Old tones of ancient days and men,
Where I have followed Cæsar's hosts,
Or watched the march of Zenophon.
But what to me is now romance,
Or history's page, or burning song.
Since they but cloud the glowing hopes
That to an untried life belong.
To-morrow night I leave the shore,
My barque is waiting on the tide,
To bear me from this single state,
To scenes that I have never tried,
And will my days like music glide,
No clouds obscure my being's sky?
Will she who is to be my bride
Still love till the day I die?
And will she soothe me when I'm sad,
And roam beside me hand in hand
Till one or both have passed the gate
That opens to the spirit land?
All pleasure must have some alloy,
And joy, and grief a kindred born,
There is no rose however fair,
That still does not conceal its thorn,
Comparison is beauty's test,
And love is measured by its scale,
For he who Alpine snows have felt,
Will best enjoy the genial vale.
My life has been a wild romance,
With pain, and grief and sorrow rife,
And in my wintry years of youth,
I've seen few pleasant days of life!
But still I do not hate the world,
For many faithful friends I've known,
While 'round my heart their names are set
Like jewels in a kingly crown!
But life must change from old to new,
And 'tis a tale that soon is told;
I'll link them in the name of wife
And bind them with a ring of gold
The moon is rising in the east—
My taper fades in light of day,
So in the beams of wedded joy
My autumn shall be changed to May.
And will there be no sad regrets,
For human nature's ever frail,
Has sentiment and real life
Been weighed within a separate scale?

Will she to whom my heart is pledged
 Ne'er murmur at her wedded choice,
 And will her words be always kind,
 And uttered with a gentle voice?
 Then will we banquet all our days,
 And life will be a song of love,
 Harmonious as the spherical chimes,
 Within the universe above.
 Then wedding bells ring out for joy.
 And haste ye sluggard, weary hours!
 Ye are the steeds that bear my life
 From barren wastes to blooming bowers.

TREVOR GWYN BEVAN.

BORN: JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., MARCH 27, '61.
 THE poems of Mr. Bevan have appeared in
 the Chicago Current and the local press gen-



TREVOR G. BEVAN.

erally. He follows the profession of a school
 teacher, is unmarried, and still resides in his
 native state at Martinsburg.

THE PAST.

As I stand on the sand
 By the rolling sea,
 Fanned by the breeze's gentle flow,
 From out the far-off strand
 There are waft to me
 Sweet mem'ries of long ago.
 Mem'ries though filled with love
 For that pebbled shore,
 Like the wave-washed rock seem hidden,
 While I gaze far above

'Mid the breakers' roar,
 A voice seems to say "forbidden."
 And those murmuring waves,
 As they ripple along,
 With the drifting tide are sighing;
 And weeping o'er the graves
 Where the great and strong
 In watery tombs are lying.
 The place where I'm standing
 Is the shore of Time,
 And the past the sea that's rolling;
 Thoughts like tides—commanding
 My spirit to chime,
 And feelings seem past controlling.

But those mingling sounds
 A lesson repeat:
 'Tis "Future Improvement,"—be true;
 But the sea now surrounds
 And warns me retreat,
 So I to the past bid adieu.

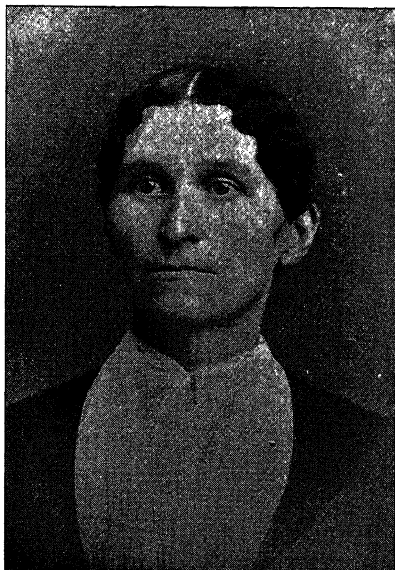
FALLEN STARS.

Bring out the flags, unfurled in waves,
 And let the drums of veterans beat;
 Bring on the flowers to deck the graves,
 And crown each urn with roses sweet.
 Tread lightly o'er your comrade's bed,
 And sadly drop a tear
 For one who lived, but now is dead,
 Lies slumbering in his coffin here.
 Let not your acts your thoughts beguile,
 Nor weave the wreaths with careless
 hand;
 But march in rank of funeral file
 To deck the low, immortal band.
 Perchance the one a year ago
 Who wove a wreath for a comrade's bier,
 Is now at rest and lying low,
 Waiting a flower or orphan's tear.
 Perhaps there's one of Shiloh's band
 Who marshals now, at beat of drum,
 That may be borne by comrade's hand
 To the place we deck, a year to come.
 Their feeble steps, and tottering ranks
 We view; and lines of veterans brave;
 Our hearts are touched to grateful thanks,
 But still they march toward the grave.
 Let each one act an humble part
 To keep the star of freedom high;
 May each one have a patriot's heart,
 And feel he's not afraid to die.
 And when you're laid away to rest
 Within the dark and silent tomb,
 May each one in his turn be blest
 With heavenly flowers and endless bloom.
 Then rest your arms and furl the bars,
 And leave the heroes where they fell,
 And doff your cap to fallen stars,
 And say to all a last farewell.

MRS. MARY H. FAWCETT.

BORN: OHIO, 1843.

THIS lady was married at the age of twenty, and now has six children and a beautiful rural home three miles south of Chester Hill, Ohio. In 1880 appeared a neat volume of her



MRS. MARY HUESTIS FAWCETT.

poems; she hopes to publish in 1890 *Ernestine and Other Poems*. Mrs. Fawcett has a most cheerful disposition, and is well beloved by her numerous friends and acquaintances.

THE DEATH OF A DAY.

Day is dying — slowly dying —
West winds murmur soft and low,
As they're sighing—lightly sighing
Through the trees and vale below.
Sighing — as if silent sorrow
Filled with mourning all the air,
And its freshness, it must borrow
From the wings of lone despair.
As if sadness were a duty,
When the shadows gather round,
That will veil the evening's beauty,
Which the great day-king has crowned.
From the east night's somber sable
Will o'er twilight's dreams unroll
Like some luring time-worn fable
Shrouding deep in doubt the soul.
Thus the sunset's lingering glory
Robes the earth in mystic sheen,

Tells a sweet, bewitching story,
Then grim darkness wraps the scene.

OH! DO NOT ASK ME WHY I WEEP.

You see this grand old mansion, dear,
Where balmy airs are playing
Among the trees and roses here,
And through its boudoirs straying.
They lift the filmy curtains now
In waves of silken splendor,
And fan with fragrant breath my brow,
Caressingly and tender.
That gravel walk by yon retreat,
Through park and lawn is wending,
Where rare, rich flowers are blooming sweet,
Their odors softly blending.
You think me very happy here,
With all this grandeur round me;
You almost envy me, my dear,
The pleasures that surround me.
But ah! my life is lone and sad,
These rooms seem dull and dreary:
Their richness almost drives me mad,
And makes me faint and weary.
And, oh, I'd gladly give them all,
For smiles and fond caresses
From him who treads this stately hall,
But ne'er his love confesses.
With cold, dark brow he stands apart,
My tear-stained face unheeding;
Nor hears the sigh that rends my heart.
Till it is torn and bleeding.
Then do not ask me why I weep,
Or why I'm sad and lonely;
The heart will starve, if we must reap
The grains of bright gold only.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

The hopes — bright hopes — of other years,
To-night are slowly dying;
My lips must chant 'mid sighs and tears
A requiem where they're lying.
My life must bid farewell to-night,
To fondest, sweetest pleasures,
For ere shall dawn the morning light,
I'll bury its dearest treasures.
A new-made grave must hide to-night,
My heart's deep grief and sorrow,
Hide love, that made this world so bright,
And wreathed with joy the morrow.
I ne'er again must lift the lid
Of this dear, moldering coffin,
In which my early love lies hid,
Though I shall long to — often.
I ne'er again must speak the name
Of one so loved and cherished;
I ne'er must breathe one thought of blame,
Though all my hopes have perished.
But press with feverish hands my brow,

And quit this weary fretting;
 For, ah, his heart's another's now!
 And mine must cease regretting.
 If in youth's fair and lovely bloom,
 I could have seen him dying;
 And in the damp and lonely tomb
 Beheld his dear form lying—
 Yes, if beneath the cold, cold sod,
 His clay I'd been consigning,
 And now could feel he's with his God,
 I then could cease repining.
 But the very thought—another now
 Receives his warm caresses,
 And that another fairer brow
 His lip with ardor presses,
 Has filled with anguish wild my brain,
 Ne'er penned in history's annals—
 And my very life-blood feels the pain,
 To course its feverish channels.
 And oh the world seems cold and lone!
 And I've grown so sad and weary;
 My pathway through the dark unknown
 Looks gloomy, dull and dreary.
 I know that I shall sadly miss
 Affection's fond caresses,
 And oft yearn for the loving kiss
 Devotion softly presses.
 Shall long for all past joys once more,
 With heart now sadly beating,
 Shall sigh for loving smiles of yore,
 And twilight's wonted greeting.
 I must go through the world alone—
 Alone and broken-hearted,
 Nor show by either look or tone,
 Its brightness has departed.
 Must teach my brow to wear a smile,
 Must speak without complaining,
 Though from my being all the while
 This grief my life-blood's draining.
 Must gayly smile when morning dawns,
 And birds are singing o'er me;
 Must smile at eve when wood and lawns
 Spread all their charms before me.
 Smile when the gay and heartless throng
 Around my path is pressing,
 As if my life were one glad song,
 And every pang a blessing;
 Must note the sweet and lovely flowers
 Around me ever blooming;
 Must speak as if the lonely hours
 From golden founts were looming.
 For, ah, the world must never know
 A woman has been weeping,
 Where joy and love are buried low,
 And fondest hopes are sleeping.
 A scornful smile 'twould only wear,
 To see her vainly kneeling,
 And pouring out her soul's deep prayer
 O'er love that was unfeeling.

MRS. ANNA M. E. CUMMINS.

BORN: BENTON, MICH., 1852.

MRS. CUMMINS is a great advocate of temperance, and many poems on that subject have



MRS. ANNA M. E. CUMMINS.

appeared from her pen in the local press. She was married in 1872, and now resides in Geneva, where she is well known and greatly admired by her numerous friends and acquaintances.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Do not save your loving speeches
 For your friends, till they are dead;
 Do not write them on their tombstone,
 Speak them rather now instead.

It would lighten many a burden,
 It would chase away dull care,
 If the kind words now were spoken
 To the friends who are so dear.

Don't keep your flowers to strew their coffins:

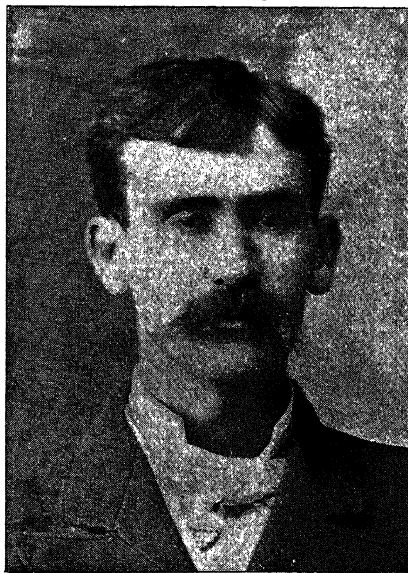
Brighten up their lives to-day;
 Don't save your love to lavish
 On a lifeless lump of clay.

When we see our friends before us,
 Lying in their narrow bed,
 Will our memory bring back to us,
 Words we'll wish we had not said.

ORLANDO ROLLIN BELLAMY.

BORN: VEVAY, IND., AUG. 10, 1856.

MR. BELLAMY attended De Pauw university of Greencastle, and while there wrote an essay in poetry. As a student he won the honors of his class and received a gold medal as a



ORLANDO ROLLIN BELLAMY.

prize in mathematics. Since leaving college Mr. Bellamy has been engaged in teaching. His poems have received publication from time to time in the periodical press. Mr. Bellamy expects to publish a volume of his poems.

OLD SONGS.

Sing me a song, my darling,
A song of the long ago,
I am so tired to-night, dear,
And the music will rest me so;
A song that we sang together,
As we stood in life's morning gleam,
When sorrow seemed dim and distant
Like the shadows in a dream.
Sing of the rest up in Heaven,
As you sang when the angels come,
And tenderly bore our darlings
To rest in that stainless home.
There are no songs like the old songs
That are crowned with memory's tears,
There are no friends like the old friends
Who have loved us all the years.
Dreaming sweet dreams of the past, dear,
To the music's ebb and flow,

Once more I shall see the faces
That sleep beneath the snow,
And the voices we loved the dearest
From their echoless silence will come,
And float with our own up to heaven
In the music of "Home, Sweet Home."
We'll know while we close our eyes, dear,
They're standing again by our side,
There'll be no more hopeless longing,
And we shall be satisfied.
And just as of old, my darling,
In the fitful embers shine,
We'll hear the footsteps of angels,
And clasp the Hand Divine.
And never again into silence
Shall our heavenly guests depart,
We will fold them away forever.
In each crushed and bleeding heart,
To sleep 'till with radiant splendor,
O'er shining blue hills in the west,
We pass to that heavenly portal
And enter with them into rest.

GOLDEN LILIES.

I gathered lilies, royal golden lilies,
The dewdrops glittering in the sweet June
light
Within each chalice. One more fair and state-
ly
Will wear your bright heads o'er her heart
to-night,
I whispered, and the love I fain would tell
her
I'll hide with kisses in your hearts of gold.
Oh! bear them to her. On her lips with pas-
sion
Impart the message that your sweet depths
hold.
I gathered lilies. Ah! the days were swifter
Than swallows darting through the summer
rain,
Or young fawns playing in the dim old forest,
For love had come with all his white-robed
train
Of happy hours, their sandals shod with fleet-
ness,
Into my life, for on her heart she wore
My golden lilies, from their depths escaping,
Love looked from out her brown eyes ever-
more.
I gathered lilies, broken, withered lilies,
The dull gray skies were grayer for my
pain,
While strains of music, words that she had
spoken,
Were echoed always through my weary
brain.
The faded petals that for her I gathered
Were wet with other rain than autumn's
cloud.

Oh! dreamless rest! I knelt and slowly, gently
Placed her dear golden lilies on her shroud.

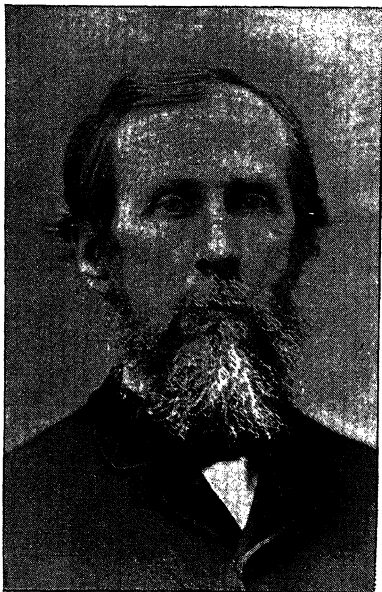
O golden lilies, swaying low and bending
Above a grave at ev'ry passing breath,
A mound so low, and yet it shuts out heaven,
So shallow, yet it reaches unto death.

O snowy cloud of summer swaying, drifting,
Bear far above beyond your sea of blue,
As on her dead heart here I lay these lilies,
The unforgotten love I send by you.

ISAAC COBB.

BORN; GORHAM, ME., APRIL 28, 1825.

IN 1851 Mr. Cobb went to Boston, where he attended a commercial institute and published *Sylvan Poems*. He then went to Hudson,



ISAAC COBB.

where he learned the printing business. The same year he went to New York City, and in 1854 returned to his native state and settled in Portland. The following year he was married to Miss Louisa M. Richardson. Since 1865 he has been connected with the *Portland Transcript*. Mr. Cobb has contributed to the leading magazines and newspapers of America, and is at present engaged in compiling a genealogy of the Cobb family. He has attained a national reputation in the world of literature.

THE BIRDS.

There came to live, one flowery May,
Outside our window-pane,
Two little birds with plumage gay
And voice of sweetest strain.

They built their nest without a fear
That we could do them harm,
Or that there ever might come near
Aught to create alarm.

Perhaps the reason why they came,
If I may tell it thee,
Our garden has a pleasant name
From many a bird and bee.

They loved the flowers, and therefore wove,
As near them as they could,
Their curious nest, and fondly strove
To rear a tuneful brood.

No songsters of the grove or plain
More sweetly sang than they,
Nor ever birds beyond the main
More finely trilled their lay.

The flowers more beautiful appear,
And fonder love's control,
Than though the birds ne'er sought to cheer
And elevate the soul.

O northern winds! more kindly swell
From your ethereal dome,
So that the birds may longer dwell
About our happy home.

MY NAME.

If in the sand I write my name,
What profit shall it be to me?
Shall I thereby attain to fame,
Or gain in honor one degree?
So writes the warrior when he strives
For glory over others' lives.

What if I carve my name in wood,
In letters drawn with utmost care?
Time like a canker-worm may brood
And eat my autograph from there.
So writes the man who seeks for wealth,
And perils happiness and health.

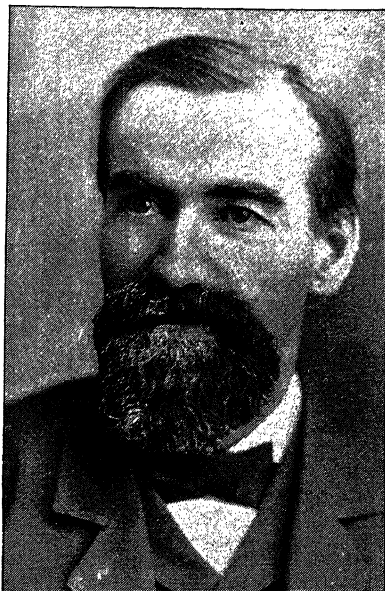
No! let my name be cut in stone,
Each character inlaid with gold,
That I in triumph, all alone,
May loudly laugh at heroes bold!
Alas! what is there that decay
May not attack and wear away?

But if I write my lowly name,
Or bid my Savior write it there,
On Heaven's eternal scroll of fame,
Time shall not mar the writing fair,
Nor storms nor revolutionary strife
Efface it from the Book of Life.

MAURICE MCKENNA.

BORN: SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY 31, 1845.

As a lawyer Mr. McKenna has gained quite a reputation, and is well and prominently known. He was married in 1875 and resides with his family in Fond du Lac, Wis. From 1870 to 1876 inclusive, Mr. McKenna was elected clerk of the courts of record in Fond



MAURICE M'KENNA.

du Lac county, and he has served three terms as supervisor of the first ward of the city of Fond du Lac; and has also been chairman of the county board of supervisors. He has held various other positions of trust. During the war Mr. McKenna was a member of Co. I. 39th Wis. vol. infantry. In 1868 he published a volume of poems, and a second volume has recently been issued by this noted author.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

My Country! Remember thy chieftains who bore
The brunt of thy battles that thunder no more;
Remember the leaders and blazon each name
High on the towers of thy limitless fame.
They deserve that thou buildest the urn and the bust [dust:
Above the green sheet that encloses their
But never, fair land, till thy glory decline,
Forget the brave soldier who fought in the line.

While the high-titled warrior exultingly led,
'Twas the plain private soldier that suffered and bled;
'Twas he, where the torrent of slaughter was poured,
That leveled the musket and wielded the sword;
That stood on no shallow or empty pretense,
But bared his brave breast in his country's defense,
That the silk-woven stars of his nation might shine
In the sky of the private that shot in the line.
The stout private soldier pursued his stern trade,
He watched on the picket and rode on the raid;
He waded through streams in their pitiless flow,
And he slept on the ground in a blanket of snow;
Through illness and health as his destiny carved,
In the pestilent prison he suffered and starved;
He stood in the trenches, he dived in the mine,
The plain private soldier that marched in the line.
It was he that confronted the frown of disease,
The miasma of swamps, and the surf of the seas,
The desolate marches o'er mountain and plain,
In the red sultry sun and the cold sleety rain;
It was he that far off from the home of his pride,
From the smile of his sweetheart, the kiss of his bride,
Who could hear his sad comrade, all helpless repine,
For the poor bleeding soldier that fell in the line.
The strife and the shock of the onset he bore,
Far out on the ocean, and high on the shore;
Where dangers descended in desolate flocks,
And the breakers of battle dashed liberty's rocks;
Where the black iron throats of artillery roared,
Where the hot leaden tempest of carnage was poured,
Along the low vale, or beside the dark pine,
'Twas the brave-hearted private that charged in the line.
Triumphant Columbia! Time will engage
To honor thy captains on history's page:
But take to thy bosom that child of thine own,— [known.
The poor private soldier, unnamed and un-

'Neath the rainbow of peace in prosperity's
hours
O'ercircle the valleys and gather the flowers,
The loftiest wreaths of thy love to entwine
For thy brave private soldier that died in the
line.

LAKE DE NEVEU.

Sweet lake, in the shade of thy willow-edged
shore,

I love to look long on thy beauty once more,
For thou hast been dear in a summer of yore,
To a bosom whose fondness I knew.

Let me look on thy dimples, thou beautiful
lake,

Let no rash intruder my ecstasy break:
I would muse all alone for the memory's sake
Of the maid I have loved on thy banks, De
Neveu.

Ye gay little birds, come and help me to sing,
Lend me a plume from each frolicsome wing,
That I may soar far o'er the turrets of spring,
In your sky-cinctured playground of blue.
I would gather a wreath from each valley and
hill,

My heart with remembrances fondly to fill,
Of one whose affection was saintlier still
Than thy silver transparence, dear Lake De
Neveu.

Spangle, bright water! Say do thou yet know
How she gazed on thy waves with a raptur-
ous glow,

As she nestled beside me in days long ago
With a heart that was only too true?
Swinging far down in thy liquid embrace,
I saw the fond sun kiss thy silvery face;
I, too, stole a kiss from affectionate grace
That smiled at my side by thy shore, De
Neveu.

Kings may be happy in castles of gold,
Rhymer be glad for the songs they have
trolled,

And tyrants rejoice when laudingly told
Of those fountains that manhood renew.
No laurel for me of the king, or the bard;
Give me the green palace my soul can regard
Of thy soft mossy shore and thy flower-jewel-
ed sward,

And the lady I wooed by the blue De Neveu.

Ah! the spell is long broken, the pleasure
long past;

A cloud o'er my present and future is cast,
All alone I am gazing upon thee at last
Where she and I gazed in the days I review.
My gauzy romance of existence is o'er;
I wander in dreamland and rapture no more,
As once I could roam on thy forest-fringed
shore,

When Heaven was so near thee, sweet Lake
De Neveu.

MOLLIE GRAHAM.

BORN: CLAY CENTER, NEB., NOV. 30, 1873.

SINCE her childhood Miss Graham has taken
quite an interest in writing, and many of her



MOLLIE GRAHAM.

poems have received publication. She resides
with her parents at Chapman, Ill.

MY MOTHER'S RING.

EXTRACT.

'Tis only a narrow shred of gold,
But the pleasure it gives me is untold —
When I gaze upon it with anxious care,—
It's the ring my mother used to wear;
It is not a jewel rich and rare,
And the hand that wore it was not so fair,
But in that treasure is a simple tale
Which I shall cherish until memory fail.

There is a picture in that ring,
A voice in music it seems to bring —
A form that is ever by my side—
In years now gone it was my pride;
And as I view that narrow band,
I seem to feel that gentle hand,
Which now lies listless, cold and still
In a lonely tomb upon the hill.

Yet in that narrow band of gold
There lie the secrets yet untold —
There lies the present and the past,
Which will cling with memory to the last;

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH.

BORN: ENGLAND, OCT. 5, 1853.

For the past twenty years this lady has lived in the western states, and is now located at Lead City, Dakota. She is a great worker in



MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH.

the cause of temperance. She was married in 1879 to S. R. Smith, who is engaged in the furniture business. The poems of Mrs. Smith have appeared extensively in the newspapers of Dakota, Minnesota, and Kansas.

D'ISRAELI.

Thou art gone, and in all thy greatness;
Measures thy tomb no more in space
Than will the form of your poor churl,
When laid in its last resting place?
Is it true that massive brain
That wrought such power and will,
Has ceased to work, and never again
Shall prove its master skill?
It seems hard these truths to feel.

Well may we mourn thee, noble dead!
Not England's court alone;
But wherever the Hebrew foot hath trod,
Will be heard in anguish a sigh, a moan;
For as they watched, with kindred pride,
Thy star in its glory ascend —
So, in a kindred sorrow,
They weep for a kindred friend.

Years roll on, but the world will miss
Thee more, as one by one we see
Men who may aim to reach thy height,
Sink into obscurity.
And from the stillness of the tomb
Shall speak thy voice in tones as grand,
A hundred years hence,
When other forms shall fill this land.
Sweet peace be thine, D'Israeli,
Thou hast nobly earned thy rest
By hard won battles bravely fought —
And God knoweth what is best;
The grandest tribute earth can bear
For mortal man be thine,
And for thy soul, we ask in prayer,
A glory not measured by time.

MINNEHAHA.

I oft had heard, but never dreamed
That half was true, for thus it seemed
That pictures of thy beauty rare
Were over-drawn; and so it were [ed,
With thoughts like these, my steps first stray-
To Minnehaha's quiet glade.

And now thy silvery laugh I hear,
Thy frost-like foam is very near;
I doubt the half was ever told,
For tongue could scarce the half unfold,
Nor pen, nor brain, nor artist's eye
Catch all thy beauty grand and high.
And now I walk where years ago
Dusky forms passed to and fro,
And dusky feet were wont to tread
All these paths around me spread
Soft and cool, thy shade to-day
Greeted other faces — bright and gay.
Fear, if e'er it found a place
Hath vanished leaving not a trace
Within the heart, and children play
Upon thy banks, so glad to-day.

In thy foam I seem to see
Lives of living purity,
With under-currents strong and deep,
That never tire, yet never sleep,
That ruffled by some added stone,
Flows on like thee with whiter foam.
Again thy waters dark beneath,
Like troubled lives that groan and seethe
Flow on more still, and naught is heard,
Save low complaints from some lone bird.
Minnehaha, in years gone by,
Couldst thou speak of love and joy?
Couldst tell of gladness? ere the day
That saw thy first-loved turned away?
I marvel not that tears and blood
Were shed in plenty, ere they stood
With faces turned to bid adieu
To these loved haunts but most to you.
For in their hearts they love as we,
The scenes of their nativity.

MRS. JANE K. GANONG.

BORN: CARMEL, N.Y., AUG. 26, 1835.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the local press of her native state, where she still resides at Crafts. Mrs. Jane Ganong has two



MRS. JANE K. GANONG.

daughters and a son, and now resides on a farm with her husband and son—her two daughters having married and secured homes of their own.

TO A DAISY.

Pretty little summer flower,
Growing wild by cot and tower,
Nestling, too, within my bower.

Dotting field and lane and way,
From early morn 'til evening gray,
Cheering yon traveler on his way.

Tall and slim and graceful, too;
With petals white as drifting snow,
You bend and nod when winds do blow.

You're growing, blooming everywhere,
Though no fragrance fills the air,
Like blushing rose or lily fair.

Few leaves adorn thy slender stem,
Thy head of gold like monarch's gem;
Or royal princess' diadem.

O, thou'rt fair to look upon,

Thy upturned face aye greets the sun,
Thy beauty man's praise oft hath won.

For weeks and months thou'lt blossom now,
And nod and bend when winds do blow,
With hue of gold and drifting snow.

Oft you're plucked and worn away
By handsome youth or lady gay;
And sometimes on a grave you lay.

Thus your mission you fulfill,
And grandly do your Maker's will,
Mortals teaching lessons still.

Men in passing to and fro,
Wondering, ask what made you grow
So pretty, this, God made you so.

TO MY LITTLE GRANDSON.

ACROSTIC.

Choicest treasures earth can give be laid at
thy young feet;
Heaven grant thy days on earth to be with
happiness replete.
All along life's rugged road may wisdom lead
the way,
Under shadow of God's wings may you se-
curely dwell each day;
No evil thing thy pathway tread, thy mother's
faith be thine,
Contentment spread for thee her board, thy
heart to good incline;
Earth's fairest flowers be plucked by thee,
life's rose without a thorn
Yield fragrance sweet to cheer thee on, till
dewy eve from morn.

Cheery, sunny little lad, thy blue eyes mildly
beaming,
O, what a world of light and love is in thy
pathway teeming.

Bursting manhood waits thy coming—let
angels bright have care,
Until you reach the heavenly portal, no sin
can enter there—

'Round thee evermore be thrown thy heavenly
Father's love,
Naught of earth or earthly joys can compare
with those above.

May life's day for thee on bright joyful wing
pass,
And you sing with the angels in heaven at
last.

Safely may your barque be landed on the
bright eternal shore,
Songs of triumph there be blended—sorrow
cometh nevermore—

E'en a seat in God's own kingdom, by you be
sought and won,

Yea, in the many mansions heaven, may you
rest when life is done.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUG. 15, 1824.

BEFORE he was fifteen, this author began to contribute short poems to newspapers. His education has been complete, having been a student in the universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Mr. Leland is the author of *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams*. Hans Breitmänn Ballads is from his pen. He has also written numerous other works in prose and verse, which have made him very popular.

A SPARK IN THE ASHES.

I went to a gay reception,
 Last winter in the West,
 As the beau of the belle of the season,
 Quite out of the season dressed.
 For they told her no queen in story
 Had a bust so blanche and fair;
 And, like Samson, her strength and glory
 Was all in her wondrous hair.
 But I did not think of her tresses,
 For directly vis-a-vis,
 A dame in the simplest of dresses
 Was flashing her eyes at me.
 Eternal eyes of wonder!
 How gloriously they rolled,
 Like two black storm-lakes under
 An autumn forest of gold.
 For as Lilith's in her splendor
 Like an aureole gleamed her head,
 And a magic, strange yet tender,
 Seemed winding in every thread.
 Wavy and dreamy in motion
 I felt the old memory flow;—
 We had met by the sun-gold ocean
 A thousand years ago!
 And the beaux and the belles with their
 graces,
 Where were they on the ancient shore?
 Oh, the sea had blown forth in our faces
 A thousand years before.
 Sea-foam and weeds and clam-shells
 Which slid in the waves' long rolls!
 Gay gentlemen—beautiful damsels!
 Why, how did you come by those souls?

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit-land,
 A thousand years ago,
 Watched the waves beat on the strand,
 Ceaseless ebb and flow;
 Vowed to love and ever love—
 A thousand years ago.
 Thou and I in greenwood shade,
 Nine hundred years ago.

Heard the wild dove in the glade
 Murmuring soft and low;
 Vowed to love for evermore,—
 Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
 Eight hundred years ago,
 Saw strange forms of light afar
 In wild beauty glow;
 All things change, but love endures
 Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,
 Seven hundred years ago,
 Heard the warder on the walls
 Loud his trumpet blow,—
 "Ton amors sera tojors,"
 Seven hundred years ago!

Thou and I in Germany,
 Six hundred years ago—
 Then I bound the red cross on;
 "True love, I must go,—
 But we part to meet again
 In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
 Five hundred years ago,
 Felt the wild fire in our veins
 To a fever glow!
 All things die, but love lives on
 Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
 Four hundred years ago,
 Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,
 Heard strange breezes blow:
 In the ideal love is real,
 This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
 Three hundred years ago,
 Lived in faith and died for God,
 Felt the faggots glow:
 Ever new and ever true,
 Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
 Two hundred years ago,
 Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
 Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
 Had no care or woe:
 Life went dreamily in song
 Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snows,
 One hundred years ago,
 Led an iron, silent life,
 And were glad to flow
 Onwards into changing death
 One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
 Met in Fashion's show,
 Love, did you remember me,
 Love of long ago?
 Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
 A thousand years ago!

WILLIAM WINTER.

BORN: GLOUCESTER, MASS., JULY 15, 1836.

MR. WINTER graduated at the Harvard law school, but began his career as journalist and literary and dramatic reviewer. In 1886, in commemoration of the death of his son, he founded a library at the academy in Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. Mr. Winter's writings include *The Convent and Other Poems*, *The Queen's Domain and Other Poems*, *My Witness—a Book of Verse*, and in 1881 appeared a Complete Edition of his poems. He has also edited various works.

VICTORIA.

Midnight and Moonlight encircled her slumbers,

Pillowd afar on the wandering deep;
Softly, ah softly, with tenderest numbers.
Echoes of Paradise, lull her to sleep!

Stars in your lustre, and clouds in your fleetness,

Mix round the gallant ship, breasting the gale!

Shed your sweet influence over her sweetness!
Guard every bulwark and bless every sail!

Billows, roll gently, that bear on your bosom
Treasure more precious than infinite gold—
Beauty in spring-time and love in its blossom,
All that my hungry heart longs to unfold.

Ocean, that breaks on the rocks where I languish,

Blessings, and prayer on your surges to pour,
Like in your might to my passionate anguish,
Shield her, and save her, and waft her to shore!

Angels that float in the heavenly spaces,
Ah, while you guide her through perils unknown,

Still let the light of your beautiful faces
Shine on her face that is fair as your own!

Violets, welcome her! roses, adore her—
Blushing with rapture from mountain to sea!
Lilies, flash out on the meadows before her,
Sparkle in glory, and ripple in glee!

Scattered o'er mountain, and forest and river,
Far the dark phantoms of trouble are hurled:
She will illuminate, she will deliver,
She will redeem and transfigure the world!

ORGIA.

A SONG OF RUIN.

Who cares for nothing alone is free.
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me!
With a careless heart and a merry eye,
He will laugh at the world as the world goes by.

He laughs at power and wealth and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame:

He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear,
And at memory's dead leaves crisp and sere:

He laughs at the future cold and dim,—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.

O that is the comrade fit for me:
He cares for nothing, his soul is free,
Free as the soul of the fragrant wine:
Sit down, good fellow — my heart is thine.

For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cup I quaff,
And over my liquor I riot and laugh.

I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave:
I laugh at the church and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death draws near.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.

And he cares for nothing! A king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who brought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago:

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose;
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;

To the splendor, caught from orient skies,
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,—

Her large eyes wild with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood.

And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,
Who has conquered that fortress and reigns within.

My sight is fading,— it dies away,—
I cannot tell,— is it night or day?

My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushed my brain.

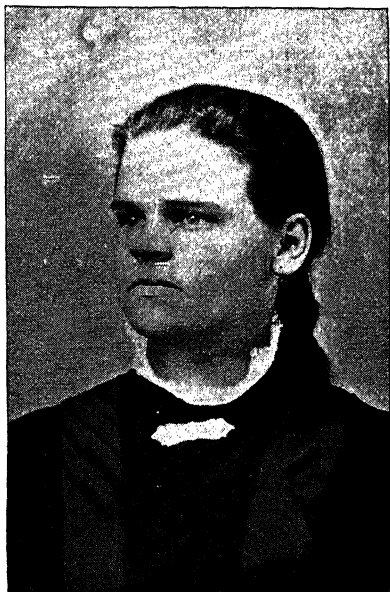
I cannot see you. The end is nigh,
But—we'll laugh together before I die.

Through awful chasm I plunge and fall!
Your hand, good fellow! I die,— that's all.

MRS. LIZZIE L. VAN BURGH.

BORN: BERNADOTTE, ILL., SEPT. 29, 1859.

SINCE a girl this lady has written verse. She was married in 1884 to A. P. VanBurgh, who re-



MRS. LIZZIE LILLIAN VAN BURGH.

presents the Home Insurance Company at
Filley, Nebraska.

CHANGED.

To-day I'm sitting all alone
And dreaming of the past;
Those bright and sunny days did own
Too much of Heaven in them to last.
I will not say, my precious friend,
That all my joy has fled;
While there is life there still is hope,
And where there's hope, joy is not dead;
Grief often is a blessing in disguise—
Tho' we cannot see it with our human eyes.
Genie, they say that I am changed,
Yet how they scarcely know;
The features surely are the same,
The smiles still come, but quickly go.
They say the merry, joyous laugh—
Once came so glad and free,
Is but a mockery of true self,
And meant a blind for self to be;
We strive to hide our sorrow in our heart,
And find at last it is of us a part.
Sometimes I laugh at these remarks;
Sometimes I breathe a sigh,

To think of true and faithful hearts
Whose very lives are still a lie.
If we could see the inmost soul
For just a time laid bare,
How strange to see we little know
The secrets deeply hidden there;
We'd find the ones we thought we knew the
best

The very ones we really knew the least.
We could not say they were untrue
Because they are not what we thought;
The change, the scorn, if we but knew
Our very selves, into that heart have
brought.

'Twas not their fault; we could not see
The look of pain and care,
That 'round the tender mouth would cling
And seemed to nestle there.
The sweetest tones that ever lips did part,
Sprang from a broken, quivering heart.

Dear girl, if you were only here to-day,
I'd lay my tired head upon your knee;
Your hand upon my aching brow you'd lay,
And I should know one true friend felt for
me.

I am so glad you're coming soon;
Yet time seems long to me.
When memory casts its saddening gloom
With you I long to be; [great
Grandeur than the jeweled head of monarch
The heart that suffers for another's sake.

There are moments in our changeful lives
When passionate tears would be relief,
When we can only moan and sigh
In our bitter pain and grief;
When such dark moments come to you
Seeming greater than you can bear,
Remember one who tried, loved true,
Then smile upon your care.
"Smiles that cover a majestic woe,
Sadder are than wildest tears that flow."

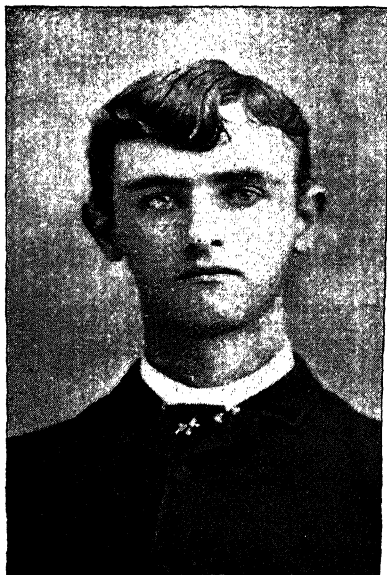
MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD.

Do you remember the happy days
When you and I were young;
How we went fishing in the brook,
And the happy songs we sung?
Those quiet days can come but once,
Enjoy them while you may;
For as our childhood days go by,
Mirth does not always stay.
Alas! too soon that singing voice
In sadness may be hushed;
And who of us can tell how soon
Those lips may mold to dust.
We cannot tell what may be ours
In future years to bear;
But let our childhood happiness
Cast sunshine every where.

WILLIAM R. JACOBS.

BORN: ELIZABETH, PA., JAN. 2, 1868.

MR. JACOBS follows the occupation of a printer, and is connected with the Observer publishing house of Suffolk, Va. He publish-



WILLIAM R. JACOBS.

ed a monthly periodical, The Rosewood Library, for about one year. The poems of Mr. Jacobs have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press of Virginia.

THE HUNTED FAWN.

O, why doth th' hunter so follow my trail
 With his murderous Beagle and gun;
 An innocent being so tender and frail
 That I cannot but stumble when run.
 I have th' lone wood for my cumberless lair,
 And my bed—it is cold and so damp,—
 While Nimrod has homes and luxuriant
 fare,
 And th' Shawnee a fire at his camp.
 They slaughtered my mother but yester' at
 morn,
 And have left me with awe and no aid,
 And now they are hunting thro' meadow and
 corn
 To be-cripple her innocent babe.
 The sea-gull has homes on th' fathomless sea,
 And th' eagle its nest in th' pine;—

The fish have th' fount—the flow'rs th' bee—
 Then why not th' forest be mine?

THE JAMES! THE NOBLE JAMES!

Oh, the Hudson! blue and bright,
 As it flows with great delight,
 Yet to me it ne'er could seem
 Half so lovely—half so clean
 As the James! the noble James!

It has its foam and azure wave,
 Its coral and shells the waters lave;
 Oh can ye find in southern land
 Another rich and lovely strand
 Like the James! the noble James!

See the gallant barks that glide
 O'er its full and steady tide;
 It's a stream from Cap. to sea,
 That has beauties 'nough for me—
 The James! the noble James!

Its shores are white with pearly shells—
 Its banks are rich with marly cells,
 And o'er this stream of liquid light
 The sea-gull takes his morning flight—
 O'er the James! the noble James!

Many an army o'er her waters crossed—
 Many an ironclad or ram they've tossed;
 The blazing guns once shook her main—
 The Monitor-Merrimac fought for fame
 On the James! the noble James!

THE SYLVAN ALTAR.

O summer winds and autumn sighs blow here,
 And fan this sacred Oak, so meek and dear
 To one who stood beneath its sylvan boughs,
 And offered up to Him his solemn vows.
 O heaven 'fresh its drooping leaves with dew,
 And give the guerdon that to it is due:
 Full twenty centuries of sun and rain,
 With birds to sing unto the world its fame.

Plant pansies at its roots, and vines,
 That o'er the Altar Oak may closely wind,
 And form a beauty that, tho' mute and still,
 Will make the yeoman say, "I'll never kill."
 And give the runlet that so swiftly glides
 New vigor, that, while flowing to'ards th'
 tides,

'Twill sing a louder song—much sweeter still,
 When passing by this rustic altar hill.

This Oak hath kept th' dew from off the brow
 Of one who stood full many a morn, I trow,
 With feet bewet by rain and dewy sod,
 And offer'd up his daily prayers to God.
 The poet hath now remov'd too far away
 To pay this Oak his visits day by day,
 But let the chopper's axe go past with awe,
 And never make upon this tree a flaw.

MRS. ABBIE H. RICHARDS.

BORN: EAST UNITY, N. H., SEPT. 18, 1851.

FOR nearly a quarter of a century this lady has resided in south-eastern Nebraska, and while there she has been connected with newspaper work. She is a strong temperance



MRS. ABBIE HURD RICHARDS.

woman, and has done quite a little work in the lecture field in the state of her adoption. She was married in 1868 to Thomas Richards. The poems of this journalist and poet have appeared in the *Woman's Tribune*, *Peterson's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's book*, and the periodical press generally.

TO BE.

We say to ourselves, "it might have been,"
When all eternity is "to be,"—
We say it over and over again,
For the truth is hard at first to see.

We say to ourselves, the past is gone,
Is gone forever adown life's sea;
But the "might have been" that haunt sour
hearts,
Will lose itself in the yet "to be."

Ah, many hearts that are crushed and sore,
Beneath the blow of the chast'ning rod;
Who can see no ray of shining light,
Beam down on them from a gracious God.

Who feels no hope for what yet may come,
And who no joys in the present see,—
The past is not all in the "might have been,"
There is much to come in the yet "to be."

MOTHER.

I am weary, weary, mother,
Of this ceaseless, endless strife,
Of the bitter disappointments
I've been meeting all my life;
Yes, I'm weary of them, mother,
So I'll give my fancy flight,
And go back in dreams, to childhood,
And be happy just to-night.

I'll go back to you, dear mother,
To the dear old "long ago,"
Ere I had one thought of sorrow,
Or had felt the weight of woe;
I will dream of her, who loved me,
Ah! no other love so true,
So unselfish, pure, and sacred,
As that I received from you.

I remember once you told me—
It was just at twilight close—
That outside a mother's dwelling,
Lingered all the children's foes.
I have learned since then, dear mother,
Learned that all you said was true;
Tho' your words had such strange import,
Then, I scarce their meaning knew.

It is said our Heavenly Father,
Loveth those He chasteneth, best!
That the sorrowing ones are dearer
Unto him than all the rest.
Oft you have the words repeated
Unto me, and now they come—
Come like the whisperings from Heaven,
Come like words of love from home.

Mother, now I'll take my Fancy,
Fold her tired wings to rest—
But I'll take your memory with me,
Mother, dearest, truest, best.
And whene'er temptations meet me,
God will keep me undefiled;
For your love will keep me purer,
And your prayers protect your child.

DREAM VISIONS.

To-day my mind is filled with recollections,
I thought would never come to me again;
My heart is throbbing fast with the old sor-
row,
And mocking visions seem to fill my brain.
Full well I know, why now I link together
The dead past, and the shadowy yet to be;
Because in dreams last night, you came back,
darling,

And bridged the gulf that separates you
and me.

Last night I dreamed you came and stood be-
fore me,

And on your face a look of anxious pain;
The words you said to me are not forgotten,
So fraught were they with hopes I know
are vain.

So full of tender hopes, and hopeless longing,
So full of memories of days long past;
Oh darling, did you think I had forgotten
One single blissful moment of the past?

Last night I dreamed your hand clasped mine
as warmly,

As ever in the days so long gone by,
Your lips pressed mine in tender loving
kisses,

Life held no terrors for me — you were nigh.
I felt again your lingering caresses,
Saw your dear face, your eyes with love-
light gleam;

Heard your dear voice whisper fond words of
loving,

I woke to find all vanished — 'Twas a dream.

A dream! oh darling, just a tender vision
Brought to me on the wings of troubled
sleep;

A season with lost joys, a brief illusion,
That brings back memories o'er which I
weep.

For bitter tears to-day will come unbidden,
And dim my eyes, as memories sad but
sweet

Come back across the years of lonely waiting,
And nearer bring the day when we shall
meet.

For we will meet, I know it, in the future,
I know not how, or where, or when 'twill be
That our divided paths again, my darling,
Will cross, and we each other then shall see.

It may be when the sun of life is setting,
And we are nearing close, the other shore;
But ere the summons comes to call me over,
I'll see your face, and clasp your hand once
more.

Though morning banished all my fond dreams,
darling,

And visions of the cherished long ago
Must give their place again, to life's stern
duty,

And years go on in ceaseless ebb and flow;
And though the days are filled with passion-
ate longings,

The night of mocking dreams, and bitter
tears;

I wait the time when I shall meet you, dar-
ling,

And live again the love of buried years.

CHARLES N. WOOD.

BORN: BROOME, N.Y., JULY 1, 1839.

THE poems of Mr. Wood have appeared in the
Waverly Magazine and other publications.



CHARLES N. WOOD.

He follows the profession of teaching, and is
still a resident of his native county.

WHERE WE LIVE MATTERS LITTLE.

Where we live can matter little,
While sojourning here below;
But 'tis how we live determines
Our eternal weal or woe.

If we search the lowly valleys,
Faithful hearts we find beat there;
But alas! the oaths of sinners
Break the stillness of the air.

If we search the hills or mountains,
Pleasant vales or prairies wide,
'Tis the same in every nation —
Wheat and tares grow side by side.

Faithful millers only ask us
If the wheat we bring is good;
Not about the field it grew on,
Or if brought by public road.

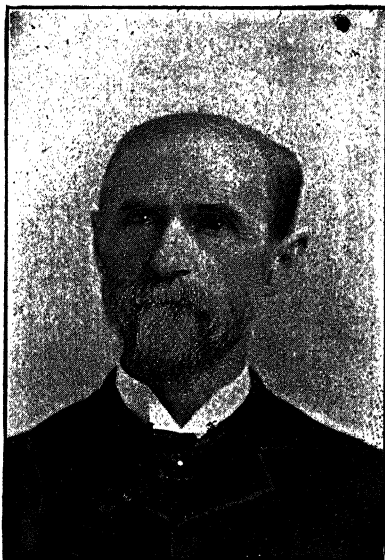
Thus 'twill be at God's tribunal
When we're judged at the Last Day;
Where we've lived we'll not be questioned,
All that matters is the way.

If we've only done our duty,
All with us will then be well;
We shall live in that bright country,
Where the good alone can dwell.

ALLEN R. DARROW.

BORN: NEW LONDON, CONN., APRIL 20, 1826.

ALLEN R. DARROW, the author of *Iphigenia* and *Other Poems* has gained quite a reputation as a poet. Although now and for many years actively engaged in business pursuits



ALLEN R. DARROW.

he has, nevertheless, found time to cultivate a natural taste for authorship, furnishing from time to time acceptable contributions to various journals and magazines. Mr. Darrow is now a resident of Buffalo.

A DECORATION DAY INCIDENT.

Winter had gone with its storms and cold,
Again it was smiling May;
And the sun shone fair o'er field and wold,
On the Nation's holiday.

With muffled music, with speech and song,
And a wealth of flowers in bloom;
From their homes went forth the old and young
To enwreath each hero's tomb.

With solemn mien and reverent tread,
And memory all aglow;
Garlands were strewn o'er the graves of their dead
Amid voices soft and low.

Not only for brothers and noble sons,
Were the tributes so lovingly paid;

But over the graves of stranger ones,
The wreaths of flowers were laid.

A little child came wandering there,
And saw with a great surprise,
The floral offerings everywhere,
And the tears in sorrowing eyes.

One year before — with his fond caress —
She sat on her father's knee;
No more from him comes a kiss to bless,
For he sleeps beneath the sea.

Within this little one's heart there came,
Sweet memories of his love;
At that shrine anew there burned a flame
Which a child's sweet faith could prove.

For with busy hands she labored there —
And a purpose pure and brave —
With many returning steps to bear
Earth and sod, to build a grave.

And then she gathered from lane and field,
Dandelions of golden hue;
Until her apron was more than filled,
And with starry daisies too.

Her flowers so bright into many a link
She wrought with many a tear;
And she said, "Maybe that God will think
My papa is buried here."

FEBRUARY GEMS.

To wandering children in the ages old,
I've often heard that mystic tales were told
Of fairy lands, where oft on trees and bow-
ers

There fell from heaven pure crystal gems in
showers.

Well, I believe, and so I think must you
That myths are shadows sometimes of the
true;

For going forth upon a winter morn
A wondrous glory did the day adorn,
On every tree along the city street,
What matchless splendor did my vision greet.
Pendant from silver-coated branch and stem,
In argent beauty hung a brilliant gem;
Sparkling in candescent glory bright,
Shone myriad diamonds in the morning light.
Nature from its exhaustless wealth and store,
Through every street and by-way o'er and
o'er,

Prodigal alike to all the rich and poor
Had scattered rivals to the Khoinoor.

ENVOY.

O youth's first love, fresh, ardent, pure,
Whose vows must e'en all time endure,
That knows no shadowing specter fate
That can fond heart's ere separate —
But ah! the leaves so fresh in May,
By Autumn winds are blown away.

MRS. EMMA F. CARPENTER.

BORN: HALIFAX, PA., JAN. 28, 1844.

THE poems of Mrs. Carpenter have appeared in the Harrisburg Patriot, Telegram and oth-



MRS. EMMA F. CARPENTER.

er publications. She was married in 1862 to Thos. B. Carpenter, and resides at Benvenue.

INVOCATION.

Oh, speak unto me kindly,
I'll worship ever blindly,
To forget is vain to try;
My soul will hover 'round thee
Though thou art far beyond me
As the stars in the azure sky.
I long to draw anear thee,
If I perhaps might cheer thee,
I blest indeed would be;
Forever thou hast blest me,
Though distance hath oppressed me,
When far away from thee.
With power supreme you drew me,
Your glances piercing through me,
Immersed my soul in joy;
With ecstasy you bound me,
You threw a spell around me
Untouched by earth's alloy.
When night so gently closes,
And all in sleep reposes,
Oh! then my soul is free;
In fervent prayer to heaven,
In the dewy hour of even,

My plea ascends for thee.

I pray the darkness 'round thee,
That like a pall hath bound thee,
May rent to atoms be,
That the sweet light of heaven
To guide thee may be given,
And I thy joy may see.

God bless thee now and ever,
And keep thee safe forever,
While I am far from thee;
May all thy grief and sadness
Be soon transformed to gladness,
Then I will happy be.

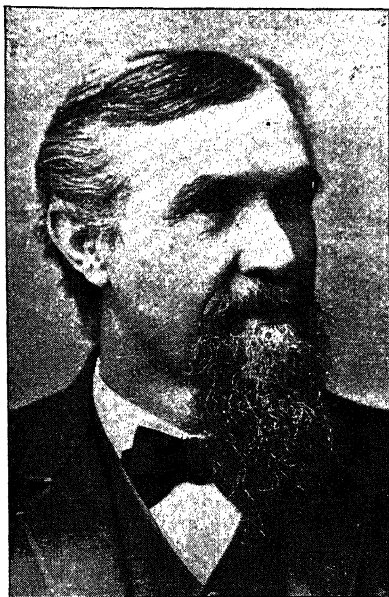
THE DAWNING.

One more beautiful dream
In which my soul doth seem
Very near to heaven;
My heart with fevered throbbing
Its life away is sobbing,
Amidst earth's dull leaven;
Peace is marred by passion's gleam,
Making all the bright earth seem
With quick lightning riven.
Yet one more passionate thrill
Let its bright fulfillment still
Temper this sad yearning;
Let me trace upon life's sand,
With a firm, unwavering hand,
Thoughts within me glowing;
Beauteous thoughts, fair and sweet,
From my pen flow full and fleet —
Shall I stop their flowing?
Let me pour my soul away,
While around me earth is gay
And the sun is shining;
True, my life is all alone,
And I oft with fevered moan
Seek the cloud's bright lining;
Clouds obscure the sunbeam's play,
Let me look where'er I may,
For more light I'm pining.
Do I pine without a hope,
While in darkness thus I grope,
Or is daylight dawning —
Dawning on my weary brain,
Bringing balm for every pain,
With the cheer of morning?
Thus awaits my patient heart,
Acting out its humble part
With an untold yearning.
When earth's pleasures cease to draw,
And we find a hopeless flaw
In our own perfection;
Then we weep in dire dismay,
O'er our idols made of clay,
Bowed in deep dejection.
God can wipe our tears away,
Sending us a brighter day,
Rich with hope's infection.

NICHOLAS LESTER.

BORN: CANADA, MARCH 29, 1842.

DURING the civil war Mr. Lester served in the 110th N.Y. volunteers for over three years. When quite young Mr. Lester wrote verse, and his poems have since appeared quite ex-



NICHOLAS LESTER.

tensively in the local press of the state of New York. He follows the occupation of a painter, and is now a resident of Fulton. He is well known and highly respected in his native state. Mr. Lester was married in 1870 to Miss Ellen Fleming.

FIRST OF MAY.

The winter's breath of snow and sleet
No longer on our faces beat,
And loungers have resumed the street;
To work the house-wife quick will go
House cleaning, that the world may know
She is to dirt a deadly foe.
The house she'll rummage through and
through,
The bed-rooms and the closets too;
Mid-floor their contents she will pile,
And greet her lord with winning smile
While she demands a carpet new.
Each table, bedstead, stand and chair,
Of scrubbing gets an ample share,
And soon the spouse becomes aware
The carpets from the floors are ripped,

And he must put them out to air;
(Let him remonstrate if he dare,
And see that they are whipp'd.

The bureaus, brackets, stands and cases,
Must occupy some new-found places
For the ensuing year;
The parlor stove removed must be,
The pipes from soot be shaken free;
The pictures from the walls be taken;
The blankets, rugs and bed-quilts shaken;
And every nook with suds be drenched,
The kitchen fire remaining quench'd,
For dinner he in vain may look,
And should he grumble at the cook,
A flea gets in his ear.

CAMP-FIRE ADDRESS.

We bid you to-night to a soldiers' collation,
The hardtack and coffee before you are
spread,—
The days when the rooster, aloft from his
station,
Sent down his shrill challenge for swift con-
fiscation
Are gone, or we'd offer you pot-pie instead.
Time was when the voice of the chanticleer
crowing,
Was sweet to the soldier whose ears now are
dull;
The turkey's loud gobble would set his heart
glowing;
The bleat of the lampkin to him was a show-
ing
That mutton was free—tho' they tariff'd
the wool.
Thesquawk of the goose and the quack of the
duckling
Were melody sweeter than timbrel or lute;
The motherly porker's low grunt to her suck-
ling,
Whose squeak reach'd his when his knapsack
unbuckling
Has caused every gland of his mouth to di-
lute.
But gone are the days of our grub confisca-
tions;
No longer to forage we turn from the track;
Our marches have brought us to one of the
stations
Where we must content us with government
rations,
And swallow our coffee and nibble our tack.
Alas for those days—they are ever reminding
The soldier how swift from the mess-fire he
fled,
When the cook in a rage from the smoke that
was blinding,
Stopp'd stirring his beans or his bacon un-
winding,
To fling both an oath and a club at his head.

Our army experience has thoroughly taught us

That no opportunity we should neglect
To dine on such fodder as circumstance
brought us —

Not wait 'till some feast epicurean sought
us —

Lest to go to bed hungry should be the
effect.

Yet we miss from the board many delicate
dishes,

The epicure soldier was wont to invent
When his thoughts wander'd back to the
loaves and the fishes,
Prepared by his ma, who consulted his wish-
es,

In all that to tickle the palate was meant.

For hoe cake in vain we have rummaged the
grub-sack;

No mush nor molasses we find in the house;
We find but the every-day coffee and hard-
tack,

And O how we long for the grease dripping
flap-jack,

And dainty of dainties — we miss the lob-
scouse.

We miss too the cubical pieces of liver

In half a canteen on the end of a stick,
Well wash'd by the water from ditch or from
river,

And held to the fire with persistent endea-
vor,
'Til cook'd to the semblance of miniature
bricks.

Ah! oft in the light of the camp-fire's gleam-
ing,

Enwrapped in his blanket, a log for his
head,

While gray-backs were friskily over him
streaming,

In blissful oblivion the soldier lay dreaming
Of cookies and doughnuts and mother-made
bread.

But his dreamings of home and its knick-
nacks are ended,

Realities now are his staple in life;
No longer he sleeps in the fire-light extend-
ed,

His slumbers, instead of by bad dreams at-
tended —

Are seasoned by lectures or snores from his
wife.

LINES ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER FRIEND.

Friend of my youthful days!

And art thou passed away.

Is that bright smile that cheer'd me with its
rays

Now dimn'd for aye?

Is that warm hand which erst 'twas mine to
clasp

Now seized by death's inexorable grasp?

Have those loved lips been open'd in thy gasp,
Thou grim restorer of earth-borrow'd clay?

Comrade, when thoughtless boys!

And is thy heart now cold?

Are death's dark waves, submerging all
earth's joys

Now o'er thee roll'd?

Is thy great soul from earthly thralls un-
bound?

Has thy freed spirit gone where joys are
found

Of holier source — of depths still more pro-
found

Than those which have thy mortal life con-
troll'd?

And is it ours to weep?

To mourn thee gone from here?

To murmur, while unrestfully we sleep,
Of memories dear?

To bathe with tears the hallow'd shrine

Where we our cherish'd hopes resign;

To clasp in love the hand divine

That deals the blow severe?

Yes, noble soul, thou'rt gone;

Thine earthly joys are past;

The dead bound, which mortals one by
one

Step o'er while earth shall last,

Has been by thee in confidence o'er stepped —
Well may thy parents weep —

Their hearts with anguish torn,

As word of thee, in thine unwaking sleep,

To them is borne,

When I, a simple friend of thine,

Am prompted, on receipt of mine,

To pour my grief upon the shrine [mourn.

Where all, who knowing loved thee, come to

Author of life — of love!

In justice thou dost deal; —

Direct our hopes to thy bright realms above
For all our weal!

Give us we pray, the strength to bear our
woes;

Mingle with love the terror of thy blows!

Teach smitten mortals, while in anguish
throes,

Thy spirit's calm to feel!

Each burst of contrite grief,

Beneath the chastening rod,

Gives to the soul a blest relief,

And brings it nearer God!

Each tearful hour that here we spend;

Each pang that doth the heart-strings rend;

Each anguish cry to Heaven we send,

Prepares for us the road!

HELEN MARR HURD.

BORN: HARMONY, ME.

As a teacher Miss Hurd has been very successful. When a mere child she composed stanzas, and from an early age her beautiful poems readily found their way into the peri-



HELEN MARR HURD.

odical press. In 1887 appeared a large volume of the poems of this lady containing over four hundred pages, which has had a large circulation. Miss Hurd is at present engaged in preparing for the press a second volume of poems and a prose story entitled *The Three Orators*; and she is also employed in the compilation of the history of Hallowell, Maine.

SORROW.

Little brooklet, in thy song
All of joy partaking,
Hush thy babbling all day long,
For my heart is breaking!
Every sound in earth and air,
All thy shouted surges,
All the voices everywhere
Seem like lonesome dirges!
Sad as wailings o'er the grave,
Is thy joyous sweeping;
Let the north wind still thy wave
To a silent weeping.
Let the west wind from his sheath
Fling an icy quiver,

Till thy waters underneath
Silent meet the river.
Little brooklet, clear and strong,
Laughing, tumbling, shaking
Hushed to silence be thy song
While my heart is breaking!

SOMETHING RARE.

Low, sweet sounds are stealing, stealing,
Through the air,
While the Christmas bells are pealing,
Something rare;
Is it echo from the hillside
Or the fen?
Is it murmurs from the brookside
In the glen?
Something lovely, something bright,
Something rare
Fills my vision in the moonlight;
Something fair
Hangs rich drapery on the willows
Over me,
Spreads the lawn with sheeny billows
Like the sea;
Spread with delicate white netting
Hedge and tree —
Sparkling drops in silvery setting,
Hangs o'er me.
Underneath the lamps of even
Lit anew
And hung upon the arch of heaven,
Silver dew
Seems to fill the space between me
And the sky;
And rare faces which have seen me,
Seem to hie
Forth and back behind the curtain,
Looking through
Of; until my heart is certain
That the blue
Far beyond these silver tissues,
And above,
Is the heaven, and its issues
All are love.

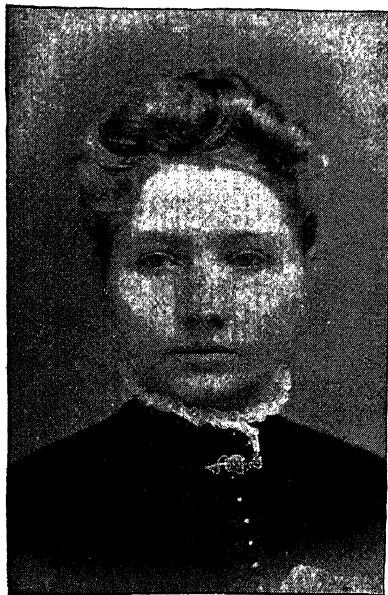
FRAGMENTS.

Within the hollow tree to-night
In silence grave the great owl sits,
Which yesterday boded a storm
With its "tu-whoos" and its "tu-hits!"
Adown the mountain's sloping side
The brooklet dashes! frowns the sky!
Darkness is dense! clouds crowd the west!
Among the lichens dead shapes lie!
The great frame of the giant oak
Rocks madly 'neath the hurricane!
And by forked tongues of lurid fire
Huge rocks are swift smitten in twain!
The angry billows, mountain high,
Sullen, and dark, and capped with foam,
Roll upward, until sea and cloud
Seem to be surging sea alone!

GRACE HOLMES.

BORN: WAYNE, MICH., JULY 18, 1866.

THE poems of Miss Grace Holmes have appeared in Arthur's Home Magazine, St. Louis Magazine, and the local press generally. She



GRACE HOLMES.

is studying shorthand and typewriting at St. Louis. Miss Holmes is very fond of literature, and her poems have already received favorable mention.

A SUNSET.

The fair day closes, calm and still,
The red sun sinks behind the hill;
Above the hill, in varied hue,
The red cloud quivers through the blue.
Through fields of corn, through crowds of trees,
One breeze doth chase another breeze;
They twirl the leaves and stir the grass,
And bend the flowers as they pass;
They shake the vines that clamber o'er
And round about a farm house door,
And fan the cheeks and brush the hair,
Of an old couple sitting there.
O, ripened are the cornfields, and flaming are the leaves,
And the breeze that stirs the mellow land is not a languid breeze;

O brilliant are the flowers soon to feel the touch of frost,
And glorious the sunset sky that the full noon-day lost:
And beautiful each countenance of the aged man and wife,
Who sit within the doorway near the tranquil close of life.

SUMMER.

Summer, crowned with skies of azure,
Summer, gracious with thy music,
Summer, fresh in ripened beauty
Why so call thee, Queen of Season?

For thy glorious sky at sunset,
For the nights fair, starlit heavens,
For the fresh and dewy mornings,
So we term thee Queen of Seasons.

Summer, robed in all thy glory,
Summer, wrapped in all thy splendor,
Summer, bathed in all thy brightness,
Why so call thee Queen of Season?

For the meadows green with clover,
For the hill tops touched with sunshine
For the woodlands decked with blossoms,
So we term thee Queen of Seasons.

NATURE'S SECRETS.

There's a secret with these rugged hills, whose slender tops are gray;
There's a secret with the wild flowers that bloom along the way;

There's a secret with the roaming clouds that change the changeful sky;
A secret have the busy winds, that chant and moan and sigh.

A secret has the moonlight, that touches land and sea,

A secret is between the stars that blink at you and me.

Ah the secrets! can you count them? so numerous are they!

Ah the secrets! can you find them out? can you find them out, I say?

I knew that some sweet secret 'twixt my garden flowers grew,

But I said, "I know, I feel, it is not for me, or you."

I felt there was a secret with the wond'rous, charming sea,

But again I shook my head and said, "That secret's not for me."

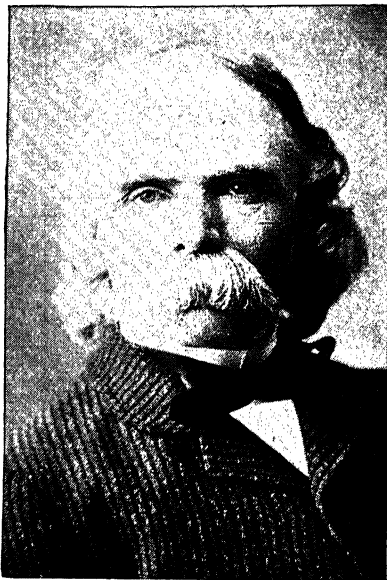
Yea, every where I turn my eyes on nature's living show,

I feel there is a secret that 'tis not for me to know.

JOHN C. ROGERS, M. D.

BORN: PERRY, ME., MARCH 23, 1835.

THIS gentleman graduated at Harvard in 1863-4, receiving his diploma as a physician. During the civil war he served as assistant surgeon in one of the Massachusetts regiments. At the close of the war he commenced



JOHN C. ROGERS, M. D.

the practice of medicine in Brooklyn, but in 1866 he returned to Pembroke, where he has since resided practicing his profession. Dr. Rogers can read Latin, Greek, French and German, and is a great lover of poetry. His poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. Dr. Rogers is well known and very popular in his native state.

TWO PICTURES.

Direful visions crowd my soul!
 Darkness shrouds my aching sight!
 Horror every sense control
 And bar me out from hope and light.
 Bathed in an unhallowed fire,
 See the Prince of Darkness stand;
 Round him builds the funeral pyre,
 That by sin and death is fanned.
 Lurid lightning pierce the gloom,
 Awful thunders loudly peal;—
 Demons sound the general doom,—
 From my soul the senses steal.

Death, the tyrant, reigns supreme;
 Time, the avenger, spurs his steed
 To reach earth's bounds, the most extreme;
 And harvests life with miser's greed.
 Hope and life afar have fled,—
 Dismal cries from wrecking pain
 Come tumultuous from the dead,
 That by time and death are slain.
 Fear with horror's crouching form,
 Shrinks in awe with bated breath;
 Whilst the elements of storm
 Rush in madness o'er the earth.
 Sheets of lurid lightnings glow,
 Blast the shrinking, cowering form!
 Thunders peal; whilst fierce winds blow,—
 And onward sweeps the maddening storm.
 All is darkness, deep, profound,
 Silence reigns through every sphere;—
 Life is dead; no mortal sound
 Shall wake in death the startled ear.
 Lo! a light from out the gloom
 Bursts in glory on my sight;
 Thunders in the distance boom,—
 Morning breaks in love and light.
 On a bright ethereal throne
 Borne through Heaven on angels' wings,
 Stands the Prince of Light, alone
 Save the choir that round Him sings.
 Death appalled before Him flies,
 Darkness shrinks in utter night;—
 And the dead in myriads rise,
 Quickened by the effulgent light.
 Clothed in an eternal spring,
 Earth all radiant now appear;
 Through the groves the angels sing,
 Music soothes the raptured ear.
 Sorrow, care, disease and pain,
 Wan despair and sin have fled;
 They o'er earth no longer reign,—
 They have perished, death is dead!
 "God, the Omnipotent, shall reign,"
 Floats upon the ambient air;
 "Here His kingdom shall remain,
 Eternal as the ages are."
 Honor, adoration, praise,
 Sound triumphant through the skies;
 Cherubim sweet anthems raise,—
 The song of glory never dies.

EXTRACT.

I still enjoy the sounding lyre,
 Although my youth has lost its fire;
 And sometimes tempt a simple lay
 To while the lonely hours away.
 And though my harp has not the skill
 Or art to soar away at will,
 I can compose a rhyme with ease,
 If not sublime, at least will please.

M. I. STEWART.

BORN: JULY 14, 1858.

MR. STEWART is a printer by trade,—a journalist and lawyer by profession. He is now one of the proprietors of the largest printing house in western North Carolina, at Winston.



M. I. STEWART.

Mr. Stewart has written extensively under the nom de plume of Jesse Fry, and has become well known as the laureate of West-haven. In 1889 he published a small volume of verse, and hopes at an early date to issue a large volume of his selected poems.

CEDAR HILLS MINNIE.

Dear to my heart, old rickety mill,
With screaming, wet, overshot wheel,
As of yore, adown the rough hill,
At home with loved Minnie I feel.
In my dreams I frequently hear
The song of thy clear, limpid brook;
And awake to find that a tear
Has stolen what fancy had took!
No house, with a latch, like the one
Where my brown-eyed Kinder resides:
And no sport to me like the fun
Indulged in our mill-pond rides!
The days seem so lonely and drear,
Away from the scenes of my youth:
When shall I be with you, my dear,
And drink from thy fountains of truth?
I know you will never forget
The heart that now throbs for your love;

And ere the suns of this sum'r have set,
I'll meet you, my darling, my dove.
You'll greet me, I know, as of old,
When adown by the mill you stood,
All ready my arms to enfold
Thy beauty's wild ravishing flood.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

Where did you come from,
Little mountain skipper?
With your straight-cut robe
And black leather slipper.

How did you get here,
You fleeting little clipper?
With your bright, keen eye,
Sweet sparrow tripper.

Your neat little foot,
Swift as any topper;
Witching little elf,
Light as any hopper.

Why are you so straight,
Little arrow cutter?
Leaving all our hearts
Whirling in a flutter.

Why don't you stay here,
You little heart trapper?
For a home in our halls
Would suit such a snapper.

When will you come back,
You proud little raider?
With independent look—
Snappish thought invader.

For tilting pleasure,
You trim little lancer,
With movement so easy,
The best of any dancer.

What graceful tipping!
Light as any spider—
Lips that seldom speak—
Wavy little tider.

Of all birds, the Jay
Is hard'st for the gunner
To shoot on the wing—
Puzzling little stunner.

"JODIE."

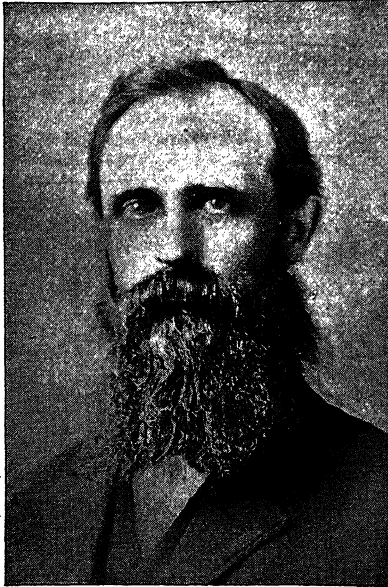
Jodie's a sunflower,
Jodie's a daisy;
Jodie's a dear, good boy,
Jodie's run me crazy.
Jodie seems to be sad—
Jodie's heart is broken;
Jodie, my dearest lad,
Rena thus hath spoken.

I will love you, Jodie;
I will be your charmer;
And with me, dear Jodie,
You can be a farmer.

FABIUS M. RAY.

BORN: WINDHAM, ME., MARCH 30, 1837.

AFTER graduating at Bowdoin college in 1861, Mr. Ray then spent a year abroad, studying German and French languages at Heidelberg and Geneva, under private instructors. Returning home he read law in Portland, was soon admitted to the bar, and at once began to practice his profession at Saccarappa, where he has since resided; he has also main-



FABIUS M. RAY.

tained a law office in Portland since 1871. In 1874 a volume of poems appeared from his pen. Mr. Ray has represented the town of Westbrook two terms in the state legislature, and has served one term in the state senate—declining a re-election. As a lawyer Mr. Ray has been unusually successful, and his literary work has been a matter of diversion. Besides his poetical writings this gentleman has accomplished much historical work, and he is connected with the Maine Genealogical Society, of which he is president and one of its founders.

THE SEA.

O, ceaseless, surging sea,
Pathless, impressionless, type of eternity!
Nor time, nor change has left a trace,
A single furrow on thy face.

The solid earth is seamed with scars,
Deep-graven records of her wars;
And tells in fissured rock and chasm
How many a fearful shock and spasm
The ancient sphere has shaken!

But thou, oh sea,
When awful memories waken,
In solemn stillness of the night,
Canst slumber child-like in the light
Of the desolate moon and silent stars!
Hadst thou a brooding soul, oh sea,
Then wert thou of remorse ne'er free;
Were souls remorseless half, as thou art,
How many a pang were saved and bleeding
heart!

EVENING IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

O'er Jura's craggy peaks aglow,
The gorgeous sunlight lingers;
In deep crevasse 'mid Alpine snow
It dips its rosy fingers.

Along Lake Leman's vine-girt shore
Is mild and balmy weather,
While overhead on ledges hoar
Eternal icebergs gather.

And where the avalanches creep
From off the cloud-touch'd mountains,
The azure Rhone, o'er rock and steep,
Comes dashing from its fountains.

But now the ebon veil descends,
And night enshrouds the valley,
Save where its light the glow worm lends
In wall or trellised alley.

I hear the plover's plaintive note,
The murmur of the billows;
And Philomel's sweet ditties float
From out the sighing willows.

Anon sweet music fills the air
From many a garden bower,
Where rustic swains and maids repair
To spend this charmed hour.

How like a vision all things seem
Beyond this vale of shadows;
E'en as I muse, the young day's beam
Lights up my native meadows.

And thus, alas, it is with all,
'Tis distant and uncertain
If once or time, or space let fall
Twixt us and it the curtain.

The home that's left, the life that's o'er,
The friend that death has taken,
In dreamy hours return once more,
But never if we waken.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

BORN: GRANDVIEW, IND., AUG. 4, 1853.

IN 1884-5 Mr. Evans was southern editor of the St. Louis Medical Journal; and he has been a regular contributor to several other medical journals. He was offered the German consulate to Cologne by President Garfield, but de-



FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

clined it. Mr. Evans has contributed to the Waverly Magazine, Indianapolis Sun and the periodical press generally, and has written numerous humorous articles; he is also the author of several musical pieces. By profession this gentleman is a physician, and was a hospital physician during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, having gone there voluntarily to aid suffering humanity. Dr. Evans was married in 1876 and is now a resident of his native state at Tell City.

THE MAID OF BELLVIDERE.

O'er the distant peaks of splendor
Fell the twilight soft and tender,
And the gloaming hung in purple shadows on
the hazy mere,
While above the dim blue arches
Stars took up their silent marches,
Lightly shedding rays of amber on the walls
of Bellvidere.

Down the valleys half surrounded
By wild hazels gayly bounded,
Myriad streams all moss embroider'd singing

soft their mystic cheer,
While up the path where dangled over
Heads of pink and purple clover,
Homeward driving lowing cattle tript the
maid of Bellvidere.

Eyes — ah me, how bright their beaming!
Dew on grass not half so gleaming!
Chloe's not darker, hare's not shyer than to
me did they appear;
And her cheeks all dimpled over
Sure was red 'most as the clover
That toyed and kissed the pretty ankles of
this maid of Bellvidere.

O, so sweet the cowbells jingled,
With the maiden's voice commingled,
Making strains of music grander than the
birds in brake or breere;
Keeping time to her sweet singing,
She a gipsy hat was swinging
From a hand not none so dimpled in the town
of Bellvidere.

From across the distant mountain
Like some tinkling silvery fountain
Come the low melodious winding of the hunts-
man's horn so clear.
Scarcely stopt we for a greeting,
Shy and coylike was our meeting,
But I left my heart close clinging to those
lips at Bellvidere.

That was in the dim, gray distance
Of the past of my existence
Ere the chilling frosts of Time had left my
leaflets sear;
Yet among my memory's pages
Dimmed, as 'twere, by dust of ages,
I find a deep, fond love recorded for the maid
of Bellvidere.

CUMBERLAND GAP.

O I will tell you a curious story,
A curious story I'll tell to you,
If you'll agree to keep perfectly quiet,
And hold your tongue till I get through.
'Twas on Easter-tide, of years gone many —
A score and five, or nearly so,
And red war smote the sloping mountains,
The rugged steeps and valleys low.
Down where lingers the southern breezes,
Where I first learned the sad mishap,
A brown-eyed mother and two little children
Lived and loved at Cumberland Gap.
Their little field, tho' cheerfully tended,
Yielded them only a scanty store,
And yet they lived contented and happy,
And the birds sang gayly about their door.
How often at the day's declining
They'd heard the lowing herds' low bell,
As down the mountain home returning —
They'd stood entranced, for they loved it well.

MRS. ELIZA J. W. TIRRILL.

BORN: HUNTINGTON, MASS., OCT. 6, 1836.

PRIOR to her marriage this lady taught school. In 1860 she was married to Rodney W. Tirrill, who is now engaged in the real estate business



MRS. ELIZA J. W. TIRRILL.

in Manchester, Iowa. The poems of Mrs. Tirrill have been widely published in the Manchester press and other prominent papers of her adopted state.

THE OLD PARSONAGE.

Where sunbeams seem to gild the roof and wall,
And evening shadows from the church tower fall,
There midst a grassy lawn, marking the spot,
Is seen weather-stained, old-fashioned cot;
The shingles brown, and moss-grown here and there,
The shrunken windows, free admit the air;
The blinds, that helped subdue the wintry blast,
Are very nearly counted with the past.
The tall trees, bordering the yard, appear
Like sentinels, forever watching near;
And in their shade we see the violet's face,
And lilac bush, in keeping with the place.
The broken walk, the steps so worn away,
Lead to the porch, where children used to play,

And happy mothers, when their tasks were made,
Rested at eve, and held the smiling babe.

The open door, admitting friend and foe,
Swings on its creaking hinges, to and fro;
The empty rooms, so desolate, and drear,
Re-echo now no greetings of good cheer.

Yet here all came, of yore, with full belief
Here could they tell their sorrows and their grief;

Here brought their disappointments, wrong and right,
And homeward went with heart and step more light.

And in the past, when twilight lingered near,
Came bashful lover and the maiden dear;
The pastor spake, and lo! the knot was tied —
Another bridegroom and his happy bride.

And where the children passed the gate, slow paced,

To get a glimpse of the kind pastor's face,
Or his dear wife, who knew each one by name

And cordially made welcome, all who came.

Now silence reigns; no step upon the floor,
Or willing hand to open wide the door;
From window looks no face of old or young,
No lullaby — no evening song is sung.

Yet here, oh Lord, was read the book of thine,
At early morning and day's decline;
Prayers offered while all bowed before Thy face,

And benedictions sanctified the place.

Memory will picture this a pleasant spot,
Where stood the weather-stained old-fashioned cot —

The parsonage, that we so long have known,
Now tenantless, deserted, silent, grown.

W. P. ARNOLD.

Mr. Arnold is a well-educated man, a minister of the gospel, and also principal of Grayson Seminary, Litchfield, Ky.

A WITHERED ROSE.

The pleasures of our friendship past
Were all too rose-bud-like to last:
They oped as soon, and full as well,
Too brightly for me now to tell.

Like roses in the sweet of May,
They blessed a better, better day;
But like a rose in winter's strife,
They closed their little, little life.

My life is like the flower-stem
Divested of its rosy gem;
And, like the petals on the ground,
My hopes lie with 'ring all around.

MRS. L. E. BRANNOCK.

BORN: ENGLAND, MARCH 23, 1838.

THIS lady was married in 1858 to J. P. Brannock, college president at Marionsville, Mo. Mrs. Brannock is a teacher of music, painting and elocution, in which she has always



MRS. L. E. BRANNOCK.

met with great success. Her poems have appeared in the Ladies' Repository, Waverly Magazine, and the periodical press generally. Mrs. Brannock is the mother of six children, five of whom have grown to manhood and womanhood.

BE NOT WEARY.

"Be not weary in well-doing,"

Words of toil and sorrow born
In the sacred pulpit standing,
Spake the pastor Sabbath morn.
And he gave for our example,
Christ the holy we adore,
Weary, toiling, burdened, fainting
'Neath the heavy cross he bore.

Then he spake of Paul, enduring
Scourge and prison, want and scorn,
Still not wearied in well-doing,
Though his flesh concealed a thorn.
John, the patient, well beloved;
'Prisoned on lone Patmos' isle,
Yet what wondrous visions thronging
Came his darkness to beguile.

Then of holy blessed martyrs,
Who fell bleeding by the way;
Yet their path illumined, brightened
With the light of glory's ray.
What are we that we should tremble
'Neath the crush of fortune's wheel?
What are we that we should murmur
At the crosses all must feel?
Are we faint and heavy laden,
Are we burdened by the way —
Seems our scourging past enduring —
Do deep shadows cloud our way?
Are we weary in well-doing,
Is our Patmos dark with storm?
Has hope left our gloomy prison —
Do our hearts conceal a thorn?
Glorious visions beaming 'round us,
Light the path in which we stray;
Weary wanderers, all life's burdens
Soon forever fall away:
Courage! Christian toiler, courage!
Brave endure, nor weakly yield,
Faithful, hopeful — trusting ever,
God your strength and Christ your shield.

GOD HELP US.

EXTRACT.

We bring you scentless, 'brodered flowers
With hues more grave than gay,
Wrought in the fancies of the brain,
For these, your flowers of May.
God helping us the while we try
To darn this well-worn theme,
With threads if not of finest gold,
Or poet's loftiest dream.

At least with words whose strength may aid
To bear the tide along,
Till all shall join this army true
And swell the victor's song.
"God help us" is our battle prayer;
How like a clarion shrill
Its pleading tones seem echoing far
O'er every vale and hill.

The words resound now low, now loud,
From mountains to the sea,
In east and west, in north and south,
Bound millions to free.
And hark! the strain with soft refrain,
Borne on the wind's low sigh,
Is rising from our grassy plain
And pealing through the sky.
Till angel tongues take up, renew
The pleading sweet refrain,
And send it through the vaults of heaven
Down to the earth again.
"God help us," is the widow's prayer
For humble daily bread,
The lonely orphans, 'round whose steps
Are treacherous pit-falls spread.

MRS. MARY L. HALL.

BORN: ST. HELENA, N.Y., MAY 26, 1839.

MARRIED at twenty, this lady later taught school, and for many years was a teacher of penmanship. Mrs. Hall has written many



MRS. MARY L. HALL.

stories. Live Coal, a book of poems, appeared from her pen in 1879. She has become quite popular in her native state, where she now resides at Attica, although Mrs. Hall has since her marriage lived in various parts of the Union.

GOLD OF OPHIR.

From the temple-time of David
Comes a legend—sweet as old,
Matchless, peerless, sacred ever,
Treasured tale of Ophir's gold.

Finest of the yellow metal,
Fitted where the gold must go
In the niches of the palace,
Arabesque that quaintly show.

Oh if in the soul immortal
We can build a house as fair
Not for man but for the Father
And can place our treasures there!

Gold of Ophir, Gold of Ophir!
David loved thy shimmering glow,
Shall we build a palace for thee,
Build a palace, white as snow?

None but He the Master-builder —
He who gave His only Son—
Can support the one foundation
That is safe to build upon.

Worldly potentates may flatter
And around us suavely lay,
Corner stones that look immobile
And imposing every way.

They are only fragile structures,
Though substantial they may seem—
Quite as fleeting and uncertain
As the castles of a dream.

Out of heaven comes the succor
Full of love and guidance sweet
That can always mold and fashion
Strongholds never incomplete.

Not for wood, or hay, or stubble,
Though we have them thrible-fold,
Not for precious stones or silver,
But for Ophir's finest gold.

AUNT BETSY'S OPINION.

Mebbe you think I'm foolin',
Mebbe you think I aint,
But I don't hold't airy human
On earth, can be a saint.

There's deacon Andrew Parsons,
He claims, so they tell me,
Sanctification, bless us!
That air's hypocrisy.

Why he's the selfishest critter
Ther' is for miles around.
He can't talk nothin' week days
But all about his ground,

His farm, his barn, an medder,
His trees, that he set out,
His huckleberry bushes,
An' keepin' introoders out.

It don't work that way naber,
If't ever works at all.
His talk wu'd be 'bout heaven;
This world dwindle small.

I won't say nothin's in it,
I'm old an' poor an' weak,
But sanctification's sumpthin'
I heven't faith to seek.

I hold, we're allus faulty,
Nothin' like the Lord,
Poor weak, failin' critters
A seekin' through His word.

Mebbe you think I'm fool'n,
Mebbe you think I ain't,
But I don't hold't airy human
On earth, can be a saint.

DAVID PAUL ZIEGLER.

BORN: OWENSVILLE, IND., OCT. 7, 1867.

THE poems of Mr. Ziegler have appeared in



DAVID PAUL ZIEGLER.

the religious press. He resides in Manchester, Kansas, and is a preacher of the gospel.

MOTHER.

Mother! how sweet and loving the name
To us it's a joy untold,
Its a dear name divinely given,
Worth more than the purest of gold;
It is frequently heard by the listening ear
In tones both soft and mild,
By a darling infant child.

How oft it comes to the mother's ear
From the one she loves the best,
While she holds the sweet babe on her knee,
As she stops a moment for rest.
While weary of toiling all day
With naught of rest in view!
She'll stop and smile on her child as it says:
Oh Mother can't I help you.

All through the years of childhood and youth
The loving mother is dear
To her child cast down with sorrow and grief,
As it tells of its grief in tears,
And when on the bed of affliction —
Though other kind friends are near —
The weary and fainting one speaks forth:
Where's mother, tell her to come here!

As over the bed she bendeth
That loving, trusting one,
You behold her smiling and say:
O Mother, I'm glad you have come,
For there's no other dear mother
Can soothe this pain like you; [mother,
When my heart doth ache with grief, dear
Thou canst quell my sorrow too;
When the holy child, our Savior,
Lisp'd the darling Mother's name,
Don't you think He thought it sacred —
For from holy lips it came?

Had it not been just and holy
Christ would not that word have said;
Lo! his darling Mother,
When the thorns did crown his head.
Oh, then never grow weary, mothers,
Think of the sacred name you bear,
'Tis a title of great honor,
Which the angels cannot wear.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS.

THIS lady commenced her literary career translating works of history, biography and fiction, which have appeared in book-form from Boston and New York publishing houses. She is a close student of German poetry, and has done much original work on magazines and newspapers. Her home is now with her family in Minneapolis, where she devotes her time principally to literature.

GOD'S POEM.

I sat and read one summer night,
A poem grand and old,
Whose every thought, a diamond bright,
Was set in words of gold.

My lamp went out, the poet-page
Grew dim before my eyes,
But lamps that know no change nor age,
Shone from the azure skies.

The golden stars, the silver moon
Flooded the world with light,
And Nature stood at night's high noon,
Transfigured to my sight.

Bird, flower and bee slept 'neath the spell
Of the Great River's song,
A perfumed breath from hill and dell
Swept the hushed air along.

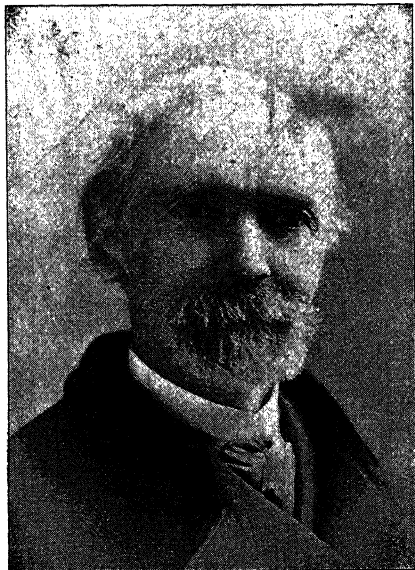
How poor, thought I, my lamp's pale shine
To Nature's fadeless rays;
What to her harmonies divine
Are loftiest poet-lays?

What matter though man's finite lore
Is hidden from my sight?
God's book stands open evermore,
And every line is light.

JOHN W. OVERALL.

BORN: SHENANDOAH, VA.

At an early age John W. Overall went to the southwest, where he was educated; studied law under Governor Tucker, of Mississippi; practiced in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana,—part of the time being engaged in journalistic work. He became editor of the New Orleans Daily Creole, Daily Delta, Daily True Delta, prior to the war; was connected as a writer with the Richmond Examiner, and was editor of the Southern Punch and Army



JOHN W. OVERALL.

Argus and Crisis during a part of the war period; editor of the New Orleans South after the war; editor of the Galveston, (Tex.) Commercial, and literary editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Going to New York he became the literary editor and leading writer, political and miscellaneous, on the Sunday Mercury, of which over a hundred thousand copies are now circulated and which dates to the year 1839 as the commencement of its existence. He has held this position for over fourteen years. Mr. Overall is a typical journalist—his political editorials are strong, logical and incisive, and on other subjects he becomes brilliant, tender and poetical. The best of critics give him the palm for originality and comprehensiveness. His first poetic effusions appeared in the Mobile Tribune, Graham's Magazine, and the New York Home Journal, and met with marked success.

UNDER THE ELMS.

Under the giant elms we walked
In the cool of each summer day,
Under the breezy elms we talked
Of a grove in the Far Away.
In the Far Away of the Glory Land
Where the love-wave rolls and whelms;
Ah! I almost see a beckoning hand
While pausing under the elms.
Oh, brother, gone to the world adored,
Yours was the blood of France,
Mine of the clime of the Douglas sword
And the Percy's quivering lance. [yours,
Your soul sought mine and mine sought
Though our lineage differed so!
You of the land of the Troubadours
And I of the land of the snow.

'Tis the soothing hands that come and go
Through the tangled skeins of hair;
'Tis the tender look when we crave it so
In the hours of grim despair!
'Tis a soul we need as a fellow soul,
As the thirsty earth the flood,
That makes men brothers from pole to pole,
And not their birth or blood!

Brother now blest with the glory of God,
Forever to dwell in His realms,
All of your mortal is under the sod
And I am still under the elms!
Under the grand old robust trees
Watching the splendor of light
As it dies away with the autumn breeze
And lights the lamps of the night.

THE SPRING DOWN IN THE DELL.

Though years have glided like a dream
Since I stood by thy side,
Yet still, thou little rippling stream,
I've thought of thee with pride,
And bless thee, as I bless thee now—
Oh! I remember well
How thou didst cool my fevered brow,
Dear spring down in the dell!
On many a golden summer hour
I laid me down to rest,
Where every wind would throw a shower
Of blossoms on my breast.
The spangled flowers grew around—
Oh! I remember well
The mossy rocks, the velvet ground,
The spring down in the dell!
Thy waters sparkled in my cup,
And flashed along the rim,
And when I raised it gladly up,
And broke its dimpled brim,
Far sweeter than the Samian wine—
Oh! I remember well!
Was that bright crystal wave of thine,
Dear spring down in the dell!

And, mirrored in thy mimic glass,
 I've watched the artless grace
 Of many a dark-eyed village lass,
 As she did kiss thy face;
 And I have envied thee thy lot —
 Oh! I remember well!
 Thou wilt not, canst not, be forgot,
 Sweet spring down in the dell!

GONE TO THE SUMMERLAND.

A bird is but a beauteous thought
 Outflowing from supernal love,
 A wing'd affection, bright and warm,
 That flies down from above;
 And reaching here its mural goal,
 A world of sunshine and of storm,
 The thought of God becomes encased
 And fixed in lovely form.

Ah! yes; it dwells in flesh and blood
 That we may hear its sugary song,
 And learn by all its innocence
 To hate the human wrong;
 And guardian to this tiny thing
 Is One the angels love to name —
 He hung the planets in yon space
 And set the suns aflame.

One day its brilliant plumage paled,
 Its wings no more did flow and float,
 An orchestra of opera songs
 Died in its little throat.
 The cage was empty, lone and still,
 The nest was there, the nestling fled,
 And all the mourning household said:
 "Birdie, our pet is dead!"

The bird had only flown away,
 And left for aye its prison bars,
 And winged its flight through amber light,
 Beyond the farthest stars!
 To-day, within the glorious bowers
 That angels see with dreamful eyes,
 A rapture-song thrills strong and sweet
 From a bird of paradise!

BALLAD OF THE PRESS.

In other days with fiery hands,
 The Troubadours of story
 O'er the Lyre's wild throbbing bosom
 Poured heroic strains of glory;
 They tell us how the knights of old
 Braved tempest, sea and breaker,
 And met the scoffing Saracen
 At Ascalon and Acre.

How the Stuart fought at Flodden,
 How the Douglas rode away
 With Harry Percy's pennon
 From the English border fray;
 How Roland's paladins and peers,
 Before Iberian sallies,
 Fell like the leaves of Pyrenees,
 At fatal Roncesvalles.

There's music in the olden song
 That tells the tale of duty,
 Of lances poised for glorious eyes
 And crimson lips of beauty;
 And romance for the belted knights
 That feared the face of no man,
 Who on the field of Crecy fell
 With faces to the foeman.

We sing a song of modern days —
 Of something far diviner,
 The Ballad of the giant Press,
 Creator and refiner!
 We toast old Gutenberg and Faust,
 In champagne, port and sherry,
 And in the goblet see the smile
 On Franklin's face grow merry.

Within its dungeon palace works,
 As some gigantic beaver,
 The very thing Archimedes
 Would call the long-sought lever,
 Obedient to the will of Thought
 It moves its steel phalanges,
 And nations bend to catch its breath
 From Golden Gate to Ganges.

It orders war and forces peace,
 And drowns the voice of faction,
 And moves the men the world calls great
 To automatic action!
 It proves, when wills its Titan soul
 To philosophic tinkers,
 That on this planet there are kings —
 And these the silent thinkers!

It calls from chaos into life
 New nations as men need 'em,
 And wraps around their infant forms
 The sacred robes of freedom!
 It flays the shrinking back of Crime,
 The Tarquins who pollute us,
 And tells the tyrants everywhere
 That they have still a Brutus!

It woos the lightning from the sky
 In all its moods and tenses,
 And the monarch of the clouds stoops
 down
 And plays amanuensis!
 Since it controls the bolts of Jove,
 Prepare for any antic —
 Build rapid transit to the moon!
 And tunnel the Atlantic!

Room for the conqueror of the world!
 The steel-clad Alexander!
 Room for the Pen, the Sword of mind
 Which sweeps from grand to grander!
 Room for the Teachers of their kind,
 Who scorn the Wrong's defiance,
 And proudly bear upon their crest
 The motto: "Self-Reliance!"

IDA FRIES.

BORN: BROOKLYN, N.Y., APRIL 21, 1867.

At the age of fifteen stories appeared from the pen of this young writer, and since that time she has been a regular contributor to the



IDA FRIES.

papers of her native state. Although she occasionally writes poems she is at her best in prose. Miss Fries resides with her father in St. Nicholas, a beautiful suburb of Jacksonville, Florida.

BABY ASTRAY.

Where did you come from, baby dear,
With your laughing eyes and sunny hair?
What brought you in this world of pain?
Perhaps you come on the fast mail train.

And why did mother leave the child,
To wander in the woods so wild?
Where's mother, sweet, is she not here?
Surely she must be somewhere near.

There—do not cry my little love,
Mamma will come to her little dove;
Lay your head on my shoulder, sweet;
There—the darling is fast asleep.

Sleep, little angel, seraphs draw near,
In garments so filmy, and airy and cheer;
They invoke the sweet blessings, then flutter
away,
And leave baby sleeping the livelong day.

A REQUIEM.

The hand that swept the sounding Lyre,
With more than mortal skill;
The tender eyes, the heart of fire,
The gentle lips are still.

For her no more the flowers bloom
With beauty sweet and rare;
They fade in yonder moss-grown tomb,
Upon her form so fair.

The birds that sang in yonder lane,
In sweet and gentle tones;
Now sing—alas! a requiem hymn,
Their faithful friend is gone.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

The shadows stole across the wall,
The sun was sinking low;
And in the lurid western sky,
The world was all aglow.

The roses grew along the ledge,
The purple pansies nodded there,
And Thyme and fragrant summer sage,
Made sweet the evening air.

The Golden-Rod her banner furled,
Of vivid gold so bright;
In sandy loam and richest soil,
She doth our heart delight.

My noble Lion, at my feet,
Lay snoozing in the grass,
I wandered to my cool retreat
And watched the vessels pass.

They speed across the shining sea,
Their white sails fluttering wide;
The breezes stir the verdant trees—
And calm the flowing tide.

And all is sweet and calm,
This perfect day of days,
No strife nor fear of harm,
Doth mar its smiling ways.

So ought this life to be,
Calm, undefiled and pure;
Our faith in God its fee,
Our merits slow but sure.

Then what a world of bliss,
This realm below would be;
The tears and trials we'd miss,
And all be joy and glee.

But hark! there goes the bell!
Come, Lion, we must go;
Return to Mother Earth as well,
And fancy it was so.

EXTRACT.

The gallant ship is leaving port,
Her sails are flying wide;
People of every kind and sort,
Are leaning o'er her side.

MRS. INEZ M. POLLARD.

BORN: HODGDON, ME., DEC. 23, 1866.

At the age of twelve two of the poems of this lady appeared in the Yankee Blade. Since that time her poems have appeared from time



MRS. INEZ M. POLLARD.

to time in the Aroostook Times and other publications. She was married in 1889 to George Pollard, with whom she resides in her native place. In person Mrs. Pollard is very petite, with light-brown hair and blue eyes.

UNDER THE STARS.

Under the stars of heaven
We stood, long years ago,
The dreamland stars so tender,
That smile upon life's woe.

Only one happy moment
Under the star-lit skies,
The night-bird flying heavenward,
The love-light in her eyes.

Under the stars of heaven,
The sky a desert seems;
What is a world of beauty
To one who lives in dreams!

Gone is the radiant glory,
Lost is the hallowed light;
My star went out in darkness
Once on a summer's night.

MY SISTER.

She went away to the heavenly land
Many long years ago,
She went to dwell with the holy band
Beyond the reach of woe.

We used to wander beside the rills
Once in the happy days,
Now she has gained the sunset hills
And walks in heaven's ways.

By the fireside there's a vacant place,
A brightness lost to earth,
And I miss a form of youth and grace
Amid the world's glad mirth.

Many a summer has come and fled,
Roses have bloomed and died,
Friends have stood weeping around their dead,
Since she went from my side.

Would I call her back from heaven's bliss,
I, who have known life's pain?
When I think of home and happiness
Where the dear Savior reigns?

No, in the beautiful Eden above
She is so safe from care,
And I shall go to those realms of love
Some day and meet her there.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

Here is the beautiful casket,
So frail, so wondrously fair,
Where love lies quietly sleeping,
Enshrouded in blossoms rare.

Here are the beauteous snowdrops
To clasp in the cold white hand;
Here are the first spring violets,
Emblems of love's fair land.

Afar are memory's angels,
They are coming swiftly now,
To press one kiss of remembrance
On lips, and cheek, and brow.

Dear angels, touch very gently
The silken cords that you hold,
As you lower your precious burden
Far down in the grassy mold.

At last we have seen love buried,
And some one is left alone,
But up in the heavenly city,
We shall know, as we are known.

EXTRACT.

Listen; do I hear a footstep?
Ah! a face with beauty rare
Bends above me, lightly touching
Flower wreathes amid my hair.

All the weary years are gone, now;
Can it be my hair is white?
I am free a while from sorrow,
I am young again to-night.

LIZZIE MAY TURK.

BORN: ALLAMAKEE CO., IOWA, NOV. 11, 1873.

THE poems of Miss Turk have occasionally



LIZZIE MAY TURK.

appeared in the local press. She resides in Burr Oak, Iowa, where she is attending school.

YESTERDAY.

An infant tenderly cradled beside its mother's knee,
Loved, fondled, caressed and petted to its innocent baby glee.
A father proud of his treasure 'twas all that it could be;
A mother's joy and pleasure to care it beside her knee.

TO-DAY.

A fair young girl in orange-flowers and bridal suit arrayed,
Led to the altar has promised her lord from henceforth
To love, honor and obey.
She has done her duty faithfully,
Been loved and honored in return.
But the best of oil in the costliest lamp
Has but one short hour to burn.

TO-MORROW.

We never knew her, she belonged to the distant past,

The world of her grew weary and tired of her at last;

Others as bright and merry will her task resume,

The world of her grew weary, so we leave her in the tomb.

THE WORLD.

This world is a tremendous ocean,
Filled with fairy-floating isles;
Its isles are thronged with people
Of all the various styles.

Some live in lofty palaces and in the halls of mirth,

And some in rude cabins built of nothing but the earth,

And some o! the great people class themselves as next to God,

And some are classed as equal to the poorest of the sod.

And if the meek people of this nauseous viceful world,

Should cross the path of the palace bird,
Into the street they are hurled.

So let us all consider which path we should take,

Before we have to reconsider
That our choosing is too late.

SALLIE EFFIE TERRY.

BORN: WHITE MILLS, KY., OCT. 19, 1863.

THE poems of Miss Terry have appeared in the local press from time to time. She follows the occupation of school teaching, and resides in her native state at Big Clifty.

BE UNDERSTOOD.

If but one single thought of good

I'd have to give my friends,

It would be this — be understood,

Or else you'll have to make amends.

Our sad and bloody civil war,

Which scattered grief o'er all the land,

Had causes great, but greater far,

Than any other on the strand.

Was this the people north and south,

Each other's plans with envy viewed,

They could not learn their separate worth,

And so were thus misunderstood.

There, too, is war in social life,

By friends and kindred near by blood,

Who yield to passion, yield to strife,

Who can not be understood.

How oft a laugh, a sigh, a tear,

Or e'en a movement of the hand,

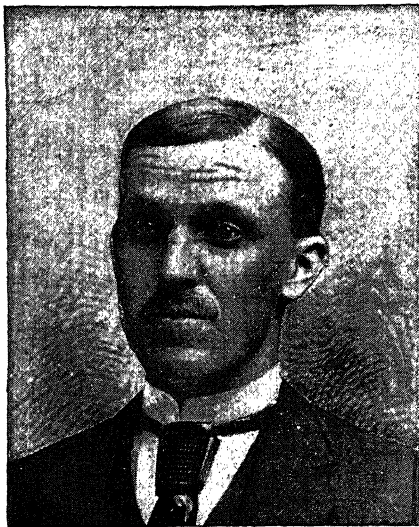
Brings sorrow to some friend that's dear,

Because they do not understand.

EZRA BOWERS.

BORN: BOWERSVILLE, GA., SEPT. 20, 1863.

THE poems of Mr. Bowers have appeared in the local press of his state At the age of



EZRA BOWERS.

twenty-two he commenced the publication of the American Union, a weekly paper which has become very popular in the south. Mr. Bowers is engaged in the railway mail service, and is also interested in the publishing business.

OUR FADED FLOWER.

Lovely hands once fair and tender,
Now lie folded in the tomb;
And thy cradle by the window
Stands forsaken mid the gloom.

Bright, sparkling eyes once so charming,
Now lie closed within the ground:
And thy tender body's lying
All beneath a little mound.

Here no longer we behold thee,—
Our hearts in sadness mourn;
But again we hope to meet thee
In the resurrection morn!

EXTRACT.

The glorious Fourth is here again;
We hail it with gladsome glee,—
The day on which our fathers said:
No more bound are we — but free!

YOUTH.

My days and years pass sweetly on
When I can think of thee alone;—
But seems more lovely they would be,
If I could ever be with thee.

In times gone by, what happy days!
We've seen in childhood's lovely ways;—
In memory they return as dreams,
And melt my heart with love's bright beams.

Those days and mem'ries — Oh! how sweet!
They come again, new thoughts to meet,—
All serve to bind my soul with thine
As in a bond of love divine.

But the future! What will it bring?
Will it still be as lovely Spring?
Ah! a mystery it seems to be,
And we can only wait and see!

F. W. LIVINGSTON.

BORN: JERICHO, VT., SEPT. 12, 1833.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He was married in 1869 to Miss Mary E. Evans, and now resides in San Jacinto, Cal., where he follows the profession of teaching. Mr. Livingston served three years in the civil war, and for four years was superintendent of schools in Mercer County, Ill. The poems of this writer have been well received by the press and public, and he has been the recipient of many congratulatory letters.

WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP.

Is Friendship's band a rope of sand,
That breaks as soon as felt?
Or, if not so, a wreath of snow,
A ray of warmth may melt?

Oh, who could think, so weak a link
In friendship's chain existed?
As to be broke, with feather stroke,
By nothing else assisted?

Must friendship live and never give
By word or deed a token?
Lest it offend our dearest friend,
And thus be wholly broken?

Must it lie cold, and ne'er unfold
Its blossoms to the heart?
The soul says, No! that it shall grow,
And beauty e'er impart.

Thus may it be 'twixt me and thee,
As long as life shall last,—
May friends be true tho' ever so few,
Where'er our lots be cast.

PATRICK S. CASSIDY.

BORN: IRELAND, OCT. 31, 1850.

MR. CASSIDY came to New York in 1868, and became connected with the Associated Press, remaining with that Association for about ten years. He successively edited the New York Sunday Democrat, Illustrated Times and the Celtic Magazine, of which latter periodical he was part owner. Independent of his editorial work, Mr. Cassidy has written both prose and verse for various leading American literary journals. When but six-



PATRICK S. CASSIDY.

teen years of age he began to court the muse, and his first productions were published in the Londonderry Journal and the Dublin Irish Chronicle. At the age of eighteen he wrote *Glenough or the Victims of Vengeance*, a serial story of Irish life, which appeared in the Boston Pilot, and was subsequently published in book-form and dramatized. Since 1881 he has been regularly connected with the Sunday Mercury. Mr. Cassidy has written melodious song verse, but usually his poems have a heroic ring and metal, and show strength, individuality and boldness, which features are characteristic of the man himself. Mr. Cassidy still remains unmarried.

A LONGING.

How throbs the city's iron heart!
What noise its beating tells,

As through the surging thoroughfares
The roar of commerce swells!
This ceaseless noise, these grinding throbs,
They strike the very core,
As through its thousand arteries
Trade's feverish life-streams pour.
How longs the heart for quiet's balm!
How weary grows the ear!
At all this tumult-war for gain
That fills the atmosphere,
And speaks of man's ambitious mind;
'Tis death or in the van,
For each has entered in the lists
To head his fellow man.
How sick the soul will sometimes grow
At all this endless strife,
Where Mammon is the worshiped god,
And gold is more than life;
Where in the flint treadmill of trade
Men fall before their years,
And in the contest o'er the will
Is centered all the tears!
Dear mellow sounds of rural life,
How soft your memory floats
In on me here and soothes my soul
Like weird Æolian notes!
How like the wind-harp's viewless chords,
The chords of memory be!
They thrill but to a spirit's song,
From all earth's discord free.
In hour like this how sweetly rise
Dear scenes of peaceful days,
And thoughts of men — the truly great —
Who walked in simple ways;
Who shunned the roar of selfish strife
And sought the songs of birds;
Who listened in the breathing groves
For wisdom's whispered words!
Oh, solitude — divine retreat!
What bliss you round us cast,
Where we can chose for company
The great ones of the past;
Far from the jabbering rabble crowd,
As Moses — Christ — retired
To groves for wisdom, prayer and thought,
By spirit tongues inspired.
Oh, Druid sage, I'll take your hand
And wander where you lead,
By singing streams, o'er plain and hill,
And vale and flowery mead,
And in the groves — God's temples they —
I'll cast me at thy feet,
And soothe my wearied soul in thine
And nature's converse sweet.

SONG OF LAUGHTER.

The ringing laugh, in sonorous note,
Is a cheering sound to hear, [throat
When it bubbles up from the heart to the
Like a stream from a fountain clear.

I'll trust the man with a whole-souled laugh
 And count him among my friends,
 And the social class I'll clink and quaff
 With him till the evening ends.
 For the full free laugh,
 As our wine we quaff,
 Is a good heart's jubilant prayer.
 To the heart I'll say
 That can laugh that way,
 There is something good in there!

O, the generous laugh, unreserved and whole,

Is the music of the heart —
 'Tis the anthem grand of a good big soul,
 And of heavenly choirs a part.

I'll grasp the hand of the man or maid,
 Who with laughter fills my ears;

'Tis the only sound that can never fade
 In the valley of vanished years.

O, the thrilling shout
 As the laugh rings out
 From a stout heart firm and true,
 'Tis the robust sound
 The wide world round
 As it thrills you through and through!

A pitiful pipe is the hollow laugh,
 Or the simper or snicker so cold;
 They tell of a friendship as light as chaff,
 And a heart of the selfish mold.

Deceit and cunning are written thereon
 With "stratagems, treasons and spoils," —
 That man's greatest triumph in life is won
 By getting men in his toils.

A traitor to truth,
 To all love and ruth,
 Is he of the simper and sneer,
 And we'll trust him not
 With our comfort's lot,

Nor invite him to share our cheer!

Then ha! ha! ha! let us laugh our fill —

'Tis good for the heart and health;

The generous laugh is the fountain rill
 Of the river of life's best wealth!

Sympathy, loyalty, friendship and love,
 And a hand for the man oppressed, —

Such motto as this gives a credit above
 When we drop to our last long rest.

Then let us laugh
 Till our spirits quaff

Of the nectar distilled by mirth;

'Tis the token of men
 Vouchsafed to them when
 The Creator launched forth the earth!

WOMAN'S HAND.

Peering 'mid the flower pots
 Upon the window sill,
 In and out and round about,
 Ranging round at will,
 Gleaming white and small and swift

And timid as a mouse;
 A woman's hand among the plants —
 The mistress of the house!

No flashing jewels deck that hand,
 And yet it is not bare:

A golden circlet shows thereon
 Which only wives may wear —
 The honored crown of womanhood
 No true man will assail,
 That giveth more protection far
 Than baron's coat of mail.

A hand that pets the flowers must be
 A hand of tender touch,

A hand to cool the fevered brow
 And throw away a crutch.

A hand to cheer the husband on
 And beautify the home —

Ah, did all the husbands have such wives
 How much less would they roam!

A hand to lead with silken thread,
 More strong because unseen,
 And she, so modest in her love,
 Yet all the more his queen —
 A queen that reigns within his heart
 With despot power unfelt,
 Because her hand keeps fresh the shrine
 Where courtship's love hath knelt.

But see! there passeth forth a face,
 A vision fresh and fair,
 A look of brightness and of cheer
 That daily conquers care;
 And though the flush of exercise
 Upon her red cheek glows,
 'Tis the staining of the lily
 With the crimson of the rose.

Such women are the links that bind
 Men to the pure and good,
 Bright rainbow arches lighting up
 From earthly things and rude.
 Around her breathes an atmosphere
 Fresh born of heaven's own skies;
 She walks the earth to purify —
 An angel in disguise!

If man hath love within his heart
 And goodness in his soul,
 Her influence will lead him on
 To life's most perfect goal,
 Though delicate that hand may be
 It shields from roughest storms,
 It routs the legions of despair
 And evil fates transforms.

Nor nature's forge has ever shaped
 Another force so strong
 As it in lifting up the good

And crushing out the wrong.
 Talk not of marshaled armies vast,
 Nor of magician's wand, —

The greatest power that earth can know
 Is woman's little hand!

AUGUSTUS CURREY.

BORN: DETROIT, MICH., DEC. 17, 1836.

SINCE the age of twelve Mr. Currey has written verses as a means of recreation and for the pleasure of his friends on special occasions. His poems have appeared mainly through the columns of the Chicago Tribune, Detroit Free Press and the Living Church, from which they have been extensively copied by the periodical press. In 1884 Mr. Currey



AUGUSTUS CURREY.

published *The Sower*, an illustrated book of poems that received a large sale and met with the highest praise from both press and public. Mr. Currey was married in 1860 to Elizabeth Clark; two children were born to them, but he had the double misfortune of their loss—one died when but fifteen months old, and the other at the age of eight years. Mr. Currey moved from Detroit to Chicago in the year 1863, and remained in that city nearly twenty years, being connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company and with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, until compelled by illness to resign his position; and he then returned to Detroit, and still resides there. Having regained his health, Mr. Currey is again actively engaged in business, and is manager of the Detroit Car Service Association. In the near future a volume of the collected poems of Mr. Currey will be issued from the press.

TOIL ON AND WAIT.

Toil on and wait,
Oh soul insatiate!
God's time-locks on his gate
Fulfill your hour of fate;
Be not disconsolate,
Toil on and wait.
Toil on and wait,
Nor let your zeal abate;
You do not know
If they be fast or slow,
There is no point to show
The hour for you to go
Through, and beyond, the gate:
Toil on and wait.

Toil on and wait,
You can not delegate
Your task to any mate,
And he alone is great
Who plows his furrows straight
Himself, to Heaven's gate:
Toil on and wait.

Toil on and wait
With God most intimate,
Your years are few,
Do what you have to do
Well, and when comes to you
Summons, and life is through,
Then it will not be late:
Toil on and wait.

WHICH WILL IT BE.

Which will it be? As the day declines,
And two souls walk together,
And look at the spot where the sun still
shines,

In the beautiful autumn weather.

They talk of their lives since love began,
And the two walk on together:

A tender woman; a robust man;

In the beautiful autumn weather.

Alone they wander as night shuts down,

And held by a mystic tether;

One path they walk, as they leave the town,

In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the morning dawns on a new grave,
cleft

In the sand, on the withered heather.

And one is away and one is bereft;

In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the bright sun glows, as his face looks
down,

And the cold world cares not whether
It be two, or one, that returns to town,

In the beautiful autumn weather.

But the lonely soul that is left, well knows,
Of the unseen mystic tether;

That holds its gaze where the love-light glows,
In the beautiful autumn weather.

SUBMISSION.

Two lonesome souls, at set of sun,
Sit where life's turbid waters run.

And, looking west,
Say, as they see the sun go down
Behind two graves beyond the town,
"What is, is best."

About them hordes of children play
Beneath the sun's departing ray,

Yet do not bear
To these two lonesome souls a tone
Of comfort, for they sit and moan:
"Ours are not there."

They were, but now their noiseless feet,
Tread, in their play, some far retreat —
Yet one so pure

There is no need to call them in
Each night, through fears of hurt or sin
And keep secure.

For where they wander brightest eyes
Keep watch and ward, while love supplies
All wants, and yet,
If they be ours, in spite of faith,
These hearts, rememb'ring it is death
Cannot forget.

We are two lonesome souls, decreed
To lonesome lives, with hearts that bleed,
Though Woodmere's crest
Holds only underneath its sod
The casket, and the children's God
Knew what was best.

And we say not, "They are no more;"
But, "Only living gone before:"
And calmly wait

The time when we shall, one by one,
Go down some evening with the sun
Through Woodmere's gate.

And feel we are not going where
There are no loving ones to care,
No lips to press,

Since, long ago, our children went
Beyond this world of discontent
And this distress,

That leads two lonesome, tearful souls,
To sit where life's dull river rolls,
And, looking west,
Say, as they see the sun go down
Behind two graves beyond the town,
"What is, is best."

WHO DOES NOT SERVE.

Who does not serve? Who stands aloof,
Strong-willed and free and fashion proof?
In a degree, I think we all
Are held to answer some one's call.

The richest bends his lordly neck,
And interests holds his will in check;
If none there were his gold to use,
He died amid his wealth profuse.

The vilest beggar could no more
Than he, who rich, must still implore
The willing hand to help him through
The thousand deeds he wills to do.

There are some evils, it is true,
I wish were bettered — so do you;
But is it not often, honest friend,
Our hopes but for some selfish end?

If you were rich, as you are poor,
Would you feel called to give or cure,
Or would you serve your altered lot
As now, by keeping all you got?

Is not full half our hue and cry
The selfishness of you and I?
If all men on a level stood
Who then would gain the utmost good?

Why he who worked while others slept,
Lived frugal, saved and closely kept,
Until at last — you must allow,
The world stood then as it does now.

Who does not serve? Why he who best
Has saved and served above the rest,
Finds with his gains as cares appall,
The wealthy serves the most of all.

Who does not serve? My serving friend,
Take heart and learn that labors lend
Great peace in this laborious lot —
To those who serve and murmur not.

For envy makes this life a hell
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
And he who serves and envies, he
It is that sups with misery.

WHAT IS FOURTH OF JULY?

EXTRACT.

What is the fourth of July I wonder?
When the crackers pop and the cannons
thunder;

When fair-faced girls and rollicking boys
Unite in making such terrible noise;
And old and young, in their best clothes
dressed,

Go out to celebrate with such zest.
When grandma smiles as grandpa says:
"It was just the same in our youthful days,
And there seems no change in the good old
way,

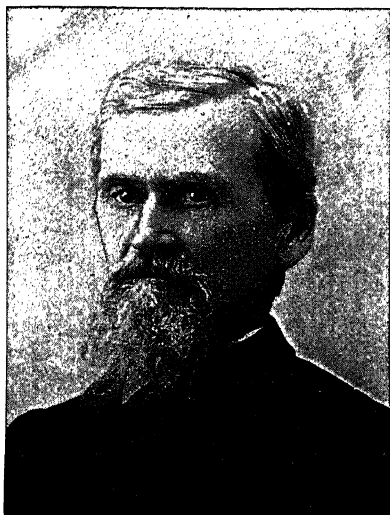
Of holding in honor our natal day."

And yet to a young child looking down
On the crazy crowd and the noisy town,
A wee little wonder comes peeping in,
As to what folks mean by the deafening din.
And so I have read of the reason why
We all are so glad on the fourth of July;
And I speak of the time in the far-off past,
When out of the darkness, overcast,
Came creeping a spirit which made men free
With the touch she gave them of liberty.

JACOB SMITH BARNHART.

BORN: BELLEFONTE, PA., JAN. 12, 1833.

In 1849 the subject of this sketch became a daguerrean artist, and subsequently a photographer. Ten years later he purchased an interest in the Democratic Watchman of Pennsylvania, which paper he subsequently purchased and became sole editor and proprietor.



JACOB SMITH BARNHART.

Mr. Barnhart was married in 1860 to Miss Margery G. Durst, and they have three interesting daughters. Mr. Barnhart was admitted to the bar in 1871, and soon after opened an office; and in 1877 removed with his family to Charles City, Iowa, where he has ever since resided, engaged in the practice of law. Mr. Barnhart is a stenographer and a teacher of that art; he is also a natural musician, and is a lively performer on the flute and violin. The poems of this gentleman have appeared quite extensively in the leading periodicals.

PETER FUNK, THE BANKER.

I.

Down east within a valley
Where the sky was very blue,
The people have a story
Which I will relate to you,
Of Peter Funk, a peddler,
Who had come, he said, to stay,

And did an active business
Largely in a business way.

He borrowed lots of money
And the traders had no doubt,
His wealth would reach a million,
Till he broke and scampered out.
Now, Peter Funk, the peddler,
Is a banker in the west;
In shrewdness of his measures
He is one among the best.

II.

"Come walk into my bank, John,"
As Peter Funk would say,
"And see us loan our money
Out, at ten per cent to-day.
We sell exchange and discount,
We buy mortgages for cash,
And other things we see cheap
When things break all to smash.

"Now don't you want a loan, John?
Exercise your mind in thought,
And borrow twenty thousand
On the treasures you have got.
Think well the subject over,
You have credit good in banks,
I will give you all I have
For two hundred thousand francs.

And you have got a farm, John,
That is very large and good —
Sell it for twenty thousand —
I surely think you could;
Then you have got a grist mill,
Grinding wheat and corn to meal,
And making dollars daily
By the turning of the wheel.

And you have got some lots, John,
Lying all around the town,
And they will bring the cash, too,
Quick and ready money down;
I know you want a large loan,
And I know you should begin,
So borrow twenty thousand,
Do your very best to win."

III.

"I kindly thank you, Peter,
That you will so much advance;
I want that sum of money
As I see a goodly chance.
Some others made their fortunes,
What I surely want to do,
So you may write the papers,
I will mortgage unto you."

IV.

"Your thoughts are very wise, John,
There are farm, and lots and mill

Worth full a hundred thousand,
And I rather guess I will.
To loan you twenty thousand,
Get an abstract strictly true,
This loan must be first mortgage,
Or I wont loan out to you.

The interest to me, John,
When accrued and overdue
Will bear per cent no greater
Than the mortgage made by you:
And then I want commission,
You must pay the lawyer's fee,
And when to sue the mortgage
All that right belongs to me.

And you must pay the tax, John,
Take your money from the till
And pay them up quite promptly,
To do that we think you will;
Now here I have the mortgage,
You may take it to your wife,
And sign me all the homestead,
That is strictly business life.

And, after that, come back, John,
I will meet you here to-night
And will pay you all the cash
Down to which you have a right;
At ten per cent, for discount,
The recorder's fee to pay,
Is not so bad a job I
Think, for Peter Funk to-day."

"Truly, you are back, John."—
Now the gold and silver rings,
Nothing greater in the world
Than the great of money kings—
"And as you have the loan made,
Years of interest to pay,
Watch the coupons on the note,
"Due to Peter Funk in May."

V.

John took away the money,
Went to farming as he ought,
And kept the mill a running,
And improved upon his lots.
Sly Peter kept a watching
With his mind on knavish tricks,
To find a chance to break John,
When things were rightly fixed.

As John had spent some money
In improving lots and lands,
All things were moving smoothly,
He laid up some golden sand.
He saw the scheme quite early,
By the twinkle of his eye
Read Peter Funk so slyly
That his arts he could defy.

VI.

Times got a little pressing,
Peter thought just now and then,
It only was a question
As to how, and why and when.
The money was so surely
All put out upon the land
That the glitter of the diamonds
Shone upon the golden sand.

The financiering banker
Watched the money flow of tides,
The time to get his treasures back
And all the land beside.
But John forgot the tax trick,
And when nothing else was due,
Skinflint, a buzzard lawyer,
Tried to press the mortgage through.

Peter smiled—he often would—
And a smile would always play
Like gentle beams of summer,
When the dollars came his way.
The lawyer and the demon
Were at work with equal vim,
The lawyer's thieving fee bill
Made the Devil fancy him.

The demon thought of Skinflint,
That in works of hellish sin,
Of all infernal spirits,
There was not one up to him;
So he overlooked the record
For the power to overwhelm,
And gave at once the order
That Skinflint should boss the realm.

VII.

They sued for twenty thousand
And with interest from date,
Attorney's fees and taxes,
Both of which were very great.
John read the claim demurely
And he filed a counter plea
That "Peter Funk, the banker,
Is now largely owing me."

Good, honest John, the farmer,
Had once lived away down east,
Where Peter Funk, insolvent,
Had the people badly fleeced;
John bought old claims against him,
Very low, but large to win,
And he got by twenty thousand
More than balanced up with him.

The crafty buzzard lawyer
And the demon, I declare,
Felt keenly John's adventure
For the best of this affair.
So now the artful schemers
See a trick the other way,
And Peter Funk, the banker,
Says, "The devil is to pay."

MINNIE ADELLA HAUSEN.

BORN: FRANKLIN GROVE, ILL., APRIL 24 1867

MINNIE HAUSEN has written poetry from an early age, and the press has extended to her many marks of appreciation. Her poems are sympathetic, true and earnest. She has issued her longest poem in pamphlet form, and



MINNIE ADELLA HAUSEN.

hopes to have a volume of poems ready for publication in 1890. In person she is tall and interesting, with brown hair and eyes. Through the kindness of friends she has laid a foundation of a geological collection.

AT CANDLE-LIGHT.

A mellow glint of golden light
Pales in the western sky;
The banners of the gentle night
O'erwave each distant, purple height
Lone where the wild winds sigh
As sweeping o'er the winter white
Echoing long they die.

Within the depths of ambered blue
Bright is the ev'ning star;
A ladder lit with love's sweet hue
To tender thoughts of myrtled rue
Dear from the years afar;
And, Jacob-like, I looking, too,
Fathom the mortal bar.

And on the distant, reaching rounds
Angels of light and fair
Are bringing back old sights and sounds

From childhood's rosied, vanished bounds
Robed in their vesture fair:
White, shining gems and cypress mounds
Whispers of love and prayer.

The long, dead years, the silent years,
White with the buds of May,
Empearled in silv'ry floods of tears,
Enshrined in love that long endears
Seem in their old array,
And voices that once scarcely hears
Speak in the fading day.

The twilight comes with silence sweet,
Gray are the hills and cold;
My dreamy thoughts in concord meet
And tender tales of love repeat,
Tales that are never old.
And candle-light with elfin feet
Flits from the clouds of gold.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

TO CELIA THAXTER.

A grey-tinged sky above the mist and sea;
Bare, shoreward rocks and tangled weeds in
drifts;

Lone, sea-lost shells repeating on the cliffs
The ceaseless sound of ocean's euphony:
A fresh sea-breeze; low voices calling me;
The long, dim light, in strange and shifts
Twixt dark and light, which altern pales
and lifts

And shades the sea in half-felt mystery;
So close thy songs to chords of sea and sky
I can not part the wild, sweet place from
thee

Nor tear the tendrils from thy casement
panes.

The loons send forth their almost human cry,
The lamps shine out on waters far from me,
The winds are low—I hear them in thy
strains.

MUNICH.

Afar through airy vails of amethyst
The Alps of Tyrol wear their hoods of snow,
Above the plain where Isar's waters flow
And vanished in the cloud-white waves of
mist.

There where the rays of sunlight gleam and
glist

The German music wakes its weal and woe
In chords of grandeur that so thrill and glow
Methinks the mountains almost stoop to list.
From out the west where golden sunsets
burn

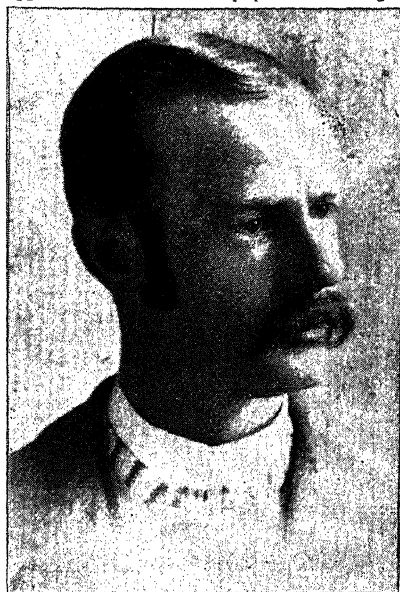
Their lighted candles at the death of day
The breaths of forest scent the breeze
and gale.

And far away the eye can clear discern
The towers and spires of FrauenKirche gray
Aloft o'er Munich, Munich of the vale.

JOHN BLAKEMORE TULLIS.

BORN: MARSHALL, TEXAS, DEC. 31, 1866.

SINCE 1883 the poems of Mr. Tullis have appeared in the local papers of Georgia.



JOHN BLAKEMORE TULLIS.

Texas and Louisiana. He follows the occupation of a druggist at the place of his birth.

FOND OF MUSIC.

Fond of music, fond of singing.

Music, music, everywhere,

Time's on moment pinions winging,

Downy music all the year.

Trees are preachers, leaves are sermons,

Buds are texts of richest kind;

Dew is dropping—sweet as Hermon's,

From them to enrich the mind.

Plants can sing, and sing so sweetly,

Half a mimic I can stand;

Listen, listen—won completely,

With the music of the strand.

Ocean lifts its hollow thunder.

Diapasons swell and die;

I can hearken, pause, and wonder,

Music's loving child am I.

Islands sing,—on coral seated,

Continents accompany;—

Harmony is thus completed,

Swelling, thrilling to the sky.

Brooklets sing to rivers chanting,

Bounding to them night and day;

Blest in blessing—both are panting
For the ocean far away.Rest and cadence—journey ended,
(For hereafter is their aim;)Anxious ever to be blended,
With the source from whence they came.Plants are musicians nightly,
Requiem they sing of day;
Time and tune they picture brightly,
One incessant sparkling lay.Seasons warble in their courses,
Dissonance they never try;
Light and air and heat their forces
Which on passive earth they ply.Air is music—made of gasses,
Dreadful, separate in lay:
Blended, though of diverse classes,
Life-inspiring is their sway.Providence is music ever,
Intervals are incidents;
Chords and conchords—erring—never,
Well resolv'd are all events.Nature is a school of singing,
Creatures are impell'd with joy;
Walking, swimming, creeping, winging,
Harmony is their employ.

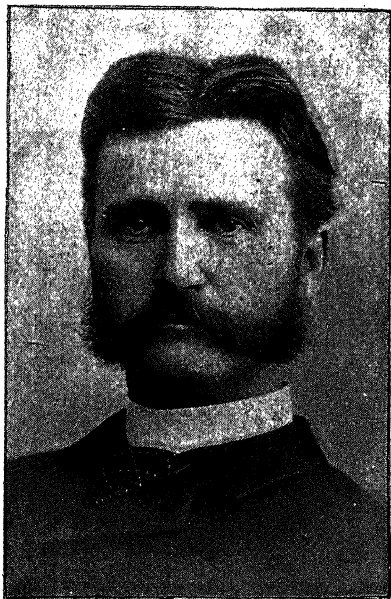
TO A ROSE.

Fair emblem of beauty and health,
Alluring and pleasing the eye;
Deceptive, like riches and wealth,
That makes themselves pinions to fly.To-day, thou art luxury's self;
To-morrow, the hand of decay,
As ruthless robber of self,
Will spoil thee or snatch thee away.I, yesterday, saw thee peep out
Thy prison-bud, bristled with green;
I answered, a rose, without doubt,
The color of those I have seen.Then thou wast promise display'd,
With sweetness commingl'd and blent;
Did'st glisten with hope in the shade,
Without either blemish or rent.But thou hast a thorn I discover,
Whoever dare touch thee, beware;
Or friend or acquaintance or lover,
'Neath beauty and sweetness a snare.Fair emblem of beauty and health,
So blooming and dulcet and gay,
The spoiler will take thee by stealth,
Life's luxury is but a day.Man's life is in flowers portrayed,
For youth is the bud, full of scent;
And manhood the flower display'd,
With thorns and with sorrows all rent.

EDWARD JOHN COLCORD.

BORN: PARSONSFIELD, ME., JULY 28, 1849.

FOR three years Mr. Colcord taught school. He graduated in 1881 at the Newton theological seminary, and for two years preached in Amherst, N. H. In 1883 the Rev. Edward Col-



EDWARD JOHN COLCORD.

cord became a teacher of ancient languages and general history in Vermont academy. Since 1889 Mr. Colcord has been professor in a college at Columbia, S. C. The poems and other productions of this writer have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and his name appears in the Poets of Maine.

PRINCE'S DREAM SONG.

Far o'er the crystal sea
Shadows float dreamily,
Daylight is ending;
Launched on the azure tide
Slowly the pale stars glide,
Night is descending.
Fair as the day that flies beauty bends o'er
thee, [thee;
Radiant as stars that rise soft eyes adore
Prince of the peerless line,
Hither from worlds divine
Love is before thee.
Fleety from realms afar,
Wafted through sun and star
Daylight is glowing;

Billowing o'er ether waves
All the blue arch it lavas
Night overflowing.
Light as the sunbeam lies fond arms shall
hold thee;
Deep as the night that dies love hath controll-
ed thee;
Hither from viewless lands,
Gift of immortal hands
Love shall enfold thee.
Ever while morns arise
Glorious o'er all the skies
Daylight is streaming;
Ever as twilight wanes
Strewn o'er the violet plains
Night stars are dreaming.
Wide as the morning gleams swells life's en-
deavor;
Dear as a night of dreams Hopefadeth never;
Prince of a royal line,
Sweeter than life of thine
Love is forever.

JENNIE SAYRE.

THE poems of Miss Sayre have appeared extensively in the newspapers of Nebraska, in which state she now resides at Waco.

THE DODGING CHURCHMAN.

I'm a temperance man. I will do what I can;
I will earnestly talk and pray;
I will labor with might for the cause of
right,
But I cannot vote that way.
With eloquence warm I will urge reform,
Let all the world take note,
I never shirk from temperance work
Excepting when I vote.
I will labor so that the world may know
I'm a zealous temperance man;
I will talk of laws that will aid the cause,
But I cannot vote the plan.
My tongue shall delight to talk of right,
I will speak its praise each day;
I will urge it strong on the listening throng,
But I cannot vote that way.
A vote for the right is lost from sight,
For the cause is weak to-day;
It might grow strong if helped along,
But I cannot vote that way.
With the party strong, though the cause be
wrong,
My vote will still be cast,
Though want and woe in streams may flow
And whisky rule at last.
The widow's groan, the orphan's moan,
Shall not effect my will,
I will pity them though and tell them so,
But vote for whisky still.

COL. SAM P. THOMAS.

BORN: HAWESVILLE, KY., DEC. 2, 1856.

THE poems of Mr. Thomas have appeared in the Louisville Post, and numerous Kentucky publications. In person Col. Thomas is of the average height, with black hair and brown eyes, is unmarried and still resides in his native town.

A CONVICT'S SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

As I lay me down on this rough, rude bed
To rest my limbs so weary,
Not a ray of hope is shed

Within these walls so dreary.

I think of days long since past
When I breathed God's pure air,
Ere my reckless steps were fast
Toward Fate's cruel snare.

Just twenty years ago to-night
The huge door closed behind me —
And ere another takes its flight
May God's Death-Angel find me.

Twenty weary years have flown
Upon Time's current rife,
Since I heard my mother's piteous moan
As my sentence read "for life."

'Twas then her hair in silvery strands
Was pillowed on my breast,
'Twas then I clasped her wrinkled hands,
And her lips to mine were pressed.

I bid her there a sad farewell
The piercing pain of pains —
I left her for this gloomy cell
Bound in my clanking chains.

How fondly does my memory roam
Beyond this lock and guard,
To linger in my dear old home
Within the flower-strewn yard.

Who dwells to-night beneath that roof?
Ah! stranger's form and face —
My mother has been born aloof
In Angel's fond embrace.

Long ago the warden called me
To the latticed iron door,
The words he uttered there appalled me —
"Your mother is no more!"

I know she's gone where all is well,
O! God, thy will be done—
She's looking down within this cell
Upon her convict son.

Now memories float to the mansion grand
In the city far away,
Where gentle zephyrs oft have fanned
The brow of Clotille Gray.

Methinks I see the parlor bright,
Its richly garnished walls,
The gilded chandelier's light —
Within the gorgeous halls.

Away, away has memory sped
'Till I hear the silken rustle,
I see her there in noiseless tread
Upon the costly brussel.

The snowy throat, the dimpled chin,
The waving raven hair,
A brigand chief's brave heart would win —
He'd fall and worship there.

'Neath the exquisite arching brows,
Which artistic skill defies,
I see the orbs which my soul arouse —
Her soft and dreamy eyes.

I've often watched the lily fingers
Glide o'er ivory keys,
And that voice still with me lingers —
It lives upon the breeze.

'Twas that fair hand that once did clasp
A flowing cup of wine,
She tendered me the stinging asp —
I delicately declined.

She threw erect her stately form,
And fixed a startled gaze,
Her cheeks were mantled in blushing warm
Like sun in autumn haze.

From the beauty I moved apace —
My heart ne'er ceased its beating.
Then a sweet smile leaped her face —
The smile was half entreating.

Then my resolution fled,
The future all unheeding.
My vows had snapped their tender thread,
I yielded to her pleading.

It was my first but not my last,
And at a single quaff
My moistened lips the liquid passed —
It was a fatal draught.

That glass was my young life's blight,
It was indeed my curse;
From that starry summer night
I stepped to bad — to worse.

The key that locks this dungeon door
Where I for life must stay,
Is the glass I took in days of yore
From the hand of Clotille Gray.

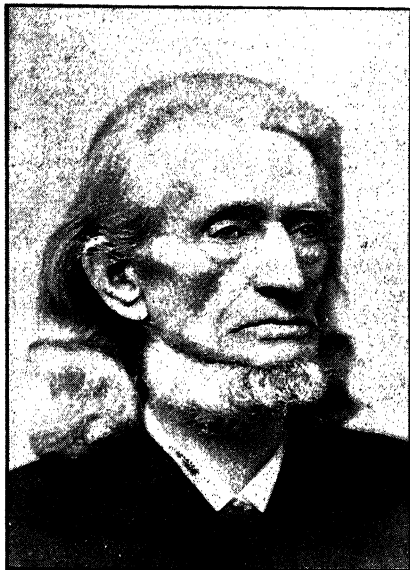
Sunbeams fall through leafy boughs
And kiss the marble shaft;
They bring to mind the broken vows —
The curs'd and fatal draught.

Hark! I hear the prison bell —
The night has passed away;
Now I leave this narrow cell
For my labors of the day.

Would to God that life was done —
In Death's dark river sunk;
I long to take the place of one
I killed while I was drunk.

T. G. C. DAVIS.

THE poems of Mr. Davis have received extensive publication in some of the leading periodicals of America, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press. Mr. Davis is a man of extensive learning, and



T. G. C. DAVIS.

while practicing his profession of the law in former years, was well known both in Missouri and Illinois. The productions of Mr. Davis have always been favorably received by press and public, and they certainly are meritorious.

A NEW LINE OF THOUGHT.

"The spirit of man has perpetual youth!"
Some might be cited to prove this great truth.
The body decays and weakens each limb,
The teeth fall out and eyesight grows dim,
Yet the mind or the spirit blazes within.
Would any know why? to God 'tis akin,
I would strike out a new vein of thought,
A very rich mine in which few have wrought.
Old men in thought soar higher and higher,
Until they mingle with God's chosen choir.
There they may pause to sing the sweetest song,
With the celestial pure angelic throng,
Then descend to earth in fleshly gear
And shuffle it off it may be with fear:
When all clogs are removed — no weight to carry,
The mind is sure it cannot miscarry,
So mounting at once on God-given wings,
The soul in her flight soars upward and sings;

In sorrow she looks back on the flesh dead,
Lying below her on its earthy bed.
The day for rising, O, when shall it come?
How long shall the body lie cold and dumb?
O, God shall it soon arise and stand up?
And must all men drink of this slumb'rous cup?

Will long ages of the quietest rest,
Prove at the last for mankind the best?
Have some men been burned and their ashes
thrown out,
And trampled upon by the vulgar rout?
And shall one stand erect in the last day
To questions then propounded answer and say:

Yes, I am the Herod who took off John's head,
And I wish I were a million times dead.

A WHISPER FROM THE GRAVE.

A soldier gazed and wept —
No tears ran down his cheek,
There where his angel slept
His heart was sad but meek;
His soul her whiteness kept
Although he could not speak,
The soldier gazed and wept,
No tears ran down his cheek.
The soul a language knows;
In silence only speaks,
And slow the volume grows,
Yet ne'er by starts and freaks,
Still truly happy glows,
Through years and months and weeks,
At last the soldier knows,
Then like a hero speaks.
There in the grave she lay:
He stood and gazed on it,
And Whisper seemed to say:
"Weep not thou o'er this pit,
For here is naught but clay;
The spirit gone from it,
My body here must stay
Till the spirit come for it."

TO THE REV. FELSING.

OF DENTON, TEXAS.

No man should lose himself in a world of light,
No one without care should his own thoughts
indite:
Small things grow fast in Nature's great expansive realm;
The large require time and space; made for the helm,
They rise by slow degrees, until they reach the round;
The last degree of the sublime; the profound,
Lies far below the depth of the deepest hill,
And the foulest brimstone's suffocating smell.
The wise never grope and stagger in the night,
Never lose themselves in a pure world of light.

MRS. EMELINE A. WILSON.

• BORN: BABYLON, L. I., NOV 25, 1835.
 THIS lady received her education at a public school in Brooklyn. She has written occa-



MRS. EMELINE A. WILSON.

sionally since 1881, and her poems have been very favorably received. Mrs. Wilson at present resides in Norwich, Conn.

WITHIN OURSELVES.

Hope is the eye through which we look,
 Faith is the sight by which we see,
 And life, the running rippling brook
 That flows into eternity.

In youth our eyes are opened wide,
 The pupils rounded, large and full;
 We throw ourselves upon life's tide,
 Our barques with eagerness we pull.
 When age and time come on apace,
 Our barques, we slowly let them drift;
 With sight contraction's taken place,
 Our weary lids we scarcely lift.
 And verging on the great broad sea,
 We hold our battered barques aback,
 Our eyes have dimmed most fearfully,
 Out sight doth something surely lack.

O WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

O, where have the zephyrs gone? Ah, me!
 I watched for them far o'er the lea,
 And at the side of waters deep,
 Where murmurs lull one unto sleep.

I've wandered through the woods in vain,
 And called for them far o'er the plain;
 But yet no answering voice I hear,
 Can they be far? or are they near?

I pant, I languish and I pine
 For breezes soft that do incline,
 To hold the leaves in dalliance sweet,
 And not forever seek retreat.

O if Æolus I could reach,
 I readily would him beseech
 To let the gentle west wind out,
 To roam the fields with us about;

And fan our cheeks, while sweet perfumes
 Are wafted from the fragrant blooms
 That now with drooping heads do stand
 Within their beds, on every hand.

AT THE TOP OF THE MAST.

Go at the top of the mast, my boy,
 Go at the top of the mast;
 If you would have the bright sunshine,
 Go where the glow is cast.

Go at the top of the mast, my boy,
 Above the misty cloud:
 There you may see the beaming morn,
 Without a dismal shroud.

Though rope, by rope, one must ascend,
 The top will soon be gained,
 And then above the sea of mist,
 Bright views will be obtained.

Thus step by step, through life my boy,
 If you would overcome
 The sea of trials that arise
 And would have victory won,

You must, as years roll ever on,
 So take, and upward climb;
 Ah, then, you'll see joy's happy day,
 And light for you will shine.

SONG.

O, come, O come, to-night, love,
 Upon the lake so fair,
 While fragrance of the rose, love,
 Doth permeate the air.

While Luna's beaming face, love,
 At zenith's height looks down,
 And planetary gems, love,
 Night's noble brow doth crown.

O come, where dipping oars, love,
 Shall speed a bonnie boat,
 Upon the rippling sea, love,
 Where sparkling rays do float;

And where the murmur'ing sea, love,
 In rhythms soft shall sing,
 A lullaby to care, love,
 As we the deft oars fling. . . .

HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

BORN: LOWELL, MASS., FEB. 20, 1840.

AFTER practicing successfully the legal profession for thirteen years in Portland, Mr. Sylvester then removed his office to Boston. It was here he wrote his Prose Pastorals, which have been called by competent critics poems in prose. Although Mr Sylvester has written numerous poems of beauty, he is best known as a prose writer.

RAIN MUSIC

Hear the welcome of the rain!

Patter, patter,
Tuneful chatter,

On the flashing fire-lit pane.

Hear the honeysuckle creak

As the winds its secrets seek,

Twisting through its matted vines.

And the windows how they rattle, bang, and batter!

Pitter, patter,

Dripping chatter,

Tripping down the shingled roof,

Filling up its liquid woof;

How the notes each other throng,

Making up their slumber-song,

Full of softly drowsy lines,

With their drip, and rush, and gush and clatter!

Pitter, patter,

Dripping chatter.

Hear the night-tide of the rain!

A LARK SONG.

A monkish group in sober garb,

The pasture maples stand

Against the soft, gray sky.

The weather-cock wakes with the wind;

The meadow mists, like fleets

Of ghostly ships sail by.

Seaward, the ripples grow apace;

Morn, blushing like a girl,

Betrays with rosy grace

Her sun-god lover by her face.

From dewy nest and meadow bloom,

The brown lark upward soars;

His dusky-throated song

Falls, sparkling down, now faint, now clear—

A shower of liquid tones,

Strewn wood and field along,

Like drops of slanting, sunlit rain—

And breathless lies the earth

To catch the wondrous strain,

That woos the breaking day again.

A MUTE PROPHECY.

Aslant the threshold of the West
Stretches a sombre reef

Of gray; its low, uneven scarp,

Outlined in sharp relief

Against the sky, is roughly set

With pinnacles that glow

Like Norombega's mystery

Of centuries ago.

The hills, with ragged, rock-set domes,

Wind-blown and bare, uprear

Their brightly polished topaz walls,

In the clear atmosphere;

While o'er the cloud's thin, ragged rift

Burst the deep golden floods

Of Nature's alchemy, that sift

Their glory through the woods.

Night comes; the Spirit of the Frost

His shuttle swifter plies

"Twixt Nature's warp, and swifter weaves

For Earth its subtle guise;

And down the river-path the pines

Echo the dreary cry

Of winds whose dying cadences

Are Nature's lullaby.

In the crisp air of growing dusk

Night sets her cordon-line

Thick with groups of glittering stars,

That weirdly burn and shine,

And come and go, as silently

As lights that far at sea

Are sailed o'er restless tides, by hands

We cannot know or see.

THE GREAT SCHOOL-ROOM.

Life finds its meaning in its scope,

As broad or narrow as its aim,—

A poor, frail jest, if only hope

Or untaught hand may feed its flame.

Dame Nature's school keeps open door,—

Her novice needs no less, no more,—

Where long apprenticeship of thought is gain

Of stouter brawn and larger thrift of brain.

MRS. MARY C. KELSEY

BORN: LOGANSFORD, IND.

THIS lady is the wife of J. S. Kelsey, M. D., and resides in Xenia, Ind. Mrs. Kelsey has a poetic style of her own, and has written poems occasionally from her girlhood, which have appeared from time to time in the local press. Mrs. Kelsey is the oldest daughter of Mrs. Julia M. Kautz of Cutler, Ind., who is represented elsewhere in this work.

CHILDHOOD.

EXTRACT.

In the sunny days of childhood,

In the years that are gone by,

Swiftly sped the golden hours

'Neath the blue and laughing sky.

MRS. EMMA H. NASON.

BORN: HALLOWELL, ME., AUG. 6, 1845.

WHEN a school girl Emma was class poet at graduation. She gave the commencement poem before the literary societies of Maine Wesleyan seminary in 1875, and also read an original poem at the dedication of Hallowell library in 1880. She was married in 1870 to Charles H. Nason, and now resides in Augusta. Since her marriage Mrs Nason has devoted much of her time to writing, study of art and German literature. She has published several works, chiefly of poems, short stories, art papers and household sketches; and also *White-Sails*, a book of verses and ballads for young people, beautifully illustrated.

OFF FOR BOY-LAND.

Ho! All aboard! A traveler,
Sets sail from Babyland!
Before my eyes there comes a blur;
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, bon voyage! God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh, tell me, have you heard of him?
He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded 'round the brim,
And — stranger e'en than that —
A wondrous suit of navy blue,
With pockets deep and wide;
Oh, tell me, sailors, tell me true,
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;
'Twas but this very morn
He doffed his dainty, 'brodered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow,
They fretted him — so like a girl's,
Mamma can have them now.

He owned a bran-new pocket-book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took,
What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks, with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I cannot pick them up to-day,
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At boyhood's town
Cast anchor strong and deep.
What! Tears upon his little gown,
Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
A merry message rings —
"Just sell it to the rag man there;
I've done with baby things!"

FRANK E. HERN.

BORN: HIGHLAND CO., VA., JAN. 3, 1850.

AFTER receiving his education Mr. Hern followed school teaching for several years. He then went to Texas in 1877, then to Indiana, and finally located in his native state at Huntington, where he is now engaged in the hotel business. The poems of Mr. Hern have been published in the *Waverly Magazine*, *New York News* and other papers. He is now engaged on a novel.

A MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

AM I married, Ned? Yes, 'tis all over,
The gay guests have all gone away,
And Neddie, old boy, I'm in clover —
My fortune has changed in a day.

For her wealth, did you say? Well, 'tis funny
That the gossips all have it that way,
But if a fellow has plenty of money,
What matters what people may say?

Were you speaking of Nell? Ah, that's over,
It was only a silly boy's passion;
I was then but a jolly young rover —
Such things are now quite out of fashion.

'Tis true, when the evenings were mellow
We sometimes strolled down by the sea;
And no doubt now, with some other fellow
She is talking the same as with me.

But don't fail to be with us next season —
I will then show you something of life;
And perhaps you will then know the reason
Why I made such a choice of a wife.

With her friend in our mansion so tony,
You see mine's an innocent game —
We can leave her and run down to Coney,
And flirt with the girls just the same.

IF THOU WERT HERE.

If thou wert here to-night,
The deep, funeral gloom,
Which makes this narrow room
Seem like a living tomb,
Would turn to light.

If thou wert only near,
The moaning of this sea,
Which sounds so sad to me,
Would seem sweet melody
Unto my ear.

If thou wert only here to-night
I know thy presence dear
Would dry each bitter tear,
And ev'ry foolish fear
Would put to flight.

If thou wert only nigh,
As in the days of yore,
This heart, now faint and sore,
Would beat forevermore
Without a sigh.

W. BEAUMONT COXE.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEB. 9, 1855.

SINCE 1877 the poems of Mr. Coxé have appeared in many of the leading publications



W. BEAUMONT COXE.

of America. He was married in 1873 to Miss Lillie Daniels, and is now engaged in the profession of pharmacist at San Francisco, Cal.

A DREAM.

Hark! They whisper to me now;
 Who? The angels from above,
 As my mind in fancy roams,
 Onward to the maid I love.
 I picture her in elfin home
 Close beside a shady brook,
 The glow above, the radiance around,
 The form on which I love to look.
 How sweet the vision to my sight
 Of rounded form and face so fair,
 Eyes so blue, so Heavenly blue,
 Shaded by her golden hair.
 Robed in white, in spotless white,
 Fleecy as the northern snow;
 As she reclines in elfin nook,
 Chanting to me, so sweet and low.
 As she chants, the birds above
 Join in one melodious strain;
 And all the virgin flowers around
 Their sweetness to my Goddess drain.
 The beams of Sol in prismatic ray,
 Are filter'd through the foliage green;

Like beads of dew upon the brow,
 To lend enchantment to the scene.
 O heart of hearts!—joy of joys!
 Let us love and linger on
 In love's embrace, with plighted hearts
 That knows no breaking dawn.
 But no!—life is one grand dream
 Of love, with sweetness rife;
 Until we awake by the fairy hand;
 Then —'tis bitterness and strife.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

Let us take a mystic journey,
 With fond memory, hand in hand,
 And go back a season only,
 To the grand poetic land.
 Ah! 'twas there you loved me dearly,
 Lov'd to read my thoughts so true,
 That my life's eternal sunshine,
 Always rose and set in you.
 Yes, you lov'd then, as you told me,
 And your life 'twas of mine a part,
 That the chord of intense affection,
 Link'd, cover'd my soul, thy heart.
 Who can tell the joyous raptures,
 The heaven that was beneath the sky?
 Who can tell that love is lasting,
 Although the vows are born on high?
 Ah! 'twas true love, not of passion,
 But the thrilling love from me,
 As the angel might have given
 In my thoughts to only thee.
 All day long in tones so dulcent,
 All the night in visions so sweet,
 Until the roseate hues of morning,
 Glow'd upon us as we'd greet.
 'Twas summer then, 'tis over now,
 Blanch'd by the wintry frost,
 The season and the love were born
 To be gay, joyous, and then lost.
 Blighted by the shadow feared by man
 Must all things earthly be,
 It has taken before, it has taken now,
 The love, love that was dear to me.

YAVAPAI NALADS.

EXTRACT.

'Twas the blending of the graces,
 In a purity divine;
 'Mid the showering of glances
 Where the branches intertwine;
 While the daintiest of blushes
 On the snowiest of cheeks,
 Gave no whisperings of warning
 To the merriest of freaks.
 As the beaming and the gleaming
 Of these "tiny things" of white,
 Ushered into vision plainly
 Fancies of an endless light.

MRS. ELLEN F. PRATT.

BORN: ZANESVILLE, OHIO, 1842.

THIS lady was married in 1865 to G. N. Pratt. Her poems have appeared in the Chicago Current, Union Signal and the periodical press generally. She is the author of a volume entitled Jerry. Mrs. Pratt is at present engaged in literary pursuits and is at work on a novel.

MOTHERHOOD.

I hold within my arms to-day
A priceless bit of mortal clay;
Divinely fashioned, and so fair
The angels well may kinship share.

My soul with gratitude is filled;
My heart with mother-love is thrilled;
My eyes brim o'er with new-born joy,
While gazing on my cherub boy.

O, precious one! through tears I see
A mighty task awaiting me;
My happy sky grows overcast—
Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline
This little life now linked to mine.
Divine the gift. Oh, may the mold
A heart of truth and honor hold.

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way
From out the tangles of each day,
To guide him safe to manhood's prime,
And all the glory shall be Thine.

HEART ECHOES.

Out from his home, to the arrogant world,
Its dazzling allurements, vice banners unfurled,

To wreck, or exalt his own life and mine,
To level with brutes, or manfully shine,
My boy has gone.

Closer our hearts have been knitting for years,

My baby, my boy, now my man—O, ye tears;
No wonder ye fall, for in the wide earth
So cruel and cold, where all evil has birth,
My boy is alone.

My laddie! so helpful, warm-hearted and true;
O, men of the world, I am pleading with you.
My sappling will readily mold to your will,
Remember your sons, and treat him not ill,
My innocent boy.

Help him to shun the base and impure,
Lead him away when temptations allure,
O, teach him this truth, who will and who can,

That justice and purity make the true man.
Be a friend to my boy.

Ye who the semblance of womanhood bear,
Who once were as pure as the angels, beware!

Lest ye dash your foot against a stone.
A righteous God hears a mother's moan—
For her boy betrayed.

Some day a fair maiden, with heart pure and free,

Will wait for the coming of him who shall be
Friend, lover and husband. May she yield
her name

To him who has lived a life without stain—
My unsullied boy.

My counsels, my prayers, O, will they avail?
Will he learn to say no, and flinch not, nor
quail?

Will he remember my love and my care?
O, Father of mercy! give ear to this prayer,
"Save, save my boy!"

PEBBLES.

'Tis little things that fret us
And make us quail
Before life's every dayness,
We are so frail.

The word that's fitly spoken,
Alas! is rare;
For soft reply to anger
Make daily prayer.

Not vain will be the effort,
For peace will come,
And happiness await us
Abroad and home.

PROF. E. L. PATTON.

THIS gentleman is professor of Greek at the University of South Carolina at Columbia. His poems have appeared quite extensively in the newspapers and literary magazines of the south.

SONNET.

Mary, my own, I bless the guiding hand
That led the wanderer to thy father's door,
And fixed his choice; the same that led of yore

The Hebrew exile to the distant land
Of Padan Aram, where th' Assyrian maid,
In virgin beauty with her fleecy care,
Met his enraptured gaze, a vision fair,
And to the stranger modest welcome bade;
Yet not so fair as thou, I fondly deem,
That summer eve, when, clad in simple white,

Thy timid beauty blushed upon my sight,
And thrilled me like the magic of a dream,
When fancy to the ravished sense portrays
Some bright ethereal form, too bright for
mortal gaze!

EMILY W. PEAKES.

BORN: HARMONY, ME., DEC. 1, 1847.

THIS lady graduated in 1874 from Westbrook seminary. She follows the profession of school teaching, in which she has always been



EMILY W. PEAKES.

very successful. Personally Miss Peakes is of a very amiable and pleasing disposition. She is now a teacher of literature in the high schools of Terre Haute.

IN SCHOOL — A PERFUME.

I close my eyes, and the lilac's perfume
Has borne me away from this crowded room.
Under northern skies where the flowers are
late
And this plummy branch for the June must
wait.
A farm-house stands from the road aloof,
With the mountain-ash against its roof.
There's bridge in front that crosses a brook
Where the spotted trout hides away from the
hook;
And a winding road, with a double ridge
Of grass, comes down the hill to the bridge.
Close by the door twine lilac-trees
Breathe a sweet good-morning to every breeze.
A group of children with happy look
Are lingering here with basket and book.

Why do they wait? There's one little creature
Wants a lilac-flower to give to the teacher;
She must have the very highest one
That no one can reach—and what's to be
done?

For the longest arm comes short of the prize
That bends and beckons before her eyes;
But she saw papa coming up through the
clover,

A strong, tall man; see! he lifts her over
The heads of the group that round him stand
And she breaks the branch with her chubby
hand.

What was I saying?—I open my eyes;
Why, I am the teacher supposed to be wise;
One instant ago 'twas a six-year-old
Who smelled of the lilac, and my father's
hold

Was strong around me; the years and death
Were swept away by the lilac's breath.

MRS. N. ELVIRA NELSON.

BORN ABOUT 1848.

IN 1883 Mrs. Nelson published in conjunction with her sister, Mrs. Sarah King-Marine, The Garland, a little volume of poems of superior merit and talent. At the age of twenty-one this lady was married to George Nelson, who served in the union army; and with whom she now resides, with a splendid family of two sons and one daughter.

AFTER THE WEDDING — A REPLY.

Be still my heart — be still and think,
And hush this fruitless sighing;
While from the past of life I drink,
The present is replying;
Ten weary years have swept away
Since on that fatal morning
The sunshine seemed to pause and play,
Without a shade of warning.
Ten years! alas, those weary years
Were full of love's repining!
Full of the anguish and the tears
That through my heart are twining.
What were the orange blossoms sweet
Around the bridal altar?
What the gay trappings all replete,
That bade my spirit falter?
Then the tall and handsome man —
My graceful, grand ideal —
My hero could my heart command,
But now the sad, sad real!
Alas! things are not what they seem,
Despite their golden glimmer;
All my fancies were a dream,
I've seen their dying shimmer.

MRS. MARY ERWIN HOBBS.

BORN: BETHANY, N. Y., JUNE 21, 1841.

For sometime this lady was a member of the editorial staff of Wood's Household Magazine, published at Newburg, N. Y. In 1878 she was married to Josiah Howard Hobbs, a lawyer of Madison, N. H., where she still resides.



MRS. MARY E. ERWIN HOBBS.

Few writers so exquisitely realizes the wealth and worth there is in word-shading, as does this lady. Although her late poems have been penned amid the pressure of household duties, they exhibit a carefulness of expression and a dainty choice of language, indeed, as the most artistic taste could ask.

DOLORES.

No arms are stretched to me from out the dark

No pitying palms enfold my fevered own,
My sea-sent dove has never found its ark—

From life's bleak out-look all the way is
One is no more than all the rest to me, [lone.

My ear knows not the magic of a name,
I hear no voice that holds me thrillingly,

I pass each face as calmly as I came.

At first I looked upon each lifted brow,
Into each life, into each lofty soul

For recognition, but am learning now

To curb the quest I cannot quite control.

I have no past particularly sweet,

No buried hopes enshrined in memory;

No far-off Mecca to which bleeding feet

Go back to find some heart-held yesterday.

I know not what it is for which I yearn, [years
For which I've hungered all these heavy
When from the outlook, to the in—I turn,
I find my spirit drenched with unshed tears;
I find a hearthstone white with ashes cold,
A taper sunken in a socket low,
An open volume, prey to moth and mold—
A dusty chain, deserted long ago.

I miss a something I have never known:

Too vague, too undefinable a name;

A something seeming to have been my own

In climes from which I unaccompanied came.

I miss, yet find it seeming everywhere,

In opening flower, or in falling leaf,

Amid the whispers of the autumn air

The thunders of the distant ocean reef.

I have a hint of it in yonder blue,

The glint of morning, and the gold of noon,

I find its fervor in the falling dew, [moon,

I feel its presence 'neath the midnight

I drink its spirit from a gush of song, [trot

I breathe its breath when music's wild con-

Creeps quivering my raptured chords along

And breaks in glory round my sobbing soul.

Oh, it is mine, by rock, and brook, and tree,

At wayside wells my palms to dip and drain,

My fevered spirit craves an open sea,

But finds a stint of everything but pain.

My life has crept so long on broken wing,

So long has fluttered, faltered on alone,

I marvel much if it could soar and sing,

Poor birdling, should it ever find its own.

GRACE E. PICKERING.

BORN NEAR PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE poems of this lady have occasionally appeared in the periodical press. She still resides in her native place, where she has many friends and ardent admirers.

A SKY PICTURE.

"Come quick," said they, and into the star-
light led the way;

In the quiet skies stretching overhead

A banner of snow was softly spread:

"Are you sure," said they, "sure that it isn't
the Milky Way?"

Oh the Milky Way is a film on the blue,

Letting stars look through, as through care-
less delicate, open lace;

And the Way holds her court in another place.

But this train of white lay in "a wedlock of
silence and light:"

A downy strip, on its background blue,

While from lip to lip the wonder flew,

And within, the immortal questions grew.

Sacred and still—slept the pure fleece map-
ped on the heavenly hill,

Keeping its own sweet secrets well,

And hedged about by a nameless spell.

ROBERT DUKE WEAR.

BORN: VERONA, MISS. FEB. 26, 1854.

By profession Mr. Wear is a lawyer, and resides in Granbury, Texas. He was married in 1876 to Miss Cora Leeper. The poems of Mr. Wear have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and in 1885 published a volume of verse entitled *Beauty*, a romance from real life, together with other poems.

UNDER AN APPLE TREE.

Hist! listen! Hear the rolling, rumbling boom

Now sounding forth a nation's dreadful doom.

There comes from Sumpter's fiery mouth

A belching stream with lurid glare

That heats the land from north to south,

And heating, makes the nations stare.

Then four weary years

Of blood and of tears

Are spent in vain;

Our sons are slain.

'Mid sobs and cries

A nation dies.

Hark! listen! Hear the rolling, rumbling boom

Now lifting forth a nation from its gloom.

The storm has swept the nation wide;

And now the sun is shining bright

Beholds our heroes side by side,

And peace is sending forth her light.

Then two mighty men

Met with grand amen.

In meeting sad,

But greeting glad;

Then Grant met Lee

'Neath hist'ry's tree.

ALL ALONE.

When from life's dark, dreary pathway

All the light of hope has flown,

And we stumble on the stairway

With a sad and plaintive moan —

'Tis worse when left alone.

And the soul is filled with sadness

As we reach the silent door,

And we miss the childish gladness

Of the happy days of yore —

'Tis hard when left alone.

In the evening, will we gather

With the little ones around

Where the sacred name of father

Is the all-enchanting sound?

Ah, no, we're left alone.

How we miss the childish prattle

And the infant's gentle tone;

Yea, the constant tattle, tattle

Of the children now is gone —

How sad to be alone

When the soul is bowed in sorrow

After many toiling years,

When no sheen is on the morrow,

Then the soul is spent in tears.

O, God! we're all alone.

And the spirit sounding hollow

With its emptiness and pain,

Seems about inclined to follow

On the first departing train;

For now, we're all alone.

If the dark and silent reaper,

Seeking for a flower fair,

Should a sweet and tender creeper

From my very spirit-tear,

'Twould leave me all alone.

If I knew w'd meet forever

In another world than this,

Then I could thus bear to sever,

And their sacred presence miss;

But, 'tis sad to be alone.

HOME.

As the twilight lingers softly

On the fading rims of day,

Hear the toiling whisper gladly,

Plodding homeward on their way,

Home, sweet home! I'm going home.

As the noonday's sun is sinking

Like a bird with weary wing,

Seems to me the world is thinking

As the birdies sweetly sing,

Home, sweet home! I'm going home.

When the evening's blushing beauty

Crimsons all the earth around,

Then we hear the man of duty

With his weary echoes sound,

Home, sweet home! I'm going home.

When the brain is tired and weary

With the busy cares of life,

And the world is dark and dreary,

Man will sing in ev'ry strife,

Home, sweet home! I'm going home.

When the heart is sad with failing,

And the soul with anguish burns;

When the light of hope is palling,

Then the spirit always turns

Home, sweet home, no place like home.

And the children in their gladness,

Loit'ring on the verge of night,

Never feel a pang of sadness

As a vision comes in sight —

Home, sweet home, they are going home.

Oh, the sweet and sacred treasure

Of our own domestic vine,

And its holy thoughts and pleasure

We will sing through coming time —

Home, sweet home, no place like home.

MRS. BENNIE A. COLLINS.

BORN: LIVINGSTON, TENN., OCT. 20, 1863.

At an early age this lady supported herself and widowed mother by teaching school. She was married in 1888 to James O. Collins, the sheriff of Overton county, Tenn. Her poems have appeared in the Livingston Post and the local press generally. Personally Mrs. Collins is slightly above the average size, with light hair and blue eyes, and resides with her husband in her native city.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight's misty shadows
Come stealing o'er the plain,
And tell of the coming darkness
As a cloud foreshadows rain.

Earth's mingled sounds die slowly
And fall on the tired heart,
Like beautiful dream-music
On the breaking of waves apart.

The glittering lamps of Heaven
Are lighted one by one,
Their fitful gleam betok'n'ing
That the cares of the day are done.

The moon glides up so gently
On her silvery, cloud-wreathed throne,
And wraps the earth in halo
Of light that is not her own.

Fithour for retrospection
Of the life that lies beyond —
The joys and cares in contrast,
And the thoughts that crowd the mind.

The soul drinks in the nectar
Distilled by unseen hands,
And memory wanders backward
O'er life's receded sands.

Sometimes there's a rift in the music
As these memories come and go,
And a cloud passes over the sunshine
Like a shadow falls on the snow.

But the heart takes up the echo
Of the rifted music low,
And treasures the cloud which darkens
Like the shadow does the snow.

Oh, sacred hour of twilight!
How like the hour of death,
When the after life and this one
Are divided by a breath.

'Tis the bridge 'tween light and darkness,
'Tis the hour of softest light,

'Tis the daughter of the day time,
The mother of the night.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the voice whose cadence
Falls upon our ears to-day,
Like soft strains of angel music
From the bright world far away,—

Ne'er again would speak unto us
Words of love and hopes and cheer,
We would prize the slightest tremor
Every tone we'd strive to hear.

If we knew hands whose pressure
Thrills us with the sweetest bliss,
Ne'er again would gently touch us,
Ne'er caress us after this,—

Oh, how warmly we would clasp them,
Press them to our throbbing heart,
Kiss them with a wild devotion
While hot tears of grief would start.

If we knew the love-light beaming
From the eyes whose slightest glance
Fills us with a spell-bound rapture,
Vast as Heaven's broad expanse,—

Would be faded e'er the morrow,
Never more to shine again,
We would linger in their sunlight,
We would weep our tears like rain.

If we knew the paths would sever,
Which now lie so close and sweet,
We would often stop and linger
We would walk with slower feet.

If we knew the joys we're tasting
Would be changed to bitterest woe,
We would fill life's empty goblet
With their sweetness ere they go.

"Strange we never prize the music"
Till the harp lies all unstrung,
Strange that we should slight the carols
By the sweetest songsters sung.

Strange the sweetest, fairest flowerets
That we've found along the way,
Waft their waves of richest perfume
From the regions of decay.

Ah! too late we scent the roses
That have shed their nectared sweet,
Thick as raindrops on the pathway
We have trod with hurrying feet.

Yes, too late, our hearts re-echo
With a throb of keenest pain,
For the flowers that once have blossomed
Ne'er for us will again.

CHARLOTTE M. PALMER.

BORN: DOVER, N. H.

THE poems of Miss Palmer have occasionally appeared in the Boston Traveler, Christian at Work, and other periodicals. She is a writer of both prose and verse, and still resides in her native place.

WAYSIDE LESSONS.

I sauntered by the roadside,—
A rural, grass-grown way;
On either hand green meadows
And fragrant woodlands lay.

Along gray, mossy fences
Wild roses blushing bright;
Fields glowed with golden buttercups
And daisies snowy white.

The distant dark, pine forests
Seemed quite to touch the sky,
Or nearer hills fell shadows
As light clouds floated by.

I thought I was pursuing
My humble quest alone,
The sky, trees, flowers, smiling
A welcome all my own.

Anon piped up a bobolink,—
Thus ran his charming lay:
"So grateful and so happy
This gladsome sunny day!"

I stopped to cull a nose-gay,
And chanced to find a bee
In a cluster of pink kalmia,
Gathering its booty free.

A butterfly was sporting,
Frail child of summer hours,
And dainty nectar seeking
In fair untended flowers.

As I walked on I pondered—
Not failing to observe
How Providence is careful
All creatures' needs to serve.

I saw that Nature's children
Wait not for ample feast,
Take the crumbs our Father gives them,
Supplied in his way best.

I mused upon this folly,—
Disdainful passing by
Life's present good and comforts,
Which close about us lie.

'Twas thus I learned the lesson
By Nature's pupils taught,

That common, wayside blossoms
Are with much sweetness fraught.

Take thankfully the treasures
Heaven daily sendeth thee;
Illusive future pleasures
Are Hope's fond fantasy.

FAITH.

Our God gives perfect peace to those
Whose minds are stayed on Him;
Believing, trusting, they repose
In Faith, though Hope grow dim.

Faith can endure all present ill
As seeming Him unseen,
Who gives us strength to do his will,
Or bear, with soul serene

Faith owns a charm which none may scorn,
A precious secret knows;
Where worldly minds bewail the thorn
Faith sees the budding rose.

Faith hears God's fond assuring voice
Above the thunder's loud,
Sees his benignant, smiling face
Through the dark, threatening cloud.

Faith like the lark, mounts heavenward,
Soaring on noiseless wings,
Till, distant from earth's mists and jars
In calm, pure air she sings.

Faith views this life as pilgrimage,
We tent on foreign strand,
Still toiling on to reach, at length,
Our home, the promised land.

Faith's torch the dangerous road illumines,
Which leads us to the tomb;
Through shadowy vistas we discern
Bright shores beyond the gloom.

Though tossed on Time's tempestuous zone,
A realm of rest outlies;
Faith, folling Death, convoys the soul
To gates of Paradise.

EXTRACT.

A grassy bank with blooms aglow,
All green and gold 'neath waving trees;
A fairer carpet none can show,
Be it Turkish, French, or Japanese.

Not tinted walls, nor paintings rare,
But gray rocks clad with clematis;
Then meadows, pastures, woods appear,
And far-off hills the west clouds kiss.

MRS. ELEANORA FINDLAY.

BORN: DICKSON CO., TENN.

THIS lady was married to Sylvester L. Findlay, who practiced law prior to the war. The



MRS. ELEANORA FINDLAY.

poems of this writer have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. She is now a resident of Oakland Springs, Tenn.

EDNA CORA.

A pleading voice steals on mine ear
In cadence soft and low;
Those silv'ry tones to me as dear
As fond affection's glow.

That gentle voice I seem to hear,
And as it floats along,
"Forget me not, my Nora dear,"
The burthen of its song.

Oh! would that now the gift were mine,
To 'wake with skillful hand,
The harp that erst the "tuneful Nine,"
Concealed among their band;
I'd sweep its chords with magic art,
Till ev'ry string should tell
Of her who dwells within my heart
And whom I love so well.

In tuneful measures I'd impart
To my sweet sister dear,
The inmost feelings of my heart
That softly nestle there;
And where for aye they will remain
As fresh as morning dew;

Their bloom and beauty still retain,
My sister sweet, for you.
Thou know'st that mine's a happy fate,
A fondly cherish'd wife—
Deep joy upon my footsteps wait—
Each hour with hap'ness rife;
And when my cup with joy runs o'er
I fondly will recall
The friends I'll cherish ever more,
Dear father, mother, all!

Some ties there are, and ours is one,
That time can ne'er undo;
Dark grief may come, the world may shun,
That knot remains still true.
Content thee then, my sister dear,
Whate'er my future lot.
I will enshrine thy image here,—
Thou wilt not be forgot.

LETITIA M. ADAMS.

THIS lady has been a constant contributor of verse to the Farmers' Cabinet and numerous other periodicals. Miss Adams formerly lived in New Boston, but is now a resident of Goffstown, N. H.

INFLUENCE.

Not to itself alone
The little violet blooms,
Deep-shaded in its mossy bed
It meekly lifts its head,
And speaks a lesson full and free,—
A lesson of humanity.

Not to itself alone
The spring-bird's earliest song
Above the frost and snow is given,
Its richest notes ascend to Heaven,
And birdies join in words of love,
The praise of Him who reigns above.

Not to themselves alone,
The stars in yon bright zone
Send forth their lustre clear and bright;
Athwart the gloom and shade of night,
They teach a nobler lesson still:
Obedience to a higher will.

Not to itself alone
The voice of nature comes,
The wild winds murmur, careless, free,
The swelling earth, the sounding sea,
Proclaim the wisdom, power and might
Of God, the source of life and light.

Not to himself alone
Man seeks an influence not his own,
We live in words, we live in deeds,
And sow on earth immortal seeds
Of good or bad, of peace or strife,
The germ of death or endless life.

MRS. LOUISE P. W. PALMITER.

BORN: VICTOR, N. Y., APRIL 5, 1833.

COMMENCING to write verse at an early age, the poems of this lady have appeared in many prominent publications, such as the Weekly Wisconsin, Western Rural, Chicago Inter-Ocean, and numerous other publications of equal prominence, from which they have been extensively copied by the local press.

SONG OF THE REAPER.

I sing a song,
As I roll along,
Behind my "four-in-hand,"
A psalm of hope for weary souls,
Throughout this beauteous land.

I sing a song,
The whole day long,
To the fall of the golden grain,
From Minnesota's prairies broad,
To the hills of far-off Maine.

I sing a song,
To the hungry throng,
That is sweet to the listening ear,
For I sing of plenty and peace to come,
When the wintry storms draw near.

I sing my song,
The hills among,
I sing in the valley fair,
From rosy morn till set of sun,
My song floats on the air.

Oh! I sing a song,
A jolly song,
As I reap the golden grain,
And roll behind my four-in-hand,
Sole monarch of the plain.

SUMMER NIGHT SOUNDS.

'Tis sweet to sit,
Ere the lamps are lit,
By the vine-wreathed casement, listening
When the winds are still,
And the cricket's trill
Is heard where the dew is glistening:
"Cheereet; cheereet."

'Tis a summer night,
With a moon so bright,
That the fire-fly lamps are pale,
And all night long,
Comes a mournful song
From a lone bird in the vale:
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will."
In a shady nook,
By the side of the brook,
Hid away from the prying moon,
On a moss-grown log,
Some love-lorn frog
Is singing this mellow tune:
"Ker-chug, ker-chug."

And a little beyond,
Just over the pond,
From a tall tree on the bank,
Comes faint, but clear
To my listening ear,
The song of a feathered crank:
"Too-whoo, too-whoo."

Then a gossip unseen,
In the ivy green,
Repeats to a drowsy bird,
A scandalous tale,
Of some mortal frail,
And these are the words I heard:
"Katy-did, kady did."

And across the way,
By the moon's bright ray
A youth and maiden are seen,
And I hear a repeat
Of the old words, sweet,
As the gate swings to, between:
"Good-night, good-night."

BELDEN CRANE HOYT.

BORN: RICHLAND, MICH., DEC. 15, 1856.

As teacher, printer, farmer and book agent, Mr. Hoyt has experienced fair success; he now has aspirations toward the pulpit. The poems of Mr. Hoyt have appeared in the county papers, from which they have been extensively copied. He now resides in Paola, Kansas, dividing his time between school teaching and the book business.

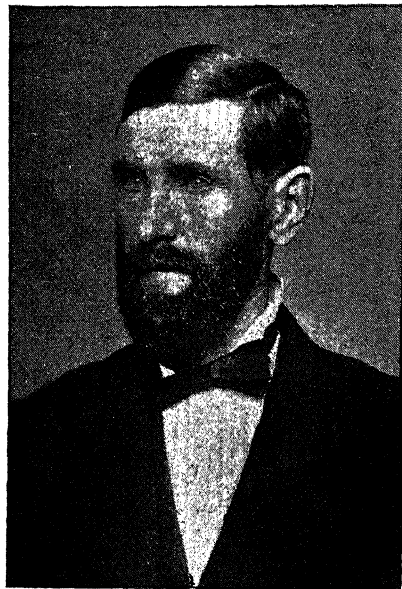
WHO ARE WISE.

Is it they who soar in air —
Soar in thought beyond the blue;
Up to Heaven's plains so fair,
And celestial glory view —
They who soar above, below,
To the bounds of everywhere,
Downward to the world of woe
And its depths of dark despair;
They who through the mists of time,
Dimly see eternity,
Who contrast the lofty rhyme
Thrilling in its majesty, —
With its music-laden flow
Beautifying mystic themes
Of the wonders forests know,
And the racing, shining streams,
Of the roaring of the wave
As it leaps upon the strand,
As it doth the ledges lave,
As it raises hills of sand?
Is it they who are the wise —
They to whom is wisdom given?
Ask the Ruler of the Skies,
Ask the mighty King of Heaven.
Hark? A deep-toned voice replies —
"They who fear the Lord are wise!"

WELCOME OTWAY SPENSER.

BORN: LAKEPORT, N. Y., APRIL 21, 1838.

FOR the past twenty years the poems of Mr. Spenser have appeared in the New York Sun, World, and the periodical press generally. He



WELCOME OTWAY SPENSER.

was married in 1864 to Miss Anna E. Jones, and still resides in his native place. Mr. Spenser is an agriculturalist, and has filled several positions of public trust.

WHAT THE POET SEES.

O, ask him not what he shall see,
 Dreamer and gazer on the stars,
 His soul may woo infinity,
 And mount and leap the golden bars
 That fence the secrets of the spheres,
 And dalliance hold with love or tears.

The sunny skies may gild his thought,
 And cloudlets make him golden robes,
 Brighter than silk with gold all wrought;
 And grander far than starry globes,
 May be his trysting place of rest,
 Where Hope is always to be blest.

With wings of flame his soul may fly,
 Higher than all the Alpine heights,
 No fane of beauty is too high,
 No joy too great for his delights;
 No nook shall hold him in its fold;
 Nor years shall grimly make him old.

O, tell me what his high desire,
 And what the dream his musing soul!
 Whither his flight on wings of fire,
 Beyond the reach of earth control!
 Ah, seeks he youth and love divine,
 And holy place to build a shrine?

What is the glory he would know?
 What fancies sweet so fill his brain?
 What sounds are wafted him below,
 The fates so often waft in vain?
 O, ask him not what he shall see,
 For never, never can it be.

Could love be what he idly dreams,
 And hope an argosy of gold,
 And love as loving as it seems,
 And life still brighter as it rolled,
 Ah, then his prayer would answered be,
 And those the things that he would see.

He still may wander 'mid the spheres
 Where stars their sweet effulgence shed,
 He still may pray that hate and tears,
 Be banished from the world and dead;
 But ah, his dreams, they cannot be,
 And vain to ask what he shall see.

JOHN B. L. SOULE.

BORN: FREEPORT, ME., APRIL 4, 1815.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Soule completed a course of law studies, he never entered upon the practice of that profession. After ten years engaged in teaching in Maine and Indiana, he spent several years as a journalist. He next was a minister of the gospel. For eleven years he was professor of ancient languages in Illinois at Blackburn university; at the end of which time he became pastor of the Presbyterian church in Highland Park, a suburb of Chicago. He filled that position for seven years, and has now retired from active public duties.

MY ESTATE.

When comes the flushing dawn of day,
 I go forth quiet and alone
 To meet the morning, and survey
 The lands and houses that I own.
 The town is still, all life is mute;
 For death and slumber are the same;
 I am the heir, and none dispute
 The justice of my lordly claim.

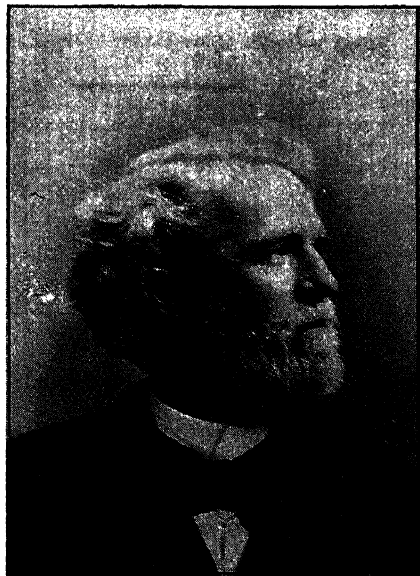
And as I walk the silent street,
 My steps resound from wall to wall,
 And wakened birds in whispers greet
 The coming landlord's early call.
 When day comes on, and noise abounds,
 And dust and heat, retiring then,
 My large estate of roofs and grounds
 I leave in care of other men.

No taxes vex my wide domain,
 No irksome load of debt it bears;
 My mid-day tenantry sustain
 All due expenses and repairs.
 My income — not the rents and tolls
 That greed extorts from want and scorn,
 But the rich commerce of the soul,
 Communion with the golden morn.
 I wonder whether many other deeds
 Were not in fact a satire or a blunder,
 Great stories grown from very little seeds,
 And told to make us wonder.
 I wonder if Lyeurgus, Pope and Penn,
 Ben Jonson, Pompey, Massasoit and Moses,
 Were what they were, or were some other
 men,
 By some metempsychosis.
 And if this thing is false, and that thing true
 is,
 When every thing seems falling fast asunder,
 I cannot tell — and all that I can do is
 To wonder, and to wonder!

W. D^EWITT WALLACE.

BORN: LAFAYETTE, IND., NOV. 19, 1838.

MR. WALLACE graduated in 1861 and was married the same year to Miss Anna M. Shields, of



W. D^EWITT WALLACE.

New Albany, Ind. He was in the army for two years, serving in the fortieth Indiana reg-

iment, and was wounded at Stone river. Mr. Wallace has achieved success in the profession of law, in his native city, where he has a large and lucrative practice. He has a lovely family of four daughters, two of them young ladies who have just graduated. In 1886 Mr. Wallace published a novel entitled *Love's Ladder*, which went through several editions. He is now engaged on another novel, and occasionally contributes to the leading periodicals of America.

LOST.

I had a friend. Our souls clasp'd hands;
 Our heart-strings, like two vines, about
 Each other twined till twain seemed one
 For time and for Eternity.
 One stormy night, lo, while I slept,
 I know not how, or why, my friend
 Unloosed the cords and faithless fled.
 Speak not of death, nor count that loss
 Which plucks from earth a flower to plant
 In Heaven. He only sounds the depth
 Of woe, and drinks the gale of life
 Who mourns a living friend that's lost.

ACROSS THE STREET.

At open window across the street,
 Each morn soft eyes my eyes do meet —
 Eyes large and blue and sad and sweet.
 'Tis not for me her curtains slide,
 'Tis not for me she looks outside;
 She welcomes every thing beside.
 The blithe canaries win her love,
 That in gold cages swing above,
 To them she's tender as a dove.
 She greet her flowers with look divine
 That 'neath her glances bloom so fine,
 And with soft fingers trains the vine.
 The free-born sparrows of the air,
 That flit about her windows fair
 Enjoy her smile and have her care.
 To boot-black, beggar, passing near,
 She throws a coin or drops a tear;
 Me only doth she seem to fear.
 Ah, maiden! pure as snowflake's wing,
 Did'st thou but know the heart I bring,
 What chaste desires within it spring.
 Toward thee at least, thou'dst not deny
 One kindly look, nor question why
 Across the street I turn my eye.

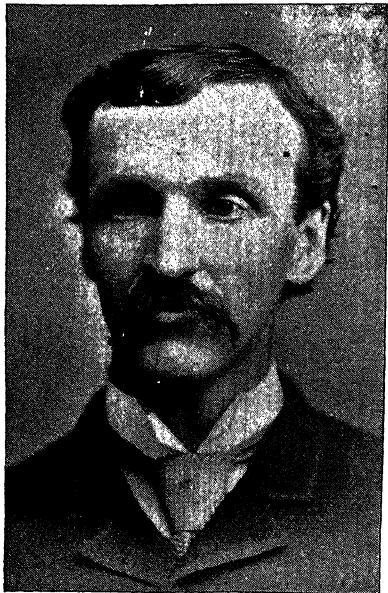
FROM VELVET LIDS.

From velvet lids Love wings the dart
 That deepest thrills the human heart,
 The purest joy, the fiercest woe,
 That mortals here may ever know,
 From Love's sweet wound unfailing start.

WARREN W. AMES.

BORN: DE RUYTER, N.Y., FEB. 25, 1850.

IN 1872 young Ames founded the Cape Vincent Eagle, and in 1876 he bought the Clayton Independent. Having sold both the papers mentioned he returned in 1878 to his native town and established The Gleaner. Six years



WARREN W. AMES.

later Mr. Ames purchased the De Ruyter New Era, consolidated the two offices, and built a handsome three-story block. He was married in 1872 to Miss Ella M. Wilcox. In his early days Mr. Ames taught in the common schools of Tennessee, Illinois, and New York. The verse of this journalist and poet have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press.

FANCIES.

I've risen early this morn—do the same if
you'd thrive—
Filled with earnest intentions my goose-quill
to drive,
To inscribe on this sheet a few lines for your
eyes—
A few transient thoughts, either simple or
wise—
And, as Morpheus but late from my eyelids
has flown,
My thoughts may be dull or to drowsiness
prone.

I sit by the table with goose-quill in hand,
Before me a lamp in its beauty doth stand,

And its calm, brilliant light spreads abroad
through the room,
Dispelling the darkness, and changing the
gloom
That reigned e'er its rays had appeared on the
scene,
To a light almost dazzling—to splendor se-
rene.

How calm and how quiet are things 'round
about!
The streets are all free from loud clamor and
shout;

Yet the chanticleer's note, rising full on the
ear,

Gives me warning that day and its turmoils
draw near; [five,

And the timepiece proclaiming to all that 'tis
Impels me the faster my goose-quill to drive.

My muse seems o'er glad to assist me this
morn,

And swiftly these thoughts of my fancy are
born;

Yet how slow seems my quill to inscribe them
in ink—

To assemble in lines and each word inter-
link, [rein,

And to spread through each stanza a similar
Uniting the whole in harmonious strain.

But my muse, as you witness, has wandered
quite wide,

And seems disinclined to one thing to be tied;
But I've humored its flights in their wild aim-
less glee—

Loosed the reins of my fancy and let both go
free,

Still my thoughts have roamed wide through
the limits of time,

And my muse, following on, has arranged
them in rhyme.

But this strain is quite aimless, howe'er easily
it flows,

And 'tis time that its contents were drawn to
a close,

For if fancy be nursed in its wanderings wide,
It may never consent to one thing to be tied;
So I'll lay down my quill, with a sigh it is
true,

And at present to fanciful flights bid adieu.

ALBUM VERSE.

I fain would search the whole vast field of
song

And glean from ev'ry tongue and ev'ry age
That I might find a gem in all the throng,

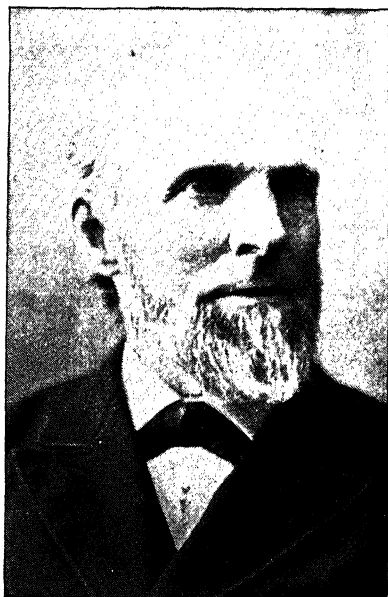
To dedicate to thee, on this fair page,
Some thought that would most gracefully
convey

The deepest wishes for your future weal,
Which would express, as full as pen could say,
The admiration of a friend most leal;

REV. NATHAN F. CARTER.

BORN: HENNIKER, N. H., JAN. 6, 1830.

IN 1865 Mr. Carter graduated at the theological seminary in Bangor, and in 1869 became pastor of a church in Orford, N. H., which position he held for five years. He then went to Bellows Falls, Vt., and in 1879 to



REV. NATHAN FRANKLIN CARTER.

Quechee in the same state, where he still labors. For several years Mr. Carter has been one of the editors of the New Hampshire Journal of Education. He has just completed a work entitled The Native Ministry of New Hampshire, and has also a volume of poems ready for publication.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Great thoughts in mighty souls born into life, [sky,

Like towering mountains, lean against the
Their radiant summits far above all strife,
Fixing with wonder many a gazing eye.

So far above the common level rise, [soul
Their morn-empurpled heights, they fill the
With awe and reverence, till in mute surprise,

It deems them altars near the Eden goal,
Whereon the incense of a great life burns,
Diffusing sweetest fragrance evermore;

Or glow like watch-fires, blessing him who
yearns

For trusty guidance on Time's pilgrim
shore!

The lowly one toils earnestly and long
To climb their steep but ever verdant sides,
Yet, rising higher, he feels the heart grow
strong,

To mount where everlasting spring abides,
To gather holier sweets distilling there,
To see serenest prospects yet unknown,
To breathe a purer life-awakening air,
And find himself a nobler being grown.
And thus he presses on, till victor-crowned,
Upon the heights, he, with enraptured ken,
Drinks in the vastness of the scene around,
A better man among earth's worthy men!

And these great thoughts of mighty souls are
ours,

Stamped with a time-long immortality,
A gift ne'er growing old, whose greatness
towers

Above all gifts by gold or fame made free.
We feast upon them, as on viands rare,
And feel a newer life spring up within;
They give the longing spirit wings to dare
A loftier flight for good we fain would win.
Their influence wakes a hymn of blessedness,
Sounding a victor's pæan in our ears,
Whose sweet refrains, enshrined in good deeds
bless

A plodding world, as stars a night of years!

IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

In the battle of life do the best that is in
thee,

Climb up with a will and an eye on the
stars,

The noblest of names aspiring to win thee,
At the price, if need be, of perils and scars!
There is room in the radiant spaces above
thee;

On the tops of the mountains are conquer-
ors' palms;

Live grandly for God,—make the great world
love thee,

For the sowing of sunshine and giving of
alms!

Grow virtues and graces to ripen for glory;
Seek riches and honors that pass not away;
With manifold blessings make golden life's
story;

For the good of humanity labor and pray!
Be a peer and a prince in the grace of for-
giving;

Keep ever to pathways the saintly have
trod;

In love with the good, be the best of the liv-
ing;

Do the best for the world by the favor of
God!

With a bold, brave heart, and a holy endea-
vor,

Girt surely and well with an armor divine,

MRS. MARTHA K. COLBURN.

BORN: GARRETSVILLE, O., OCT. 4, 1846.

THE poetical productions of Mrs. Colburn have already received recognition in Harper's



MRS. MARTHA K. COLBURN.

Weekly, although she has but recently commenced to court the muse. She is a very pleasant lady, and now lives in Waterford, Pa.

THE HERO'S LAST RIDE.

Through the valley with the paleness of death
on his brow,

Dashed a rider — unmindful of where, or how
He could best escape the torrent wide,
Which was bearing destruction on every side.

His only thoughts were of those below,
Who, in the valley, the danger did not know;
And through the air, his clear voice thrills,
"Run for your lives, to the hills, to the hills."

Madly the noble steed plunged along,
The rider, unheeding the gathering throng,
Flew by. While the vale echoed back the
thrills, — [the hills.]

"To the hills, to the hills, for your lives, to
With the speed of the wind, he hurried down
The valley to warn the ill-fated Johnstown;
For the mighty dam, had, at last, given 'way,
And the water was eagerly seizing its prey.

Sweeping everything clean that lay in its
track,

It came like a demon, all grim and black;

And the town, which lay peaceful, at break
of day,

Was, in a few moments, all swept away.

And thousands of souls, borne down by the
Shall lie forever in nameless graves; [waves,
Among them the rider, who thought in the
morning,

To the valley below, he'd carry the warning.

He thought for a time to outride the wave,
But alas! too soon it would be his grave. [tide,
As he gained the bridge, he was struck by the
And e'er he could reach the other side

The structure, with a crash, was seen to fall,
And bridge, and rider, steed and all
Were plunged, in the seething mass below!
Alas! alas! that it should be so.

A nameless "Paul Revere" he dies —
Somewhere, with the nameless dead he lies;
Though no marble slab shall mark the spot,
Yet his daring deed will be ne'er forgot.

As ages roll, and the pen shall tell,
Of hero's who, with laurels fell,
No name shall shine with a brighter hue,
Than that of the rider, so brave and true.

ELMER OSBORN LAUGHLIN.

BORN: PARIS, ILL., AUG. 2, 1867.

ALTHOUGH a young man, Elmer has written quite extensively for the Toledo Blade, Cincinnati Gazette, Chicago Tribune and other equally prominent journals. He is now studying medicine, and resides in Paris, Ill.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

But yesterday
Bright flowers of May,
Smiled in the sunshine everywhere!
And joyous notes,
From tuneful throats
Of countless songsters filled the air.

But yesterday
Earth, young and gay,
Tripped lightly 'neath the bluest skies,
While sunbeams kissed
Away the mist
Of morning, from her dewy eyes.

Oh, yesterday,
How far away;
How distant from the bleak to-day
Thy memories fade
Into a shade,

A dream of birds and flowers and May.

For ah, to-day
Skies cold and gray
Hang heavy o'er the Earth's pathway;
And naked trees
Mourn in the breeze
For yesterday, — sweet yesterday.

JOSIAH GIBERTON ENGLISH.

BORN: CAMDEN CO., N. J., NOV., 1833.

THE poems of Mr. English have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He published in 1888 a volume of poems, which



JOSIAH GIBERTON ENGLISH.

has had quite an extensive sale. Mr. English is a resident of Xenia, Ohio, where he is well known for his integrity and literary standing. Mr. English served in the civil war, and he has since tasted of joys and experienced sorrows by the death of loved ones.

GAMBLING DISPATCHES.

Tattle! tattle! tattle!
Ship-sheep, hogs and cattle!
Send the money by express,
Not a single dollar less;

No other time will do as well,
Or I would not the cattle sell.
John will see the cattle through,
After which will talk with you.

Z. to C. L.

ANSWER.

Cattle, sheep and hogs arrive,
Glad to find them all alive;
Send your price for all the cattle,
Glad to make the wire rattle.

All the talk I had with John
Was 'bout a silver watch to pawn;

Enter the price of hogs and sheep—
I leave with you the books to keep.

P. S.

To look at stock,
I'll come next fall;
Don't think to sell,
I'll take them all.

Bless me! here's old Zin!
For all you shipped
Have got the tin.
Am ready now
To go with John
And see for what
The watch will pawn

Love in short,
Life is sport.

C. LIGHTFOOT.

LATER.

TO CHIEF OF POLICE.

Arrest a worse than thief,
A counterfeiter in brief;
Seize my cattle, sheep and hogs;
Hunt up my John,
My watch and dogs.

P. S.

I'm ready to cleave the air,
On swiftest train—
I'll soon be there.
All he's got is sure my money.
His tongue is sweeter
Than butter and honey.

PETER ZOLMAN.

AMERICA.

America's vast, continual source,
Guides the world's great business force;
Her wealth in minerals, and stores of grain,
Excites the weak, and strong, of brain.

The picture, under eye of heaven,
Adds source to God, for what he's given;
As multiply the millions seen,
So multiply the things to glean.

Earth's reaping time of golden grain,
Renews the love of God again;
And thankful heart rejoices day,
And gladness feels the sown way.

From bread of wheat to bread of life,
Calls he the reaper from the strife;
And welcome hand extends a boon,
Before the man has reached his noon.

The scene, resulting from the soil,
Rewards the heart for all its toil.
Happy American; Thy loved of lot
Has found, of earth, the sunny spot.

THE GRADITE'S FLIGHT.

The Gradite trembled with terror,
 When he looked out on the plain,
 And saw the host a coming
 Was the friends of one he'd slain.
 And he felt himself so lonely
 In a far off-land from home,
 As he thought of a city of refuge,
 As death-like on they come.
 His gaze was loosing a moment
 To the coming wheel of time;
 And following like the shadows,
 Was lengthing out the line;
 As the swifter of pursuers,
 Were leaving some behind.
 And why their tread was deadly,
 Was torture to his mind;
 Poor trembling mortal sought then,
 A way his life to find.
 And prayer was in his mind then;
 O! Lord, to me be given,
 The power to reach the refuge;
 For thou hast made the heaven.
 Just then there came a warning,
 "A fool has time to spare.
 Shake thyself, Gradite
 Prepare to cleave the air.
 "The crush of the sand neath foot-sole,
 Will cease for the harder ground;
 Nothing but flight will save you,
 Flee if you would be crowned.
 "Flee from this country
 The home of the stranger;
 Flee from the plain
 And hill of danger;
 Flee from the Reubenite
 Or blood avenger.
 "Flee past thy own home
 And the coming to meet,
 The wife of thy bosom,
 Or child of thy feet.
 Flee like the Hitite,
 Flee like the fleet.
 "Flee by the grain fields
 And haunts when a boy;
 The nature and sunshine,
 Serving decoy.
 "Though summer of love
 Be banished for snow;
 Better thou flee,
 While's thine to go."
 Catching sight of his life
 Weighed in the scales,
 Of the all-lost hope,
 Of the dismal walls,
 He sped for the refuge,
 Scarce leaving a trace;
 For he flew as he ran,
 From the very earth's face.

ALBERT S. HAWKINS.

THE poems of Mr. Hawkins have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. Mr.



ALBERT S. HAWKINS.

Hawkins is a resident of Midland, Texas, where he has already gained great popularity and respect as a journalist and lawyer.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

In the love of a maiden I once took delight,
 But where is the love I once knew?
 It has gone! It has gone! For alas, the fair
 maid,
 Like all of her kind, proved untrue.
 She said that her love for me would endure,
 That love like her love would remain, [name,
 But memory of falsehoods that sullen her
 My heart will forever retain.
 Her words were spoke in jest I suppose,
 My words were in earnest I know,
 My gift was pure love, not much you will say,
 'Twas all that I had to bestow.
 She accepted a heart, an innocent heart,
 A heart that was trusting and true; [again,
 Having gained this, her end, she turned then
 To conquests more daring and new.
 But fair maiden I'll say, tho' now far away,
 That a lesson I've learned, yes 'tis true,
 When a loved one is wanted, some other I'll
 seek,
 When a flirt is desired, I'll seek you.

EDGAR JACKSON KLOCK.

BORN: SCHUYLER, N.Y., JULY 1, 1863.

EDGAR graduated in 1881 from the Fairfield academy, securing the highest honors and valedictory of his class. Realizing that his health would never permit his entering any of the professions with that vim as he would have liked to have done, he declined his parents' offer of a college course, and returned with them to the farm, where he has since resided and spent much of his time in collecting a fine and extensive cabinet of minerals, Indian relics, and other curiosities. In 1888, while editor of the Mohawk Standard, a small collector's paper, he published in that sheet his first poem, with no intention of continuing in that line. Since then, at the request of friends, he has published quite a number of poems in the several village and city papers of central New York. Mr. Klock resides within twenty rods of his birthplace.

LIFE MOMENTS.

Creeping, creeping, oh how slow!
Waiting, waiting, as they go;
So the moments stop and linger as they build
each passing day,
To the one whose heart is broken, never wish-
ing them to stay.

Rushing, rushing, ah what speed;
Bounding, bounding, like a steed;
So the fleeting moments hasten, dragging near-
er to the end,
Those who have earth's pleasures plenty, or a
wasted life to mend

Gliding, gliding, in God's time,
Passing, passing,—His is mine;
So the happy moments ever, bringing plea-
sures one by one,
Pass to those who learn to murmur, not my
will but Thine be done.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

Two men stood on the summit of a hill,
The one, erect in youth and fair of face,
In whom beauty blended with strength to
prove
A worthy offspring of a noble race;
The other, bent with age, upon whose brow
The lines of three-score years and ten were
seen.
Types of hope and wisdom, thus together
stood,
And gazed they out across life's fickle
scene.
The youth saw naught in all those wid'ning
fields

But pleasure, to the one who sought it
there,
For out as far as e'en his eye could reach,
Were pleasing landscapes, opulent and fair;
On every hand were grass-bound hills and
dales,
And plains bedecked with bud and bloom of
flowers;
Red roses, giving out their rich perfume,
Hung clustering 'round the doors of vine-clad
bowers;

Sweet voiced brooklets on whose mossy banks
You listen to the music soft and low,
And dream your day-dreams as you gaze upon
The beauty of the valley far below;
Where orchards bend beneath their golden
loads,
And ripening grain-fields ripple in the wind,
And vineyards with their tendrils fruited
deep,
Around the creaking trellises entwined.

All these and more the eager youth beheld
Before him in life's pathway, as it wound
Out through the world—then to a forest
came,
Where 'neath the welcome shade sweet rest
is found.

Ah, foolish, hopeful youth, dost thou not
know
That "distance lends enchantment to the
view."
How think you thy companion views those
things?
To him the gilded world is not so new.

He knows that mingled with the grass are
weeds,
And bramble acrobats and nettles rank
abound,
While on the stems that bear the fragrant
rose,
Beneath the leaves, sharp, biting thorns are
found;
Across your path the slimy serpent glides,
Or spits and hisses at you as you go,
And hidden with your luscious fruit, perhaps,
The asp abides to strike its deadly blow;
But even when you've found your youthful
dreams
Where all delusions, yet have bravely made
A struggle onward through life's rugged
ways,
And almost reached that grateful forest
shade,—
Ah, even there are beasts of prey that watch
For those who falter ere they reach the goal,
To drag them back almost from Heaven's
gate,
Down, down to Hell,—a lost and shattered
soul.

SUNLIGHT DRIVES THE MIST AWAY.

I stood at night by the river,
 Under a storm-cast sky;
 The wind that swept thro' the tree tops,
 Gave forth a dismal sigh;
 Darker and black grew the storm-clouds,
 Loud did the thunders peal,
 Vividly bright flashed the lightnings,
 That made the strong oaks reel;
 Angry and fierce did the tempest,
 Its pent-up wrath outpour,
 Till the river swelled to a torrent,
 Rushed by with deaf'ning roar;
 But I felt not wind nor raindrops,
 Against my hot brow sent,
 For deep locked within my bosom,
 A fiercer storm was pent;
 And darker far than the night storm
 Was earth and life to me,
 Till I longed but for oblivion
 To come and set me free;
 I longed for the surging river,
 To take me on its tide,
 And bear me away to the ocean,
 Out on its billows wide;
 To forget and be forgotten,
 As they who stop and drink
 Of the fabled Lethæan waters,
 And then forget to think.
 Thus by the river at midnight,
 Under a storm-cast sky,
 I watched by the lightning's flashes
 The wild tide rushing by.
 Again I stood by the river,
 Under a star-lit sky,
 When the storm had spent its fury,
 And clouds had all passed by;
 The waters had ceased their tumult,
 The wind had gone to rest,
 The rumbling thunders had sunken
 To silence in the west;
 I watched the stars in the heavens
 Grow dim and fade away,
 As up through the eastern gateway,
 Old Sol brought in the day;
 And as the mist on the river,
 Kissed by the morning's ray,
 Went floating adown the valley,
 Then broke and passed away.
 Just so the gloom and the shadows,
 That make our lives like night,
 Will some day lift and be scattered
 By that all-piercing light,
 That comes from beyond the tempest,
 Beyond the stars and sun,
 To lead us home to our Father,
 When life and work are done.
 And thus I stood by the river,
 Under a morning sky,
 Unrest had gone with the tempest,
 God's love and peace were nigh.

HIRAM HOWARD BROWNE.

BORN: CORNISH, ME., NOV. 15, 1838.

AFTER teaching school for a while Mr. Browne studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1862. Four years later he was married to Miss Emily M. Blazo. Mr. Browne now resides in Boston with his wife and daughter. Since his youth Mr. Browne has been an occasional contributor of both verse and prose to various literary and other publications.

TO A DROP OF DEW.

Pearl of the skies! Gift of the swarthy night,
 To glow and sparkle in the misty light,
 Amid the tresses of the fair-haired morn!
 What gem so rare her beauty could adorn?
 For thou art fairer on the grassy lea,
 Than were thy charming rival of the sea.

Now pendant shining on the slender blade,
 Reflecting tints in changing light and shade,
 Of diamond, ruby, emerald, sapphire, seen
 Like tiny jewels of some fairy queen—
 Too pure and beautiful to be of earth,
 Thou gem ethereal had in heaven thy birth!

Spirit of purity wandering in disguise,
 With no abiding place in earth or skies;
 This morn a gem of sparkling, purest ray;
 This noon but vapor boundless space away—
 At eve descending to the earthy plane,
 At morn ascending to the skies again!

Now heavenward soaring on the zephyr's
 wing—
 Now sparkling in the depths of woodland
 spring—
 Now with the cloud, upon its steed, the wind,
 Circling the world, new scenes and climes to
 find,
 Now in the glittering crystal of the frost—
 Now in the ocean wave by tempest tossed.

Shining at eve in sunset's glory splendid—
 Now in the rainbow's gorgeous colors blended,
 In sun-lit shower now falling from the sky—
 Now in the tears of wan-faced sorrow's eye—
 Beginning now the petals of the rose—
 Now in the lily's cup seeking repose.

Thou thing ethereal glowing on this flower,
 So evanescent, changing with the hour,
 I fain would pluck thee in thy beauty rare,
 To deck, in splendor, bright Maude Marion's
 hair—
 Art gone! rude Eos, from its dainty cup,
 Like Egypt's queen, has drunk her jewel up.

MRS. ISA G. W. WHITMAN.

BORN: BUCKFIELD, ME., OCT. 28, 1849.

THIS lady has always resided in her native town, where she was married in 1872 to Alden C. Whitman. Mrs. Whitman has a volume of a novel which will appear in 1890. She has two



MRS. ISA G. W. WHITMAN.

children, a son and a daughter. The son, Plaisted, who is represented in this work, has developed quite a literary talent, and although but nine years of age, several of his poems have received publication. Mrs. Whitman is considered a very fine writer.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

A solemn hush pervaded all the air.

The chill, December night had passed its noon;

The west wind slumbered in the branches bare,

The clouds had fled the arrows of the moon.

The shepherds, watching on the Judean hills
Their peaceful flocks, that slumbered through
the night,

Saw, ere the midnight hour had darkened past,

The whole world silvered with a wondrous light.

The mystic glow o'erflooded vale and hill,
The myriad stars withdrew their tender gleams

As if the morning hour had come again,

And this effulgent glow was glad Aurora's beams.

All save one star, that swung its lamp of gold

Adown the East, afar o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Set in the sky to tell a wondrous tale,

A signal light that burned a jeweled flame.

Low in the East, it rayed its golden glow
Above a manger, strewn with straw, and hay;

And odorous with the breath of mild-faced kine,

Where lo! in peaceful sleep, a new-born infant lay.

Oh! mystic scene, at midnight's holy hour!
The fair Madonna, filled with rapturous awe,
The tender eyes, upraised in silent prayer,
The infant Jesus, on his bed of straw.

The wondering shepherds, hastening from the hills,

The Magi of the Orient, kneeling round,
Pouring their wealth of incense, myrrh and gold,

All hailed Him King, whose brow was yet encrowned.

While thus they knelt, adown the East came swelling,

The silvery cadence of the angel's hymn;
That still floats on, through centuries long and dim

Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The stricken earth rejoiced, and smiled again,
This wonder-birth, by Galilee's dark wave
Brought hope, to hearts long burdened by despair;

A king had come from Heaven with power to save.

Then afar and abroad, on this sacred night,
From our own bright land, to the Jordan's flow,

Let the story of Jesus be told once more,
The beautiful story of long ago.

Yea, softly abroad on this holy night
From the deep recess of each church's door,
From windows agleam with tinted light
Let the beautiful story be heard once more.

And afar and away o'er the snow-crowned hills,

Rising, and falling, with mystical swell,
With a melody sweet as of singing birds,
Ring the silvery chime, of the Christmas bells.

Oh! those beautiful chimes well I know,
For they tell their own story to me;
Of the babe, who was born in a stall,
On the shores of the dark Galilee.

Of the babe, who was born in a stall,
Of the King, and the Savior of men:

How the angels of God, at His birth
Sang of "Peace and good will unto men."

Then hush, and your own hearts shall hear
What these Christmas bells say unto me;
Of the sweet, tragic life, that began
On the shores of the dark Galilee.

Of his earth-life, so holy and pure,
That it seemed like a beautiful prayer;
Or an anthem the ransomed might chant,
In those mansions all shining and fair.

Oh! the peal of the bells, soft and low,
As the murmur of waves on the shore;
Swelling out to a jubilant chime,
As they tell the sweet story once more.

And to-day, as I list to their peals,
The thought is borne in upon me,
That as bells, we are tossed to and fro,
By the waves of life's stormy sea.

And the thought thrilled its way to my heart,
Our lives, are but prints in the sand;
Which the tide of Time sweepeth away,
As it breaks on eternity's strand.

Let us cling to the dear wounded side,
Let us anchor our boat to the cross;
Then laugh at the wild surges' roar,
Nor fear, though our barque's tempest-tossed.

For the anchor of faith holds secure:
And the white sails rock safe on the bay,
And they need not the light of the sun
Who bask in the white throne's ray.

ROBERT F. SKILLINGS.

BORN: CUSHING'S ISLAND, ME., OCT. 31, 1819.

MR. SKILLINGS has always lived in the immediate vicinity of his birth-place, with the exception of some eight months spent in Eastport, and two voyages to the West Indies. He is very popular wherever he is known.

A MORNING PRAYER.

As this new morning I awake,
I pray Thee Lord, for Jesus' sake,
Help me, by wisdom from above,
Through all this day to dwell in love.

JULY.

A very pleasant month is this
To be in a country town.
The sunlight doth the foliage kiss,
Each verdant leaflet beams with bliss,
I see not one that's brown.

Fresh zephyrs fan the thrifty trees
The oaks, the elms, the willows,
The lake's face caressed by the breeze
In imitation of the seas,
Is flecked with tiny billows.

PLAISTED WHITMAN.

BORN: BUCKFIELD, ME., 1880.

ALTHOUGH but nine years of age, Plaisted, son of Mrs. Isa Gertrude Whitman, has writ-



PLAISTED WHITMAN.

ten quite a few poems. He is very far advanced in his studies, and is a rollicking boy.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night, good-night to the daisies!
Good-night to every one;
Oh! the dew is falling
And homeward I must run.
Out of the sweet, sweet meadow,
Out of the waving grass,
Where the buttercups and the daisies
Nod to me as they pass.
And a little twinkling star
Comes peeping out of the sky;
Just as a little bird
To its nest flits by.
The little bird begins to sing
Twit-tee, twit-tee, twit-tee;
He seems to say, "I am going to my nest,
Will you come with me, with me."

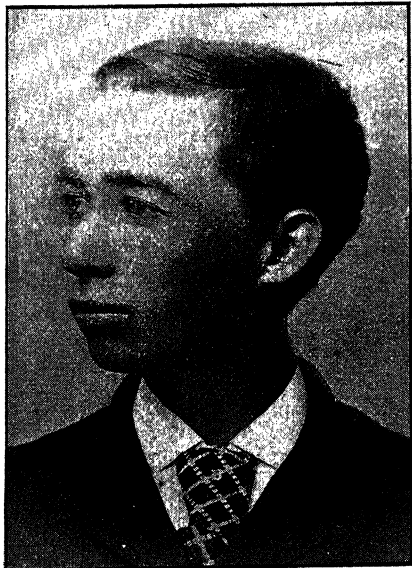
THE MOUNTAIN ROSES.

Among the hills the mountain roses
Drink the dew, as day reposes;
And softly wake, when dawns the morn,
And on the Eastern hills the day is born.
When from behind the clouds the sun comes
peeping, [ing.
And in the fields of grain the men are reap-

JOHN FRANKLIN BRILEY.

BORN: MARSHALL, MO., JUNE 9, 1869.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Briley contributed to the St. Louis papers, and has since that time written verse for numerous publica-



JOHN FRANKLIN BRILEY.

tions. He is also an artistic penman and received a prize at Chicago in 1887 for the best pen drawing. Mr. Briley is secretary of the local lodge of the Farmer's Alliance at Lamar in his native state.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Go ask a pair
Whose heads are crowned with silver hair,
Who, hand in hand down the stream of life
Have gone together through joy and strife,
Who lived not for self, but others to bless—
Go ask it of them and they'll answer you
"yes."

Is life worth living? Go ask a tramp
Whose state of manhood is of lowest stamp,
Who has spent his life in idle crime—
Whose record is dark and not sublime,
Whose home is out in the rain and the snow;
Go question him thus and he'll answer you
"no."

Is life worth living? Go ask the saint
Who has lived through life without complaint
And knows the source of all his joy,
And his happiness is without alloy,
And his last of earth is drawing nigh;
Go ask it of him and he'll answer you "aye."

Is life worth living? Go ask the rake
Who has lived through life for pleasure's
sake,

Who has no love but for the gilded saloon
And to his friends a curse, but never a boon,
And his race through life is ebbing low,
Go ask it of him and he'll answer you "no."

Is life worth living? Go ask the birds
That pipe from their throats the musical
words

That cheers the sad heart and soothes the dull
ear,

And drives from our bosoms the burdens of
care,

And they breathe forth joy but never a sigh;
Go ask it of them and they'll answer you
"aye."

TWO SCHOOL GIRLS.

With arms linked together, a coming thro'
the meadow,

And tripping so lightly that they scarce can
be heard,

And pushing before them a calm air of sweet-
ness

That is very far superior to the most musical
bird.

One with hair like the sunset, though a little
more dimmer,

That falls on her forehead so smooth and so
fair

In many short ringlets. (One graces our
scrap-book

And has a magical power of driving off care.)

The other with tresses as jet as a raven

Though minus the cards, 'tis treasured as
high

When cut off and tied up with a little red rib-
bon,

And given a friend for remembrance for aye.

With arms linked together they would thus
cross the meadow [lane,

Because it was nearer than the long muddy
With a little low school house at the end of
their journey,

Where we gathered each day, whether sun-
shine or rain.

And day after day, at each intermission

The boys to these girls would instinctively
draw near, [voices

And listen with fondness, to the kind loving
That was sweeter than music to each listen-
ing ear.

But at last came the day of the sad, tearful
parting—

The last day of school, 'twas the saddest of all,
But deep in our heart is a warm spot allotted
To those two pleasant school girls, whom we
often recall.

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

BORN: NAPLES, ME., JULY 12, 1833.

AFTER graduating in 1862 at Bowdoin college, Isaac then studied law and was admitted to the bar three years later. Mr. Choate has written nearly a hundred poems which have received publication, and has also written considerable prose. He is now a resident of Boston, Mass.

THE DOOM OF ESCOUBLAC.

The angry winds come fierce and strong,—
Blow fresh from off the western sea,
And rave around the cliffs along
The coast of Brittany.

The white sea-foam is upward borne,
And wildly driven before the gale,
Like flying shreds of canvas torn
Off from a tattered sail.

The waves break round the rocks that stand
Like giant warders old and gray;
They chase each other up the sand,
Within the curving bay.

In clefts the cedars rooted fast
Lean landward with a frightened look,
As if with terror of the blast
Their withering branches shook.

And on the shore the shining sands
Are piled in dunes or smoothed to plains,
As though unseen, unresting hands
Were turning countless grains.

Those shifting sands turn evermore
Only one way, like drifting snow,
The breezes blowing off that shore
So soft and gently go.

Over moist meadow lands they pass —
Those creeping sands — with stealthy care,
Where larks nest in the tufted grass,
And flowers scent the air.

They fill the ditches in the field
And thirsty drink the runnels dry,
To drought the flag and iris yield,
The lilies droop and die.

The meadow to a desert turns,
Above its cold, wet, springy earth
The glittering sand in summer burns
Like embers on the hearth.

Upon the slope the orchard trees
Show only branches bleaching white,
Beneath the sand the trunks of these
Are hidden from the sight.

And many a low straw-thatched abode
Of village folk and fisher crew,
That used to line a winding road,
Has vanished from the view.

Only the chapel spire now stands
Where stood the hamlet ages back
Above the sifting, sliding sands
That cover Escoubiac.

The neighbors still a tale repeat,
Told of a winter's evening wild,
When wandered through that village street
A beggar and his child.

They asked for shelter from the storm —
The furious storm from off the bay —
From every cosy cabin warm
The two were turned away.

And when they stood in helpless plight,
Their prayer refused at every door,
The old man plucked three hairs so white
And blew them toward the shore.

And ever since, instead of rains,
Instead of feathery flakes of snow,
Those blasts have brought sharp cutting
grains

Of sand when e'er they blow.

SELMA WARE PAINE.

BORN: BANGOR, MAINE.

MISS PAINE still resides in her native town with her father, Hon. Albert W. Paine. Miss Paine has written quite a few poems that have received publication, all of which have been well and favorably commented upon.

SINGING PRAISES.

They pictured heaven in by-gone days
With angel hosts that sang
For aye and aye the Maker's praise,
While all along the heavenly ways
The harps celestial rang.

But now a century more wise
Rejects the simple lore;
And yet perchance within it lies
A truth from wise and prudent eyes,
Concealed as once of yore.

What fragrant fields the angel feet
May tread, I do not know;
What words the angel lips repeat,
What seeds of kindness fair and sweet
The angel hands may sow.

But this I know, the heart that stays
On earth, and bears its part,
And sings the while its Maker's praise
On stormy and on sunny days—
That is the heavenly heart.

I think when such a heart is freed
From cumbering clay, that where
The thought and love are word and deed,
Unconsciously, its grateful need
Will change to music there.

LEWIS J. EARLY.

BORN: PELLVILLE, KY., FEB. 2, 1865.

SEVERAL works have been written and published by Lewis J. Early under the nom de plume of Markus Pillsberry, which are of a



LEWIS J. EARLY.

humorous character. His poems have appeared in many prominent journals, and he is now editor of the News World, published at Hawesville, Ky. In person Mr. Early is rather tall, but of good stature.

ON THE OHIO RIVER.

All quiet along the Ohio to-day,—

No cry save the scream of the crane,
As he murders the fish on the farther shore,
While he tramps in the sand and the rain.

All peaceful to-day on the river shore,

All silent along the white sand;
But swiftly and smoothly the boats glide
along,

'Mong the billows so proudly and grand.

All quiet along the Ohio this eve,
The murmuring waters, how clear!
While sadly we gaze on each sandy reef,
And sigh for the ones who are here.

Listless and still are the leaves on the trees,—
For the autumn has called again,
And on thee we gaze, dear Ohio, with these,
And long for the cool 'freshing rain.

All quiet along the Ohio to-night,—
The night winds blow coldly and drear,
While soft falls the dew on thy bosom again,
And the night-bird we distantly hear.

Thou dost not forsake us, Ohio, thou'rt here,
And on thee we fondly will gaze,

Till death shall call for us and take us away
To moulder to dust in the grave.

Then proudly thy waves on the farther
shore,

Will tell of the dear ones who are gone,
And gently thy ripples roll proudly away
To join in the murmuring song.

Then silent and sadly along the dear stream,
Our friends will in memory come
To gaze on thy bosom, to sing the sad song
Of the loved ones who've gone to their
home.

MRS. MARCIA M. SISCO.

BORN: STEUBEN CO., N. Y., MAY 31, 1832.

MRS. SISCO has written both prose and verse, and her poems have received publication in the local press. She now resides in Pomeroy, Iowa.

AN APPEAL TO LIBERTY.

Spirit of love unstring your golden harp
And lay it down before the eternal throne;
Then bow thy head and plead with liberty,
To unglove her hands and then unveil her
face,

And look with naked eyes upon her sword —
Red with oppression's blood; then trace
With naked hands the many names
Written upon the surface of her throne,
In raised letters so bold and prominent
That they can be both seen and felt;
And there are pictures, too, wrought by her
hand —

Pictures of men — good, honest men —
With daggers at their throats —
Because of unbelief in Christian creeds;
Nurslings of tyranny — offsprings of misery,
too,

Held in the lap of ignorance and crime,
And drawing at the paps of foul disease,
Their souls baptised at the dark, dismal fount
Of sin and death. And most of them
Crushed by heavy burdens unmerciful to bear,
And bound in menial chains of servitude
Before earth's monied kings. And now,
Oh! tyranny, clothed in freedom's robes —
Wearing upon thy cursed brow the starry
crown,

And holding in thy strong right hand
The key to prison walls, and in thy left
The flowing bowl — thine armor stamped
With customs, creeds and dogmas —
But wholly void of God's almighty truth;
Ope wide the doors of nature's gilded halls
And bathe their guilty souls
With the pure bracing air of freedom's
bowers.

Then take the gloves that have, for ages past,
Covered the treachery of thy blood-stained
hands,

And wipe thy bloody sword — then sprinkle it
With gold dust from the streets of freedom's
heaven;

Then stand before thy throne of burnished
gold

And there behold, written by demons' hands,
Upon its brazen front, "The lust of power;"
Then look above, below, on either side,
Thou monstrous vulture of all civilities,
And see the different titles thou hast held —
The different garbs you've worn;

The different chains you've forged about the
necks

Of slavery by tyranny, oppression, despotism,
mammon,—

And worst of all, by creeds. Then draw aside
The drapery of thy curtained throne and there
behold

The piles upon piles of heaped up skeletons,
Which thou, with ax, and rope, and sword, and
gun,

And prison walls, have slain in the name
Of Christian liberty. Turn now thine eyes,
Exalting tyranny, thou low vituperation
Of fair liberty, and look upon the lowest of
thy sons

Whose mind is fettered with stale ignorance,
Whose body daily feeds on bread alone,
Whose soul has never yet been satisfied.
Albeit his hands are rough with honest toil,
He stands a moral blot upon the foremost page
Of nature's book. Now go from this low specia
Of thy native law to the weird denizens of the
damned,

And there behold the brilliant minds on fire,
The loathsome, bloated, reeling human form
That hold those minds, and hear the frenzied
oaths,—

The kicks, the cuffs, the midnight pistol shots,
And watch the flowing of the crimson stream
That once did feed a soul as pure as they —
Who bow before the throne of the most high,
And plead with dissipation. Turn now thine
eyes

From this revolting scene of loathsome filth
To mad insanity in all its varied forms,
From minds where reason comes and goes at
will

To those who ever wail in utter darkness,
And from bright youth unto the faded crone
Whose aspirations once leaped mountain high,
Arched by the bow of promise spite of doubts,
Clothed in the gorgeous hues of high, resolves
Led on by faith while hope held high her hand
And pointed forward to the final goal.
Look! look upon the highest of God's works,
Wrecked and worse than slaughtered by thy
hand,

Shut up in prisons, dark and damp and cold,
Or in the madhouse gnawing at their chains
Until their teeth are keenly set on edge;
Or worse than all, drinking the fiery draught
Of earth deluded hell holes deep and dark,
While thus you stand within hell's open jaws
And scan the miseries of oppression's chains,
Trample the gaudy crown beneath thy feet
Which thou hast worn with such an empty
grace,—

Brush from thy robes the vile corroding dust
Of foul deceit,— then sprinkle them
With mercy's sparkling gems of human love;
Tear down the tottering pillows of thy throne,
Which stand upon the shaky, crumbling
sands

Of dead men's bones already rotten —
Not from the lapse of time, but from the
stench

Arising from the wasted, stagnant blood
Of honest men. Wash well thy bloody hands
at nature's fount

And cleanse the inner temple of thy throne
With the bright glowing fires of human
rights.

Then hie away to the beautiful hills of God,
And there behold the progeny of all below thy
race,

Feeding on living pastures bright and green,
Drinking deep at the fount of natural life,
All living out the order of God's laws
In perfect harmony on their native plain;
Look and compare and then say, if you can,
My creeds, my customs and my laws are just;
Next roll away the stone from nature's tomb
And there behold wrapped in a little napkin
pure and white,

And lain away for future use
The holy principles of justice, love and truth,
At which the world still scoffs and wags its
head

And spits upon and crowns with thorns,
And crucifies and tries to kill, but which,
Though crushed to earth, will ever rise again
In spite of all the hellish powers that crush it
down,

And still proclaim the truth, and truth alone
Shall make you free. And now, O tyranny,
But liberty, so-called, lurking within the house
of holy creeds,

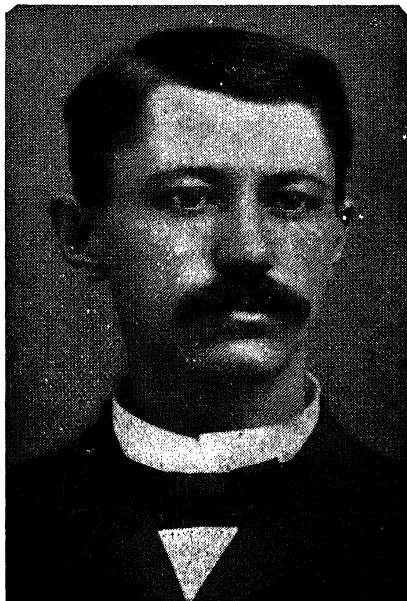
Cast off thy monarch crown of shining gold
And bow before the throne of human rights
And there confess thy sins. Show to mankind
That he who'd save the world must save him-
self

By living out his own, his innate laws,
Which are the only way-marks on the road
Leading up to wisdom's holy mount
And the unfoldment of the spirit man
To future peace and universal love
Throughout the vast domains of spirit worlds.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

BORN: TUSCARAWAS CO., O., MARCH 13, 1857.

At the age of sixteen Mr. Keyser first taught school; and later combined teaching and educating himself with the money he thus earned. Having taken a theological course, he took charge of the English Lutheran church at Elkhart, Ind., where he remained for nearly six years. Rev. Keyser has always had an intense love for literature, and many poetic



LEANDER S. KEYSER.

effusions emanated from his pen from time to time. He has also written many stories, and in 1886 his first serial, *The Only Way Out*, was published, which was followed two years later by another one entitled *Epochs of a Life*. Mr. Keyser now resides at Springfield, Ohio, where he is well known as a clergyman of good standing.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Judith, that glove is much too tight;
It presses your hand so pure and white.
If I should press your hand for you
As that kid glove, what would you do?
Dear Judith, let us go to the woodland to-day,
And sit on the bank of the lonesome rill;
And Pan, the god of those shadows gay,
Shall rule our hearts at his own sweet will.
We will need no book of jingles and rhymes,
For love will sing in her sweetest tone,
And the birds will warble their liquid chimes

And you, dear Judith, shall be my own.
I'd like to hear the jingle of atoms in a wave
Of light,
Or the sonnet of roses as they throw their
Colors upon the sight,
The melody of the frost as it forms upon
The window-pane,
And the song of the sap as it courses the veins
Of the grass and the growing grain.
The little child with wistful eye
Stretches his hand out toward the sky;
He sees and wants the distant moon,
And weeps that he cannot have the boon.
We larger children from day to day
Are wanting objects too far away.
Once I held to my ear a beautiful shell,
And I heard the song of the far-off sea,
So I list to my soul, and I hear full well
The song of its native eternity.
And I think: as the shell belongs to the sea,
And cannot forget its home in the wave,
So my yearning soul—this immortal Me—
Belongs to the home yon-side of the grave.

THE AESTHETIC SEARCH.

Somewhere I knew she was, for I had caught
Quick glimpses of the damsel whom I sought.
Her figure was divinely fair of mould,
Her tresses flashed in purple and in gold;
Her eyes had stolen of the vaulted blue,
Her cheeks the crimson of the rose's hue.
But when I sought her with a rapture rare,
My Virgin Beautiful was elsewhere.
I wandered into groves of living green, [seen.
Where traces of her marvelous touch were
A moment she appeared, and then she fled,
Like some poor startled nymph, with noise-
less tread.

Amid ambrosial gardens then I sought
With hope and strong desire; for I thought:
"Surely among the flowers she will be!"
I saw her form and ran to bend the knee,
To worship at her shrine; but quick the maid
Fled wildly from my clasp as if afraid
My touch were vile; and then I turned away,
And fairest flowers were nauseous that day.
And then I scanned the heavens; but every
star
Shimmered at once: "Thy quest is much too
far!"

And all the constellations chorused thus:
"Thou wilt not find the Virgin here with us!"
And then among the master men of song
I made my search and tarried with them long,
And thought the damsel was in my embrace,
Feeling her luscious breath upon my face
As o'er the rhythmic page we bent and read.
Alas! e'en as the minstrels sang she fled,
And from the verse that erst had thrilled me so
I turned with loathing and with hopeless woe.
"I ne'er shall find my sweet ideal bride,
My Mistress of the Beautiful!" I cried.

Upon my knees I plead until the dawn:
 "O heaven! whither hath the Virgin gone?
 "Where shall I find, how may I ever win
 The counterpart of longings here within?"
 Long while I knelt and waited for reply,
 Until at last a voice broke from the sky:
 "First cleanse thy soul, thy thought, oh man
 from sin,
 Then seek the object of thy quest within.
 "Ne'er in external things is found the goal
 Till moral beauty reigns within the soul.
 "And if thou keep her there, she e'er will be
 A holy, sweet companion unto thee.
 "And then in song, and flower, and leaf, and sky
 Her image fair thy vision shall descry,"
 And thus I sought—I need no more repine,
 I found her, wooed her, won her, she is mine.

LEANDER COX HOWE.

BORN: MAYSICK, KY., NOV. 15, 1866.

As a minister of the gospel, Mr. Howe has experienced fair success. He is very fond of literature, and hopes at no distant date to devote the greater part of his time to literary work. The Rev. Howe has written poetry from his youth, and will present a volume of his poems to the public in book-form at an early date. He is at present located at Poplar Plains, in his native state.

STAR-THOUGHTS BY TWILIGHT.

The purple glory of the dying day
 Reflects its luster on the sky above,
 While deep down in my heart their lies
 The precious gift—first love.
 O gift divine that thou art mine;
 Let sacred be the trust
 Until the soul is lost in love,—
 The mortal lost in dust.

I see afar a silver star,
 Bright jewel in the blue,
 As is its light true to old night,—
 My love is true to you.

Behold another brilliant star
 In azure realms of space,
 It twinkled for the ages gone
 On many a faded race.

And so when we have paid the debt,
 That mortals ne'er can miss,
 Still other eyes will see that star
 In distant years from this.

Behold a lustrous sister star,
 High o'er the old church spire,
 A thousand eyes upon this night
 Its beauty may admire.

I see another golden light
 Hung out in realms on high,

And by decree eternal
 Its light can never die.

O see a distant shining star!
 Its light may gently fall
 Upon a mother's grave—
 In life who was your all.

To-night upon the far-off hill,
 Where starlight diamonds glisten,
 There comes no echo from the grave—
 Though millions of us listen.

We love to look upon that star
 That casts its rays below,
 To decorate a mother's grave
 With jewels in the snow.

While looking at that sacred star,
 We love to think of this:
 Her spirit may be drinking in
 Its beauty that we miss.

The stars look down from realms of blue
 Upon the lonely molds,
 Where long have slept the bodies
 Of many noble souls.

I see another golden star
 Which smiles in fairy blue,—
 'Tis sweet to think of her we love,
 Whose looking at it too;

Its rays reflect the beauty
 That to her nature gave,
 And then we breathe out gently:
 All is not in the grave.

Sweet mem'ry brings to mind
 A happy hour just now,
 That self-same star was shining when
 We made loves fondest vow.

O may that star forever shine
 Down from the blue above!
 And fill all blissful hearts
 With nature's truest love.

O yonder is a fatal star—
 One that we ought to hate;
 'Tis said that those born under it
 Are wedded unto fate.

So well did Gloster's bastard youth
 In Shakespeare's play make fun
 Of all these planetary fates
 That through the ages run.

Dear reader please remember this,
 And read King Lear to see,
 That stars are not responsible
 For what we seem to be.

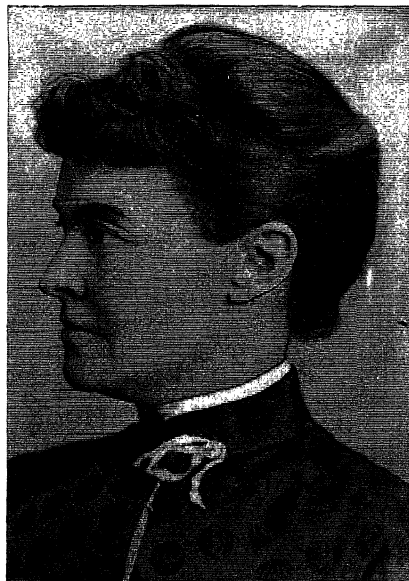
The meanest villain drawing breath—
 Or vicious rake of earth,
 Fair Venus may have smiled upon
 The cradle of their birth;

The purest saint that ever lived,
 Whose life no vice did mar,
 For ought we know, may have been born
 Beneath that very star.

MRS. MARTHA WINTERMUTE

BORN: DELAWARE CO., OHIO, SEPT. 6, 1848.

THIS lady's work, entitled *Eleven Women and Thirteen Men* and other works, contains a beautiful story in prose, and a collection of her finest poems. The book is a very fine one and has had an extensive sale. Mrs. Winter-



MRS. MARTHA WINTERMUTE.

mute's poems have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, and a number of other journals equally as prominent. She was married in 1863, and now resides in Newark, Ohio, engaged in literary work.

LAURELS.

Victory men do not inherit;
Keep not back the wreaths of merit,
That become the conqueror's brow —
Laurels: ask not what they cost,
Go win thou!

If thou gainest fame's fair chaplet,
Let it live.

"Unto him that overcometh
I will give."

Of the lip that strangely weareth
Wreaths of peace, while spirit beareth
Sorrows dark and sins that mar —
Laurels: ask not what they speak —

What of war?
But the grace that overcometh
Go thou seek!

It is conquest if thou find
Peace of mind.

There be laurels never given
Until wars and storms have driven
Heart and mind and soul to rest,
As the blooming flowers are laid
On death's breast.

Yet make thou thy life victorious,
Thou may'st win
What is more than earthly honor, —
Strength within.

MY DREAM.

I chanced to-day so near to that land,
Where the loved and immortal dwell,
That I felt the clasp of a spirit hand,
And heard what her lips would tell.

I caught from a soul a cherished wish,
And it seemed akin to care,
Too deep, too subtle for song like this,
It was shaped in a realm so fair.

'Twas a longing quest for a heart astray,
And lost in this world of sin,
She fain would be sending my soul away,
Praying and calling him in.

You see her earthly love was riven
By the shaft of the archer — death
As she lingers and waits at the gate of
heaven,
This quest seems her vital breath.

A Magdalene, now pure and free —
I once helped, swept silently near,
And kissed my eyelids, with lips, to me,
That seemed like the drop of a tear.

So pitiful soft and tender with love —
I cared not to lift them to see,
Till I felt she was gone, then gazing above,
Fell back her whisper to me:

"I have sisters fair in death and night,
Where the proud of the world will not go,
I wish you might bring them" — away in
light,

Was she gone, gleaming whiter than snow.

And I saw the celestial feet of a saint,
I once cheered, when he stumbled below,
And he touched my lips, "Ye shall never
faint,

Ye shall drink where His rivers flow."

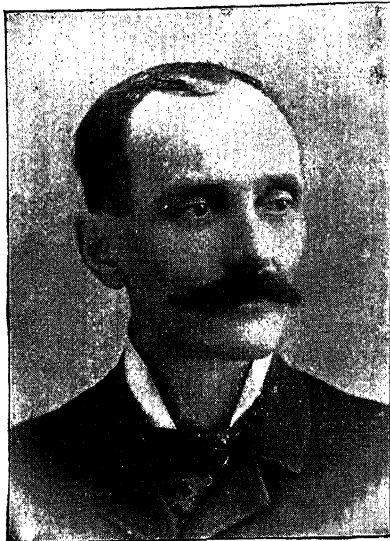
I drew this lesson — all Heaven is near,
And longing the lost to find,
The words I utter, the look, the tear,
The prayer and the service kind

Will live above — and the bread I cast
On the waters — I there shall find.
It may seem fruitless, but O! at last,
The angels my sheaves will bind.

CHAUNCEY C. JENCKS.

BORN: OSSIAN, N.Y., JUNE 25, 1853.

AFTER attending the state normal school of Geneseo for several years, Chauncey then taught school. Mr. Jencks wrote both poetry and prose for the Schoolday Magazine, which was afterward absorbed by the St. Nicholas Magazine. He has contributed quite extensively to the Dansville Advertiser, Rochester



CHAUNCEY CLINTON JENCKS.

Democrat and Chronicle, Detroit Tribune and the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Commencing the study of law in 1881, he was subsequently admitted to the bar, and has since been actively engaged in the practice of that profession at Kalkaska, Michigan. Mr. Jencks was married in 1882 to Miss Nettie M. Kellogg. He was school examiner for eight years of Kalkaska county.

AN EMBLEM.

Wilt accept this little rosebud,
 Nellie—Nell,
 From among its blooming sisters,
 Plucked to tell
 To thine ear, if thou'lt incline it,
 What I'd say,
 And can only with this emblem
 It portray?
 In this simple little rosebud,
 Nellie—Nell,
 Beauty rare, and fragrance rarer,
 Sweetly dwell;

But 'tis not the passing beauty
 Of its cheek,
 Nor its fragrance—emblematic—
 I would speak.
 Young and tender is the rosebud,
 Nellie—Nell;
 Childhood innocence it tokens,
 Fitting well.
 Guileless type of blooming maidhood;
 But not yet
 Have you guessed the sweetest emblem
 In it set.

Calyx-veiled the beauteous rosebud,
 Nellie—Nell,
 Blushes out at each rude gazer;
 Blushes tell
 Of its modesty supreme and
 Unassumed;
 But 'twould serve as well my symbol
 Had it bloomed.
 'Tis the mission of the rosebud,
 Nellie—Nell,
 How it lives to bless poor mortals
 I would tell;
 How it cheers our darksome pathway
 As we go
 By its sweetness—like a maiden
 That I know.

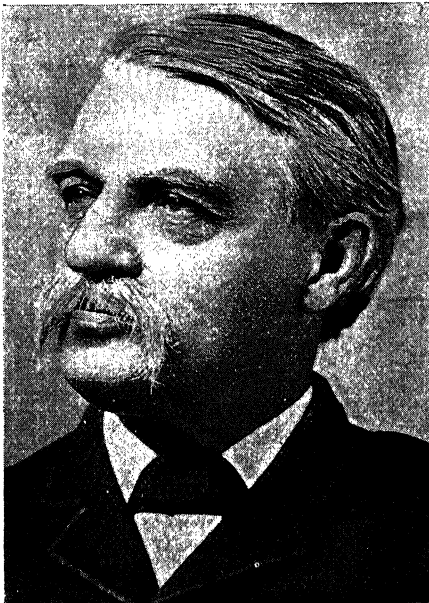
GATHER THE ROSES.

A spirit, unnamed and unknown,
 From the cycles of ages unnumbered,
 Came into my dreams as I slumbered,
 And talked with my spirit alone.
 Sweet and grand were the words that it said;
 And as bright (as my spirit remembers)
 As the glowing at midnight of embers,
 Was the halo of beauty it shed.
 It spake of the deeds of the just;
 It unfolded the leaves of the ages,
 And wiped from their moldering pages
 The blood, and the tears, and the dust;
 And it painted their pictures anew
 In colors of glory-world splendor—
 In lines that were touching and tender—
 The deeds of the pure and the true.
 It purged from the time-colored leaves
 The tares that have sprung from ambition—
 The thistles of dark superstition—
 But gathered the wheat into sheaves.
 The records of history stood
 Replete with the warring of powers,
 It blotted the carnage-stained hours,
 And pointed alone to the good.
 It spoke of no battle where Might
 Had marshaled its legions in action
 To crush an inferior faction,
 But breathed of the triumphs of Right.

ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

BORN: PARKERSBURG, VA., MARCH 1, 1837.

AFTER receiving his education, Alvaro taught in Missouri at La Grange college in 1861. He has held many positions of public trust, and in 1866 became one of the editors and proprietors of the Parkersburg Gazette. Since then he has been connected with several publications and held government clerkships. For the past twenty years Mr. Gibbens has



ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

been a contributor of poems and other literary articles to the leading magazines of the country, and has read poems before the Press Association of Louisiana and other institutions. In 1865 he received the degree of A. M. Mr. Gibbens is one of the editors of Prominent Men of West Virginia, an historical illustrated work of some nine hundred pages. He has a volume of poems in preparation entitled Sparks from Thought's Anvil, which he hopes soon to publish.

THE SPIRIT'S PETITION.

Out in the porch of the temple
I stand and knock at the door,
Master of all in the heavens,
As others have stood before.
Feebly I ask for an entrance,
Earnest and trustingly too;

Grant but the word of admittance,
And I shall follow them through.
Out in the darkness of midnight
Among the profane and the poor,
I tread as a pilgrim in search of
A light through the open door.
I know there are riches and knowledge,
Where worship the faithful and true,
I long for the veil to be parted,—
I long for the Temple to view.
Out in this world of commotion,
Where sorrows o'ershadow the way,
Oh, Master of all in the heavens,
I journey in search of the day;
I wait for the light of the dawning,
As others have waited before,
A pilgrim from earth to the heavens,
I wait and knock at the door.
I stand in the porch of the Temple,
And gaze at the bright starry sky,
My heart leaps out in petition
To pass up the ladder on high:
For I know there is joy in the mansion
Where brothers have hastened before,
A pilgrim from earth to the heavens,
I wait and knock at the door.

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?

Through the forest runs a river,
Restlessly and free,
Singing as it onward rushes,
Searching for the sea,
Thus my heart has long been searching,
Lena Nora, thee.
Lena Nora, Lena Nora,
Thou art dear to me,
And my heart is very lonely;
What is that to thee?
I have loved the sunshine peeping
Through the forest tree,
And the bird-songs on the mountain,
And the rolling sea;
But I'll never love them longer
If thou love not me.
Lena Nora, Lena Nora,
Thou art dear to me,
And there's nothing else I care for,
If thou love not me.
In a grove beside the streamlet
Stands a cottage fair,
Where the sunshine and the shadows
Fill the dewy air,
And the very birds are sighing
For a footstep there.
Lena Nora, Lena Nora,
Dear thou art to me,
And this heart is very lonely,
Wilt thou go with me?

MIGHT BE TO-DAY.

We cannot see the heart,
 And we do not know the words
 That are rushing toward the lips,
 When its very depths are stirred.
 If we did, the friends we meet
 In our path of every day,
 Would be dearer than they are,
 And less likely to betray.
 But we mask our very souls
 From the ones whose love we seek,
 And we bind our tongues to hush
 What our hearts desire to speak.
 This is earth's mysterious way:
 But there comes an hour of trust,
 When the gates will open wide
 And the spirit leave its dust,
 And the knowing and the known
 Shall beside each other rest,
 While all doubts shall banished be
 From each confidential breast.
 Could we lay aside our fears,
 This bright hour might be to-day,
 And the happiness of love
 Find its perfect, blissful sway.
 Could we look into the heart
 That we fondly wish our own,
 We would find a friendship there
 Deep, responsive in its tone,
 Pride and fear bar up the way,
 Keeping human souls apart,
 And our noblest words are crushed
 Ere they into being start,
 True expression deepens love:
 Why not say you prize your friend?
 It will cheer his life to know
 What you're keeping to the end.

UPON THE STAINLESS SAND.

Weird shadows creep from wave to wave
 With velvet feet, like sandaled dreams,
 While clouds above with parted seams
 Drop sunlight through. Wild waters lave
 The shores sea-girt. I trace in sand
 Her name beloved, while mute I stand
 And feel my heart beat sweet refrain
 For hours I wish might come again.
 Then —— startled by the sea-bird's form
 High in the upper Summer air
 Shown by the light which sunbeams wear
 Across my tracings, like a storm
 That clouds some distant spot of sky ——
 My hand rests idle. Why, oh, why?
 My heart has flown on wings afar,
 As if to wait for rising star.
 A ship out in the wave-crest sea
 Sails toward the land with measured tread,
 And seems to bring me some strange dread
 Of future that may never be.

While once again I trace in sand
 The name of old with lover's wand,
 And wonder if the flying years
 Will bear away these silent tears.

I ask the bird, the wave, the cloud,
 The sail that floats the coming ship,
 And swings its arms with sea-gull tip ——
 Because I dare not speak aloud ——
 If I shall see again, in love,
 The face of her with dreams inwove,
 Whose voice was like angelic song
 That set me dreaming all life long.
 As mute as now is Memnon's lyre,
 Bird, cloud, and ship, and restless wave
 Give to my heart no answer, save
 The moan which bids e'en hope expire,
 And as my eyes lift from the sea
 I trace the name so dear to me
 In ocean sand, again; again
 I hear fond Memory's sweet refrain.
 Go, bird with an unwearied wing,
 Float, cloud with velvet-covered feet;
 Speed, wave, yon ship with message fleet,
 To one I name, and to me bring
 The love I know is prisoned deep
 Within her breast for me. I weep,
 And trace in stainless sand till then
 The magic lines with lover's pen.

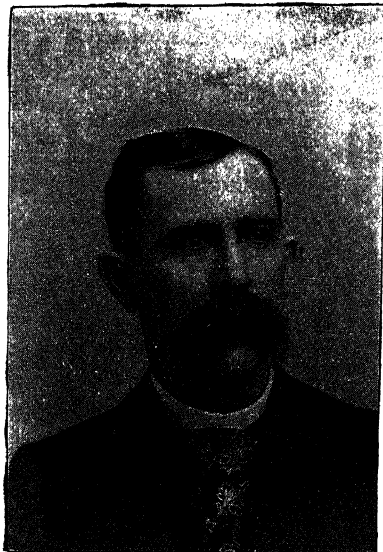
TRUSTING.

Out in the busy world,
 Breasting the tidal storm;
 Watching the scowls of sky,
 Over the billows form.
 Smiling at fearful clouds,
 Gathering about my path;
 Music is in their winds,
 Spirit is in their wrath.
 Facing the stranger throng,
 Hearing no word of cheer;
 Isn't the voice within
 Bidding away despair:
 Grasping each offered hand,
 Asking no mortal aid;
 He who can rule the storm,
 Strengthens the creature made.
 Threading the ways of life,
 Toiling amid the night;
 Believing all is well, if
 Only the heart is right.
 Steadily on the tide,
 Careless of wind or wave;
 Glad of the smiling sky,
 Willing the ills to brave,
 Sails my life barque frail,
 On to the harbor above,
 Knowing Deity's power,
 Trusting Eternal Love.

HORACE A. STICKNEY.

BORN: HARRISON, IOWA, FEB. 14, 1846.

THE poems of Mr. Stickney have appeared in the Muscatine Tribune, and the periodical press generally. He is the proprietor of a



HORACE A. STICKNEY.

hotel at Steele, North Dakota. Mr. Stickney was married in 1875 to Miss Elmira L. Carpenter.

I KISSED YOU.

I kissed you, 'tis true, and no king on his throne
Was ever more happy than I there alone
With the pride of my life clasped in the embrace
Of the lover that worshiped your form and your face;
Who worshiped devoutly the graces sublime
That made you half human, the other divine.
And looking down into your eyes full of love,
As pure as an angel's from heaven above,
I drank from the cup overflowing with bliss
Just seasoned for me with a passionate kiss.
I kissed you, 'tis true, and the bright stars above
Rejoiced at my pure demonstration of love;
For was it not written on tablets of stone,
In this world it is not good that man be alone?
Leave father and mother and cleave to thy wife
Are precepts that sprang from the fountain of life.

Such thoughts and emotions were filling my brain
With heaven-born pleasure, my heart was aflame,
Till I prayed from the innermost depths of my soul
To be ever with you, my loving life goal.
I kissed you, 'tis true, and the deep-vaulted blue
Smiled heaven's approval on me and on you,
With your head on my bosom, all nature to me
Grew brighter the longer I lingered with thee;
And the questions I now ask my own weary heart
Are unanswered questions — Oh! why did we part?
Oh! why should such true love in fragrance bloom
If not the ripe fruit instead of the tomb?
For could I this moment lost manhood regain
I would worship you, darling, and kiss you again.

CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

Snub your neighbor if he's poor —
Make him feel his poverty;
In your presence he's a bore
If his coat's a little wore,
Though the nickle on your door
Glitters with dishonesty.
Snub your neighbor if he's poor —
Make him feel his poverty;
Never ask him out to ride,
Never once in him confide;
Seemingly you thus can glide
Into popularity.
Snub your neighbor if he's poor —
Make him feel his poverty;
Use him as you would a tool,
Treat him as you would a mule,
For it's the unerring rule
Of codfish aristocracy.

AN ACROSTIC.

Just and noble, kind-hearted and true;
A boy on the toe-path, a soldier in blue;
Member of Congress, prudent and bold,
Energetic and honest, by virtue controlled;
Social and easy at home and abroad,
A statesman untrammelled by Tammany fraud,
Gifted with wisdom, rich, racy and grand,
A hero, and all but a sage in the land.
Right on the tariff and revenue law —
Foresight that never admitted a flaw.
In history forever his memory will shine
E'en with the beauty of one more divine,
Long after his physical bearing shall wan,
Dead, yet alive in the memory of man.

JAMES NESTOR GALLAGHER

BORN: CONCORD, N. H., JULY 5, 1848.

FOR the past fifteen years the pen of Mr. Gallagher has been engaged more or less in literary work. His new work, *Let'er Go Gal-*



JAMES NESTOR GALLAGHER.

lagher, which is a book of poetry and prose combined, has had an extensive sale from Maine to California. Mr. Gallagher now resides with his wife in San Antonio, Texas.

GOT LEFT HIMSELF.

There's little worse, ye clams of verse,
Than rhyming with the shears;
And warming o'er the thoughts of yore,
The chestnuts of the years.

Of sterile pens, like brooding hens,
Warm over other's lays,
And spread anew, in borrowed hue,
The light of other days.

Bards that rely on sonnets dry
For hash and raiment here,
Discover soon an empty spoon
And trousers worn a year.

Alas, the time that's spent in rhyme
Would many furrows turn;
Yet idle scribes write diatribes
And — Tanner diet earn.

But little fame — which many claim —
Heads 'neath the poet's wig,
And few rewards enrich the bards
That write instead of dig.

A silly bard once musing hard,
Plucked verses out of time,
And missed the freight a minute late
Because he stopped to rhyme.
So jingle not 'less flaming hot,
Ye fire-bugs of the brain,
For if you do, like him you'll rue —
Hello! I've missed the train!

GOLD.

Gold is a sort of railway train
That takes us fast or slow
O'er pleasure's height and sorrow's plain,
Through happiness and woe;
And speeds the coarse and superfine,
The agile and the lame
Along its grim, ensanguined line
Through good and evil name.

Conductor Greed directs the train
With heart-strings as the cord,
And mirage-like the siren Gain
Allures the sordid horde,
As heedless of the swelling walls
Of humankind it starts
And speeds along on icy rails
Spiked onto human hearts!

O'er rosy beds and thorny fields,
Through fragrance and decay,
It traverses and never yields —
It has the right of way —
But opens wide its throttle black,
Regardless of the moans
Provoked along its mazy track
Laid on a bank of bones!

Along the route poor humankind —
Crushed bits of breathing clay —
Imploring line the ditch behind
Or dot the blood-marked way,
While speeding by, the gilded train
No plaint of sorrow hears,
But passes on through human pain
Upon the stream of tears!

Many in this mortal fold
By thee, alas! are bought and sold;
And yet, despite thy hellish gold,
We idolize thee, winsome gold.

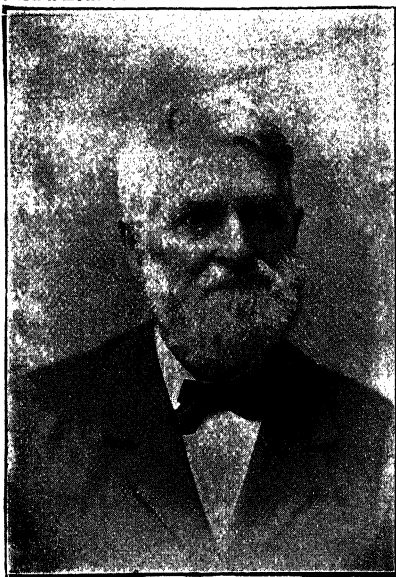
BE YE HARD TO GET.

Possession seldom tends
To enhance the value set;
So be ye hard to get, friends,
Be ye hard to get.

The curliest of curls
Some libertine may stretch;
So be ye hard to catch, girls,
Be ye hard to fetch.

A. H. STODDARD.

IN 1880 Mr. Stoddard, the farmer poet, published a neat volume entitled *Miscellaneous*



A. H. STODDARD.

Poems, which received high commendation from the press. Mr. Stoddard resides in Kalamazoo, Mich., where he is very popular.

ALBUM LINES.

We search beneath the ocean tide
For pearls of beauty rare,
We pierce the rugged mountain side,
For golden trinkets there.
We delve among Brazilian sands,
We cross the dangerous main,
Explore Golconda's diamond lands,
Their sparkling gems to gain.
With these the outward form is decked,
Admiring eyes to win;
But moral worth, and intellect,
Are brighter gems within.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

So silent is the flight of time,
That years will sometimes seem,
With all their varied changing scenes,
E'en as a fleeting dream.
It seems as 'twere but yesterday,
Since in my childish joy,
I joined my schoolmates in their play,
A wild and thoughtless boy.
A few brief years since that bright day,
On hastening wing have fled;

And many of those schoolmates now
Are slumbering with the dead.
And pictures, that like rainbow beams
Were ranged in bright array,
Have vanished as unreal dreams,
In life's advancing day.
In view of this, my youthful friends,
In kindness I would say:
Life's happy morn will soon be past,
Enjoy it while you may.

TO ROSA.

There's dazzling beauty overhead
In evening's starry show,
There's beauty everywhere outspread
On this green earth below.
There's beauty in the circling bow
When sun and shower combine,
There's beauty's in the crimson glow,
That marks the day's decline.
There's beauty in the towering pine
That bends in lofty pride,
There's beauty in the creeping vine
That nestles by its side.
But star and bow, and tree and skies,
In beauty all combined,
May all be prized, but more we prize
The beauty of the mind.

MY LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

Two little girls, with teeth like pearls,
And cheeks like summer roses,
With eyes of blue, or some such hue,
And funny little noses.
When combed with care, their flaxen hair
Is left in flowing tresses,—
But by the way it will not pay
To tell about their dresses:—
For girls are vain, 'tis very plain,
And if their dress we mention,
Would not their pride be gratified
By giving it attention?
These children play, in childish way,
With dolls and little dishes,—
Sometimes with hook, along the brook,
They catch the little fishes.
The names you'll find if so inclined,
Of Lucy, and of Lizzie,
If you will look in this my book,
When you are not too busy.

EXTRACT.

To lead a useful, honest life,
To gain an honest living,
And something more for weans and wife,
And charitable giving.

MRS. ELLA MAUDE MOORE.

BORN: WARREN, ME., JULY 22, 1849.

IN 1884 appeared *Songs of Sunshine and Shadow*, a volume of poems from the pen of this lady. In 1872 she was married to Joseph E. Moore of Thomaston, a prominent lawyer who now has an office in Boston. The first



MRS. ELLA MAUDE MOORE.

story she ever wrote for publication took the first prize of five hundred dollars offered by the publishers of *Youth's Companion*. Mrs. Moore has one child, a daughter, who was born in 1886. The *Lewiston Journal*, *Christian at Work*, and other leading publications, have given the literary work of this lady the highest praise.

THE BOY ON THE TRAIN.

A little plain brown face,
That nothing claimed of grace
Or comeliness, lighted by mournful eyes
That might have matched the skies
In depth of blue; brown hair
That held a gleam of sunshine 'prisoned there.

Through the long swaying train
Of cars he moved — again
And yet again scanning each form and face;

Then drew from out its case
His well-worn violin,
And doffed his cap to place his earnings in.

From him on either side
Robings of silken pride
Were gathered back by jeweled fingers fair.
As with that weary air
That only heartache brings,
He drew his bow across the trembling strings;

Forth 'neath his hand there crept
Sad, plaintive airs that swept
Like half-awakened memories the heart;
Anon he played a part
Of some gay, joyous song —
And all unheeded by the busy throng.

The music ceased at last,
And then his cap he passed,
With hands that trembled, down each serried
line;
Many the gems that shine
Like stars, from fingers fair,
Jewels that gleam from robe and breast and
hair.

Yet as he went his round,
Few were the pence that found
The old torn cap; his voice amid the din,
Trembling, and weak, and thin,
Was only faintly heard,
And few gave heed to his imploring word.

Sadly he turned away
From faces glad and gay,
Heartsick and weary; brooding bitter hate
Against earth's rich and great,
Thinking how but one gem
Of all their store would bring so much to
him!

"Life is gone out," they said
Lifting the icy head,
Sweeping the dripping hair back from the
brow,

Loosing the fingers thin
Clutching the violin;
"Threw himself off the bridge — that's all we
know."

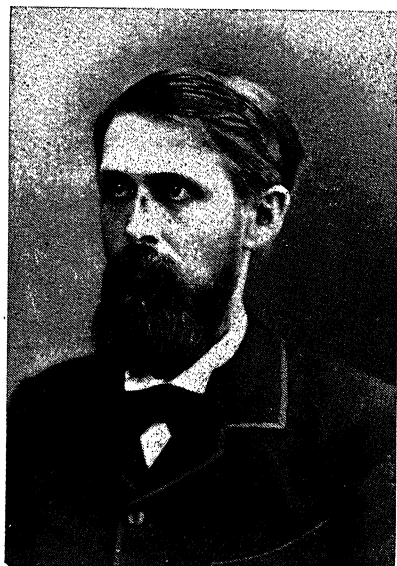
Come ye glad hearts and gay!
All ye who turned away;
Careless of pleading eyes — heedless of sigh!
Look on this cold, damp brow!
Say, feel ye guiltless now?
Is there no wound to bleed, no blood to cry?

Hungry: — ye fed him not!
Thirsting: — ye gave no thought!
Heartsick: — ye turned aside!"

O ye who go,
Thoughtless, o'er all life's track!
Pray God, that, looking back,
Cause for such cursings ye never may know!

N. K. GRIGGS.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared from time to time in the leading periodicals of America, from which they have been ex-



N. K. GRIGGS.

tensively copied by the local press generally. Mr. Griggs is a well known attorney, practicing at Beatrice, Neb., where he is highly respected.

THE FLOWERS OF LOVE.

The flowers of love spring up in our highways,

And wave in our fields and border our byways,
And yet we ne'er learn who plants them nor
tills them,

Nor yet when they die, what secret foe kills
them.

Some flowers of love, tho' carefully tended,
And from the rude blast, by fond ones defend-
ed,

Bloom sweetly an hour, then wither and perish
And leave not a leaf for fond ones to cherish.

And other love-blooms are beautiful roses,
That blossom from spring, till summer-time
closes,

And then only fade because we neglect them,
And from the chill frost, we fail to protect
them.

And other love-blooms, tho' fragile and lowly,
Are jewels of earth most precious and holy,
For even when winds of autumn are sighing,
Those flowers bloom on, unfading, undying.

Those blooms of the heart that gladden life's
mountains,
Are watered by rills that flow from pure
fountains;

And tho' a white shroud in winter conceals
them.

An angel again in spring-time reveals them.

HASTEN.

O, hasten, my darling, while sunlight is
streaming,

And tarry till moonlight in glory is beaming.
For welcome unmeasured is waiting to meet
you,

And kisses unnumbered, are longing to greet
you.

Ah, truly the skies have brightened above me,
Since hearing your vows and knowing you
love me;

And even the birds, transported with pleas-
ure,

Seem ever repeating, "Come hither, my
treasure."

I'll garland you gladly with chaplet, so holy,
Of roses so ruby, and lilies so lowly;

I'll whisper you softly a story inspiring,

Of loving forever, with ardor untiring.

As leaflet and bud awake in the shower,

My heart and my soul acknowledge your
power;

Assmiling of spring, each morning grows
brighter,

My spirit, my darling, in loving grows lighter.

Enchanted, we'll wander thro' fairyland
bowers,

Where angels are bending o'er ravishing
flowers:

Enraptured, we'll harken to music enthralling,
Where loudly the songster its sweetheart is
calling.

O, give me but love, unchangeably glowing,

And fountains of trust, unceasingly flowing,

And heaven itself, with rapture will quiver,

While safely together, we're crossing life's
river.

POWER DIVINE.

The sheen of the morn, on the valley and
mountain,

The gems of the field, and the gifts of the
mine,

The glance of the rill, as it leaps from the
fountain,

Declare with their splendor, the Power Di-
vine.

The trill of the bird, in a carol of gladness,

The voice of the wind, to the whispering pine,

The hush of the eve, with its shadow of sad-
ness,

Declare, with their magic, the Power Divine.

MRS. LAURA O. HAWK.

BORN: FRANKLIN, ILL., MARCH 3, 1853.

THIS lady has written both prose and verse for the St. Louis Christian, Chicago Blade,



MRS. LAURA O. HAWK.

Shelton's Weekly, and the periodical press generally. She was married in 1887 to J. M. Hawk of Niantic, where she now resides.

MY DREAM.

I'm sitting alone in the gloaming,
And my fancies go wander'g out:
Through the "beautiful city" I'm roaming—
The city John tells us about
I hear the "great voice out of heaven,"
I see the broad gate open wide,
As Christ in his infinite mercy
Calls the weary of earth to His side.
I see the dear hand of the Savior
The swift-falling tears wipe away,
And smiles of contentment and rapture
Come over each glad face to stay.
For sorrow and death, pain and crying
Are gone, never more to return,
Arrayed in white robes of great beauty,
They gladly of "all things new" learn.
Now sadly the streets I'm retracing—
The beautiful streets of pure gold,
And out at the "pearly gate's" portal
I pass to earth's region so cold,—
Back into my room to my table,
And sit down to write of my dream.
O, God, when life's heartaches are over,
May I, too, have Christ for my theme.

ELVA BRYANT.

BORN: MONROE, WIS., DEC. 10, 1863.

THE poems of Miss Bryant have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. She resides at Madison, Wis., where she is well known and admired for her many accomplishments. Miss Bryant lived for three years in Washington, D. C. She has a fair knowledge of French and Spanish, and is the daughter of Edwin E. Bryant, Dean of the Law School of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. In person Miss Bryant is very attractive—tall and graceful, with brown hair and brown eyes.

THE GLOW-WORM.

The glorious sun has slipped away;
The voices of the woods are still;
To light the deathbed of to-day
Burns one lone taper on the hill.

Perchance it is a fallen star,
That crossed the heavens all ablaze;
The fragment of some meteor,
That once was worthy of our gaze.

Or it may be the glad firefly,
That brilliant blossom of the night
Choosing upon the ground to lie,
And broadly shed his generous light.

But better still, I trust it is
The parent Glow-worm's constant gleam,
That faintly lumines with the bliss
Of her own, long-enchanted dream.

UNKNOWN LOSS.

Something, this summer day my life has cost,
Something, I feel, with light and music gone;
As though a friend, I dearly loved, were lost,
And in his place another newly won;
As though my ship, so oft in tempest tossed,
Were stranded, now, but stranded near its home.

'Twill bring, I know not whether sob or smile,
This covering o'er of what I loved so well
By fair strange hands that offer more, meanwhile,
More than my soul, through all its tears, can tell;

A wondrous change, that works with many a will,
But cannot win me from that dearer spell.

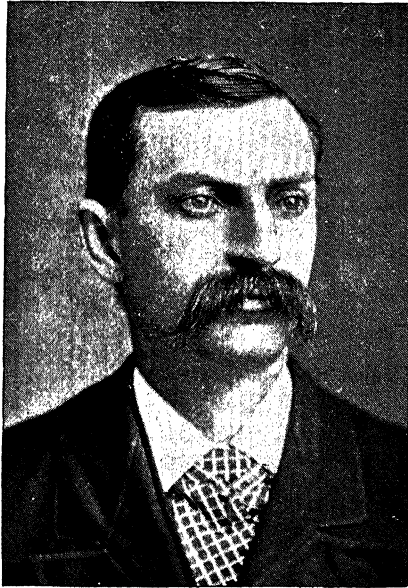
The spell that lingers when some joy has flown,
The subtle robe that Happiness had donned,

Before she sped to regions still unknown;
The utmost border of our Hope beyond,
The breath that hovers still about a rose,
When far afield its petals all are blown.

EDWIN H. BARNES.

BORN: MARATHON, N. Y., MAY 13, 1849.

APPOINTED Marathon postmaster at the age of twenty-one, a position he filled for eleven years, he next entered the railway mail service. He is now resident agent of the Phoenix



EDWIN H. BARNES.

Insurance Company in his native city, where he resides with his family. Mr. Barnes has issued a beautiful little volume, of verse entitled *A Wild Bouquet*, by Leon Claire—his nom de plume.

BENEDICITE.

Sleep peacefully my little one,
Under the azure swell of skies,
Where daisies bend their starry eyes—
Beneath white fringes of the sun.

Thy soul with Christ; thy spirit here,
Thy rosy lips that now are dumb,
By death's dark siren overcome,
Leaves earth draped in a mantle drear.

Why woo thee back? Were it unjust?
The voice of all the world is such
That none would care . . . not overmuch,
Save one who broods above thy dust.

The winter's wind, the summer's breath,
The pearly tears of June's sweet flowers,
Drag slowly out the weary hours,
That throbs between a life, and . . . death.

Come back to me, my own, my fair!
I reach out hands in bitter pain
To clasp you, sweet, all mine again;
But reason mocks at my despair.

My blue-eyed pet, my precious one,
Could I but hear your baby voice,
How greatly would my soul rejoice,
None happier beneath the sun.

The stars go out, the moon sleeps low
Beneath yon fringe of stalwart pines,
The weary night, in dull, dark lines,
In mantled blackness hides my woe.

MINE.

My heart broods o'er a confined lid:
The truest, purest, best of all
Is in its narrow limits hid;
And I, . . . well, life seems all of gall,
More bitter far than anything,
The saddest morsel Time can bring.

There is a grief too deep for tears,
A wild, corroding sense that eats
Full deep into the heart, and sears
The soul, where gladness seldom beats.
It is a grief that none may know,
Save those whose hearts are full of woe.

Sweet, sainted mother, truly mine;
Your boy whose breast is full of woe,
Who loved you deeply, purely so,
Bends low beside a broken shrine.

The blue bent sky so full of stars
A wild uncertain light sends down
Upon the mantled earth of brown,
Blown full of deep volcanic scars.

Do angels weep? Do angels grieve?
Full soon there comes so much of dread,
Full much—full more. Can I believe
My darling one lies cold and dead?
Lies still and white . . . so better far
Than I . . . beneath a baleful star.

Christ is a mystery—a breath,
A holy dream—a pure sweet trust,
Whose promises are truly just;
But why, oh why, did He bring death?
I would that tears of mine might flow,
Strive though I may they will not come;
My very soul seems coldly dumb,
So bitter, deep, this cruel woe.

O loving smiles that all for me,
Awoke within my breast such bliss,
A love far deeper than the sea,
And pure as any angel's kiss:
Inwoven dreams full bright and fair,
As rainbows braided in the air.

O sweet, pure lips, all voiceless now,
Kissed into silence—sadly mute—
By the pale angel's cold salute,
Christ help me bear this woe, somehow!

QUESTIONING.

Why, sweet, what if the stars should fail —
 In all their anguishment of love,
 In memory of one above,
 To smile no more upon this vale?

Would you not for a time —
 Be haunted with a namelsss, untold pain,
 A weary dread, a longing once again
 For some sweet chime
 Of half-forgotten melody, to rise
 And sudden greet you with a glad surprise?

What if the flow'rs should lie —
 A crushed and faded mass of incense
 sweet,
 No more to blossom at your little feet,
 And all the sky
 Assume a leaden blackness day by day,
 And darkness hover over all the way?

Would you not think that life
 Was nothing but a wild and wayward
 dream,
 A passion-tossed and sorrow-swollen
 stream,
 Full of a strife —
 That gave too overmuch of weary toil,
 To make the living worthy of the spoil?

What if all Nature shed
 Her last, sweet fragrance, nevermore to
 bear
 The dear angelic dream of purest pray'r,
 And ever dead —
 Sweep onward through an endless sea of
 space,
 Like one who flees full frightened from
 disgrace?

Would you not wish that you —
 Could leave the horrors of that dismal
 clime,
 Outreaching far beyond the lapse of time—
 For something TRUE?
 A something that your soul might lean
 upon,
 The guerdon of a love that you had won.

Why, such a spot to me would be
 Like kisses sweet blown out of Heav'n,
 If only to me you were giv'n,
 What if all else were misery?

UNDER THE STARS.

EXTRACT.

"Leone," he said, while one hand soft car-
 essed
 The rich, silken mesh of her glorious hair;—

"You have suffer'd much, but my own, my
 fair,
 We will turn aside to the pathless West,
 Where the days are sweet as the flow'rs that
 bloom—
 In the subtle fragrance of rare perfume.

"Where the nights are rich with a golden
 lore,
 And the stars float out from the moon's
 white shore;
 Where the trees bend low to the silver waves,
 Singing above them in beautiful staves;
 Where the birds make music the whole day
 through,
 And gold barred flies skim the circle of blue;
 Where the warm sun tosses its golden hair,
 In a show'r of love, to the lilies fair;
 Where love floats out in a beautiful dream,
 Like the fringes fair of an unknown stream.

"Where the orange groves and the clustered
 trees,
 Kiss their hands to the dimpled, upper seas—
 In a wealth of bloom, as they reach and lift
 For the fragrance born of a holy gift;
 What more? save you with me, and I with
 you,
 And faith and love, and a confidence true—
 Through the cycled years, as they rise and
 wane,
 With never the thoughts of a dead, past
 pain."

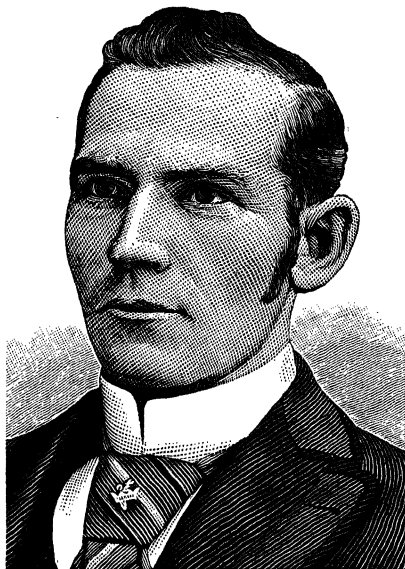
His dark eyes met hers, as the last words
 creep —
 Through the trembling waves of the moon-
 sprent air,
 And she bends her head, with its wealth of
 hair,
 In an answer mute, while the waters deep —
 Murmured soft and low in a rhythmic swell,
 Of a song full sweet, in an unknown tongue,
 Full so sweet and low, as they tossed and
 swung
 Through the tropic air, in a mystic spell.

And they gave them up to the subtle swoon—
 Of a love, full deep, as the bended skies;
 With head on his breast, and her part-closed
 eyes—
 Full of deep content, 'neath the milk-white
 moon;
 With never a thought of the crafty horde,
 Swift trailing their course through the
 tangled ways,—
 With a stealthy sweep, while their pale-
 faced lord,
 Like a sleuth-hound tracked 'neath the
 moon's white rays.

CHARLES E. ARMIN.

BORN: ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y., DEC. 27, 1853.

WORKING at the drug business when a boy, Charles afterward entered the state normal school at Potsdam, N. Y. In 1878 he moved out west, and five years later commenced the



CHARLES E. ARMIN.

practice of law, in which he is at present engaged in Waukesha, Wisconsin. The poems of Mr. Armin have appeared from time to time in the press of his adopted state, and have received favorable mention.

GRANDMA'S REVERIE.

As the cradle she swung to and fro,
A vision of days long ago
Came before my Grandmother's eyes,
And she saw the green fields and blue skies
Of a land far away o'er the sea;
And the vision she told it to me
Filled my heart with unwonted surprise.
For she said she was young, long ago,
Ere over her brown locks the snow
Had thrown its cold mantle of white,
And her dim eyes she said they were bright,
And her form, now so bent, it was fair;
But she took up her burden of care
And was bearing it into life's night.
Then she told of her love in that land,
How she gave her heart and her hand
To a lover both noble and brave:
How he sleeps 'neath the cold restless wave,

How her heart went to sleep in his bed,
With the ocean's unsepulchred dead,
In his bed in a Coraline cave.

And she told of her own cherubs then
Who had since grown to women and men,
How they frolicked in innocent glee,
And oh! it was wondrous to me
When I heard of my Grandmother's boys,
Of their dogs and kittens and toys,
How they sat at my Grandmother's knee.

Then the cradle stopped swinging, 'twas queer,
And over her brown cheek a tear
Rolled down and fell into her lap,
And she fingered the strings of her cap,
And she told me that I too should grow
To be old and feeble and slow;
Then Grandma went off in a nap.

INCONSISTENCY.

We often think of the happy hours
Our lives in the past have known,
But we seldom stoop to pluck the flowers
Which to-day by our paths have grown:
Spurning the beauties which round us lie
We sigh for the joys of days gone by.

The pleasures of youth are brightest
Because colored by youth's wild dream,
And our hearts were then the lightest
For we sailed on a waveless stream;
But the streamlet has into a river grown,
And with its wild waves each battles alone.
But mid the tumult and cares of life,
There are pleasures we all may grasp,
If we stop a moment amid the strife
Some friend in our arms to clasp,
And tell them that love, just of old
Burns in our hearts that appear so cold.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Farewell, for now it cannot be
That we shall meet full soon,
The moon must many a waning know,
The sun see many a noon.
And changes that with time do come,
Will charge the wanderer and his home.
Yet deem not that my eyes are wet,
For friends that love must part;
And yet I hold with jealous care
Your forms within my heart.
And hope the time will swiftly come
When I can backward turn
And quench the longing in my heart
That for my home doth yearn.
The full-fledged Eaglet leaves its nest
To breast the storm alone;
Why should men fear to wander forth,
And do as they have done.
But feelings flit across the breast
That pencil may not tell.
'Tis when my eyes will backward turn
To say to home Farewell.

TO MOTHER.

"Silent and lone, Silent and lone,"
Oh, for a mother's kiss, ever so brief
Oh, for that look and gentle tone;
Which chased from my bosom all childish
grief;

Far on life's pathway I've wandered from
thee —

Mother, and art thou still thinking of me?

"Silent and lone, Silent and lone."
Thoughts turn again to the home that was
mine —

Turn to the friends from which I have flown.
Often, now often for thee do I pine.
Let me go back to my boyhood again,
I weary of waging this battle with men.

"Silent and lone, Silent and lone,"
Vainly I look for a friend that is true.
Wise in the world's chilling wisdom I've
grown,

Which teaches that none are so faithful as
you.

Strangers care not if I rise or I fall,
Mother and friend you are dearest of all.

TO F —

Darling will the love now phighted
Last when brown has turned to gray,
When the flowers of youth are blighted
On life's downward weary way.

Darling will that love grow stronger
If misfortune is our lot;
When hope beckons us no longer
Can these moments be forgot?

Darling I will trust the morrow
When the present is so blest;
If its sun should sink in sorrow,
At the last we shall find rest.

ON RECEIVING A PICTURE OF THE OLD
HOMESTEAD.

I could not go back to my home,
But my home has come out to me,
The same old place with its quiet grace,
The faces, the forms I see,
Which made it so dear in days gone by —
The days whose memory oft raises a sigh.

Can it be that it all remains
As I left it so long ago?
Have Summers' heat and Winters' cold,
The dews, the frosts and the snow
Left so faint a trace on the dear old place
That it looks for the world the same;
All as it was when our footsteps from it came.
The children who once were there
Are out in the world's wide mart,

Fighting the battles that you have fought,
And each one playing his part
In the game of life with its rush and strife
With its burden of doubt and care —
The burdens that all must bear.

We would oft go back if we could —
Back to the old home nest;
Would lay aside the cares of life
And lean on a mother's breast;
Would feel as we once have felt,
Ere our wild heart longed to roam
Would feel the frost in our bosoms melt
And be soothed to rest at home.

HERMON.

I love to roam when night's dark curtains
fall

By singing brooks in nature's spacious hall,
And listen while the world is wrapped in
sleep

To voices that my memory 'll ever keep:
Voices that sung when life was in its prime,
Before the soul was stained with thought of
crime;

For in such wanderings I am carried back
Through many a year, o'er many a weary
track,

To childhood's day — its sorrow and its joy,
And musing there — again I am a boy.

Again I walk through Hermon's quiet streets
And see the loafers in their wonted seats,
The saucy school-boy's shout rings as of yore,
And busy merchants sit beside their door,
The town-clock counts the hours with dreary
toll

As one by one they by us swiftly roll,
The school-house with its warped and batter-
ed floor,

With barefoot urchins playing 'round the
door;

Painful the memories which thy sight does
bring,

Painful as the birch's unwelcome sting,
Taught there to say "I love" for Grammar
drill,

Now without Grammar I repeat it still.

But now these scenes in visions only come,
Bearing me on their wings to childhood's
home,

Bridging the flood of years that rolls between
My present state and each familiar scene,
Raising anew the hopes which long have
fled,

Bringing to life the friends who now are
dead,

Tuning my lyre to sing in loudest praise
Of friends and scenes of youth's unclouded
days.

GILBERT L. EBERHART.

BORN: BEAVER CO., PA.

AFTER completing his education Mr. Eberhart adopted civil engineering and teaching as a profession; but finally he read law and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He served for over three years in the civil war, was promoted and served on the staff of Gen.



GILBERT L. EBERHART.

Meade for a time. He now practises his profession at Beaver Falls, and for several years has also been part owner and the literary and political editor of the daily and weekly Tribune of that city. At an early age he began to contribute both prose and verse to various literary journals of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. He has represented the district in which he now resides in two sessions of the Pennsylvania legislature.

THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

The earth was clad in regal robes
Of golden grain and blooming flowers;
And all was song and notes of joy
From dewy morn till evening hours;
When out a bright and laughing boy
With eye as clear as heaven's blue,
To pluck the sweetest buds that grew,
The mead and wildwood wandered thro'.

And soon he had his heart's desire,
But stepping by a brook to rest,
In thoughtless mood he, one by one,
The blooms threw on its rippled breast.
And soon upon its dancing waves,
Far out beyond the urchin's reach,
He saw each blossom swiftly borne
Adown the streamlet's shingly beach.

At length, the last one out of sight,
Beneath the distant woodland bowers,
With tearful sobs he loudly cries—
"Thou cruel brook bring back my flowers."
The chattering brook, in heedless glee,
Still leaped along with all its powers;
And only echo made reply;—
"Bring back my flowers, bring back my
flowers."

So erring man oft careless throws
On Time's swift stream his golden hours;
And like the child, when all too late,
He vainly cries,—"Bring back my flowers."

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD OF SPRING.

Hark! hark! I hear a bluebird sing!
His voice rings through the purple air,
And tells me that the hand of Spring
Is weaving garlands fresh and fair,
In mossy dell, on frowning fell,
And strewing flowers everywhere.

What lesson doth the springtide teach,
As from the mould the blooms arise?—
How life begun below shall reach
Eternal life beyond the skies;—
These souls of ours, thro' blissful hours,
Bloom ever in God's Paradise.

A WISH.

I wish I were a fragrant flower,
Fresh blooming on the summer lea;
And thou would'st come at even's hour,
A dewdrop, Love, to rest on me.

I'd fold thee in my perfumed cup,
With all a lover's jealous care,
Till morning's sun should lift us up
Into the crystal fields of air.

And there the world's rude strife above,
We'd mingle with the rainbow's dyes,
And live in Heaven's sweet bonds of love,
Forever in the radiant skies.

RUTH AND I.

'Twas eve. The stars like censors bright were
 hung about
 The dome of Nature's old cathedral, grand
 and high,
 While the sweet roses from their golden
 hearts poured out
 A fragrant incense on each breeze that wan-
 dered by;
 Dear Ruth and I, the blooming croft strolled
 slowly o'er,
 Wondering whether beyond the stars and
 mortal ken
 We might not find some fairy isle, some love-
 ly shore
 And live forever in the joy which thrilled us
 then.

The flowers ope'd their rosy lips and whisper-
 ed, Yes!
 The sighing zephyrs echoed back the sweet
 reply;
 While all the starry host in glowing tender-
 ness,
 Sent down the same glad answer from the
 quiet sky.
 Ah, then we thought all joys, or past, or yet
 to be,
 Were crowded in the space of that one hal-
 lowed hour;
 That love and hope were one exhaustless,
 boundless sea,
 And swayed all life beneath their own resist-
 less power.

I said, "I sail to-morrow for a distant land;
 I shall be gone, dear Ruth, for months, per-
 haps for years,
 But will return." She, trembling, claspt in
 her's my hand
 And tried to speak. Instead words, came only
 tears.
 I asked, "In all the weary years I may be
 gone,
 Wilt thou the wanderer with thy love, as now,
 still bless?"
 And while her eyes, through gathering tears,
 with love-light shone,
 She wound her arms about my neck and
 murmured, "Yes!"

We parted, and I sailed for years o'er foreign
 sea and bay,
 But still the light of those dear radiant eyes
 Beamed ever on me in their beauty, night
 and day,
 Bounding my life as earth is bounded by the
 skies.
 But that, alas! was many long, long years
 ago,

And Time it seems can change the passions
 of the heart;
 In place of love make thorns of cold neglect
 to grow,
 But yield no anodyne to cure their bitter
 smart.

They tell me Ruth's inconstant heart was
 wooed and bought,
 Through show of wealth by some mean, ly-
 ing spawn of Hell,
 Who, after he the deed of ruin well had
 wrought,
 Left her to perish in the shame to which she
 fell.
 Alas, that Hope should whisper such allur-
 ing tales!
 Alas, that Love should fill the heart with such
 wild joy,
 When like the flame 'round which the foolish
 insect sails,
 They win us only that, at last, they may de-
 stroy.

THE GOOD-NIGHT.

The moon was hanging in a cloudless, mid-
 night sky;
 The stars smiled on the roses with a calm de-
 light—
 I rose to go, she said 'twas early with a
 sigh:
 I took her jeweled hands in mine to say good-
 night,
 She softly wound about my neck her milk-
 white arms;
 She breathed in love upon my lips her balmy
 breath,
 And drew my fainting heart out—with her
 kisses' charms,
 While on her breast I died a strange delicious
 death.

Her eyes met mine and in my soul's volup-
 tuous pain,
 I trod the rounds of bliss as kings their royal
 palaces;
 While in my ear she poured her love as o'er
 the plain
 The flowers pour the musk from out their
 crimson chalices.
 We little recked how fast or slow the mo-
 ments flew,
 Enraptured so were we by Love's bright
 golden glory.
 I know I said good-night at last, and she
 adieu;
 But when, or how is now our own sweet
 secret story.

MURDER.

The hearts of the flowers have shrunk from
the dew,
The moon has gone down in affright;
And the terrified stars dare scarcely peep
through

The storm-tattered clouds of the night.

The gaunt wolf listens with bated breath,
As in fear of some hidden snare;
And it seems that the bloody wings of Death
Were beating the sweltering air.

There's a gleam of a knife, a wail of pain,
And a sound of struggling feet;
And a form with hands of gory stain,
Like a phantom flies down the street.

From the gloomy aisles of the shivering wood,
Cries a strangling voice on the wind:
"Near the side of the road, a pool of warm
blood,
And a murdered corse thou wilt find."

THE FIFE.

Warlike fife!
Ah, how rife
With the battle's stormy strife
Are thy sharp reverberations as they ripple
into life.

And we hear,
Far and near,
Falling on the startled ear,
All the piercing undulations of thy music,
shrill and clear.

There's a sense
Most intense
Of impatience and suspense,
As the notes exulting, screaming, from thy
throat are rattling hence;

And a thrill*
Which no will
And no force of human skill,
Like thy voice's ring of valor, can the soul
with daring fill.

And the peal
Which we feel,
Like a blade of keenest steel
Crashing through the head that's loyal, cut-
ting through the heart that's leal,

Brings unrest
To the breast,
As we see in battle prest
All the brave and gory legions that thy call
hath sent to rest.

In thy tones
Hear the groans,
And the deep and wailing moans
Of the heroes who at Concord and at Mon-
mouth left their bones.

And again,
On the plain
Of Antietam's iron rain,
Hear thy voice defiant swelling o'er the bat-
tle's wail of pain.

But the years
Dry our tears,
And assuage all griefs and fears.
And thy blasts of war have vanished with
our slaughtered heroes' cheers;

Yet on high
Swells thy cry,
Like an anthem to the sky.
While our serried hosts triumphant in our
dreams go marching by.

And to God,
From the sod
Which our fallen martyrs trod,
Ever rise their blood as incense, and their
souls still march abroad:

Keeping time,
With the chime,
And the symphony sublime,
Of the valiant tramp of freemen, and the
glory of our clime.

A SONG.

Ever is my soul enchanted,
In my dreams am ever haunted,
By a being fair and young;
Fairer far than poet ever
In his happiest, best endeavor,
Dared to dream of, or hath sung.

But how I adore and love her,
She, sweet soul, doth never weet,
More than clouds that swim above her,
Or the blossoms at her feet.

All the golden store and treasure,
All the wide world's rarest pleasure,
Would I lavish at her feet,
If but once she would enfold me
In her arms; or even scold me
With that mouth so full and sweet.

But how I adore and love her,
She, alas, doth never weet,
More than stars that glow above her,
Or the buds that kiss her feet.

How my soul with joy would quiver,
If she would but let me give her,
On her sweet mouth's pouting lips,
Just one little, dainty token
Of the love that now has broken
Into words upon my lips.

But how well I love, adore her,
She, dear angel, doth not weet,
More than skies that smile above her,
Or the daisies at her feet.

If upon her spotless bosom,
Blooming like a radiant blossom,
She would let my head recline
Only for one single minute,
Heaven and all the bliss within it
Were no joy compared to mine.

But how I adore and love her,
She shall never, never weet,
More than airs that float above her,
Or the roses at her feet.

If she will but let me be her
Slave, that daily I may see her,
Know that she is near the while,
I will bear life's keenest sorrow,
More than blest to know each morrow
Shall be radiant with her smile.

But how I adore and love her,
She, sweet angel, doth not weet,
More than birds that soar above her,
Or the violets at her feet.

THE KISS OF MAUD.

When Maud came with her lips of pink,
I felt as do the bees that drink
The honey from the rose's cup,
When South winds wake the blossoms up,
When Maud came with her lips of pink.

She held them, like a chalice, up,
Wherefrom, the better, I might sup
The nectar there: how pure and sweet,
No one but me shall ever weet —
She held them, like a dear girl, up.

The day was fair, and long the aisle
Down which we wandered, double file;
The settling sun, his glories cast
On every blossom that we passed —
The day was fair, and long the aisle.

She strolled along the way with me,
As happy as a droning bee,
And made each rosebud brighter grow

Along the path that we did go —
She strolled along the way with me.

And still she held the chalice up,
That I the wine of love might sup:
I drank and felt my soul aflame
With every draught of joy that came —
And, still she held the chalice up.

Then Maud, beside me, sat and smiled,
Demurely as a little child;
And O, what thrills of purest bliss
Ran through my soul, with each fond kiss —
Then Maud, beside me, sat and smiled.

The Summer moon, old Time beguiled,
And Maud, as pure and undefiled
As stars that decked the blue above,
Poured in my ear her deathless love —
The Summer moon, old Time beguiled.

Ah, that was long, long years ago,
But still the roses bud and blow,
And still the sun, his glories cast,
Athwart the aisle down which we past —
Ah, that was long, long years ago.

But where is Maud, I do not know,
More than the buds that then did blow:
For in those dear and bygone years,
She poured her love in other ears —
And where is Maud, I do not know.

THE REASON.

Ah, see her brilliant eyes, her classic nose;
Her jaunty bonnet, and her other clothes —
O dear, how they attract me!
A figure tall and lithe; her face so sweet —
Her slender hands, and then those sylph-like
feet!

These all, indeed distract me.

I'dream of her — that is, sometimes I do —
And think I'll try right hard to win and woo
Her hand and her affection;
And yet, altho' I know she's good and sweet,
And has a fortune quite complete,
I have, to her, just one objection.

And, hence, I think I'll have to let her go,
And still I kind o' sort o' love her so,
I really hate to lose her.
But she, perhaps, will find some other man,
Who can't see dirty finger nails — I can;
And, therefore, I refuse her.

WE PART FOREVER.

Fare thee well! We part forever!

Love's bright dream is turned to pain;

And my bleeding heart shall never

Throb in joy to thine again.

Once I was thy fond believer —

Once did deem thee pure and true;

But I've learned, thou fell deceiver!

There is naught so false as you!

All the boasted love you cherished

Once so tenderly for me,

In thy heart as quickly perished

As the bubbles on the sea.

Once I loved thee, oh, how dearly!

Fondly hoped to call thee mine;

And my foolish heart had nearly

Worshipped thee as one divine;

But the fatal word thou'st spoken,

That dost drive me hence from thee —

Love's sweet spell hast rudely broken,

Thou hast proved too false for me!

Then farewell! We part forever!

All thy tears must fall in vain;

For thy false heart I will never

Press in love to mine again.

Tell me not in feigned sadness,

Thou wilt fondly love me yet —

That the deed was human madness,

And thy folly dost regret.

No; thou false one! I will never

Listen to one word from thee;

For the tongue that heart can sever

Is too false, too false for me!

Then farewell! We part forever!

All my love is turned to pain;

And my bleeding heart shall never

Throb with love for thee again!

ROBIN HAS COME.

Robin has come, and bluebird, too,

And while their songs the air float through,

They call up visions of beauty and days

That lie beyond the springtime's haze;

Of babbling brooks and leafy trees,

Of golden grain, and rosy seas

Of bloom, on which, in fragrant gale,

The bee will spread his fairy sail,

And carry away to his own sweet mart

Some precious freight from each blossom's heart;

Of roses clasped in the arms of Dusk;

Of jasmines pouring their wine of musk

Into the heart of the mignonette,

And the purple lips of the violet;

Of fruits that shall make the children laugh;

Of the luscious juice their fathers shall quaff

As they gather about the Christmas hearth,
When leaf and blossom have left the earth.

And other visions of summer time

Run in the warp and woof of my rhyme;

Visions as fair as May and June,

Of happy lover and happier maid,

Swinging along in the twilight shade;

Strolling beneath the smiling moon,

Whispering each to the fragrant breeze

Of something as deep as the deep, deep seas;

Of hours too short, and tales too sweet

For mortal lips to dare repeat;

Of joyous lull of lute and song:

Of vows of love, and ties too strong

For ruth of man, or strength of art,

Or life, or death, to tear apart.

Robin has come, and bluebird, too,

Telling of joys for me and you;

Singing of balmier, softer airs

That shall waft away our sorrow and cares;

Telling us all that every hour,

Like the unfolding of leaf and flower,

Cometh to us from the Father above,

His bountiful gifts of gracious love;

Strewing for all with his kind hand

Endless blessings over the land.

And while the robin and bluebird sing,

Waking these thoughts of budding spring —

Ring in with their merry chime

Riper beauties of summer time —

Grander visions unbidden arise

Ever before the poet's eyes;

Visions bright of immortal lands;

Of loving faces and angel hands;

Voices that come from realms afar

Soft as the beam of twilight star,

Whispering ever to soul and sense

Of the boundless fields of recompense,

That stretch away in glory sublime,

Far, far beyond the gray hills of Time,

Where all that is mortal shall ever be

Robed in the bloom of immortality.

AFTER THE BALL.

I now sit alone; the guests have departed;

The viol's sweet music no longer I hear;

And only the laugh of the throng, merry-
hearted,

In shadowy cadence, dies away on my ear.

But there's one whose soft tones and eyes'
tender glances,

Still echo and thrill through my soul and
my heart,

As when in the whirl of the wildering dances,
She sighed that so soon we should be sun-
dered apart.

I see the red roses she daintily fingered,
I smell the carnations that fell at her feet,
When close by my side, in her beauty she
lingered,
And whispered the words that I dare not
repeat.

I wake from my dream in the keenest of
anguish;
My heart is now bursting with bitter re-
gret;
She's left me, as others, in sorrow to lan-
guish—
I have learned, when too late, she's a
heartless coquette.

Alas, that such creatures are all so unreal!
That the soul's rarest pleasures so soon
fade away!
That the purest, the best, the most perfect
ideal,
Like buds that are fairest, are first to decay.

SADIE BENN.

Ah, Sadie Benn, fair Sadie Benn,
Long are the years since last we met,
But that fond kiss thou gav'st me then,
In sweetness lingers round me yet.

Thy broken vow, false Sadie Benn,
Is still to this fond bleeding heart
As bright and dear, alas, as when
Thou swor'st death only should us part.

For years I've tried in vain to break
The spell that binds my soul to thee,
But each attempt doth only make
Thine image dearer still to me.

And thus, in grief's keen, bitter smart
My long and weary days are passed,
In madness pressing to my heart
The sting that brings me death at last.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Lay him low, ah, lay him low;
Out of reach of all that's human,
What cares he for friend or foe,
Sigh of man, or tear of woman!
Lay him low,

Where the verdant grasses grow;
Where the meek-eyed pansies blow,
Lay him low.

He the race of life hath run,
In discharge of loyal duty;
He the meed of valor won,
In his manhood's crowning beauty,
Lay him low,
Where the roses bud and blow,
Where the sweetest blossoms grow,
Lay him low.

Let him now in glory rest,
Free from all life's toil and sorrow,
Sure that He who knoweth best
Gives to him eternal morrow,
Lay him low,
Where the lilies fairest blow;
Where the rue and pansy grow,
Lay him low.

THE FISHING BOY.

The little boy, he doth get up
Quite early in the morning,
And goeth to the creek to fish,
Despite his mother's warning.

And there he fisheth all the day,
The sun his nose a-burning,
But catcheth not the great big fish
For which his heart is yearning.

At last the sun it goeth down;
That boy his steps retracing,
Arriving hungry at his home,
To meet his ma's embracing.

She turneth him across her lap,
And soon her boy is wishing
He ne'er hath seen the fatal day
He skulked to go a-fishing.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

A man at Dubuque,
Called another a puke;
Then he tried hard to hit him,
But he couldn't quite git him,
Because he was quick on the juque,
Was this very gallant young duque,
That called the other a puke,
Without any fear of rebuque.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

By the cottage door her baby she lulls,
And hums to the tune of the fountain,
As it bubbles over the shelving rocks
From its source in the purple mountain.

She singeth a song of her early love;
But she suddenly stops to listen,
While tears roll down across her cheeks
Where, as dew on the rose, they glisten.

She looks on her child with feverish gaze —
Does she hear the thunder and rattle
Of the red-mouthed guns as their heated
breath
Blasts the foe on the field of battle?

No! Again she singeth: "Sweet baby rest;
God will protect thy brave sire ever;
Tender and pure be the dreams in thy breast,
Sorrow shadow thy dear heart never."

In her cot by the fountain, a tender song
Singeth she still for her absent darling;
But it never will reach his listless ear
On the red field where the wolf is snarling.

GONE.

Gone as the stream that, for many a year,
Gladdened the traveller worn and weary:
Gone as the song of a beautiful bird,
And the hope of the heart that is dreary.

Gone as the wing that cleaveth the sky,
Gone as the bloom from the corn that is
golden,

Gone as the fragrance that is wafted by,
When the summer is faded and olden.

Gone as the visions in our dreams at night,
When the stars are asleep on the silent
river;

Gone as the loved eyes' beam of light,
When shadowed by Death — and forever.

THE WINDS DO BLOW.

The mellow winds do blow, do blow,
Over the mountain, over the plain,
Swelling the germens that lie below
Into broad oceans of golden grain.

And, when ye last did blow, did blow.
My Willie, my darling, said to me:
"Over the main, my dearest, I go;
Back with a fortune will come to thee."

"Ah me, the winds do blow, do blow,
Many a sail o'er the summer sea,
But why do they mock my sad heart so?
Why do they bring not Willie to me?"

"Ah me, ye winds that blow, do blow,
The beautiful blossoms over the lea,
Tell me in truth, for ye know, ye know,
Is Willie, my own, still true to me?"

"Ah summer winds that blow, do blow,
In melody sweet o'er land and main;
If, alas, to me ye answer, No!
May never I hear your voice again."

The winds of spring do blow, do blow,
Calling in sobbing and tender stave,
Pansy and rue to bourgeon and grow,
Over a maiden's new-made grave.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, for love will soon decay,
And teach thee to thy sorrow;
The brightest skies that smile to-day,
May scowl with storms to-morrow.

Love not, for love is but a dream,
Whose glory's soon departed,—
Fair joys that for an instant gleam,
Then leave us broken-hearted.

Love not, for love is but a thing
That lives in airy flashes;
A tempting fruit until thou bring
It to thy lips, then — ashes.

Love not, for love is full of tears,
In doubt its victims languish;
And when their hope most bright appears,
It turns to keenest anguish.

Love not, for love will leave thee soon;
The things ye fondly cherish,
Like buds that crown the brow of June,
When fairest, soonest perish.

TO MINNIE.

Thou little, laughing, dumpy sprite!
Thou lovely, romping baby!
I ne'er have known such keen delight,
Nor e'er on earth can, maybe,
As thy sweet smiles, my child, impart
Day after day to my glad heart.

Laugh on, thou fairest, sweetest innocent!
Fear not: I am thy loving friend,

And would not check thy merriment
For all the world. Still to me lend
Thy confidence. May sweet and unaffected
grace
E'er play, as now, in rosy dimples, o'er thy
face.

Sweet child! within thy laughing sparkling
eyes,
Methinks I catch e'en now
A glimpse of that bright world beyond the
skies,
Where all are fair as thou;
And where each face, thro' all Eternity's
long years,
Shall ever be as free as thine is now from
tears.

A heavenly lamp, O Minnie dear, art thou,
Let down thro' the blue curtains of the sky,
To light with joy and hope my sin-stained
brow
And lead me to the realms of love on high.

Romp on! I love to see thee laugh and crow
In frantic glee, in thy fond mother's arms.
I know that earth no purer type can show
Of Heaven than thou. God shield thee
from all harm,
And grant thee many years my heart to
bless
With thy pure love and angel tenderness.

FORSAKEN.

Ah me, my soul is drenched in Grief's hot
tears!
My heart consuming in a hidden fire;
And no loved one is near to calm my fears;
No tender voice one ray of hope to inspire.

I, joyless am, as some wrecked mariner,
Tossed on old Ocean's rough and stormy
wave;
No land or beacon-light, or far or near,
No pitying eye, no hand to help or save.
But doomed in wild despair awhile to drift,
Before the veering blast—the cheerless
wind,
Then all alone, as some poor soul unshrift,
Sink in the deep and leave no trace behind.

GRIEVE ME NO MORE.

Grieve me no more, grieve me no more,
With words of scorn and bitter strife;
But let thy loving words of yore,
Still be the solace of my life.

Grieve me no more, but let thine eye
Beam kindly as in other years,
And light my soul while Hate goes by,
And Love comes in to dry my tears.

QUATRAINS.

I yearn for the joy of a tender embrace,
I weep for the grasp of a vanished hand;
I pray for the smiles of a radiant face
I lost long ago in a foreign land.

How vain are all our fondest joys,
Our hearts how much abusing!
They are but children's gilded toys
That perish with the using.

As two bright clouds that float all day be-
neath the sun,
At eve, fuse in the rosy chambers of the
West,
I felt my heart and soul with hers melt into
one,
When on my lips her first dear seal of love
she prest.

Sleep dear, till morn, with bright beaming
eyes,
Peeps through the opening doors of Day;
And in rosy robes climbs up the Eastern
skies,
And tears the dusky curtains of Night
away.

Her mouth is, indeed, as sweet as the roses
That bloom in the soft airs of June;
But her tongue's like the snake that reposes
At its root, and will kill quite as soon.

OUR VOLAPUK.

"O dear mother, that is enough!"
He cried, as she gave him a cough,
That fell kind o' sudden and rough,
On her darling son's left ear;
And made him think of rappee snough,
Or some other very hard stough
That caused him to feel quite queer.

"There," said the old lady, "you nough,
Go to the field and bring in the cough,
And see you don't get into a rough
With any boys by the way.
When you return, call dad from the plough,
And be sure to drive the old stough
And her pigs, to the whey."

WILLIAM CASWELL JONES.

BORN: HUTSONVILLE, ILL., JULY 15, 1848.

THE poems of this gentleman have appeared in the *Railway Age*, *Chicago Evening Journal*, *National Tribune* and the periodical press generally. Mr. Jones was a member of the twenty-seventh general assembly in 1871-72;



WILLIAM CASWELL JONES.

county judge in 1877, and is now serving his second term as judge of the second judicial circuit of the state of Illinois. The Hon. William C. Jones was married in 1869 and resides at Robinson. Personally Judge Jones is of very fine stature, and is well known and highly respected; and is a member of Gorin Commandery No. 14, K. T.

LOVE'S ARROWS.

Treacherous thy arrows, Love,
Poisonous thy darts;
We place them in our quivers, Love,
Forgetting broken hearts;
You bid us be in welcome, Love,
We blindly, madly sing;
Hope's sweetest smile is with us, Love,
Till thou thy arrows fling.

You play, you fondle with your prize,
Led captive by thy love;

You tease, torment us, with thine eyes —
Sweet starlights like above!
We thy caresses glad embrace,
Not fearful of thy sting;
We yield to beauty and thy grace,
Till thou thy arrows fling.

Yet seek we for thy arrows, Love,
And gather, o'er, and o'er,
Thy smarting, stinging, piercing darts,
Forgetting those of yore.
What would life be without them, Love?
We'll to them always cling;
Trust to thy graciousness, O Love,
Till thou thy arrows fling.

THE TWILIGHT SHADES.

The twilight shades of night appear,
As I sit silent, lonely here,
Watching the rifling clouds on high
Swiftly passing each other by.
The fitful stars shine out so bright,
As nature dons her robes of night;
'Tis time for weary eyes to close
In sleep — kind nature's sweet repose.

The low, sad chirp of insect wail,
Alone doth cheerless hours regale,
Save ripples from yon babbling brook,
That greet me in this quiet nook.
All nature's still! The weary borne
To peaceful rest from cares till morn,
And hushed in the stillness of the night
Are all the busy sounds of light.

I fancied in yon peeping star,
A home for beings tho' afar,
Who now are free from sin and vice,
And dwell with God in paradise.
I saw in vision's viewless space,
Spirit-forms of a blissful race,
Who trod of yore the unseen way
That leads to life's eternal day.

Eternity! O endless years!
Shall mortal fear thee! Banish tears!
Put trust in Him who gave to thee
A soul to save for eternity.
Along time rolls! It waits for none!
It claims alike the old, the young;
Earth's but a season to begin
To save the soul once lost in sin.

And as I dreamed, 'way sped the night,
With flick'ring moon and starry light —
Emblem of death! when 'neath the sod
We wait the coming of our God.
So, as the night gives way to morn
We'll to undying life be born;
The dawn of lovely morning bright,
Is emblem of the world of light.

THE TREE AND THE ROSE.

I.

One day, boasting,
An Oak-Tree said
Unto a Brier-Rose,
With low-bent head:

II.

"Barns and bridges
Are built of me;
Towns and cities —
I'm a useful tree.

III.

"You, a Brier-Rose,
Are of little use —
To the busy world
A mere excuse!"

IV.

"Sir," said Brier-Rose,
"Happy the hours,
Seeing fair ones
Gather my flowers.

V.

"Wreathes of roses,
Buds on the stem,
Lovely garlands
I give to them."

VI.

The giant tree —
The boasting Oak,
Soon lay fell'd
By woodman's stroke:

VII.

But the little Rose
Still grows each year,
Her fragrant flowers
To the world so dear.

VIII.

So, isn't it best
Quite oft' to be,
A Brier-Rose
Than a boasting tree?

THE FELON'S DREAM.

Slumbering I lay in prison cot,
In peaceful dreams, all woes forgot.
Repose! How sweet! 'Twas scarcely marred
By heavy tramp of prison guard.
Back to my home in dreams I went;
Back to that place I childhood spent;
Mingling there in merriest glee
Again with those quite dear to me.
I clasped in fond embrace once more
A mother's form! Heard her implore
In bitter anguish, God to spare
A truant son,—an only care!
Friendly faces were gathered around,
Welcoming home, a lost one found;

I had resolved to quit my sin,—
I felt a change of heart within!

It was a dream — and when I woke
The walls of prison on me broke:—
I felt to dry a felon's face,—
Saddest, dreariest of his race!

I said: "This cruel fate seems hard!"
'Twas only mocked by tramp of guard.
Cruel's the pang! Deep is the sting!
A lonely cell to felons bring!

Deal not harshly! Speak not ill!
Fate was 'gainst him — 'gainst him still,
Who sleeps behind this prison wall:—
There's none so strong, but what may fall!

THE LITTLE PHYSICIAN.

There is no type of man
Among all I can scan,
Assumes such a mystical air,
As the little physician —
A kind of magician —
A man of some unction, as 'twere.
He is always quite dapper,
Remarked as a snapper,
Important in the superlative degree;
And when called to a case,
Assumes such a wise face,
You are struck with the wisdom you see!

Polite, to a fault,
He bows should you halt,
And tips a small hat which he wears;
With his pill-bags and cane,
Tho' seemingly vain,
'Tis only his knowingsome airs.

When he visits the ill,
With powder and pill,
Prescribes for a patient with brains;
His bump of conceit
Is the first thing you meet,
As you lie there racking with pains.

As an expert, I ween,
No other I've seen,
Can theorize in, and then out;
A hypothetical case,
He states with such grace,
As convinces beyond reasonable doubt.

But his faults are all laid,
Where the willow's deep shade
Obscures them forever from view,
As you pause to reflect,
And can only suspect
The devil will some day get his due.

For there's no type of man,
Among all I can scan,
Assumes such a mystical air,
As the little physician —
A kind of magician —
A man of some unction, as 'twere.

WHAT IS FAME ?

And what is Fame?
 A dazzling name,
 Like a meteoric star;
 A moment on
 And then 'tis gone,
 Away, away so far.
 Aye, who can tell,
 What work, and well,
 Will bring it in our grasp?
 Like melting snow,
 'Tis quick to go,
 Ere mortals can it clasp.
 Man's never still,
 But ever will —
 Ambition his desire —
 Seek for a name;
 To court proud Fame,
 Alone he will aspire.
 Still life's made bright
 Like new-born light,
 That doth each morning shine;
 And toiling man
 Will plan and plan,
 In search of Fame divine!

BIRCH ROD DAYS.

Fond memory still recalls the day
 Of tyrannizing birch rod sway,
 When sturdy teacher, of the old-time school,
 Did govern well with rod and rule.
 His unrelenting look, his solemn mien,
 May, in imagination, still be seen;
 And the truant, disobedient of his law
 Recalls how quick he was to find some flaw;
 Remembers youthful days—the days of woe—
 When oft was dealt the unforgiving blow
 Upon the back, oft minus coat and vest,
 Of hapless youth, for trifles, thus opprest.

Who dared to look or feel a moment gay,
 Felt his coercion all that day!
 Well calculated to suppress all noise
 His laws inexorable, were for boys.
 We would rebel, yet each rebellious time
 Were scored with the birch rod, as for some
 crime.

Forgive him! Never! My heart revolting
 swells

With wicked thoughts, when back my mem-
 ory dwells.

Yet, I remember, when in days now past,
 We were all taught to spell, alike and fast;
 To syllable and pronounce were taught it
 well —

Taught from the spelling book—learned how
 to spell;

The class in reading, from books, were taught
 to read,

The teacher had one purpose — to succeed;
 And grammar, boys and girls were sparse
 Who could not give the well known rules
 and parse;

Each winter brought us to the rule of three,
 And we could cipher, well—for well could he;
 In writing the teacher would oft indite
 This couplet, in our home-made copy books
 to write:

“A man of words and not of deeds
 Is like a garden full of weeds.”
 And well we wrote, and there was scarce a
 blot—

For praises from his grace, quite oft were
 sought—

But never given, unless true worth was
 there—

Worth was not found, if it was, I'm not
 aware.

Among them all, alone there is but one
 My memory loves to dwell upon;
 He spared the rod on me, a helpless wight,
 And made me love him, ruled me not by
 might;

Judge was he then, as now supreme—
 Best of them all, be he alone my theme:

ACROSTIC.

Just man! A friend to my early days,
 All hail, for thee can I sing praise!
 Clear was thy head, in discrimination then—
 Oft hast thou since shown it 'mong thy
 walks with men;

Brilliant in speech, sweet voiced also;
 When first I knew thee, thou did'st thy
 greatness show.

When in my boyhood days, young, frank and
 free,

In thy tuition I loved to be;
 Led by thy teaching we first inclined
 Knowledge to obtain for the youthful mind.
 Infinite thy kind offices—we name thee—
 Noblest of men—true as man can be.

As the mind recalls those days, I am proud
 There is one enduring without a cloud
 To darken. Brilliant to-day—bright was
 then—

Best of dear teachers—loveliest of men;
 Who ruled and governed well—one always
 may

Kindly—without dictatorial sway.

My memory loves to dwell upon those days—
 For even 'midst the clouds of mist and haze
 Life's brightest sunshine will appear
 When looking back o'er times we now
 revere.

Ah, chilling time! we turn aside to glance
 And find thy fancied visions all romance;
 Thy fondest hopes, thy brightest dreams,
 Sad memories for life's after themes.

We hear no more the gentle, childlike voice,
 Who long, long years ago was youthful
 choice
 Of one who bent with years, now silvered
 gray,
 Waits but for time to bear his cares away;
 Waits for the hour to come when life is o'er,
 When he shall join her on the othershore.

CLARA.

I think me now of one sweet girl,
 That was the gem, 'mong many a maiden
 pearl,
 That grew in loveliness and grace
 Until we loved her — time will ne'er efface
 The memory of her sparkling eyes —
 Bright as the stars, that nightly jewel skies;
 And the wavy tresses of her dark-brown
 hair

Were soft and silken, as her face was fair;
 Lithe was her form, each perfect part
 Chiseled as 'twere for the sculptor's art;
 With voice full round, so soft and sweet,
 She spoke not word you would not wish
 repeat.

But like the wild flowers we used to gather
 And bring to her from off the heather,
 She too has faded. Gone now to rest
 With Him who gave that angel spirit blest
 Unto the friends, who lingering stay
 To watch and weep o'er now her lifeless clay.
 Who is there who has not stood by the grave
 Of some dear friend, and tried most brave
 To stop the silent tear that trickled down
 with sorrow

All the fond hopes of the bright to-morrow?
 Who is there that does not now recall
 The sorrow of the funeral knell and pall?
 Who is there here on earth, who would not
 give
 His own sweet life, one dear to him might
 live?

Who is there who has not felt the sting and
 tear
 Of bitter anguish losing friends most dear?
 And yet 'mongst God's angel forms and
 fairies,
 I'll find, I know, some day, loved Clara's!

THE SKATE.

December's sun has risen bright and clear,
 Red cheeks and blue noses told winter was
 severe.

But boys were happy, for the chill of night
 Brought to them visions of rare delight!
 The creek was frozen o'er, its glistening ice
 Was to their minds a part of paradise;
 And morning's task at home complete,
 Each buckled on his skates for winter's
 treat.

Alas! the glittering surface of the ice
 Did many a truant boy from school entice.
 The swiftest was a "deer," and soon the
 race,
 For forty lusty throats quick gave him chase!
 The school bell rang, although its notes were
 clear,

What cared we for it, while playing deer?
 Away we went, each steady stroke
 But hours of distance on us broke;
 And as the race more intense grew
 It seemed to each, he fairly flew!
 When, at last, we caught the long chased
 deer,

The air was rent with deafening cheer!
 It was then boys circles cut, and eagles
 spread —

While some cut letters that were plainly
 read!

On ice we ran to see who could farthest
 jump —

Saw stars, in daylight, as our heads would
 thump!

Yes, mingled we in sports, then, o'er and
 o'er

Just as boys mingled in the days of yore.
 Then schoolward turned, each skater gay,
 Little did he list, the weal that he must pay.
 The homeward journey one always tires
 And passes little that he first admires;
 'Tis true of life, we pass ambition's goal,
 Then pray to rest the weary mind and soul.
 Ah, noble youth, thy freaks are oft despised,
 When better judgment would them have
 prized!

Think you, my friend, that boyish vim
 Augurs not but usefulness to follow him?
 Exultant youth, both bright and gay,
 Will ever live to bear life's prize away?
 Reached we at last the school house door,
 our faces bright,

Forgetful of the hour, in our delight —
 His angry looks, his sullen tones,
 Were worse than next day's aching bones —
 His switches? I remember — and live to
 tell —

How well he used them — Aye used them
 well!

THE HUTSON MASSACRE.

In eighteen hundred and ten, a pioneer,
 Named Hutson, left for the wilderness, then
 here.

His wife was with him, and six dear boys and
 girls;

One, a maiden of sixteen, had soft brown
 curls,

And bright blue eyes, with cheeks so fair,
 They would with lilies well compare!
 The daughter was the idol of her father's
 heart —

And when the time had come they must depart

For the unknown, and then far distant west,
She was with all his plans imprest.

Hardships were endured, and privations by the way

But laughed at, in hopes of a better day.

Then came they to a land in Nature's dress—

A plain and valley teeming in fruitfulness:

Earth had not then, nor now, a lovelier spot,

Than the grand old prairie of Lamotte!

It was here Hutson built a homely dwelling—

A rude log cabin—his stout heart welling

With joy o'er the happiness it gave to him,

To be thus safely housed, in a cabin trim.

Time went smoothly on until the season's close,

When their harvest warned them of the
savage foes!

Plundering, murdering, committing ravages,

Around that cabin home, were lurking
savages,

Who for the pale face had the most intense
hate—

Yet none was more cruel than the Hutson's
fate:

One evening, as the sun sank in the west,

A mother sat watching, with babe at breast,

The return of father who had gone to mill

Miles of distance, across the plain and hill.

Would that lovely sunset, as it westward fell

Could but their fate to them foretell!

Calmly she waits—when, yell of Indian
devils

Break now upon her—death in carnage
revels!

Her babe was into a boiling caldron thrown;

Mother and children tomahawked, save one
lone

Sweet girl; who was there captive led

To live a life of shame and dread!

Then to that cabin was placed a torch of fire,

The lifeless hurled thereon! While with
demon's ire

They watched the rolling flames and curling
smoke,

Till sighing embers, and faint glare, the end
bespoke!

Hutson came home! Though strong of frame
Intensely haggard his face became!

"My wife! my children!" Then 'mid the
agony of woe,

The teardrops from their fountain ceased to
flow!

The carnage was complete. Aye, well he
knew

The brutal nature of the scene in view!

Hutson, from all once near and dear, then
turned,

And while on horse, as heart within him
burned,

Vowed eternal vengeance, o'er and o'er,
Against the Indians evermore.

Well did he keep that vow! Week after
week,

He with his trusty rifle did vengeance reek;

Until, at last, he too was known to fall

At the head of troop, pierced by the Indian's
ball!

And the old creek, where we boys used to
skate

Was named Hutson, o'er his untimely fate;

And on the Wabash banks, 'bove and 'neath
the hill,

Sits to his memory, the village—Hutsonville.

'Tis said that we grow old! That time's decay
Will change our feelings day by day;

That man will change the purpose of his
youth,

And feel that all is fading—even truth;

That what is good lived only in the past—

The world's degenerating fast and fast.

The lawyer lays aside his book, grown old,

Which once such precious truths had told,

And folds the door upon the musty shelf,

And feels despondent with the world and
self—

Then moralizes with his fate and time,

And blames the world, not his decline.

But youth, exultant, with eager look,

Will gather up the shelfworn book,

He will its pages anew read o'er,

And glean fresh treasures from its store.

He will for the future each day plan

And feel the world depends on coming man;

New cities shall grow up, the future great,

Will rival all the past in church and State!

'Tis ever thus; the old shall weary be,

While youth is buoyant, lithe and free;

And feels the world, with all its broad ex-
panse

Is made for him, his pleasures to enhance;

And grapples with it, new treasures sure to
find,

That ever yield to his inquiring mind.

One age declines, another takes its place,

And progress ever marks our noble race.

Aye, man! no matter what thy sphere,

Thy memory loves to wander back to things
once dear;

And dear to thee, which after years will
trace,

Are all the scenes of boyhood's time and
place.

Call back in memory ye gray-haired sires,

Call back to memory your youthful fires;

Call back the laws you once transgressed,

Call back the times you were repressed;

Go back unto the turning point of life,

The sweet repressions of the future wife;
She, who was sweetheart of your youthful
days,

Reproving kindly wayward ways.

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

How cheery was the old-time spelling school
Given by the teacher in days of birch rod
rule.

Do you not still remember with what delight
We hailed the coming of that night?

The mud of winter, or the drizzling rain,
Caused us no anxiety or pain;

For we would bundle well and go
Be it through storm or winter's snow;

Do you not still remember the rosy cheeks
Which youth and health alone bespeaks?

His glasses were adjusted, with stick in
hand,

He was determined all erect should stand;
Long lines were drawn up, like armies well
arrayed

For field of action, not for dress parade;
And warm the contest, for there were those

Who faced each other like deadly foes!

And there were some who knew every word
In Webster's speller—for I have heard

It said, 'twas only by some grave mistake
That either side could honors take.

'Tis no fancied vision! Ah, I remember well
The merry times of the old fashioned spell!

The night though dark, the sidewalk then
unknown,

But other pleasures would these all atone;
For as we wandered home, her words so
sweet,

I would not dare in after life repeat!

But you remember, though now you're
silvered gray,

The words as well as 'twere but yesterday.

And you might tell, though this perhaps
you'd hate—

The kiss was stolen—just at her father's
gate!

These feats of skill by all were well enjoyed,
Think you not still, 'twas time quite well em-
ployed?

O, boyhood's happy days! We dream them
o'er,

Forgetful now the ills we had in store,

As we go back unto our first old home,

To find none dearer 'neath earth's dome.

We see again with enrapt delight

The teachers in their power and might;

And learn obedience from their law

That ever guides our after life in awe.

Ah, yet, those lessons first impressed in
youth

Are full of thought—if not prosaic truth.

We find the boy a man, and watch his course,

And hail delightedly his manhood's force;

Then trace his truant youth, his wayward
ways,

To find the man was made in birch rod days.

THE DEBATE.

Can you call back the anguish of your look
When first you part in the discussion took?

His august presence, as he sat in state,

And eager watched your first debate!

Aye, Cushing's Manual, altho' 'twas new,

Produced not consternation then to you;

But stammering, speechless, with your heart
in throat—

Forgetful the points you were quick to note;

The floor was sinking—it would soon give
'way—

You could not then on feet one thought
convey.

Your effort was a failure—but his word

Was not reproof, and when from him you
heard: [sound

“The Halls of Congress would some day re-
With words from the speaker, intense, pro-
found!”

You felt at once this life to you renewed

As with new ideas you were imbued.

Confidence in yourself when once you've
gained,

Ever through life will be by you maintained.

And from that moment in forensic art

You eager were to take some active part;

Skilled in parliamentary law you tried

With due deliberation to preside.

Your efforts then, if with success were
crowned,

Speak but the man, in after life renowned.

Dear Hutson, my heart turns back to thee

As scenes of boyhood days come back to me.

Back to the river's bank I trace

My steps, with line, to the old fishing place.

We angle with the world in after years,

Trembling and cautious, we battle it with
fears,

While in our youth we cast a baited hook

With joyous glee into the babbling brook,

Watching contentedly until the bite

To land the bass and croppie with delight;

But busy man will scarce find time to know,

Or wander back to scenes of long ago,

Until old age creeps 'long with silent stealth

When first he realizes, that in life his wealth

Is but contentment! Contented will I be

When the hour shall come, old time is done
with me—

When the clouds grow dark, and the eye
grows dim,

And the Master's summon, is to answer Him,

If they'll take me back to thee, old place so
dear,

To rest 'side Him who gave my spirit here.

THE FELON'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes, I have killed him! And in bending low,
Rifling pockets, I saw his life's blood flow,
Then stood aghast! For who can tell the
sorrow

Even a life-long criminal will borrow
At sight of deed so cruel. Woe is me!
Outcast! outlaw! Where'er on earth to flee!
Quick! Let me go! The very stillness of
night

Makes doubly dread even a felon's flight!
And blood-leeches will soon be on my track,
Hounding, pursuing, soon to drag me back.
Where shall I fly? Is there no safety left
To one of law's protection now bereft?
Flee where I may, the lightning tracks my
path [wrath.
And justice scents my trail with pent-up
Hark! Ere the gray of morning's dawn I fear
The sleuth-hounds will have trailed me and
be near.

Surrender! Never! I will fast retreat
Back to the lonely swamps—for life is sweet.
"Throw-up!" List! See! Now they surround
me fast.

I yield—for in these times escape is past
For even one, who hath law offended oft
Of God and man, and at man's nature scoffed!
But tracked and trailed, like a wild beast of
prey,

I, felon, bend before the law's dread sway!
Oh, fate, thrice wretched! Henceforth in this
cell

Remorse is mine, so bitter none can tell!
Behind the prison wall, a sin-cursed Cain,
Fettered in irons, bound in prison chain!
Aye, never more to breathe a breath that's
In sorrow waiting for the gallows tree! [free—
Ah! We have felt the silent tear of time

Stead down the careworn, hardened face of
crime. [grief

Ah, crime! Foul crime! Thou hast indeed to
Brought all thy followers, and thy course is
brief!

Methinks at times, thy seed is bred in man,
And curse the fate that brought us in thy van
To dire destruction! yet, we oft neglect
Best feelings of our conscience, and reflect
Not until the deed is done. Ill-fated born,
Flee from the path of sin, ere you forlorn
Fill some prison cell, or a felon's grave!
Fear laws of God and man and thyself save
Respect, as well as fear, for they alone
Bring peace on earth and happiness our own.

MARION MUIR RICHARDSON

BORN: CHICAGO, ILL., FEB. 13, 1857.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the
Boston Pilot, New York Sun, Century, St.

Louis Magazine and the periodical press
from Maine to California. She was married
in 1886 to Prof. Richardson, founder of Gun-
nison, Colorado, and Pioneer of southeast
Utah. Mrs. Richardson has one son, William
Muir, and resides with her husband at Rich-
ardson, Utah, where they have a magnificent
fruit farm.

IN SOUTH-LANDS.

The sun on burning levels pours
A torrent of continuous light.
The river winds by stony shores
A serpent-curve of silver white.

Oh, for the waters of the spring,
The tasselled fir-tree's wall of shade,
The mountain breeze's fragrant wing,
The cool, sweet flowers that will not fade!

The high Sierra's crested brow
Looks calmly down on sultry days.
A dim, blue shadow seeming now
Like some diviner resting-place.

A promised land, serenely fair,
The mother of a host of streams,
Whose presence, throned in upper air,
Rules the warm darkness of our dreams.

EAST AND WEST.

Yes, quick—too quick—of act and speech
am I,

Not fair to see, but darkened by the sky.
Yet, ere you blame me wholly, stop and think,
Your childhood knew the river's shaded
brink, [school,

The garden wall, the coming home from
Deep clover fields and orchard alleys cool.
And mine?—Up where the breath of June
is cold

I saw the light, in valleys seamed with gold,
Where even the stream is darkened in its flow
And men are buried by the blinding snow.

To one the odor of the brush-fire tells
Of where the Platte goes rolling on in swells
Of welcome silver, sweeping leisurely [sea.
Through green Nebraska's lowlands to the
The music I remember was the gale
In roaring pines, or far down in the vale,
The song of Indians as the tribe went by,—
The locust fifes, the coyote's midnight cry.
Not gentle were the faces that I knew,
Yet full of kindness, bearded, strong and true.
The bare, brown bluffs were 'round me as I
played

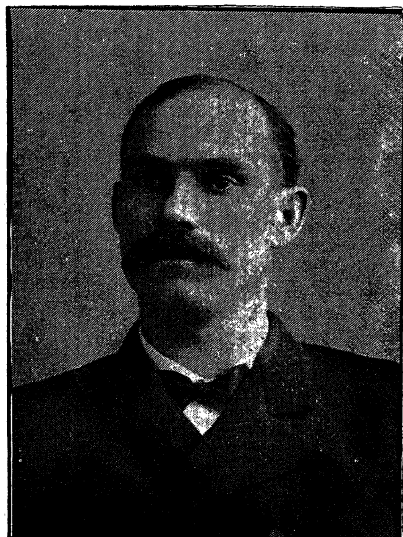
At evening by the camp, or, not afraid,
Flew through the morning on my pretty bay,
Would you, thus trained, not be the same
to-day?

We do not choose our lives,—or well or ill,
You keep your book, and I my pony, still.

REV. WALTER L. FERRIS.

BORN: ONEIDA, ILL., JULY 31, 1852.

AFTER attending the college at Wheaton, Ill., Mr. Ferris entered the ministry. He has filled pastorates at Wataga, Prospect Park and Chicago, and is now pastor of the Con-



REV. WALTER L. FERRIS

gregational church at Cherokee, Iowa. This gentleman has written many fine poems which have appeared from time to time in the Chicago Inter-Ocean and other leading publications. He has a family of two children, Mary and Hattie, born in 1884 and 1887 respectively.

THE PIONEER

Then let me sing of the Pioneer,
The hero hardy and strong,
Who "blazed the way" for better days,
When the road was dark and long;
I hear e'en now the woodman's stroke,
As it echoes along the years,
And hear again the crashing oak,
And the shout of the pioneers.

They were heralds of a better time,
These men who went before,
For they wrought for coming ages,
In the brave days of yore;

Though hands were hard and calloused,
And cheeks were brown with tan,
They know each drop on the wrinkled brow
Was the sweat of an honest man.

And thus it is in every cause,
Which lifts aloft the rights of man,
Some one must labor on before,
Some men march in the van;
Aye, every sacred God-born truth,
Which to this world hath come,
Hath had its sturdy pioneers,
Who bore the torch of faith alone.

The Switzer sings at eventide
Sweet freedom's song by his cabin door,
But Gessler's threat must be defied,
And Winkelried press on before,
To court the point of Austrian spear,
And cry, "Make way for Liberty,"
'Ere freedom reigns, or we may hear
The hero's shout of victory.

Through years of malice and of scorn
The mighty Luther led the way,
And heralded the blessed morn
When ages dark should turn to day;
He nailed his Theses to the door,
The old church door of Wittenburg,
And men shall know him evermore
As Reformation's Pioneer.

'Twas old John Brown, of martyr fame,
Who spoke from out his inmost soul,
"My country's flag, shall wave above
No man who wears a chain."
He'll keep his word, ye need not fear,
For the shackles now are gone.
He wrought the work of the pioneer,
And the cross hath won a crown.

Where other foot-sore pilgrims trod,
With valiant step we walk the road,
While some have died for faith and God
We reap the fields which they have sown;
The yeomanry of other days
Hath lit the fires upon the hill,
They send adown their cheering rays
To light the valleys still.

And so I love the pioneer
And gladly sing the praise
Of him who saw 'mid prayer and tears
The glory of our better days;
For thus it is in every cause
Which lifts aloft the rights of man,
Some one must labor on before,
Some men march in the van.

ALVIN T. LANPHERE.

BORN: HANOVER, N. Y., MARCH 22, 1840.

EARLY in life the subject of this sketch was connected with his father in railroad contracting, and later as a banker at Coldwater, Mich. In 1861, with two brothers, he raised the Battery of Light Artillery, known as Lanphere's Battery, and went to the front. In 1862 Alvin was obliged to resign on account of disability. Mr. Lanphere was then admitted to the bar, and has practiced in the



ALVIN T. LANPHERE.

state and federal courts ever since. He was elected justice of the peace and alderman, and declined the nomination for mayor, politics not being congenial. Since his boyhood Alvin T. Lanphere has written prose and poetry for the press, and a collection of his poems was published in book form. Mr. Lanphere has lectured extensively upon temperance; is prominent in Grand Army and Union Veteran circles, and is a member of the Episcopal church. His poems have appeared in Waverley Magazine, Ballou's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Kansas City Times, Kalamazoo Gazette and other publications. Mr. Lanphere was married in 1858 to Miss Helen L. Saunders, and has two sons—Herbert, born 1866; and Victor Carl, born 1869, whom he lost by death a few years since, which is the great sorrow of his life.

MY TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er again,
As oft I've done in passing years,

With eyes suffused by blinding tears
And heart surcharged with ceaseless pain.

The treasured toys my darling prized,
Like sunbeams from its setting cast,
Now breathe a language from the past
That few like me have realized.

And as I count them o'er and o'er,
These relics of some years ago;
Why wonder that I prize them so,
For "Carl" once prized them all before.

The childish gifts that once he loved,
And oft caressed in boyish glee,
Still speak a language dear to me,
And can I view them now unmoved?

His hat now hanging on the wall
Reminds me of the head that wore
It oft as coming from the door
He met me at affection's call.

The cab wherein in boyish state
He rode impelled by loving hands,
Now still—but how suggestive—stands
A sad reminder of his fate.

The empty crib whereon he lay
At morning, noon, and eventide,
In health and sickness—where he died—
Ere from our midst he passed away;

Still breathes its tale of treasured love—
Its sheets and pillow now unpressed
By "Carl's" loved form—an empty nest
Whence flown the bird to realms above.

Oh God! how cruel death's decree
That parts us from our loved and lost
Awhile, until the river crossed
Again their sainted forms we see.

But through the countless ages gone
Have untold millions bowed with grief
Like me, and vainly sought relief,
And shall I grieve as one alone?

And as I retrospect to-night
Shall I not prize all else above
The memory of the one whose love
Leads onward, upward to the light.

For though my grief be great, I know
That sunshine always follows night—
That darkest hours but usher light,
And blessings from afflictions flow.

Though lost his outward form to me,
His presence ever lingers near
To solace, comfort and to cheer
Me in my journey o'er life's sea.

And as I view life's golden bars—
The sunshine 'mid the cloud and storm,
My mind surmounts grief's outward form,
And fondly looks "beyond the stars."

LINES TO LORENA.

The daylight is swiftly declining,
 And its splendors are fading away,
 While the tremulous twilight is changing
 Its glories from golden to gray;
 And I stand with the zephyr's soft kissing
 My brow in the glimmering light,
 While my spirit, love-laden and longing,
 Turns to thee on this beautiful night.

Turns to thee in its quest through the
 gloaming,
 Though distance doth now intervene,
 And thy memory lingers about me
 Like a charm, o'er this beautiful scene,
 For I know thou art here in thy musing—
 That thy longing responds unto mine,
 And 'tis sweet to be with thee in spirit,
 And to mingle my lovelight with thine.

I remember a fable in story
 That tells of the mystical hour,
 When "Genii" and "Fairies" were casting
 Their magic o'er leaflet and flower;
 And I think, could I gather a chaplet
 Of those marvelous flowers, and entwine
 Them over the brow of my loved one,
 While sleeping, her faith would be mine.

For then I would gather a garland
 Of lilies and amaranth bright—
 Of rose buds and pansies and tulips,
 To twine round my darling to-night;
 From the lotus I'd steal one rare blossom,
 For its golden, its quivering beams,
 Would be of the whole the most potent
 In my beautiful wreath of dreams.

My chaplet once wreathed, and each blossom
 Full bathed in those magical airs,
 I would whisper my love in each calyx
 That my spirit might mingle with theirs;
 Then I'd send off those lovely enchanters
 On the moonlight's soft hallowing beams,
 To press lightly the brow of my loved one,
 And thus mingle my thoughts with her
 dreams.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

When my mind becomes heavy and weary
 With the world's earnest struggle and strife,
 And the future looks darksome and dreary
 O'er the mountains and valleys of life—
 When my heart mid its longings and pleasures
 Sinks sad 'neath its burdens again,
 As I count up my losses and treasures
 And compare them in silence and pain,—

When the years that have vanished, re-
 turning

With the joys and the sorrows I knew,
 And the fond lamp of memory burning
 Now passes them quick in review;
 And the dark chilling winds of December,
 And the soft lispings breezes of May
 Are commingled as now I remember
 Those scenes that have vanished away.

And the bright sunny spots that are throng-
 ing—
 How little I treasured them then;
 But now I am sighing and longing
 To live o'er their brightness again.
 How vain and how useless my sighing!
 Our journey is forward and on,
 And the past to the future replying,
 Mingles sighs with the pleasure that's
 gone.

There's a dear one whose memory lingers
 Like the fragrance where incense is burned,
 As Time with his skeleton fingers
 The hands on the dial hath turned;
 And the voice I once knew is around me,
 And his footsteps are echoing near,
 And the charm of his presence that bound
 me
 Like a halo encircles me here.

Ah! the dark loving eyes that were beaming,
 And the bright sunny ringlets of gold,
 And the dimples where Cupid lay dreaming,
 And the ways that no language had told;
 And the sweet lispings accents of childhood,
 With their musical thrill of delight,
 Come like voices that fit through the wild-
 wood
 On the wings of the vanishing night.

And I think of the loved one departed
 Of the sunshine, the tempest and strife—
 Of the barque that in joyousness started
 To sail o'er the ocean of life;
 And I wake from those transports Elysian—
 From the dreams so enchantingly fair,
 And the sunshine has passed from my vision,
 Leaving darkness, and sorrow, and care.

And when the dark curtain concealing
 Our future is wafted aside,
 And the "unknown," its brightness reveal-
 ing,
 Shines clear o'er life's turbulent tide;
 Oh! then may my soul be required
 For its sadness and sorrow below,
 And, with the "lost loved one" united,
 Through the realms of eternity go.

MRS. GRACE DUFFIE ROE.

BORN: KALAMAZOO, MICH., FEB. 9, 1861.

THIS lady received her early education in the public schools of that place; she afterward attended the college of Literature and Art at Boston, where she graduated with high honors. While Mrs. Roe has attained her greatest prominence as a poet, she is also a prose writer of considerable merit and an elocutionist of rare ability. Her poems have appeared from time to time in the leading



MRS. GRACE DUFFIE ROE.

newspapers and magazines of America, and some of them have found their way into the papers of the old world. As a song-writer she is meeting with great success, and most of the words in that charming selection of musical gems, "Royal Songs," are from her pen. She is also the author of the songs "Love's Angelus," "Looking," "Pilot of Galilee," "The Prayer" and others. Personally, she is petite in form, possesses a handsome, fascinating face, and is popular in social circles. She was married in 1879 to Mr. George Roe, of Detroit, and one child—a little daughter—is the result of the union. Mrs. Roe resides in Battle Creek, Mich.

UNDER AND OVER THE STARS.

I have wander'd away from the music,
The laughter light, and the flowers,
And out where night's gath'ring shadows,
Fall fast in the path of the hours.

I can hear the feet of the billows,
As they tread o'er the wide sandbars;
And lie at rest on the short warm grass,
Looking up at the beautiful stars.

On the brown-jeweled breast of our mother,
I lay my head weary with care.
The wind has blown chill thro' life's valley,
And scatter'd its snows in my hair;
I catch from yon dark-masted schooner,
The songs of some homeward-bound tars;
We both see the lights of a harbor,
But I look at the beautiful stars.

So I lie on the grass while ev'ning
Glides by with her feet shod with dew,
And the lights fade out of the windows,
For the cares of to-day are through.
Perchance when the hand of summer,
Again earth's frost-prison unbars,
I shall be lying under the grass,
Looking down at the beautiful stars.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL.

Unfinished was the temple. Here and there
A stone unpolished lay, an archway flung
One curved arm, unwedded, to the air;
The shadow'd niches saintless gaped and bare
And on harsh hinge the graven portal swung.
Yet many walked therein. The clangor'd
aisles

Gave proof of armed heel, as lighter tread,
Legion and phalanx passed in serried files,
Whom wide-brow'd history alone beguiles
From out the guarded fortress of the dead.

And thro' the pulsing corridors betimes
Sounded the anthems of the morning stars,
Or chained in meshes of the silvered rhymes
The restless tenant heard the vesper chimes,
That night flung to him from the sunset bars.

Still at the shadowed altar cool and gray
No footsteps paused, no orison arose
To freight the wings of incense on its way;
With slumb'rous eyes the taskless vestal lay,
A poppy-lidded Goddess of Repose.

Till with a flame the elements drew near,
Formed by an alchemist above—below—
I know not where, for it doth oft appear
(In all its lights and shades of joy and fear)
To mingle Tartarus and Heaven so.

But as it fell upon the sacred place
A sudden splendor shimmer'd from above.
The temple quivered thro' its golden space,
Shook as at throes of birth or death's embrace,
And stood—completed—at the touch of Love!

OLD FOLKS HEAR THE CITY CHOIR.

Father an' me are gettin' old;
We ain't used to the way
Of goin' to hear the singin', 'stead
Of preachin', Sabbath day.

So when we was with Andrew's folks,
An' Sunday mornin' come,
We s'posed we'd hear the Word an' jine
In the sweet hymns they sung.

An' when we stood in that dim aisle,
'Neath arched an' fluted stone,
A ray of light touched father's hair
An' his worn features shone.

The organ's grand an' solemn tone
Jest sounded like a prayer,
An' when it stopped I seemed to feel
Wings beatin' through the air.

"The prodigal," the preacher said,
"Of sinnin' weary grown,
Has left the swine an' now has turned
His face toward his home."

Then all to once the choir riz;
It almost made me laugh
To hear that young soprano shriek:
"Bring in the fatted calf!"

"Bring in the fatted calf, the calf,"
Implored the alto low,
An' all the rest jined in, as if
They couldn't let it go.

The tenor's pleadin' touched my heart,
A critter'd been a stone
Not to hev come a friskin' in,
In answer to that tone.

Waal, pa, he sot with eyebrows bent,
Like bushes touched with snow
A growin' round some sheeny lake,
Half hidin' its blue glow.

But when the bass had started in
A callin' for that calf,
He jest reached fur his han'kerchief
To cover up a laugh.

"Bring in the fatted, fatted calf,"
Bellow'd the bass; an' stars!
Our grandson John called (half asleep):
"Grandpa, let down the bars!"

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WING.

Swiftly sped the banner'd steamer
With a gay excursion crowd;
But apart from all his fellows,
One in thought or sorrow bowed,
Watching absently the waters,
Crisply foam and gently roll,
Softly singing — as for heart-ease —
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

As he sang, a stranger near him
Sought with courtesy his side:
"Pardon, sir, but for that anthem,
By my hand a man had died:
And to-day it seems to lead me
Once again neath Southern sky.

Were you in the army, stranger?"
"Yes." "And for the Union?" "Aye:"

"Then the incident may please you
For I was a soldier, too;
Not your comrade, friend, but fighting
For the cause I thought was true.
So one night at Chattanooga
I crept near the Union camp;
Near enough to see the picket
And to hear his measured tramp.

I could see his boyish features
Lifted to the star-lit sky,
But the hate of war burned in me
And I longed to see him die.
Panted, with a savage triumph,
As my rifle leaped in place,
And my eye gleamed 'long it's barrel
Straight to his fair, Northern face.

Ping! Death's messenger went singing:
But the lad was singing, too;
And my marksmanship, so boasted,
For that once had proved untrue.
And his beardless lips were saying
As he turned and passed me by:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Then I muttered: "Come old rifle,
Join his song and change its note;
Stop the pious youngster's warble
In his cursed Yankee throat:
Now he comes" — ping! go and meet him!
But he sang (from danger free)
"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Then a chill of fear, or anger,
Fell upon me in that place,
And I aimed in reckless fury
For the tender, brave, young face.
Friend, that moment seemed eternal,
Till I heard him softly sing:
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing?"

Then I knew an host unnumbered
Was encamped up on the way,
And that boy was under orders
From the Captain of the day:
And the unseen legions gathered
As I knelt upon the sod,
And vow'd, there in my suit of gray,
Allegiance to his God.

Years have passed, but in my mem'ry
Is engraved that soldier's face.
Nor can lines of careworn manhood
Quite efface its youthful grace.
Turn and look at me, my brother,
Take the faith my message brings:
For you were the lad in refuge
'Neath the shadow of the wings!

EDWIN SEYMOUR HULIN.

BORN: BRACEVILLE, OHIO, JULY 14, 1822.

THE subject of this sketch was brought up on a farm, but abandoned that occupation for want of strength, and learned a trade, which he followed several years. Mr. Hulin then became a school teacher, and has since



EDWIN SEYMOUR HULIN.

taught in six different states. At present he occasionally engages in light farm work and in taking orders for standard works at Erwin, Tenn. Mr. Hulin has written numerous fine poems, many of which have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press.

THE FADING FLOWER.

How oft they do this caption use —
Ambitious and poetic youths, —
To praise some flower, thro' aid of muse,
Then show its death. Two simple truths,

But in my walks of yesterday,
I saw a flower, 't seemed struck with death,
The petals and the leaves all lay
Beyond all signs of vital breath.

That flower was reared by love and care,
Of sisters, brothers, parents, all,
But now the tears that all can spare
Cannot new life again recall.

No care or dress of root or spray,
Of friends of that once lovely flower,
Can send, to root, or stem, one ray
Of health and life's renewing power.

A fiend in manly form and shape,
With wooing words of wily power,

Did often seek "for friendship's sake,"
To sit beneath that lovely flower.

But when he'd taken final leave,
The fragrant blooms all fade away,
Nor filial care, of those who grieve,
That shrinking, fading blight can stay.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Walking down the lonely street,
Where want and woe we daily greet,
A little child I chanced to meet —
A child that had no mother.

Then spake a woman passing by:
Why sit you here alone and cry?
He answered her with heaving sigh,
I've lost, lost my mother!

That blessed saint to me so dear,
Whose spirit ever lingers near,
Who taught me God to love and fear,
Is dead, Oh! Oh! my mother!

My cruel father once so dear,
For that accursed wine and beer,
Did oft forsake his children dear,
Which did distract my mother.

He then to rum became a slave,
And like a madman oft would rave,
But soon did fill a drunkard's grave,
Broke her heart — killed my mother.

Then go with me, we heard her say
Unto my home not far away,
And from me never go astray,
And I will be your mother.

But how can you with patience share
All the ills that orphans heir,
And lisp my name in every prayer,
Since you are not my mother?

That God thy mother taught to fear,
Doth ever whisper in my ear,
Unto the poor draw gently near,
And be the orphan's mother.

With joy beaming in his eyes,
Into her arms he quickly flies,
And kissing her he wildly cries,
I think I've found my mother.

She banished all his rising fears,
And wiped away his falling tears,
While hope and love his spirit cheers,
She's now the orphan's mother.

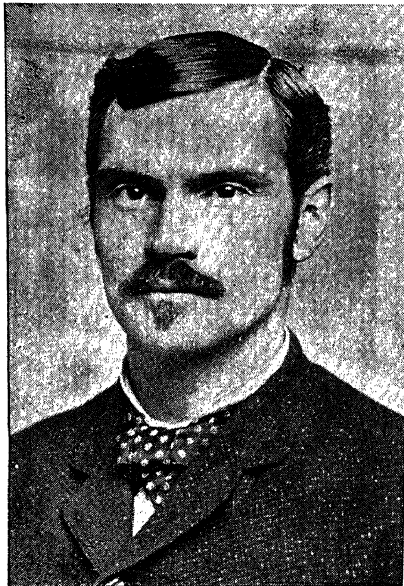
This lovely little prattling boy,
Did soon become the household joy,
And oft thanks gave without alloy,
For his new and kind mother.

He was the solace of her heart,
And from him she could never part,
But blest the day that she became
That little orphan's mother.

GEORGE W. KETTOMAN.

BORN: GETTYSBURG, PA., APRIL 17, 1853.

MR. KETTOMAN is known as the South Mountain Bard. At nine years of age he commenced to court the muse and since that time he has written more than five thousand pages of manuscript. In 1876 Mr. Kettoman was



GEORGE W. KETTOMAN.

married to Miss Carrie B. Smith, of Decatur, Ill., by whom he has had two children—a son who died of diphtheria at the age of eight; the other, a daughter, who is still living. Mr. Kettoman has studied medicine. His best poems have not yet been published.

HAZEL GREENE.

There is a land dear to my heart
As freedom to the fawn,
Which from my memory ne'er shall part
While life in me lives on.
'Tis where the Lehigh, broad and bright,
Doth pour his glimmering sheen
Down through a vale of love and light
To beauteous Hazel Greene.

Around her quiet cottage home
Sleek herds in shadows drowse;
And meadow pink, and daisy bloom,
And asphodel and rose.
And there within a beechen grove
A chapel lifts its vane.

And choristers sing God's high love
With saintly Hazel Greene.

Now down the mead her dainty feet
Light tripping stir the dew,
And nymph-like in this arcady
She sings to me and you.
Her basket with wild flowers in it
She bears with artless mien:
In soft blue gown and jaunty hat,
God bless our Hazel Greene!

No marquis, duke, or titled earl
Walks in her suitors' train,
But those who love the farmer girl
Are Nature's noblemen.
And no proud empress sable-robed,
Or jeweled Southern queen
Can dare compare with her so rare,
God's own sweet Hazel Greene.

THE OLD HOME PLACE.

I have wandered far and wide,
Over land and over tide;
I have gazed on the rarest of grace,
But I've found no other spot
With so much of beauty fraught,
As the kingdom of my childhood,
The Old Home Place.

CHORUS: The Old Home Place
With its violets so blue,
The Old Home Place
With its hearts so leal and true;
The pride of my father,
The home of my mother,
My sister and my brother —
Heaven send a blessing on the Old Home
Place!

I have lingered half the year
Where the roses of Cashmere
Were bewildering in odor and grace,
But more beautiful to me
Are the lilies on the lea,
In the kingdom of my childhood,
The Old Home Place.

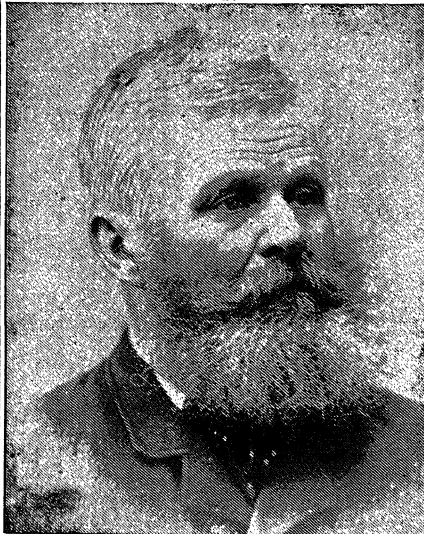
I have felt what man doth feel
When cathedral organs peal
Under domes where angel wings interlace,
But a grander melody
Were the Sabbath psalms to me,
In the Kingdom of my childhood,
The Old Home Place.

When I die I will not ask
Sculptured tomb or obelisk, [grace
Let them lay me down in tenderness and
Where the violets will blue
In the Summer sun and dew,
In the kingdom of my childhood,
The Old Home Place.

ENOCH GEORGE ADAMS.

BORN: BOW, N. H.

GRADUATING in 1849 from Yale college, Mr. Adams then taught school in the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maryland and Missouri. At an early age he contributed poems to the Boston Olive Branch, the Cincinnati Ladies' Repository and other publications. In 1861 he enlisted in Co. D. 2d N.H. regiment, and was afterward wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, the bullet still re-



ENOCH GEORGE ADAMS.

maining in his body. He was in the Peach Orchard at the battle of Gettysburg. In 1865 he commanded Fort Rice, D. T., where he met and vanquished the famous Sitting Bull and ten thousand warriors. In 1865 Mr. Adams was mustered out of service as captain and brevet-major. For a number of years he was editor and proprietor of the Vancouver Register, W. T., where he was also register of the land office. He next published the Columbian, at St. Helen, Oregon, where he was also justice of the peace. As a lecturer, Major Adams has attained a wide reputation, and his poems have been highly praised by the press and public.

THE RELEASED.

Over the dark cloud of her life
The rainbow of death ascended, [arch,
And her spirit went through its triumphal
Like a hero when battle is ended.
She never will wake in the gloomy night
And dread the coming morrow;

She has gone where the strains of eternal
peace

Hush the wild notes of sorrow.

The angels of light they met her that morn
Close by the gates of wonder, [sweet,
Which turned on their hinges to music
Then gloriously fell asunder.

Then her spirit went up New Jerusalem's
streets,

With the angels of God around her,
And then from the amaranth bowers above
With a garland of beauty they crowned her.

Then she seized in her hand a harp of gold,
In that wilderness of splendor, [full,
And poured forth a song of thanksgiving
Ineffably sweet and tender.

The angels took up the ending song,
In a full and mighty chorus,
"All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
To the Lamb that goes before us."

The sapphire hills that were gleaming there,
With a grandeur serene and splendid,
Repeated in echo, again and again,
The strain that should not be ended.

And the river of Life that is flowing for aye,
From the throne of the Great Jehovah,
In silvery cadences, sweet and low,
Kept singing the chorus over.

O, what to her are the griefs of life!
Like clouds in remotest distance,
Since she's entered upon a glorious state
In a blissful and new existence.

She weeps not that her path through life
Was roughened by thorn and briar, [state
Since the griefs that consumed her mortal
Only brought her heavenly nigher.

Her path was stony, her path was rough,
And her feet were torn and bleeding;
But she bathes them now in the river of Life
From the throne of the Lamb proceeding.

And binding her golden sandals on
With a joyous step and vagrant,
She wanders along where the lily-bells
Are showering their odors fragrant.

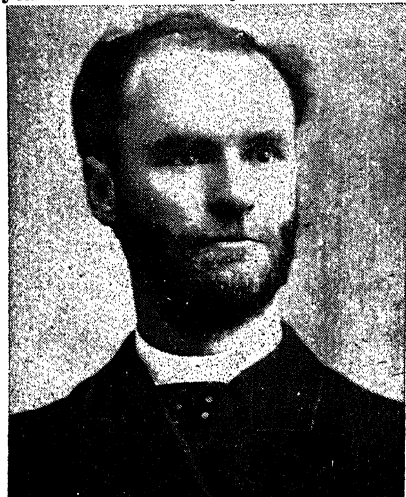
No light of the sun or moon is there,
But a soft and crystal brightness,
Like a cluster of stars, the Deity's throne,
Stands afar in its silvery whiteness.

And ever above it a rainbow gleams,
A pledge that the God-head has given,
That undisturbed shall the quiet be
Of inhabitants of Heaven.

O, for the pen of the angel that stands,
In the Book of Life recording
The deeds of the just,— to tell of the joys
That the righteous are rewarding.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

BORN: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 1, 1855.
 For some years Mr. Whitney, who is a prominent mormon, traveled in Europe on business connected with his church. Returning in 1883 he resumed his former place on the editorial staff of the Deseret News, and a year later was elected city treasurer of Salt



ORSON F. WHITNEY.

Lake, which he retained until 1890. He has published two books, including a volume of his Poetical Writings. Mr. Whitney has held various high positions in his native place, and in Utah is best known as Bishop Whitney. Mr. Whitney is quite a musician, and possesses not a little dramatic talent, and was president of the home dramatic club for some time. He is now engaged in writing the History of Utah, to be published in three volumes.

A LOVE SONG.

Thou art lovely, thou art fair,
 Maid of sunny golden hair,
 Eye of azure, 'neath its curl,
 Lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
 Sure the soul that has its shrine
 In that face and form divine —
 If such things did e'er agree —
 Must a soul of beauty be.
 Radiant as a vesper star;
 Gazing fondly from afar,
 To mine eyes thou dost appear
 Being of a brighter sphere.
 Though I ne'er may call thee mine,
 Lovely star, still o'er me shine;

Though I ne'er may see thee more,
 Still thy memory I'll adore.
 Though art lovely, thou art fair,
 Maid of sunny golden hair,
 And thy silvery voice shall seem
 As the music of a dream.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALE.

There's a mountain named stern justice,
 Tall and towering, gloomy, grand,
 Frowning o'er a vale called Mercy,
 Loveliest in all the land.

Great and mighty is the mountain,
 But its snowy crags are cold,
 And in vain the sunlight lingers
 On the summit proud and bold.

There is warmth within the valley,
 And I love to wander there
 'Mid the fountains and the flowers,
 Breathing fragrance on the air.

Much I love the solemn mountain;
 It doth meet my sombre mood,
 When, amid the muttering thunders,
 O'er my soul the storm-clouds brood;

But when tears, like rain have fallen
 From the fountain of my woe,
 And my soul has lost its fierceness,
 Straight unto the vale I go;

Where the landscape, gently smiling,
 O'er my heart pours healing balm,
 And, as oils on troubled waters,
 Brings from out its storm a calm.

Yes, I love both vale and mountain,
 Ne'er from either would I part,
 Each unto my life is needful,
 Both are dear unto my heart;

For the smiling vale doth soften,
 All the rugged steep makes sad,
 And from icy rocks meander
 Hills that make the valley glad.

THOUGHT'S MARTYRDOM.

What is it to be gifted? Sons
 Of science or of song?
 Ye whose brows are crowned with laurel,
 Ye to whom the wings belong
 Of Fancy's eagle, upward soaring
 Past the regions of the sun, [erns,
 Or downward piercing thought's deep cav-
 Whither erst had ventured none.

Answer, is it not to suffer
 Pangs to lesser souls unknown?
 Pine 'mid earthly throngs an exile
 Ne'er as then so much alone?
 Is it not to feel more keenly
 Censure's breath or sorrow's dart,
 To feed Fame's fickle, flickering flambeau,
 With blood from passion's breaking heart.

CHARLES RIEF.

BORN IN GERMANY, NOV. 13, 1842.

MR. RIEF's career has been an eventful one, having been around the world twice, and has just returned from Palestine and Egypt. He is a member of the city council, president of the Board of Education, and also member



CHARLES RIEF.

of the Board of Examiners of Teachers. He has been county representative and also county clerk at Grand Island, Neb., where he now resides, engaged principally in literary work.

THE SNOW STORM.

Hazy in the northern skies,
Doth a dark-grey storm-cloud rise;
Now a lull, anon a gust
Playing free, in sportive lust,
Intermixed with dust and snow;
Driven quickly to-and-fro.
Whirling round —
Onward bound;
With a hollow moaning sound,
And an icy arctic sting
Comes the storm—the snow-crowned king.

Beast with instinct, man with brains,
Dread the storm-king of the plains,
In his snow-fed track they come
Each one striving for a home;

Man walks, blinded on his route,
Whilst the beasts will roam about.

Till at last —
They are cast,

Down before the winter's blast:
One to die, one to be blest
Yonder with celestial rest!

See the fragrant cedar tree —
Bows its head to worship thee,
King of storms, thy royal will
Sweeps the mountain, vale and hill;
On thy regal diadem

Every crystal is a gem.

Snow sublime,

For a time,

Ruler of a northern clime;
All thy fury will be spent,
Three days bring thy final end!

In the west we see a gleam,
Now and then a golden beam;
Fleecy clouds pass swiftly by,
Presently an azure sky
Greet us, with a setting sun;
Storm-king now thy work is done?

Still the night,

Stars shine bright,

And the moon sheds silv'ry light.
Sparkling white the crystals glow,
On the snowy plains below.

AN ADDRESS TO THE "ISLAND OF ICELAND."

Hark! storm-tossed land, isle of the sea,
Field of the geysers, seat of Thor,
Restore again to memory
The runes, within thy ice-bound shore,
And sagas of the ancient skald.
"Heims kringling" as by Sturleson told,
Reclaim thy former liberty,
And set thy sons and daughters free!

O cold and arctic wonderland,
With slumbering jo-kuls glacier crowned,
Brought forth from Neptune's aqueous
And Titan's forces upward bound, [hand,
Child of the wave, yet born by fire!
Thy eddas ever will inspire.
Produce the legends of the sea,
And chant the songs of liberty.

The Midgard serpent is asleep,
Reposing, in the ocean's bed;
Old Kraken rests within the deep,
Still twilight of the gods gleams yet.
Let Frigga's son from Hecla's dome,
Again command the Norse, to roam
For liberty, from Vinland's shore,
Where first the Vikings freedom bore.

Stern Skaptar, in his fog-bound chime,
 With Vatna's heads spread gloom about;
 Volcanic peers, that rule sublime;
 (When Strokr may be coaxed to spout)
 Such wars, of fire, and frost, and snow,
 With streams, that hot from geysers flow,
 Proclaim, that fire-born energy
 Is incubating liberty.

Behold the Logberg of Thingwolls
 Where clear and dark-green water flows;
 In secret streams, from far jocular,
 Close by the ancient "Mount of Laws,"
 Here on the rugged lava floor,
 The "Althing" met in days of yore;
 When Leif stood with his bark to sea,
 For Bjarnes — Land of Liberty.

King Olaf's Christian tidal wave,
 Submerged the northern pagan claim,
 At that time when a chieftain brave
 In council mocked god Odin's claim.
 When sagas pure and elegant
 From Frode's and from Snorre's hand
 Told of thy jarls, the brave and free,
 Then Iceland cradled liberty.

Awake once more from lethargy,
 Float the white falcon to the breeze;
 Unfurl the blue flag of the free,
 Let vassalage and bondage cease!
 Erect thy runic ballad's throne,
 In honor of the arctic zone.
 First self-rule, or autonomy
 Then native free-born liberty.

ATOMIC GRAVITY, THE CAUSE OF SOLAR SYSTEMS.

A force, designed by mystic hand
 Launched, from the realms of nature's
 cause;

Found in the smallest grain of sand,
 And atoms, moved by inborn laws.

These laws at work, in space appear
 As gravity, the cosmic nurse,
 Which governs ever, far and near,
 And rules and guides the universe.

From causes, effects are displayed;
 Observed wherever we may gaze.
 An atom, that a cause obeyed,
 Gave effect to a sun in space.

It was at the creative morn,
 When atoms brought along that force
 Of matter, deep within them born;
 Nursed, from a life-inflating source.

Decreeing Fiat ordered light,
 When chaos was upon the scene;
 And from a long chimerian night,
 Did suns and worlds in space convene.

An innate force they did maintain,
 By casting from a blazing throne
 The planets, which around them train,
 With pristine power still their own.

Perforce, whilst yet each planet glows,
 Their crusts — cooled in an onward race —
 Were hurled along, by seismic throes
 In moons and asteroids through space.

So suns were with their systems thrown
 In space, on spiral curves to roam,
 By impulses in atoms shown;
 Bound ever for a central home.

This force born by primeval laws;
 A motor for eternity;
 Receding and advancing cause
 Is the Atomic Gravity.

ROBERT SINNICKSON.

BORN: SALEM, N. J., FEB. 10, 1827.

MR. SINNICKSON is a printer by trade. He has contributed to some of the leading periodicals of America.

LINES TO A GOLD DOLLAR.

Bright little messenger of love!
 Speed on thy way,
 And cheer the weary hearts of those
 In sorrow's fold.
 Thy tiny mold
 Doth concentrated power inclose,
 Which even may
 The weight of Sorrow's mountain move.

NEW VERSION.

He said he'd traveled east and west,
 Both continents all over;
 But liked his native land the best,
 Where springs the Jersey clover.
 I asked him if he was the "swell"
 I'd met with in Vienna:
 He said that I might go to -- well,
 They call it, now, Gehenna.

ALBUM LINES.

What shall I write
 For her, to-night? —
 Though young she's far advanced:—
 Shall it, like wine,
 With richness shine,
 Its worth by age enhanced?

Now let me see —
 What shall it be?
 Methinks I see her laugh,
 As she replies,
 With sparkling eyes,
 Why, write your autograph.

DR. AMASA S. CONDON.

BORN: PENOBSCOT, ME., DEC. 22, 1846.

DR. CONDON served as a volunteer in the civil war, and is now an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. In 1875 he was appointed one of the surgeons of the Union Pacific railroad, with headquarters at



DR. AMASA S. CONDON.

Ogden, Utah, where he now resides. Dr. Condon has written numerous poems that have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and hopes to publish a volume of his poems at an early date.

MEMORIAL DAY. 1889.

Tell me, oh Spirit of the eager sun,
When the long circuit of thy work is done,
What holier shrines thy beams have bless'd
to-day
Than those green mounds embalmed in
faithful tears,
Love's sweet libation to the feudal years
Now honored with the flowery wealth of
May.
And thou dear Angel of the lingering Spring,
As on our ear throbs thy departing wing,
Like Ocean's pulse-beat on some distant
shore,
Tell me what dust thy garlands wrap about
With more of ruth or tender love devout
Than ours that once a Nation's ransom bore.

* * * * *

Those days come back, those days when War's
red hand

Wove cypress o'er the thresholds of the land
For brave, strong men, who nevermore re-
turn,

To weeping Rachels whose belov'd and lost
They offered as a Nation's holocaust
And made of hearths a sacrificial urn.

This sad recurring day serenely warms
The recollection, and familiar forms
Throw off the grave's dull ceremonial rust.
We hear and know their voices as of old
And grasp their hand outstretched, nor feel
it cold
Till in our own it turns to naught but dust.

* * * * *

Once more, 'tis Spring, and her reviving
breath
Hides with propitious buds the scars of
death,
And clouds are white-wing'd angels of the
air;
Once more the brook sweeps through the
meadows green, [tween,
And sings unvexed its fragrant banks be-
That Peace and sweet Content dwell every-
where.

To-day I backward look through years of
rime,
Adown the long-drawn misty aisle of Time,
To the old picture of the village green;
I see the circling camp-fires through the
night,
Painting the soldier's tent with timorous
light,
While silhouette sentries pace the lonely
scene.

I feel the spell of sadness brooding down,
And deepening gloom pervades my native
town,
O'er spreading all the rural country side,
I seem to hear through twilight deepening
still
The cricket and the plaintive whip-poor-will,
And murmurs from the Ocean's rising tide.

* * * * *

Like some fair morn that wakes in leafy
June
To Boreal frosts and Winter's sunless noon,
And snows that sting, and bitter winds that
blow —
So woke to wrath the Nation's Summer way,
When men were met in battle's fierce array,
And foe crossed swords with hate-inspiring
foe.

So fell the day and every heart stood still
Beneath the rod of Fate's imperious will,

When thundering from the Southern clouds
afar,
We heard the roaring cannon of Bull Run,
Telling the awful wage of strife was on,
Nor knew the end of this remorseless war.

Once more we see the ensanguined plain
With crimson windrows of heroes' slain,
The wounded slow-pouring their life out
there,

The trooper controlling his plunging horse,
Full charging the front — a trampled corse
With face of a girl, and as debonair.

We're with them now in the elm-shaded home
And waiting with dread for the news to come,
Detailing the list of immortal dead. [grief
There's wringing of hands and impatient
And hearts are breaking for tears of relief,
And silent and bow'd is the silvery head.

But Peace has come down and the old home
still

Is charmed by the song of the whip-poor-will,
As he tunes his voice to a happier key.

And we, each year, when the day comes
round,

Engarland the graves in the Holy Ground
Where they sleep who died for you and me.

WHITTIER.

Scotland with pride claims Burns her own
Although his fame fills zone to zone;
With right good cheer, and song, and mirth,
She hails the day that gave him birth.

Where'er his well-loved portraits hang —

By wimpling Doon's dear cottage halls,
Where sweetest of the minstrels sang; —

Or by proud crests on gilded walls, —

The Scotchmen true to Scotia's pride;

Wreathe the loved face of him who died

The friend of all of human kind,

In precept and example taught

"A mon's a mon," whate'er his lot;

Man's patron saint and friend.

For to their eyes their seems to bend,

An aureole as heavenly bright

As angels wear beyond this night.

They feel his pain — want's cruel whip; —

Death set his seal upon his lip; —

And thank high heaven that He bequeathed

This Scotchman best that ever lived;

And from this birthright of the free,

Goes out across the billowing sea — "Amen."

And our dear Whittier; sage of men;

Who caught the other's falling pen;

Who sung — and human fetters broke

And melted in the battle's smoke;

And in that all-consuming act,

The world's great Hope forged into Fact, —

May thy long afternoon endure

Long e'er the dreamy twilight ends

Where shadow into darkness blends

And rest at last becomes secure.

We'll hang thy wreath with his beside,

And though th' unthinking world deride,

We'll garland them with rusting bands

That fell from helpless human hands.

Thou, who, ignoring sect and creed,

Self abnegating to behold

The lifted faces of the freed;

Thou who did'st seize the falling pen,

Shall in all future, side by side,

Be the compeer of Scotia's pride

While all the world responds — "Amen."

DR. S. D. SIBBET.

BORN: NORTHAMPTON, PA.

FOR the past twenty years Dr. Sibbet has divided his time between the practice of his profession and scientific researches. He has read a number of papers before scientific bodies on The Unity of Matter and Force, The Correlation and Conservatism of Energy, Spectrum Analysis, The Nebular Hypothesis, and upon other topics.

THE DEWDROP ON MY WINDOW PANE.

As I watched the frost on my window pane,

A dewdrop came laughing in sight,

As pure as the frost in which it had lain

A close prisoner all night.

Bright, laughing dewdrop, the sun set you

And soon he will bear you away [free,

To your cloudland home now waiting for thee

While here, as a truant, you stay

Why, little dewdrop, why stay from your
home,

Where sun-tinted clouds are at play?

Did you know the bright, bright sunbeams

To take you as vapor away? [would come

"As vapor I came, as vapor I go,"

Said my dewdrop laughing with glee;

"Maybe I'll come back as beautiful snow,

I would love a snowflake to be.

"Should I be wooed by some bright little

I'll sport as a dewdrop again; [flower,

Perchance, in summer, descend in a shower

As one of its drops of warm rain."

"Sweet child of the frost, thou first-water gem

I know of no jewel so bright;

Will you come back to my window again

And sleep in its frost over night?"

But ere I could get the wished-for reply,

Or ere a good-bye I could say,

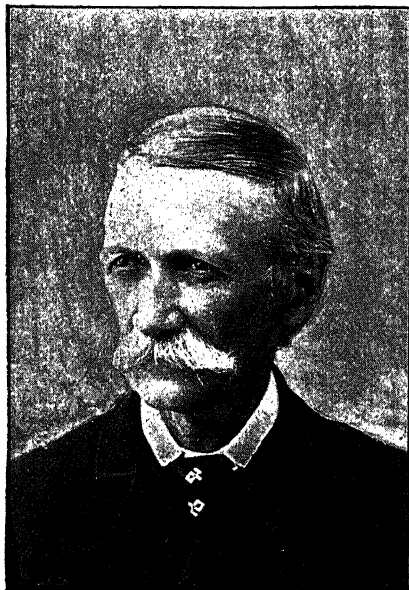
The sun sent a beam from the Eastern sky

And bore little dewdrop away.

HORACE BIRNEY WILLARD.

BORN: VOLNEY, N. Y., MAY 2, 1825.

GRADUATING in 1849, Mr. Willard subsequently practised medicine for twenty years, which profession failing health compelled him to abandon. He served several years in the county board of supervisors; one year



HORACE BIRNEY WILLARD.

as Mayor of Fort Atkinson; and in 1861 was a member of the Wisconsin legislature. Mr. Willard has been often called to other places of public trust and responsibility. He is now vice-president of the Citizen's State Bank at Fort Atkinson, Wis., where he now resides.

THE TRUTH SHOULD BE SPOKEN AT ALL TIMES.

Is silence a lie?
How guilty am I
Who suppress many truths from duty or
choice,
And lay them away
For some future day,
If, indeed, they ever be given a voice.

If truth must be spoken,
Then hearts must be broken,
And family ties often sundered in twain;
Wouldn't editors' wives

Lead miserable lives
If, on every occasion the truth should obtain?

Should ministers tell
The truth about hell,
Would editors' sleep give the same quiet rest?
A maxim quite old
Says "Silence is gold,"
While speech, tho' 'tis truth, is but silver at
best.

TO DELLA.

My Child, could I the Fates control,
I would not dare, upon my soul,
To make the coming years
As cloudless as I might desire,
The fruit and flowers of life require
Some sympathetic tears.

I oft have thought, and wished as oft,
That I might spread the velvet soft
For thy soul's white feet,
And yet I'd have you understand
That Wisdom doth, with loving hand,
Mix bitter with the sweet.

Why should the feeble plant despise
The benediction of the skies,
Or deem the storm its foe!
For leaf and bud and fragrant flower,
Both to the sun and to the shower,
Their wealth of beauty owe.

QUANDARY.

To lie, or not to lie, with me,
The solemn question seems to be.

In such a world, where naught is real—
Where love and friendship are ideal—
Where lying is the legal tender,
And Truth's large discount seems to render
Bankrupt all who dare invest—
Where joy and peace and sacred rest
In hope and faith and fancy dwell,
Where human nature since it fell,
As we are told, and don't deny,
Is a contradiction and a lie,
And feeds on falsehood; as we know,
On carcass feeds the carrion crow—
Whether 'tis better for age or youth
To mix with lies some little truth,
Or take quite clear their natural food.
Behold there goes a hungry brood
Of turkey-buzzards; o'er the plain
They soar, scorning all fresh slain
Quadrupeds, that, untainted lie
In rich abundance; by and by
They snuff with fierce avidity

Quintessence of putridity,
 And there they feed — there they batten.
 Do you suppose that they would fatten
 On the sweetest kinds of diet?
 Could you ever make them try it?
 Should moral buzzards be coerced
 To feed on truth when so averted?
 Lying! Why 'tis the "Goldsmith Maid"
 Of politics. Who rides the jade
 Is sure to win in every heat;
 While ignominious defeat
 And dire disgrace, do but await
 The honest, truthful candidate.
 In literature 'tis much the same;
 Ambition's son who covets fame,
 Finds it in fiction and romance.
 It only needs a furtive glance
 To see th' immortal mind demands
 The works of Dickens, Elliot, Sands.
 We thank the Lord they lived, and lied,
 And pray their like be multiplied;
 Living, we laud and glorify,
 We monument them when they die.
 Then in the social world, ah me,
 What should we do, what would we be,
 Could we speak nothing but the truth?
 What palsied tongues for want of use —
 What wretched souls for want of food —
 How stagnant all the neighborhood —
 How stupid our tea-table talks,
 Insipid all our evening walks;
 No cheek would tingle with delight
 At Flattery's tongue, or eye grow bright.
 How sweet the words "I love you well,"
 From woman's lips — though false as hell,
 The depths are stirred, the thrills are given,
 And sweetest thoughts of life and Heaven
 Exalt the soul. What tho' she lied,
 Would not the lie be sanctified?

Who does not know, as well as Knox,
 That lying may be orthodox?
 That Abraham denied his wife,
 Because he fancied that his life
 Was jeopardized by her sweet face,
 Or by her symmetry and grace?
 And Jacob, too, as well we know,
 Lied, and was blessed in doing so;
 Oh, such a master-stroke of lying
 To a father, old and dying!
 Such a rich reward receiving
 For his falsehood and deceiving,
 In vain we search historic page
 For parallel in any age.
 George, of the "hatchet," never lied:
 He lived and loved, and when he died
 He left no son to bear his name;
 No child nor chick to share his fame:
 Such was the poor reward he met,
 While Jacob lives in Israel yet.

PROF. JOSEPH W. CHAPMAN

BORN: MARBLEHEAD, MASS., NOV. 26, 1855.

AFTER graduating from the Dartmouth college in 1879, Joseph W. Chapman entered the educational field, and is now principal of High school at Pueblo, Colorado. His poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press, and in several collections. He has lectured on literature, written quite a number of stories, and is a great student of literature. Mr. Chapman was married in 1885 to Miss Julia Prichard, and has a son named Edward.

MARBLEHEAD.

There is none like our mother in the land!
 Such grace as hers, such warm, impulsive
 heart!
 Such will, too, strong as her gray rocks that
 part
 The squadron waves when mustering on her
 strand!
 Stout souls her children are — a valiant
 band!
 They carve her name ahigh in Honor's
 mart;
 They write her praise on Time's eternal
 chart;
 For men are they of sturdy heart and hand!
 And who but loves her for her gracious self?
 Who is not proud her humblest child to be?
 Freedom she gives us with our everybreath,
 Not born of servile wills, nor gilded pelf,
 But of her winds and her green-girdling
 sea,
 And sweet as love, aye, strong as bitter
 death.

MY FRIEND.

"Oh, deep love for a new friend is not meet!"
 You say with something bitter in your tone.
 Then do you grant me that the years complete
 The perfect friend, and but the years alone?
 And is there naught save time, and life so
 sweet?
 Is not the spirit more than blood and bone?
 This man is not a new friend you saw greet
 Me yesterday. I knew his soul ere moan
 Of life began. We joyed in fields of light
 Together, heart and heart, while aons sped,
 Till on our souls a sleep came as of night
 And we were born. Should I not know though
 dead,
 My own! The new is old. Saw you not, say,
 How true unto my heart he knew the way?

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

BORN: CHAMPAIGN, ILL., JUNE 28, 1859.

WHEN about eight years of age the parents of this lady removed to Louisville, Kentucky, and later to Okolona, Mississippi, where she now resides with her husband, whom she



JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

married in 1880. She graduated in 1876, receiving the gold medal in senior composition. Mrs. Cappleman has written some two hundred pieces of poetry, almost all of which has received publication. She is a member of the Press Association of Mississippi.

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW.

They leap from the soul of a baby
And then all over it spread,
From the white and pink of its toe-tips,
To the halo of gold round its head;
From the depths of its dainty dimples,
From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,
From the smooth, shapely neck and shoulders
To the tapering finger tips.
They're hidden within every heart-fold,
And cuddled down close to the core,

And, tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still I find there a thousand-fold more!
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the treasure I found just before—
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize —
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
And I whisper— O, angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel— can you ever quite know —
Of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow?
Of the wearisome woes that they soften?
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight?
That their magic soars out thro' the sunshine,
And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love-token given —
When given for sacred love's sake;
For, if purity's planted in earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being,
As its life-page begins to unroll.

So I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright, curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee-tot of its treasures —
For still they'll continue to grow;
And in long after-years gleams a mem'ry
That backward forever will flow,
To that bonnie-eyed babe of the bygone,
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

LITTLE HANDS.

Dear little hands, kind little hands,
Dear and kind as can be,
Hands that I feel hold all the world,
And are dearer than life to me.

Good little hands, warm little hands,
Warm as the heart by their side,
Warm when the world and its ways have
chilled,
And friends have failed whom we tried.

Bold little hands, brave little hands,
Bold and brave as can be,
Hands that will brave the world and its
wiles,
Just for the sake of me.

Tried little hands, true little hands,
True, and oft tried they be,
Hands that will toil the whole night through
In their loving concern for me.

Know we not all some loved little hands,
That are dear, and brave and true?
Aye; and for them we'd lay down our lives,
Or aught that a mortal can do?

O loved little hands now leaping with life,
All chilly they'll some day be;
Then care and caress them, ere folded from
sight,
For the term of eternity.

A PLEA.

I have watched the children playing
With the countless odds and ends,
Such as children glean together
In their mystic little dens.
I have watched their mute emotions
Ever changing with the hours,
And I find they have their heart-aches
The same as we have ours.

I have seen their frightened faces
When a glorious Golden-hair,
From out the dolly-kingdom,
Had sudden' gone buck there;
And have heard their sighs and heart-sobs
When they realized the blow,
Then isn't dolly's death to them
Just as a mother's woe?

Yet we smile upon their folly,
Or chide them for their grief,
Little thinking of their anguish —
That their feelings need relief:
Never heeding, never halting
To reckon that childhood's heart,
Of all that's good in nature,
Is the best — the purest part.

But, can you not remember,
In the days of long ago,
Of just such crushing sorrow
As these little darlings know?
And for days and days together
Have mourned some thing of play,
And wondered that your elders
Should not your grief allay?

Do you think because its childhood,
And childhood's heart is light,
That these ceaseless little crosses
Cannot their beings blight?
Oh, hear that soulful sobbing,
And see those tearful showers!

Ah! children have their heart-aches
The same as we have ours.

Then soothe that childish sorrow,
And smooth the throbbing head,
As tho' it were a mother
When mourning for her dead:
And the little heart will thank you
In the years that are to be;
Aye, remember that the children
Have heart-aches just as we.

THE CLICK OF THE RUSTIC GATE.

There rises a picture before me —
A picture that's darkened and dim,
And the feelings of youth — time rush o'er
me —

A youth-time all hallowed to him.
Again 'tis the hush of the gloaming,
And my heart doth all eagerly wait,
As I breathlessly look, then listen
For the click of the rustic gate.

Anon sound the rust-hampered hinges,
And I smother a great boundless sob,
While a tremor thrills thro' my whole being
Till my heart-strings convulsively throb;
And I feel the glad light of his presence,
As I list to the tread of his feet,
And my soul flows out in its fullness
Its mate and its master to meet.

Ah, sacred — too sacred for mention —
Are words uttered low in the ear —
Too sacred the troth of our soul-lives
For aught but the night-winds to hear.
I know a content fell upon me,
And I tremulous tried then to pray
That the perfect love-peace of that moment
Might prove my sweet portion alway.

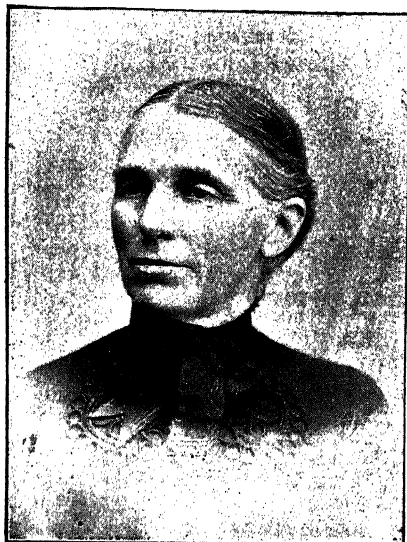
Are you waiting the end of my love-dream?
The sobs choke my voice should I speak,
And the tears dim all the white pages
When the cause, to unburthen, I seek;
Yet the moments have merged into ages —
Or ages it seemeth to me —
Since the click of the gate in the gloaming,
That can never, ah? never more be.

Those rapturous hours are all ended,
Those love-days long since died away,
And their memory is all that remaineth
Of my hero, who fell in the Fray:
And here, in my lone, loveless chamber,
In desolate sorrow I wait,
For silent, forever is silent
The click of the rustic gate.

MRS. C. M. H. WRIGHT.

BORN: JUNE 3, 1836.

MRS. WRIGHT has written prose and poetry quite extensively for different papers and periodicals for the past thirty years. She has given much of her time to temperance work, and written several dramas; one of



MRS. C. M. H. WRIGHT.

which is entitled "Mother Knows Best," a temperance play. Naturally of a retiring and conscientious disposition Mrs. Wright is averse to having her name placed as prominently before the public as it undoubtedly deserves.

A PLEA FOR THE WORN-OUT HORSE.

Have mercy on that worn-out horse,
Remember how he strove
With heavy load up hill and down,
When but a youth you drove.

Deal gently with him now he's old,
And halt, and lame, and blind;
The time was when a better horse
You strove in vain to find.

Have pity on his stumbling gait,
Those rough, unshapely limbs,
Were smooth and fleet in younger days,
You were justly proud of him.

Do you mind that free and dashing step,
When once you bet, and won the race?

So proud to be the winning horse
He showed it in his face.

Give him a warmer, softer bed,
A sweeter bunch of hay;
Buy him a thick warm blanket too,
And don't begrudge the pay.

You fed him when a prancing colt,
And with a boyish pride
Remarked upon his rounded build,
As you stroked his glossy side.

Heap up the measure round and high,
He needs it all the more,
Since age with its infirmities,
And hardships oft he's bore.

Don't let the children harass him,
But teach them to be kind
To patient, plodding old lame Dick,
And all his needs to mind.

The best that you can do for him
Is only his just due;
His long hard life of honest toil
He freely gave to you.

SHE COULD NOT BE SELFISH

I wouldn't be selfish like some girls I know,
And be wishing for everything nice on the tree;

Of course I want something, a dolman per-
haps
And a few more things, would satisfy me.

I own I've been wanting a book and some
lace,

O yes! and some mittens, a scarf and a
ring,

Besides there's that necklace I've doted upon,
And a cage with a pert little bird that will
sing.

That isn't much I am sure, but I almost for-
got

A set of new furs and a stylish new hat,
That will quite eclipse the Browns and the
Jones,

With a long sweeping feather, and all of
that,

Yes! I'd like some slippers and a dainty hood,
Which would be the envy of all the town,
And I am sure to get, I hope so at least,
A pearl card case and blue silk gown.

A box of perfumery and a pair of kid gloves
With a nice gold watch would come in very
good,

But I don't want everything as some girls do.
I cannot be selfish — I never, never could.

A CHRISTMAS RHYME FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A poor little girl with a tattered gown
One beautiful Christmas night,
Crept up to a window large and wide
And feasted her eyes on the sight.

A table was spread with Christmas pies,
And all that was good to eat;
While she stood shivering and cold without
No shoes to cover her feet.

A kind old man saw the dear little face
Pressed close to the window pane;
And, snatching her up in his great strong
arms
Strode up to the door and walked in.

A bevy of children gathered around
To take in the curious sight;
Some gave her candy, and some gave buns,
Till the little girl cried with delight.

That night she slept in a soft warm bed,
And never knew hunger more;
For the man who picked up the starving waif,
Was a friend to the needy and poor.

Now, when we eat our Christmas sweets,
And beautiful presents receive,
Let us not forget that some boys and girls
Are hungry and cold this Christmas Eve.

SORROW IN EVERY HEART.

There is sorrow in every heart on earth,
No mortal can hope to be free.
And others have seen their idols laid low
Alike with you and with me.

The cup our neighbor is drinking to-day,
Draining to the dregs of Sorrow,
May come to us as it came to them,
To quaff it off to-morrow.

We lay our choicest treasures down,
The while our hearts are breaking;
And in our woe we'll nigh forget,
What other hearts are aching.

What though our darlings still and cold,
Sleep 'neath the nodding daisies;
When Jesus wakes his jewels up
They'll rise to sing his praises.

And then how sweet 'twill be to feel,
When united round His throne,
Through affliction Christ was leading us,
To our bright eternal home.

'Tis the common lot of all mankind,
Each in their turn to suffer pain;
But he who often sows in tears,
Shall reap in joy again.

TEMPERANCE RECITATION.

FOR A SMALL BOY.

Red Ribbon, do you ask why I wear it,
Why nothing can be more plain —
Just simply to say to my neighbor
That I'm not a drinking man.

I've signed the pledge over and over,
And broke it, I blush to confess,
But, with this little pleasant reminder,
I can't drink with this on my breast

I've tried to look the other way,
And edge my way up to the bar.
But it is sure to flash up in my face,
The bright little guiding star.

To be sure it is but a trifle,
This bit of red ribbon I wear,
But our life is made up of trifles,
And each trifle some weight doth bear.

It is but a trifle this drinking
A little weak ale now and then;
Yet it leads to results most disastrous,
Often ruining the mightiest of men.

These trifles, I happen to notice,
Soon alarming proportions assume,
And in order to steer clear of breakers,
We should mind all these trifling things.

Besides, the girls look more kindly,
A fact which I'm happy to note,
And if the dear creatures will back us,
We'll wipe this vile whisky stain out.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

Why is it my school mates all shun me;
And call me a poor, worthless brat.
Do they think I have not enough sorrow,
That they scorn me, and treat me like that.

Is it not enough I must go shivering,
And starved and beaten at home,
That they jostle and push me so rudely,
Must I travel life's journey alone?

Is there not one cycle left to pity,
One heart in sympathy to beat;
One hand in mercy to lead me,
To guide these poor wandering feet.

Am I to blame that my father
Loves whisky more than the right.
Must I bear his kicks and his curses,
And the scorn of the world alike?

Is there a being above, as they tell me,
All powerful in goodness and love;
Who is able to give, or take from us,
O, is there such a being above?

If so, why does he not help me;
Why do I not hear his loved voice?
One look or one word of kindness,
Would make this poor lone heart rejoice.

REV. DENIS O. CROWLEY.

BORN: IRELAND, 1852.

BEFORE attaining his majority, Mr. Crowley emigrated to America and settled in Boston, where he procured a position in the publishing house of Rand, Avery & Co., at the same time contributing many short poems and sketches for the periodical press under



REV. DENIS O. CROWLEY.

the nom de plume of Dunboy. We next find him in the far west, having laid aside the pen and took up the pick-axe in the mining camp, where he accumulated sufficient means to enter St. Vincent's college, at Los Angeles. Here he won the first prize every year for English composition, and graduated the Valedictorian of his class in 1880. He next entered the St. Mary's seminary, at Baltimore, where he completed a three years' course of theology, and was elevated to the priesthood in 1883. In 1887 he was transferred to San Francisco, where the City Waifs were confided to his care. Since then he has built a large and beautiful home for the destitute and homeless boys of the city and state. At the same time Rev. Father Crowley started the St. Joseph's Union, a magazine from which he derived the principal means of support for his destitute boys. As president of the Youth's Directory, of San Francisco, and as editor of the St. Joseph Union, Rev. Denis O. Crowley has attained a national reputation as a philanthropist and litterateur. He is the author of "A Chaplet of Verse," and has contributed extensively to current literature.

THE SWEET AND GOLDEN WEST.

They talk of the beauteous Dardanelles,
And the Sunny land of Spain;
Of scenes where primeval Nature dwells
Away by the Indian main;
But the plastic germ of Empire great
Wakes hope in every breast,
Where a future grand looms o'er the land
Of the sweet and golden West.

I have roamed by sunny Southern seas,
Thro' breathing groves of palm,
Where flight of birds alone disturbs
The blue ethereal calm;
But the vernal vest of the glowing West
Is fairer far to me
Than the sun-robed South with its coral isles
And cloudless canopy.

The sun there smiles on a hundred isles
Of the greenest and loveliest hue,
Ere his rays are spent in the Occident
Where he bids the world adieu;
And Sierras tall from a hundred peaks
Their darkling shadows throw
O'er a virgin land where glades expand
And beautiful rivers flow.

Those sombre dells where the wild deer
And the rude red Indian roams, [dwells,
Are yielding now to the white man's steel
And the white men build their homes
Over Indian graves where the Madrone waves
And sunbeams love to rest,
When evening shades steal thro' the glades
Of the sweet and golden West.

DECORATION DAY.

We pray for the fond ones whose life-blood
On Liberty's altar was shed;
And deck with green garlands and flowers
The graves of the Patriot dead;
Who stood by the Union's brave banner,
Unflinching 'neath War's open mouth,
When the proud Rebel hosts rushed upon her
Like tempest-clouds, up from the South;
Who march'd to the red field of battle
And breasted the brunt of the fight,
While the guns of the foe were out-belching
Death-hail against Justice and Right.
Weave, weave your gay garlands, young maid-
And make no distinction to-day [dens,
'Twixt those who went down in the Blue
And these who fell under the gray. [ranks
The Patriot, Poet and Statesman
Long, long shall their virtues proclaim
In the fond-feeling heart of the Nation
Upbuilt is their temple of fame.
And there it shall stand forth unshaken,
Defying wreck, molder, or change
While down through the vistas of ages
Gray Time on his orbit doth range.

JUANITA.

The flowers that bloom in tropic bowers,
And bask in sunset splendor;
The halcyon breeze at twilight hours,
Where rippling torrents me'nder,
Are not so fair as thy sweet face,
Or light as thy elastic pace,

Juanita.

A sunbeam o'er a sea of pearls,
Is thy bright smile, Juanita;
Thou fairest of the lovely girls,
From far La Paz to Quito!
Spouse of my soul, hope of my heart,
My love beyond compare thou art,

Juanita.

Bright Angels from celestial spheres,
Methinks might stoop and listen
To thy sweet song, or view thy tears,
When pity bids them gladden;
Sure Cortez in his palmy days,
Would gladly pause to chant thy praise,

Juanita.

O, for an island far away,
An Avalon of beauty,
Where founts of youth eternal play,
And it should be my duty
To praise and love but thee alone,
Unseen, unheard of, and unknown,

Juanita.

THE SONG OF OUR LAND.

Roam where you will through the civilized
nations,
From grim Keeps of winter to summer's
bright zone,
And still it will greet you in sweet intona-
tions—
"The last Rose of Summer left blooming
alone."

Ye sons of the muse that illumine our pages,—
Moore, Mahony, Davis and Callanan grand—
Your names shall go down through the long
coming ages,
Enshrined in the beautiful songs of our land.

Dear Children of Nature, sweet bards of our
Island, [blime,
Balfe, Mangan and Lover and Griffin su-
Your songs are a beacon that gleams from
the highland,
"A rainbow of hope" through the vistas of
Time.

You may roam through the Universe, mix
with it's races
From the Orient sky to the Occident strand,
And still you shall hear 'mid all people and
places,
The soul-stirring, sweet-sounding songs of
our land.

WASHINGTON.

Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name
Doth still adorn the Book of Fame;
Whose deeds shall live while freemen prize
The cause for which the Patriot dies,
Long to Columbia may'st thou be
The beacon light of Liberty.

THE RUINS OF THE COLISEUM.

Hearken, ye bards, I sing a noble theme,
The pride of Rome, the wondrous Coliseum
Whose aged ruins in tow'ring boldness stand,
Their shadows casting o'er a storied land;
Whose ancient splendor e'en surpassed the
height

Of facts far range, or fancy's chainless flight.
Ere yet the Christian sun of modern Rome
Shed its effulgence on St. Peter's dome,
The Coliseum, six hundred feet in length,
In width five hundred, peerless in its strength
Of pillar'd arches, tow'rs and turrets high,
Reared its dimensions to the sapphire sky.
Cæsar spoke, Augustus laid its plan;
Titus finished what Augustine began;
Tier after tier uprose in Doric style,
Out-soaring the Pyramids of the mystic Nile;
And its vast awning, when at morn out-
rolled,

Flashed in the sun like undulating seas of
gold.

Its cushioned theatre of elliptic mold,
Glittered with lamps inlaid with Syrian gold;
With precious rubies, culled from Eastern
mines,
And sacred pendants torn from Juda's
shrines.

The broad arena in the center stood,
Crimson and reeking with barbarian blood,
Drawn by the lion's fang, the licitor's dart,
And acting like incense on the Roman heart.

Ten times ten thousand gazers, breathing
low,
Watched with impatience the descending
blow

That forced some spirit from its mortal zone,
And sent it trembling to its Maker's throne;
Then call'd and clamor'd till Orphean strains
Stilled the fierce current in the fiery veins.
Void of humanity, it seemed their aim
To drug with human woes their draught of
fame.

They, with a force which uncurbed passion
lends,
Oppressed the world, to further private ends;
And so, at length, impelled by savage greed,
Outstepped the limits Nature's law decreed,
And wrung from sacred heaven that direful
fate,

Which humbled Rome in all her strength elate;
 Alaric came to vent with sword and fire,
 On Pagan heads the Lord's avenging ire;
 God's Chast'ning Rod, was he, surcharged
 with doom,
 That smote those savage games in all the
 pride of bloom.

PART II.

When Luna sheds her melancholy light
 O'er this vast ruin, and peoples all the night,
 With spectral forms, the wand'ring poet's
 brain
 Fills the wide space with yelling crowds
 again,
 Creative fancy olden acts renew,
 And former scenes come thronging to his
 view.
 His bosom heaves, he sheds a pitying tear
 For poor barbarians, brought from Finland
 here;
 Torn from their native springs, their forest
 home,
 To glut the cravings of licentious Rome.
 Young Christians kneeling on the crimsoned
 sands,
 Raise to high heaven their wistful eyes. In
 bands,
 Scorning alike the Emperor's smile and
 frown,
 Reject they the ermine for the martyr's
 Crown.
 Where once the sands were dyed with human
 blood,
 Now hostile navies sweep along the flood.
 He sees them grapple, whirl their flashing
 spears,
 Tumultuous shouts are sounding in his ears.
 Anon the galleys, filled with human gore,
 Sink 'neath their crews, alas! to rise no more,
 And drowning wretches crying for aid aloud,
 Receive but jeers from the encircling crowd.
 The floods recede, and vernal woods appear
 Wherein are crouched the "forest king" and
 bear;
 Where fitting birds of gaudy plumage sing,
 And sparkling fountains from their sources
 spring,
 Where the rich lawns mirror the countless
 dyes
 That fleck the azure of Italia's skies.

PART III.

Thus the young poet, through fancy's golden
 maze,
 Roams, laughs, and weeps, 'mid scenes of
 other days;
 Sips from the cup of visionary joy,

Brimful of hope and bliss without alloy.
 But as the joy that most substantial seems
 Breaks from our grasp, like sparks from
 meteor beams,

His bliss evanished. The shrill screams
 Of the night-owl arouse him from his dreams,
 And starting up he sees the silent moon
 Gaze softly down the broad expanse of ruin;
 Then slowly spake he — thus his stanzas ran:
 "How frail, how faulty is the work of man!
 How fleeting joy, how fickle power and health,
 How false is pride and how deceiving wealth."
 Yon Celean hills as full and firmly stand
 As when just molded by the Maker's hand.
 The rushing Tiber flows with force unspent,
 As when Rome's founder gazed from out his
 tent

On its bright bosom, spreading far and wide,
 Or led his flocks along its cooling tide;
 While this huge wreck, the climax of man's
 power,

'Neath Time's corroding breath is wasting
 hour by hour.

Where stilted Trajan reared his haughty
 head,

The busy spider spins his glossy thread;
 And hooting owls in nightly broils engage,
 Where proud Commodus reddened into rage;
 The swift swallows, the silent sable bar,
 Usurp the arches 'neath which Titus sat.
 Ye Kings of Commerce, ye who gaze with
 pride

On fertile acres stretching far and wide;
 Who would oppress the wealth-producing
 poor,

Ponder the fate of those who ruled of yore,
 From Obe's tide to Britain's western shore.
 Observant man who studies Nature's laws
 And deeply thinks, this one deduction draws:
 All works of Art, no matter how sublime,
 Shrink from the touch of all subduing time;
 While those of Nature—ocean, dale and steep,
 Sky, sun and stars — the Godhead's impress
 keep.

Then how account for Rome's unequaled
 age!

Her sisters' fall illumines History's page,
 Greece, Carthage, Antioch, Syria, all
 Who lived ere she was conqueror of Gaul,
 Have sunk beneath the fertile fibrous plains,
 But she of all the ancient throng remains!
 A simple Cross, the symbol sign of Truth,
 Though old in years, in strength a stripling
 youth,

Is poised whereon "Colossal of the Sun,"
 The culminating height of Rome's dominion
 shone;

And, after centuries of mortal strife,
 Reveals the mystery of Rome's immortal life.

AARON W. FREDERICK.

BORN: PENNSYLVANIA.

GRADUATING from the Mount Union college of Ohio in 1876, Mr. Frederick has since been a teacher, and in 1883 was elected superintendent of schools in Preston county, W. Va., which position he filled for two years. He next had charge of the Saint George academy, of West Virginia, for two years; then was called to the principalship of a high school at Parks, N. C.; and in the spring of 1888 Mr. Frederick went west and has since had charge of Dry Creek academy, a grammar school in Fresno county, Cal. The poems of this educator and writer have appeared from time to time in the periodical press, and have received high commendation.

"A GENTLEMAN FRIEND."

Is he your friend? Is he your friend, who
chats [your soul
With you and smiles his gladness through
Like moonbeams shimmering through the
trees where love
Links arm with love? Is he, indeed, your
friend?

Is he your friend, forsooth, who leaves the
stamp

Of sweet sincerity upon your lips?
Who presses you against his too-warm heart,
As if to let you know it beats for you—
Would break for you, had it but half a
chance?

He is your friend, though but a dog, who
leaps [waves
From off the pier and plunges thro' the
At risk of his own life to rescue yours.

He is your friend, who hears the wild alarm
Of bells, who rushes to your side and dares
The flames, who brings you saved from
crumbling walls

In his strong arms—a god-like hero, he!

He is your friend, who rather would meet
death

Than see you sin or suffer wrong and pain
Through any fault of his; 'tis such alone
Can bring a bride love like a parent feels.
Call him by his true title—fiend, not friend,
Who spreads a snare to dupe young inno-
cence. [kiss,

No friend would give weak Virtue one false
Or cause the cooing dove, poor thing! to fall
A victim to the vulture of his vice.

A gentleman is pure as he would have
His sisters be; no less. A friend is he
To guardian angels dear, who loves you well
Enough to be your stout and staid ally,
Your Noah 'mid the deluge of desires

That toper religion's Ararats — [wealth
A friend worth more than worlds of hoarded
Is he who helps you set your spirit free
From passion's burning edifice of lust
In which youth finds itself.

A friend is one
Who should be Christian to the finger tips,
And ready always with a kindly hand
To proffer aid, and honor to defend.

Who lives the life of duty and would lead
All men in ways of worth, elect him friend—
No nobler suffrage has the heart on earth—
And hold him high in holy confidence;
For friendship is akin to faith in God.

A HOME.

He has a home—a loving heart
In which he may securely dwell;
No harm can come to him, I ween,
In such a dainty citadel.

She has a home—a manly breast
Will shelter her, whate'er befall;
No harm can come to her, I ween,
Within that rugged castle-wall.

They have a home—a sweet child-soul
Wherein they live in perfect bliss;
No harm can come to them, I ween,
In such a residence as this.

CLARA.

One day the sun peeped thro' the clouds
And a little girl smiled,
And all around grew brighter still
Because of the child.

Her father sat and talked about
The way that it rained,
And all around grew dark again
While he complained.

"I wouldn't mind it, pa, a bit,"
Said little daughter,

"You'll make it worse to cry, I'm sure—
You'll make more water."

A SONNET.

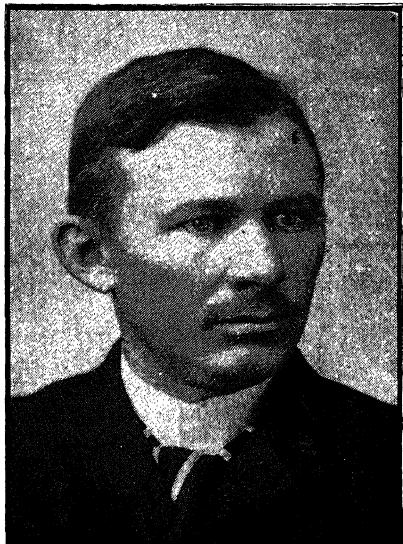
Afar I often see a stranded yacht
Along the dim horizon of my dreams,
And from the foundering wreck I catch
faint gleams

Of warm desires, too bright to be forgot.
My yearning is forever—yielding not,
Tho' jetsam be the gold of buoyant schemes,
I long for happiness. My day-star beams
Its bliss on some far-off and favored spot.
Not here. My aspirations, waking, rise;
I wish; hope soars and seeks a better sphere—
The instinct of the soul is hence; 'tis wise:
Faith hovers high above each fluttering fear,
And I am sure the spirit never dies
But lives in cycles farther on. Not here.

AARON GREEN DAVIS.

BORN: CAMDEN, TENN., MARCH 9, 1865.

In his youth Mr. Davis contributed both prose and verse quite extensively to the Southern press. In 1889 he began the publication of the Southerner, and the following spring was elected county lecturer of the



AARON GREEN DAVIS.

Agricultural Wheel, now known as the Farmer's Alliance, which position he filled for two years. He is now county court clerk of Dyer county, and resides in Dyersburg, Tenn. Mr. Davis also has editorial control of the Dyersburg Times.

THOUGHTS.

Some thoughts like flowers grow,
In tenderness, and these are sweet
Blown when the dawn is bending low;
But some gushed from the furnace, glow
Like sun-rays of the noontide heat.

These gently breathe thro' heart and mind
The sweets of Beauty's spirit deeps;
Those with the fires of passion blind,
Fill souls that rise and weep to find
They cannot reach the glory steep.

IN THE WOODS.

I love these grand old solitudes,
These sylvan deeps, these pathless woods:
For when, with weary, throbbing brain
And yearning bosom, dull with pain,

I long for rest, I find it here
In this screener atmosphere;
In tranquil moments of release
From toil blessed with holy peace.

NOVEMBER.

The corn is shocked in the hollow,
And the cotton patch is white;
The rugged hills in the distance
Grow dim in the smoky light.

The lingering birds are chirping
In the boughs of the sighing hedge;
Where the lonely flowers are blowing
And the rabbit hides in the sedge.

The lark is gay where the meadow
Is sprinkled with tinted leaves;
And the partridge, over the thicket,
Is piping among the sheaves.

And when the sundown has faded,
And the night comes, bleak and chill,
And I hear the horn of the hunter
Break over the distant hill.

When the dim, red moon is rising
Over a path that is traced
Across the woodland, I wander
To a cot half hid in the waste —

To a cot where fagots burn brightly
As the hour is wearing late,
And two bright eyes at the window
In the gloaming watch and wait!

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

EXTRACT.

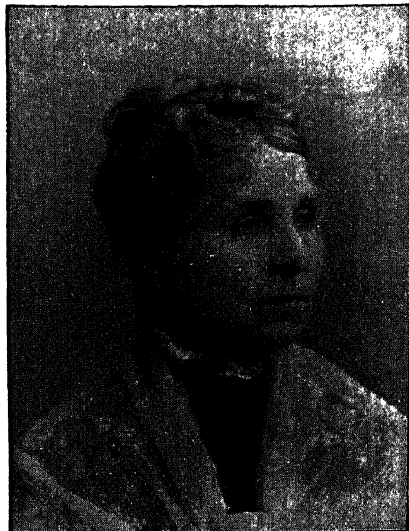
The blast from the battle-blown trumpet
Has died on the War God's breath,
And the blood-stained banner of Freedom
Droops over the plains of death,
Where under the clod of the valley
In many a gory bed,
Amid the shadows and silence,
Are the long, long ranks of the dead.
There, resting in death and glory,
Are the proud Confederate braves,
All gathered from tempests of battle,
And lost in myriad graves,
Where war-clouds never shall darken,
Or the bolts of the combat fall,
But the years of sleep unbroken
Shall linger alike for all.

From many a rural fireside
And home of the throbbing marts,
Lit up with the light of affection
And dear to their proud, brave hearts,
With the gleaming sword and musket,
At the call of a bleeding land,
They arose like Spartan heroes
In the ranks of glory's band.

MRS. B. A. DINSMORE.

BORN: GUILFORD, ME., 1836.

SINCE the death of her husband this lady has resided at the old homestead at Foxcroft, Maine. Her poems have appeared in some of



MRS. B. A. DINSMORE.

the leading periodicals, and she is represented in the Poets of Maine. Mrs. Dinsmore is a teacher of vocal music.

LIFE.

Forever palpitates creative thought
In nature's vast expanse to all her deeps,
And drawn by sun-smile of His love upheaps
New formed—reflecting glory, clear wrought
With deathless sign,—And tho' o'er mountain brought
And down its slope, where, brooding dark it keeps
Its mingling teardrops hid, at length, forth creeps
In mighty tide, unbearing and strength fraught
By skyward flight, and sweeping torrent's force,
On toward the pulsing, primal, deep abyss,
Where rhythmic life on life forevermore
Moves up from darkness in the Spirit's course
And, at that Light-commanding word there soar
Forms radiant clothed from Death's dark chrysalis.

DUANE MOWRY.

BORN: PROVIDENCE, R. I., DEC. 14, 1853.

AFTER receiving his education at the university of Wisconsin, Mr. Mowry entered the profession of the law. His poems have appeared in many prominent newspapers and magazines, and have always received favorable notices. Mr. Mowry was married in 1880 to Miss Mary J. Eusminger, and resides with his wife and family at Mauston, Wis., where he is a prominent practicing attorney of the firm of Veeder & Mowry.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

'Tis love of gold makes man akin
To many evils bound by sin;
'Tis love of praise that causeth man
To gain "well done" from whom he can;
'Tis dread of death that makes man sad,
And love of life maketh him glad,
And peace of mind at set of sun,
Gives hope of peace in worlds to come.

ENJOYMENT.

Drink deep at the fount of glory,
And long at the cup that cheers,
For never was truer story—
Life is too short for tears.

IMMORTALITY.

"Let the dead die."
Such was the lay of Infidelity,
Such the prattle skeptics loved to prate.
But the soul stood 'ghast at words so cruel,
And in thundering notes of mightiness said,
"Never,"
Even in accents of the gentlest love,
Pronounced a benediction on the heads of men,
And the heart believed.
But the Mind was disinclined,
Until the holy sunshine
Of impartial and unprejudiced investigation
Had removed the mistiness of self-conceit
And error. Then it, too, stood ready to avow
its weakness.
So the dead do never die,
But live on and on forever,
To the end of the unending days,
That are unnumbered.

BABY'S GRAVE.

'Tis here that Hope lies buried deep,
That love forevermore doth cling,
That precious Memories we keep,
And Death, the sting.

LULA EMMA SPEARS.

BORN: AVALON, MO., JULY 13, 1870.

A FEW of the poems of Miss Spears have appeared in the Chillicothe Crisis, Avalon



LULA EMMA SPEARS.

Aurora and other local papers. She received her education at the Avalon college, and still resides in her native town.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

In studying Time's history
Opened for us all to read,
Let us profit by its precepts,
Of its value be agreed.

Much of knowledge, truth and wisdom,
We will find engraven there,
Much we thought had been forgotten,
And to Heaven a silent prayer—

Rises in deep supplication.
To Him who sits on Mercy's throne;
To blot out the crimes, the errors,
And we in good deeds will atone—

For all the vices we've committed,
In the vivid, bitter past,
And will ever love and serve Him,
Yea! as long as life shall last.

Oh Time! dost thou never weary,
In the ceaseless march of years,
Dost thy sky grow never cloudy,
Is thy light ne'er dimmed by tears?

When we're happy, bright and joyous,

Thou flit'st by—we're unaware;
But when our joy has turned to sorrow,
Thy wings seem clogged with pain and care.

And slowly—slowly on thou draggest,
Thy fleetness and thy brightness gone;
Tho' oft we weary of life's burden,
We grasp new hope and bear it on.
Tho' the music all be mournful,
As played upon the harp of life;
There is a melody and sweetness,
That lulls our pain and soothes our strife.

Love's guardian angel hovers o'er us,
Bids us labor and to wait;
And at last we'll wear the glory,
Just beyond the pearly gates.

Then learn to read aright the footprints,
Printed on the sands of Time;
Know the laws of human duty,
For these all lead to the sublime.

Thoughts thus awakened prompt to action,
Acts of right and untold worth;
Lights and shadows haply blended,
Brighten the somber hues of earth.

Clouds are transformed into sunbeams,
Rippling o'er life's troubled sea;
And the seaman almost hopeless,
Views the light across the way—

Takes new courage and steers forward
To the dim—yet distant shore;
And though peril marks his pathway,
The crown he wins—the journey o'er.

TO A ROSE BUD.

Oh! sweet and beautiful rose bud,
Emblem of early spring,
To think that so much beauty
Is enclosed in so small a thing;
So much of grand perfection,
And of wisdom quaint and rare,
So sweet too is thy fragrance,
And thou art wondrous fair.

I wonder who was thy maker,
Surely some one very wise,
For thine is real perfection,
And man could not thus devise;
And so to some power higher,
Than the frail, weak powers of man,
To one—the Supernatural,
I'll ascribe thy wondrous plan.

This being is called by us God;
He's the Maker of us all.
He lists to our feeblest cry,
And hears e'en the sparrow's fall.
And here is thy sister fair.
But lo! concealed in her heart
Is a worm, the sad destroyer,
Who is ever doing his part.

Oh! ye sadly shattered beauty,
 Thy heart is vacant within;
 Thou'rt the emblem of fallen man,
 The worm — the demon of sin!
 He stole as a thief in the night
 Into thy pure heart's cell,
 And now as I behold you
 You are naught but an empty shell.
 So many of God's dear children
 Let the worm steal into their heart,
 Till we see so much corruption —
 It chills us, and quickly we start.
 I'll pluck this worm from the bud,
 And help it be a perfect flower;
 'Twill gladden, tho' late in the day,
 And brighten the gloomiest hour.

ETHEL ALICE CARTER.

BORN: SHASTA, CAL., JAN. 18, 1873.

THIS young lady has written about thirty commendable poems, which have appeared in the San Francisco Christian Advocate and other publications. Miss Carter resides in her native city, where she is finishing her education.

AFTER THE STORM.

'Tis night. No star shines in the sky;
 The moon is hid; against the shore
 The angry restless waves dash high.
 Borne on the winds, a human cry
 Rings out above the ocean's roar;
 It swells and then is heard no more.

'Tis morning. A sad woman stands
 Upon the wet beach, cold and gray.
 She looks out o'er the yellow sands,
 And wildly, sadly wrings her hands.
 She sees, through the white ocean spray
 A wave-wet sail, far, far away.
 The sky is clear; the wind blows free,
 The dancing waves are blue and bright,
 And those who live beside the sea
 Go to their day's work cheerfully,
 With joyous hearts and laughter light,
 Save she, whose son was drowned last night.

SLEEP BABY, SLEEP.

The bird has forgotten its carol,
 And sleeps in its downy nest;
 The flowers have folded their petals,
 And silently gone to rest;
 And cosy and warm in his cradle,
 While the gath'ring shadows creep,
 Lulled to dreams by his mother's singing,
 The baby has gone to sleep.
 Sleep, little one!
 The long day is done,

Night's shadows creep —
 Sleep baby, sleep!

Again the baby is sleeping;
 Closed fast are the deep blue eyes;
 They closed on earth, and were opened
 By an angel in Paradise.
 Mother, you cannot rouse him,
 Though you may mourn and weep;
 You cannot awaken the dreamer,
 For baby has gone to sleep.
 Sleep, little one;
 The short day is done;
 In slumber deep —
 Sleep baby, sleep!

Mother, what need to cover
 The quiet, icy breast?
 For Nature will bring fair garments
 To shelter your darling's rest;
 In winter a robe as spotless
 As the ermine of a queen,
 And in springtime a blanket of daisies,
 Bordered with brightest green.
 Sleep, little one;
 The short day is done;
 In slumber deep,
 Sleep baby, sleep.

JOHN WILLEY DEAN.

BORN: RANDOLPH CO., VA., DEC. 26, 1847.

AFTER receiving his education at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Mr. Dean taught school. Since 1871 he has resided in Putnam county, Mo., where he still lives at Chariton. Mr. Dean was admitted to the bar; has been a justice of the peace, school director, township clerk and township registrar, and notary public; and in 1877 edited the Unionville Investigator. His poems have appeared in the Western Plowman, Burlington Saturday Evening Post and the leading papers of Ohio and Missouri.

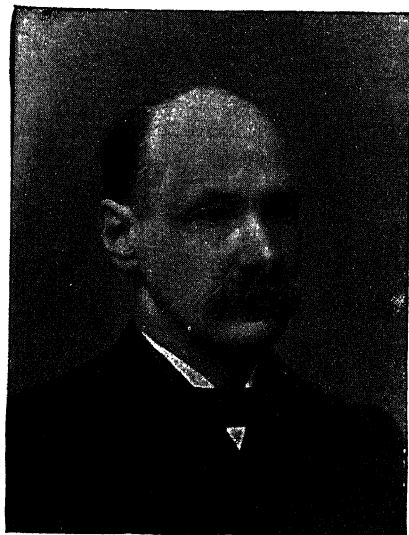
THE VALUE OF TIME.

Were I to give to you to-day
 A lesson that would last for aye,
 And serve in every age and clime,
 It would be this: Improve your Time.
 Your days at school that seem to go
 With laden wings so dull and slow,
 Swift as a meteor, alas!
 With all their freight of prospects pass.
 And gone, they ne'er return again,
 Our supplications are in vain
 That ask for chance to use once more,
 The moments that have fled before.
 Then sternly strive to make your mark
 While daylight lasts; for comes the dark,
 The long, dark night, when you must tell
 If you have used your daylight well.

HUBBARD ALONZO BARTON.

BORN: CROYDON, N. H., MAY 1, 1842.

FOR many years this gentleman held the position of superintendent of schools. In 1879



HUBBARD ALONZO BARTON.

he became the editor and one of the proprietors of the N. H. Argus and Spectator.

FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

O flag of our country and emblem of glory!
How dear to my heart is the shrine thou
infold,

How noble the deeds enbalm'd in thy story,
How sacred thy trust to the millions untold.

The Royal of Britain may cause admiration
To well in the heart of the Englishman's
breast;

The German Imperial point admonition
To the foe that would dare that nation's
behest.

The Stars and the Stripes have a far grander
meaning:

They stand for freedom and liberty's law;
For learning and progress and Christ's spirit
gleaming,

The grand, hailing future our forefathers
saw.

They tell of a nation whose glory and
grandeur

Are known in remotest abodes of the earth,
Whose blessings are shed on the poor and
the stranger,

As well as the rich and the subjects by
birth.

Then guard ever well our lov'd ensign of
freedom,

Protect the proud emblem on land and by
sea,

Sing its praises in song and hopeful Te Deum,
And long let it wave o'er the land of the
free.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

BORN: GLENS FALLS, N. Y., JULY 2, 1867.

FOR several years the subject of this sketch
resided at Lake George in his native state,
where many of his earlier poems were writ-
ten. Several hundred of the poems of Mr.
Tubbs have appeared in Peterson's Magazine,
Waverley Magazine, Sunday Mercury, Yon-
ker's Gazette, and the periodical press gen-
erally. Mr. Tubbs is now engaged in editor-
ial work, and resides in his native town.

WHISPERS.

Oh, how the glistening waters
Whisper along on the shore,
Telling of lands in the distance
With beauty and fragrance galore.
Mystical islands of pleasure,
Far in the ocean of Rest,
Where the bright angels of glory
Sing in that land of the blest.

Whispering flowers are ever
Telling of visions they know;
Lowly we bend if we hear them,
Their voices of fragrance are low.
Whispers of melody, sweeping
Many harmonious keys,
Down from the fluttering treetops
Float on the breath of the breeze.

Many the voices of nature,
If we but listen we hear;
Ever a message to cheer us,
Never with tidings of fear.
With the bright blushes of twilight,
Blending in unison fair,
Then do we whisper to Heaven,
On the sweet incense of prayer.

Lips that are filling their mission
Hopefully whisper of cheer,
Telling the beautiful story,
Ever so precious and dear.
'Tis the same word that the flowers,
Breezes and murmuring tide,
Bear in their musical whispers,
That joy may with mortals abide.

EDWARD HOLLAND.

For the past twenty years Mr. Holland has been engaged in mining and prospecting in Arizona and California. He has written enough poems to fill a volume, many of which have appeared in the leading publications of America.

YOUTH AND AGE.

There, amid the meadows, grow the trees,
forever green;

There is heard the voice of youth in joyous
song;

There the sunny skies and ocean forever are
serene.— [throng.

Along the shore the youth and maiden
There is music everywhere,
On the ocean, in the air,

And flowers are scattered by many a fairy
hand;

And from the sunny ocean comes the fresh,
life-giving breeze

That breathes o'er the morning land.

Here, withered are the flowers, and sere and
brown the trees;

Here the voice of song is silent evermore;
Here, mournfully beat and break the sullen
seas,

All ceaselessly along the rugged shore.

And livid, dripping clouds

Fall like ghastly tattered shrouds—

Like a pall spread o'er dead nature by
night's hand;

And from the leaden skies comes the deadly
chilling wind

That sighs o'er the sunset land.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

"Go forth!" said the sun, to a ray of light
That for æons had lain on its breast.

"Of light and life from world to world
Be thou the bearer blest."

Down past the morning star it flew,
And lighted on earth. On the glistening dew,
Reflected here, refracted there,
It shimmered and glistened everywhere.

It visited all the haunts of men:

Looked into misery's noisome den;

Lost in the city's filth and mire,

Found again in the furnace-fire —

Refracted here, reflected there,

It shimmered and glistened everywhere.

It told the tale of hate and scorn;

It dyed the rosy clouds of morn;

It shone on many a precious gem;

It gleamed on a royal diadem;

It bore love's glance to beauty's eyes;

It painted evening's purple skies;

It glanced along the polar snow,

And lingered in the tropic's glow;
And cleaving again the vault of blue,
From star to star it onward flew,
Where the vision of man can never pierce,
To the nebulous pales of the universe.
Bearing light and life wherever it went,
It again returns from whence 'twas sent,
Where rest eternal ends its wearied flight —
In the life of life, in the light of light!

So thy spirit, O man, when its destiny's filled —

Though it hide in a body of shame,

Though it burn in passion's red flame,

On the journey Omnipotence willed —

Yet pure as it comes, so untarnished it goes,

And returning again to the God whence it
came,

Will in glory eternal repose!

CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON.

CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON, L. D. S., D. D. S., has written quite a number of commendable poems which have appeared in some of the leading publications. He is a resident of Chicago, where he is highly respected.

BETTER THAN REST.

And what if the striving and groping,

And the passionate pleading for truth;

And what if the peering and hoping,

Dispels all the faith of our youth.

'Tis better this faith were confusion;

'Tis not only better, but best

That we flee from the utter delusion

Of that which we once thought was rest.

If we seek for new facts and we find them;

Shall the finding not add to our store,

As the seeds bring the harvest behind them?

There's no better harvest than lore. [fores,

Shall we crush all the whyfores and where-

All the longings that rise in our breast?

Shall we stop on this side of the therefores?

Ah, that were a heathenish rest!

Go ask of the Prophets and Sages,

The men who illumine the world's night,

They who hold up the mirror of ages;

Ask them if they see too much light.

Must we lie down in languid contentment,

With nothing but ignorance blest?

We had far better suffer resentment,

Than a life lived in that kind of rest.

"There are truths too sublime and too holy

To grasp with a mortal mind's touch!"

Ah no! If the man be so lowly, [much.

Between man and the brute there's not

We are launched on the waves of life's ocean,

Let us reach while we can for the crest;

The precept of nature is Motion,

There is something that's better than rest!

REV. A. M. EVERS.

BORN: ROCKINGHAM CO., VA., OCT. 2, 1837.

THE subject of this sketch is a minister of the gospel, and for five years has been presiding Elder in the Conference, and been twice elected to the General Conference. He



REV. A. M. EVERS.

has written many hymns and small poems which have received publication in singing books and newspapers generally. Mr. Evers was married in 1863 to Miss Jennie S. Rinehart, and now has a family grown to maturity.

HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR OTHERS.

His keen far-seeing eye
Looks up the mountain-side;
He sees there's danger nigh,
The coming of the slide.

He thinks of precious lives,—
Unconscious, on they ride,—
Reasons within himself,
The train must backward glide.

The throttle-valve is closed,
Reverse-bar now is drawn,
Then precious lives are saved
Regardless of his own.

The engine overturned,
So ponderous was the slide
A few brief words of prayer,
And then brave Arthur died.

The boulder quickly came,
Then Arthur's work was done;
He sacrificed his life,
Yet laurels he has won.

Oh, blessed after-life,
When all our toil is done,
May we our brother meet,
And with him wear a crown.

• A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

The press and bells announce to-day,
Our hero, Grant, has passed away.
At Mt. McGregor, heralds tell
Where the victor general fell.

In days ago his star arose,
Historians tell, in verse and prose;
Distinction classed him with the great
His fame no one will dissipate.

That he was faultless none will claim,
And yet few heroes had such fame;
We class him with the most renowned,
Because his brow is honor-crowned.

At Donelson the victor rose
To eminence in spite of foes;
Undaunted, calm and undismayed,
His generalship was there displayed.

At Vicksburg, oh, how great the strife!
Great sacrifice, great loss of life;
But Grant, with superhuman will,
Yielded not till Vicksburg fell.

At Appomattox, Grant and Lee,
Generals great, as all concede,
Agreed that war to peace should yield,
And have their soldiers quit the field.

The terms of peace let angels tell,
Since Grant and Lee with angels dwell;
Like brothers side by side they stood
To reckon on the nation's good.

All felt that strife and war should ease—
Magnanimous were the terms of peace—
The terms, so easy, so sublime,
Proffered through influence benign.

As husband, father, brother, friend,
Millions now live to see the end;
As soldier and chief magistrate,
We classify him with the great:

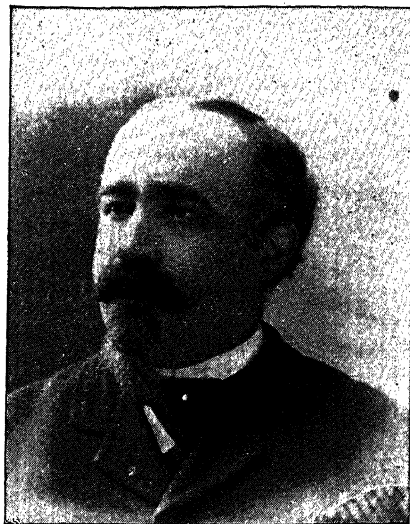
In our city, yes, everywhere,
The flags half-mast to all appear—
Streamers of black from flag-poles wave;
Prepare the hero for the grave.

The everlasting Arms beneath
Made him invincible in death.
He died in hope of bliss beyond,
And with his peers is victor crowned.

COURTLAND S. WHITE.

BORN: WAUKEGAN, ILL., NOV. 13, 1849.

SINCE settling in Kansas in 1883 he has taken great interest in the Union Labor and People's Party. He was one of the founders of



COURTLAND S. WHITE.

the Industrial Publishing Company, and is still president. One hundred campaign songs and labor poems, have been written by him.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

It is coming, it is coming,
The grand spirit of the times;
'Tis written well in lines of prose,
Told o'er and o'er in rhymes;
There is nothing now can check it
For its under full head-way;
It is bursting from the darkness
Into full resplendent day;
So ye proud and tyrant rulers
Who have filched our wine and corn,
Must now hide your guilty faces
From the bright, new, coming morn;
For the sun of truth and justice
As it sheds its sparkling light,
Will reveal your deeds and actions
That were fostered in your might.
It is coming, it is coming—
Over high and over low,
It is marching bravely forward,
And will strike the freeman's blow
It is like the sea-fog rolling,
As it comes down from the hills,
And through every niche and corner
Of humanity it thrills:

And the rulers start and tremble,
As with palsy's fearful dread,
For they dream of French rebellions,
And the words the prophets said;
Man will ride in blood of humans
From the ground to bridle reign;
They will lose their hold on power
Which they never can regain.
It is rolling up in splendor
As it comes from east and west;
It is throbbing, it is beating
In each freedom-loving breast.
You will hear it talked in hovels,
And debated in the shop,
But looked upon in mansions
As a thing that must be stopped.
They've defiled our grand republic—
Have given us want and shame,
And have prated about contentment,—
So disgraced our parents name.
For our fathers in rebellion
Had raised their honest hand
Against the stamps and tariff
That Great Britain made demand;
But to live in want and hunger
With oppression on every side,
Are burdens ten times greater
Than for which our fathers died.
It is coming like the sunlight
As it drives the night away;
It is bringing to the workers
A brighter, happier day;
For it tells them in the future,
When justice rules the land,
They will enjoy the full reward
Of the labor of their hand.
'Tis the gospel of peace and plenty
Taught by the noble ones and true,
Who give up homes and comfort
For the good which they can do.
So all praise the sturdy workers
Who devote their sacred lives
To banish ever from the world
The Lazarus and the Dives.
It is coming like the sea-wave
As it rolls upon the shore;
It is stirring up the people
As was never done before;
For they see their homes all vanish,
With starvation at the door,
And they hear their children crying
For the bread they have no more.
So we'll never stop our efforts
Till the tyrants are in the dust,
Though our plows may lay in idleness,
And our pruning hooks may rust.
But with Reason's voice proclaiming
And the power of press and pen,
We will gain our rights to justice,
Truth and freedom for all men.

EMMA BENNION.

BORN: SHELDON, N.Y., MARCH 13, 1859.

THE poems of Miss Emma Bennion have appeared in the Amherst Bee, Golden Record, Javan Eagle and other papers of the state of



EMMA BENNION.

New York, from which they have been extensively copied. Miss Bennion still resides in her native state at Strykersville.

JOSIAH AND BETSY ANN.

I've been a-thinking, Betsy Ann,
While sitting in the shade,
That all the fuss and show to-day
Was but a dress parade;
The jewels and the orange flowers,
The satin and the lace,
The rush and crush and flutter
To secure the choicest place.
'Tis all a jumble in my mind,
It don't seem real or true,
And no one looked quite natural
Like people that we knew.
It 'minds me how, when but a lad,
A circus came to town,
And I couldn't see the elephant
For staring at the clown.
And though we are so near of kin
We're scarcely of a kind,
And when we got to church to-day
I wished I'd stayed behind.
They call me "dearest uncle"
With the crowd a-standing by,

But when we meet in private
It will be "how are you Si?"

It's just like grafting fancy boughs
Upon an old crab tree,
And when the fruit begins to grow
Things somehow don't agree.
I'm not ripening, Betsy Ann,
I know I'm dull and slow,
And I don't expect the world to move
In the ruts made long ago.

But, O, how different was the morn
When you and I were wed;
It hardly seems the same old sun
That's shining now o'erhead.
I've but to close my fading eyes
To see it all again,
The meadow path, that lay between
The fields of waving grain.

The ground-lark in the hawthorn hedge
Where scarlet berries glowed,
We gathered some, I know the spot,
Close by the old stile road.
The thrush was singing in the grass,
The crickets chirping shrill
About the tombstones that surround
The chapel on the hill.

No wedding bells rang out for us,
No wedding march was played,
Our only march was made through lanes
Beneath the pleasant shade.
Our tiny home was all our own,
No stranger dare efface
The old land marks that gave the place
Its mellow, old time grace.

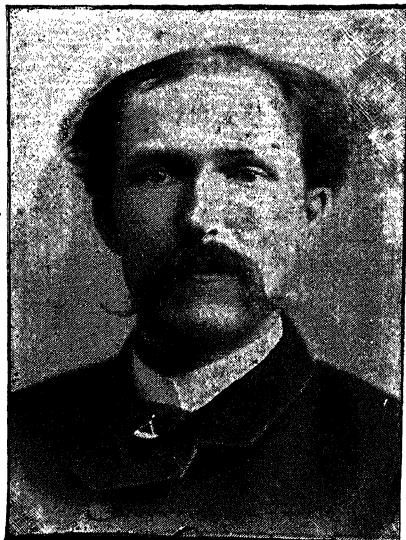
The woodbine at the cottage door,
The drooping wild rose tree,
The lilacs, all were planted here
By either you or me.
Sometimes the outer world was harsh,
Often a friend unkind,
But when I closed the cottage door,
I left the world behind.

And when my heart was wounded
And my spirit sick and sore,
I always pictured Betsy Ann
A smiling at the door.
My wife would understand me,
She would know my spirit's need
And the words so hard to utter
Would be taken for the deed.
And so through sun and shadow
Steady walked we side by side,
And never left the narrow way
For one more smooth and wide.
Soon, yes soon we'll reach the turnpike,
Almost run, our earthly span,
Only death can part Josiah
And his faithful Betsy Ann.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

BORN: WARREN, N. H., DEC. 9, 1848.

AFTER receiving his education at the schools of his native town and the Concord High school, Mr. Colby then taught school successfully for many years. For a while he was



FRED MYRON COLBY.

editor of a prominent newspaper, and in 1875-76 was in Washington, D. C., as a correspondent for Boston and New Hampshire papers. Fred Myron Colby has written largely for the press, stories, historical articles and poems, and in 1876 published a novel entitled "The Daughter of Pharaoh." Since that time he has published several books which have had a large sale. In 1882 Mr. Colby was married to Miss H. Maria George.

THE ROSE OF JERICO.

'Neath Afric's spreading palm-trees
There blooms a humble flower,
Sacred as virgin's holy blush,
That blossomed one sweet hour,—

When at the feet of Mary
It raised its lovely head,
The night she fled to Egypt
From Herod's hate — 'tis said.

O flower of perfect beauty,
So holy, fair and bright
Opening thy spreading petals
Only on Christmas night,

We hail thee as an emblem
Of that immortal love,

Which Christ the King of Glory,
Sheds from his throne above!

O sainted, loving mother,
Whose pearly teardrops fell;
We'll not forget thy sorrow
When Christmas carols swell.

We join the angel chorus
That sings this eve again,—
Glory to God the Lord most High,
Good will and peace to men!

MARIUS AMONG THE RUINS OF CAR-
THAGE.

The orb of day was sinking fast,
On Afric's shores its beams were cast,
As mid the sands an old man passed,
Weary and worn with care.

'Twas Marius, Rome's bravest chief,
Who, like the crown of a golden sheaf,
Though now an exile and in grief,
Wore a glory none might share.

Before him in the setting sun,
Lying in silence cold and dun,
Where erst so many feet had run,
Were the ruins of Dido's city.

He saw once more his eagles wave
O'er Roman hosts. Once more his brave
Legions fought the Gaul and to the grave
Consigned the foes of the Roman state.

Once Rome itself had feared his frown,
Seven times he had worn the laurel crown,
High senators of the seven-hilled town
Had trembled under his stern rage.

Now he was like those ruins, sad and old, [ed.
His rival's flashed where once his chariot roll-
Forgotten were his victories; none so bold
As to show reverence to his age.

But hark! A voice fell on his ear,
"Caius Marius, dost thou hear?"
Shame that he could address without a tear,
This brave old Roman consul.

"I bear from Afric's praetor here,
Sextilius, whom all traitors fear,
Tidings to thee. Thy footsteps near
Must now no longer linger."

The grand old man looked like a king,
No more he seemed the abject thing,
His bosom heaved, his voice did ring
As when of yore he led his legions.

"Go tell your praetor this," he said,
"Go tell it in Rome's streets gory and red,
Aye, let it fill every consul's head,
With the lesson of its story.

That amid Hamilcar's ruined hall,
Where once an army thronged the wall,
Thou hast seen Marius, under the pall
Of exile, reading the fate of Roman glory."

MRS. ADDIE LUCIA BALLOU.

BORN: CHAGRIN FALLS, O., APRIL 29, 1837.

AS ARTIST, writer and orator Mrs. Ballou has become very popular. She is president of the Nationalist Club of San Francisco.



ADDIE LUCIA BALLOU.

The poems of Mrs. Ballou have appeared in various publications from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

MAMMA'S DAISY.

Stealing from her snowy pillow,
Kneeling by the window pane,
Little face upon the casement,
Hands outstretched to catch the rain,
Whispered little lips in sadness,
"Wish mamma would come again!"

CHO.—Do the angels know
How we miss below
Their sweet love-words—
Do they know, do they know?

"Raindrops, have you seen my mamma
Where you come from in the sky?
Mamma's gone to live with angels—
What made God have mamma die?
Wonder if when I get sleepy,
He won't take me by and by?"

Do the angels know
How we miss below
Their sweet love-words—
Do they know, do they know?

"Every night I say, 'I lay me
Down to sleep,' and then I wait
For mamma to come and kiss me;
But I guess it was so late
When she got 'way up to Star-land
God just thought He'd shut the gate."

Softly drooped the lids in slumber,
As the leaves of falling flowers,
Gently into sunny dream-land,
Nested in its mazy bowers,
While the guardian angel-mother
Watched her all the sleeping hours.

CHO.—For the angels know
How we miss below
Their sweet love-words—
Yes they know, yes they know.

L'ENVOI.

Down Memory's shadowy aisle to-night,
There sweeps the train of bygone years;
As stars with shimmering trail of light,
An army of the heaven appears,
While night dews show their crystal tears.

Each orient space
Some long-loved face
Unveils to bless my lingering sight.

Down by each time-familiar lane
My mother walks, as in those days
When we were boys. Ah! would again
Our eyes could meet her tender gaze
As they looked then their love and praise.

The soft caress,
Her fingers' press,
Was solace for all grief or pain.

Down where the silence is so deep
My thoughts give echo ere I speak,
They laid you when you fell asleep,
With death's pale lilies on your cheek.
You, best beloved, who was so meek,
So placid seemed,
As if you dreamed
Of secrets that the angels keep.

Down from your now abiding place
Is there no passageway to ours?
No window, where your sainted face
May look from out your spirit's bowers
To cheer us on life's lonely hours?
Is there no word
That may be heard
Peace-giving in its thrilling powers?

Down Time's tempestuous coast at last,
When life's frail tent for me is furled,
When night my day shall overcast,
When wrecked and out of being hurled,
Will your sweet eyes by love impearled
In welcome wait
At Aiden's gate
And find me room in your blest world?

GO AND TELL IT TO THE BEES.

Have you heard the olden legend
 By the Eastern people told,
 Of the strange, sweet superstition,
 That when Death's dark pinions fold
 Newly 'round some cherished loved one,
 That the dearest friend to these
 To the busy hive must hasten,
 And must tell it to the bees?
 Is it true some spirit lingers
 'Twixt their busy lives and ours,
 And that half their sweets they gather
 From the breaths of human flowers?
 Did some other winged thing tell them,
 When the bees o'er drifts of snow
 To her window came to perish
 When she died, who loved them so?
 How distinctly I remember
 All those drear unmothered years,
 Of the lake-side and the cottage
 Where I wept my childish tears;
 How from early budding April,
 Till the autumn sere'd the trees,
 Every twilight found my father
 Busy with his swarms of bees.
 For they loved him, and caressed him
 With their gauzy, restless wings,
 Dusty with the yellow pollen,
 Girt about with golden rings.
 Year by year they thus enriched him
 With the sweets from flowering trees, [him
 And with each white thread that crowned
 Dearer grew to him the bees.
 Oh, I know how they will miss him
 All the summer afternoons,
 When the languid perfume lingers
 O'er the lily-spread lagoons!
 And the angel that received him
 Must have told among the trees,
 When the dear old man, grown weary,
 Fell asleep among the bees.
 Busy bees, cease not your humming,
 Burdened with the summer sweets;
 Hallowed thoughts 'round you are clustered,
 Where the past and future meets.
 When shall come the dark-winged angel,
 And my weary spirit frees,
 Will some loving friend or kindred
 Tell it to my father's bees?

WHERE DO THE SEAGULLS GO?

Away from the docks and the shipping
 That tangled the breast of the bay,
 From the flutter of hands in the harbors,
 Our ship went sailing away.
 And as the cannon's brazen lip
 Boomed back farewell from our good ship,

A score of snowy-breasted things
 Swooped low and drooped their downy
 wings,
 And rose and dropped with every swell,
 And cried, in flute-like tones, "Farewell!"

Up rose the winds and the waters
 In fury, leaped forward and aft,
 And the foam and the spume of the breakers
 Dashed over the decks of our craft,
 Till rocked upon a gentler swell,
 Our gallant ship uprose and fell.
 Still followed close those feathered things
 Who trip and sweep with noiseless wings —
 Those restless birds, by day and night,
 Who seaward wing their ceaseless flight.

Away and away o'er the ocean
 The track of our destinies lay,
 Through the languor of tropical evening,
 Through the tropical languor of day.
 While still a thousand leagues from shore
 The watery waste we traverse o'er,
 Like phantoms of an exile troupe
 Those pinions o'er the waters droop,
 And swing and curve, and dip the main,
 Then rising, lift their plumes again.

And this I asked of the skipper:
 "Pray, where do the seagulls go
 When the ships which their white wings
 follow

Go down with the wrecks below?"
 He smiled, and looking far away,
 Replied, "OURS do not go that way."
 Heaven grant him right; and yet—and
 yet—

The hearts that break cannot forget
 Those who along the seagulls' track
 Went out, but never more came back.

With a strange, yet sweet superstition,
 A nation as free as their wings,
 Believe that the bird on the ocean
 Good speed and prosperity brings.
 The mariner o'er frozen seas
 Thinks, too, the souls of men are these;
 That angels of the so-called dead.
 In these, their own bright pinions spread,
 And watchful of the wrecks and shoals,
 Bring safe to harbor human souls.

Whatever may be the tradition,
 A truth or a fancy of thought,
 May the wing of our angel protect us,
 That calamity follow us not;
 And lip to lip, and heart to heart,
 May all yet meet who wide apart,
 In different ways — by land or sea —
 Pursue life's varied destiny.
 Oh, white wings, bring at last our spars
 To harbor safe, beyond the stars.

CHARLES H. MACKAY.

BORN: BRIDGTON, ME., MARCH 11, 1859.

FOR five years Mr. Mackay was a railroad telegraph operator. Besides writing poetry he is the author of many articles on astronomy which have appeared in the Boston Journal and the Esoteric, of which latter publi-



CHARLES H. MACKAY.

cation he is editor and business manager. Mr. Mackay is a cornettist of considerable ability, and has played leading parts in bands and orchestras from his youth. He has been postmaster at Amherst, N. H. and at Wilmington, Mass.

YESTERDAY.

Following peace, as night the day,
These lonely, darksome hours,
Yet through their gloom, like sunny May
Emerging bright from April showers
There streams a pure white ray.

The day is dull; the hours so long;
But yesterday was bright,
For yesterday, my life in song
Rose high in strains of pure delight,
Seemed heavenward borne along.

And yesterday the azure curve
O'er all the sky was blue;
To-day,—ah! me, I fain would swerve
From care, from life, e'en duty true—
These scarce a thought deserve.

For all that now should bring me joy
Gives only saddest pain,
To-day all's drear, all's cheap alloy,
For yesterday comes up again,
And smiles and mirth annoy.
I hate the things which come to me,
Reminders of that day;
I hate e'en peace which seems to flee,
Because of one now far away
And 'neath whose eyes I'd be.
Oh, rain! Oh, clouds! ye verify
The love within my soul;
The contrast show 'twixt placid sea,
'Twixt peaceful vale and waves that roll
Between my love and me.
The march of time I fain would spurn,—
To heaven of yesterday,—
The wheels of time I then would yearn
Might stop, and leave that brightest May
All mine in peace eterne.

THE ROSE.

Mute reminder of an evening's joy
Sweet emblem pure;
I'd not exchange for mines of gold
One leaf in its dear, blissful fold;
'Twould only peace of mind destroy
And grief allure.

Before me here, in deep, calm grace,
It lies in state;
Dear token of a love so strong,
It bears me high above the throng
Of life, and brings to me her face,—
Strange act of fate.

It thrills me, as by sweet perfume
It now doth speak.
In gentle zephyr seems to breathe
The joy which through my soul doth seethe
At thoughts of days that end too soon
When thee I seek.

Each petal in its purity,
Each leaf so bright,
Reminds me of a pure, true heart,
From which, heav'n grant, I ne'er may part;
It gives me peace and sanctity,
It lends sunlight.

As to my lips, with sacred thought
Of absent love,
I press thy labyrinthine vein,
I wonder that thou dost not deign
Response, but ah! thou quick'nst not
By word or move.

Sweet flower, as thro' thy tender leaves'
Transparent hue
The light of day is plainly seen;
Thus, sanctified, I hope to glean,
From heart and soul that ne'er deceives,
Pure love, and true.

THE MIDNIGHT ECLIPSE.

Fair and bright the full moon rides

In southern sphere, down low;
To night she gives a splendor grand,
Touching earth with magic wand,
Coining gold from out the sand,
She maketh all to glow.

So proud, so bright, withal so pure!

Of night she's truly queen;
No rival to her silver face,
None equal her in winning grace,
As on, in still, majestic pace,
She sails with noble mien.

The twinkling stars in myriad host,
Attend her, great and small;
The Milky Way, the Pleiades;
The Nebulæ, great Hercules;
From northern heights to southern seas,
In homage bow they all.

Her grandeur now she seems to feel,
Flooding the earth and skies;
Her light she takes to be her own —
The beauty hers and hers alone —
So thinks this queen upon her throne,
As through the night she flies.

Truly, thou may'st well be proud,
Goddess of starry dome:
Thy shining front in dazzling rays
Maketh all a fairy maze,
Changing night to autumn days;
We must thy splendor own.

But ah! what transformation steals
Upon that face so bright?
Upon her cheeks, around her brow,
About her limbs there creepeth now
A phantom grim, a darksome vow
Which dims the streaming light.

A passing cloud? It cannot be,
For all the sky is clear:
The archer bold; the arrow small;
Meteors, as they flash and fall
Are plainly, clearly noted all,
But our queen — alas! so drear.

Where now, O moon, that sparkling light
So recently with thee?
Where all thy cold and soulless glare,
Thy beams of silvery sheen so fair,
Thine unsurpassed grandeur; where
May now thy beauty be?

My eyes may safely dwell on thee,
As on the deep, black sky;
Impotent now to blur my sight,
Completely shorn of grace and light;
I mourn thy lot, dead queen of night;
I hear all nature sigh.

The humble star, before unseen,
Close at thy glowing side,
Was lost in thine effulgent glare,
But shineth now with glory rare,
Seeming to smile at thy despair,
And sneer at thy false pride.

Wouldst thou, O moon, if now thy light,
So quickly gone, was thine;
Wouldst thou, with evil thoughts again,
In self-sufficient promptings vain,
Deny thy king whose powers sustain,
Whose face mak'st yours to shine?

Repentance dawns upon thy brow;
Upon thy crown the light
In distant space from that great orb,
In trembling benedictive sob,
Falls by grace of loving God
Upon the beauteous sight.

All nature wakes and casts aside
The mantle dark and sad;
The little birds arouse and praise
Approach of morn by lunar rays,
For truly now the light of days
Has made the midnight glad.

Again the splendors of the sky,
But tranquil peace present;
The moon, with all her fair, clear light,
Now sails away in greater might;
The shadows passed, fair queen of night
Rolls on in sweet content.

TRUST.

With nature here in evening's peace I sit
And think on life.
The end of day has come;
There's naught of worldly hum,
As past me swift and soft the moments flit,
And banish strife.

I'm filled with love and happy trust to-night;
A strange deep calm.
Here God His beauties shows
To me as twilight glows,
And while I think on Him and find this light
I fear no harm.

May heart and mind forever know the mood
That now they feel.
My past I've thrown away,
And things which cannot stay
I've crucified, that I may have that food
Of highest weal.

There's harmony in all I see, and love
More than I know.
My life within is peace,
And may it never cease
Its trusting course to love and light above
Though drawn below.

HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

BORN: GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, OCT. 22, 1847.

HUNTER MACCULLOCH was brought to this country in 1851, and has been a resident of Philadelphia ever since. For six years he was in business as an importer of fancy goods. In 1878 he classified and arranged the library of the Spring Garden Institute. In 1882 Mr. MacCulloch was engaged by Straw-



HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

bridge and Clothier to edit a household magazine, which is now in its ninth year of publication. His poems have appeared in Lippincott's, Overland Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia Ledger, Boston Transcript and various other leading publications. In 1886 he published a selection under the title of *From Dawn to Dusk*. Hunter MacCulloch is the author of a drama entitled *Amour*, which was successfully produced at the Philadelphia Arch-street Theater, and at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore; and many of his songs have also been set to music.

THE END.

There is no end of days, no end of nights —
 Alternate links of time's unending chain;
 There is no end to nature's keen delights,
 For spring in time to spring succeeds
 again;

Yet do they run their ceaseless round in
 vain?

Will seasons help, will days and nights be-
 friend

When I have reached the end?

There is no end of joys, no end of sorrows —
 Alternate links of life's unending chain;
 No end of dark to-days and bright to-mor-
 rows,

For oft-slain hope as oft will rise again;
 Yet let who will rejoice; who will, com-
 plain;

What matters the days that mar, the mor-
 rows that mend

When I have reached the end?

There is no end of children and their pleas-
 ures;

No end of youthful hearts by visions fed;
 There is no end of men to win life's treas-
 ures;

No end of age to dwell half with the dead;
 Though down time's way the great proces-
 sion tread,

There is none will leave the ranks some help
 to lend

When I have reached the end!

There is no end of time, no end of space;

Beneath and above stand stars of all de-
 gree;

This whirling world forever runs its race,
 And harvests life thereon perpetually;

What good these everlasting things to me?
 Since surely will the shades of death des-
 cend,

And then, there is an end!

UNFRAMED.

The sun, that fell all afternoon

From mid-height heaven in mid-month June,

Has touched the far, warm west, and, lo!

It sinks in the earth like April snow;

While clouds of crimson, purple and gray

Are anchored about in the burnished bay;

And the sea of glad, green leaves is stirred

At the soft southwest wind's whispered
 word.

The spell-bound painter looked with awe

On the earth-wide, heaven-high scene he
 saw,

While one ecstatic moment passed,

Then turned, exultant, to make fast

With cunning hand, that very hour,

The secret placed within his power.

Alas! he lost it on the way;

For in no frame is it seen to-day!

LABORES.

Ye worshippers bending before her,
O'erladen with gifts for her shrine,
Ye do well to admire and adore her,
She is great above all and divine;
Surpassing the Greek-conceived stories;
With hands and with garments that soil —
O humble and haughty Labores,
Our Goddess of Toil!

'Tis mine to bedeck thee with praises,
My well-paying labor of love,
I coin for thee current gilt phrases,
That set thee beyond and above.
My voice has grown husky and broken,
My weight has been greatly increased,
I am paid for each syllable spoken,
I, Proud flesh, the priest!

O strenuous souls in strong bodies!
How ye struggle and strain and perspire!
From the height of the throne where a god
is

I will reach down the sponge when ye tire.
I have set apart one day in seven,
That rest may replenish the oil,
Dividing your days between heaven
And our Goddess of Toil.

No trifling mere tithes are ye leaving,
Like a ravenous churchman demands;
For I, the high-priest, am receiving
Nine-tenths of the work of your hands.
Though the dust and the grime that inclose
you

Be as bars in the cage of a beast,
There is one looking through them who
knows you,
I, Proud flesh, the priest!

As I jingle your gifts, as I jingle,
I cry to you never to shirk!
Since dirt and true dignity mingle!
Since nothing is nobler than work!
See the workmen in haloes of glories,
Forgetting the duties that moil
At sight of thee, holy Labores,
Our Goddess of Toil!

She sends unto all of you greeting,
And manifold blessings this day.
The pleasures of life they are fleeting,
Then think but of work and not play;
For work wears a visage of beauty,
From her service who would be released?
Have not I an adorable duty,
I, Proud flesh, the priest?

What! What! Thou her message refusest?
(Some souls there are yet who blasphemed!),
The work which thou lackest thou lovest
If thou callest devotion a scheme.

Would a priest (and a high priest) tell stories,
And the fair face of truth would he soil,
For the good of the cause of Labores,
Our Goddess of Toil?

O Goddess, again we implore thee!
Inspire us once more with thy wine,
Bring back the long hours to adore thee
With worship from five until nine;
Else into thought's gulf we be falling,
Or be puffed up with college-brewed yeast;
In the name of thy sons am I calling,
I, Proud flesh, the priest!

O teach us to labor untiring;
To thrive on a sup and a bite;
To hire out our souls in our hiring;
To fulfill each industrial rite.
Oh! kill every thought that emerges;
Exhaust us and freeze us and broil;
Overwhelm with innumerable surges,
O Goddess of Toil!

Thou shalt set upon all but the laggard,
The seal that proclaims them as thine;

Have I labored enough, O Labores?
Have I praised thee my dutiful time?
Thy beauty and worth such a store is,
'Twould wear out all rhythm and rhyme.
I have fired men with glimpses of beauty;
I have fed men with honey and oil —
Have I done my adorable duty,
O Goddess of Toil?

By the little ones weakly and stunted,
Who are needed to play their small part;
By the half-grown, with senses half blunted,
Who know thee so well what thou art;
By the father made brutish by labor;
By the mother whose love has long ceased;
By the love that I bear for my neighbor,
I, Proud flesh, the priest!

By the body which once was a dwelling,
Where the soul finds a prison instead;
By the slaves we are buying and selling,
That are ours till the day they are dead;
By the mountain of gifts that they bring
thee:

By the wage of six feet of the soil —
Receive and believe what I sing thee,
O Goddess of Toil!

And ye, with lives barren of pleasure,
Though your hopes are killed one after
one;

Though the march for the dead be the mea-
sure

Until life's wretched journey be done;
Though the curse of life bitter and sore is,
The malice of fate ye may foil,
If ye fall down and worship Labores,
Our Goddess of Toil!

SUSAN ELLEN WIXON.

BORN: DENNISPORT, MASS., 1849.

FROM her youth this lady has written poetry and prose. She has taught school at intervals for several years. Miss Wixon has contributed to the press since a girl, and is the author of several books—All in a Lifetime,



SUSAN ELLEN WIXON.

Apples of Gold, The Story Hour, Summer Days at Onset, and various pamphlets. For many years past this lady has edited the children's departed of the New York Truth Seeker, and is at present engaged upon that journal. She is also a well known and popular lecturer on moral reform and educational topics. Miss Wixon is a resident of Fall River, Mass., where she is a prominent member of the school board, and also president of the Humboldt Scientific society.

WHEN WOMANHOOD AWAKES.

No more shall Error 'round her play
In fitful moods and clouds of gray,
Or cruel fancies crush her down
Where demons wait and furies frown —
When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall bigot turn and rave,
A ranting yet a cringing slave,
At Truth, who, in her garments white,
Stands facing ever to the right —
When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall sisters turn aside,
With haughty tread and sullen pride,
From those who walk in clearer light,

Whose keener vision sees the right—
When Womanhood awakes.

No more in abject fear she'll cower
Before a mitred, tyrant power;
Nor grope in darkness, pain and shame—
A hopeless wretch without a name—
When Womanhood awakes.

No more she'll idly dream away
Life's splendid hours in trifling play,
Nor think the whole of life to be
To lose her own identity —
When Womanhood awakes.

No more the story will be told
By writers young and writers old,
That man but toils till set of sun,
While woman's work is never done—
When Womanhood awakes.

The chains that bind her foot and hand—
That hold her close in every land—
Will drop and crumble in the dust
By force of their own ancient rust—
When Womanhood awakes.

Her eyes are closed in slumber now,
The poppy-wreath is on her brow,
But soon her night shall change to day,
And mid the tombs no more she'll stray —
When Womanhood awakes.

In horror will she view the past,
That, vice-like, held her hard and fast,
The coming time her mind shall dower
With vigorous strength and helpful power —
When Womanhood awakes.

The future day shall see her then
Clothed rightly as a citizen,
And she'll behold with judgment clear
The sovereign rights that wait her here—
When Womanhood awakes.

And man shall stand on grander height;
Shall see the truth in larger light;
Shall rise from groveling in the dust
To realms where dwell the true and just—
When Womanhood awakes.

And all these things shall surely be
When Justice reigns from sea to sea;
Fair Freedom then, in fullest measure,
Shall give to each her equal treasure —
When Womanhood awakes.

How gloomy all the past will seem!
A misty way—a dreadful dream—
With Superstition's slimy trail
O'er mossy banks and flowery dale—
When Womanhood awakes.

O, rosy dawn in eastern skies!
Thy morning light the world supplies!
Joy-bells shall ring from shore to shore;
Anthems shall swell forevermore —
When Womanhood awakes.

PERFECT PEACE.

Throughout the tangled paths of life,
 Restless we come and go,
 And 'mid life's cares, its toil and strife,
 We little quiet know.
 But, when in silence, soft and sweet,
 Is ended life's short lease,
 Gently as day the night doth meet
 We pass to perfect peace.

Eyes that are closed to earthly sight
 Can never wake to weep;
 No pain or woe, no baleful blight,
 Can move that slumber deep.
 Ears that to earthly sounds are stilled
 May never more be stirred;
 With sorrow never can be filled,
 Or pained by cruel word.

Thus hearts of dust all griefs forsake —
 They never break or bleed;
 The living hearts, that throb and ache,
 Our tender pity need.
 O restful sleep! O calm repose!
 Where all life's trials cease,
 Thy silver stream forever flows
 To realm of perfect peace!

Then let us in good deeds forget
 The grief that fills our eyes,
 And from these days of sad regret
 Shall fragrance sweet arise.
 And sanctified this life shall be
 With pure and holy aims,
 Until at last we come to see
 All human needs and claims;

And find in them our power to make
 The lives of others blest,
 So they with us to hope shall wake,
 To sense of joy and rest.
 And whether pulseless sleep is death
 Or quickened life's increase,
 Its gentle touch is but the breath
 That giveth perfect peace.

HER BIRTHDAY.

How well I mind me of the day,
 Tinted with August gold,
 I held her, laughing in my arms,
 Our baby, one year old.
 How fond I watched her infant charms,
 And kissed her dimpled face,
 While close I folded to my breast
 Her form of matchless grace.

And when on silvery wings Time sped
 Twelve months again away,

Then sweetly lisped her loving voice —
 "I two 'ears old to-day!"
 Her little feet had learned to climb,
 Her hands learned mischief, too;
 Yet watch and ward o'er her to keep
 Was pleasure sweet and new.

And when three years had seen her mind
 Unfold in beauty bright,
 To her the earth a Wonder Land,
 An Eden of delight.
 I kissed her pure and stainless lips,
 Hoping, trusting the while
 That she might never know earth's woe,
 Its harshness or its guile.

Four years flew gaily, swiftly on —
 Four joyous years of love,
 With brilliant hopes and many plans
 Each year was thickly wove.
 Her prattling voice, her merry laugh,
 Made happiness complete;
 And music sweet to our ears
 The patter of her feet.

Five years old! her precious mind
 Unfolded day by day,
 And promise gave of gracious worth
 A gem of brightest ray.
 Proudly we watched her onward growth,
 As fled the hours away,
 Nor thought we that our jewel bright
 Was shrined in mortal clay.

Six years at length came quick and sure,
 Rose-crowned and diamond-tipped,
 As bright as though each year had been
 In rainbow colors dipped.
 In sympathetic grace she grew
 A sweetest friend to be;
 Before her words, "I love you, dear!"
 All clouds would quickly flee.

Seven years old! This August day
 Is gay with birds and flowers;
 The purple pansies bloom as bright
 As when, in other hours,
 We wreathed them on our darling's head,
 With leaves of ivy green,
 Herself the fairest, brightest flower
 Our eyes had ever seen.

Her birthday! and, through misty tears,
 I look in vain to see
 Her lovely face — her wondrous eyes,
 With love-light turned to me;
 For silent is the voice I loved,
 Still are the dancing feet,
 And in the dust are all the hopes
 That once made life so sweet.

MRS. JOSIE ANTONIEWICZ.

BORN; RUSSIAN-POLAND, SEPT. 2, 1840.

THE education of this lady was commenced at the Sacred Heart Convent in Poland, and finished in Paris. She was married in 1860 to a Polish refugee, who died soon after the



MRS. JOSEPHINE ANTONIEWICZ.

French war of 1871, where he served in the French national guard. She next taught two years in a young ladies' school in England, and later engaged as governess in Berlin. About 1873 Mrs. Antoniewicz came to California, where she is now engaged in San Francisco as a private teacher of modern languages and music.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Near my window grows a tree,
In it birdlings sing in glee;
On the branch a nest hangs low,
Swinging, swinging to and fro.

The little birds are hard to please,
And their patient mother tease;
Though she gives them all her store,
Yet they cry and cry for more.

Often in real life we find
Children of exacting mind,
Who from parents more demand
Than is their's to e'er command.

ON THE SOBBING SEA OF TEARS.

On the sobbing sea of tears,
Wept by men through countless ages,
I am drifting through the years,
Love of you my soul engages.

On the vessel of my heart,
Guided by my grieving soul,
I am coming to the mart,
Where you wait — at Heaven's goal.

Hope the mast is of my ship —
Hope's a mast that never bends;
In the waves the swift oars dip
Toward thy feet — a greeting sends.

At a certain day and hour,
O beloved Father mine!
Heaven's consul grants the power
To a pen my pass to sign.

Then the surging waves of feeling
Glad shall break upon Heaven's shore;
Heart to heart, with God's bells pealing,
We shall meet to part no more.

VISION OF AGES GONE.

Visions of ages gone drift by in shadowy legions,

Speaking alike of wisdom as well as of ignorant weakness —

Speaking of strife and of conquest, and then of subsequent downfall.

Those were the days for the strong, when the Macedonian mantle

Flaunted its jewels and colors in the halls and homes of the Persians.

Then came the Greeks and the Romans, struggling to gain on the other,

Marching with physical strength, the forces of mind and of will power.

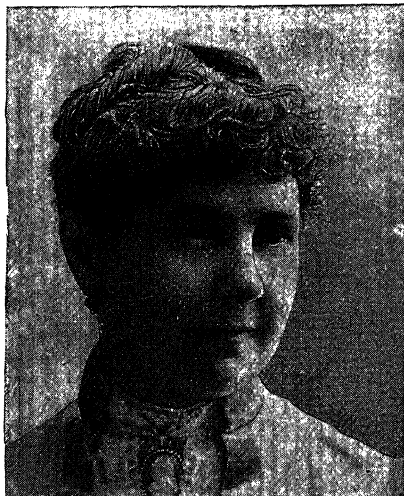
What avails us the glory of conquest when Rome, the most powerful of nations, Through warring and strife met with conquest?

The time was when force alone counted, To-day there are kings in frail bodies; 'Tis mind and not muscle that's needed, And the mind shrinks from warfare and hatred.

Why not learn from the ruins of ages To live in peace and in quiet, To turn all the power of the soul Toward making life purer and better? One man nor one mind can suffice To rule all the world of the present, But each in his place can be a king, If he strives for the glory of others.

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

THIS lady published in 1887, in conjunction with her son, a volume of poems entitled *From Heart and Nature*. Mrs. Sarah K.



MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

Bolton has gained quite a reputation in the literary world, and her poems have appeared in many of the leading publications of the United States.

THE HUMAN HARP.

I said, "Now I will play a song,
No matter whether brief or long,
So it be blithe, and light, and gay,
Fit only for a summer's day."
But no one cared to hear or see;
It did not touch humanity.

I said, "Give me a deeper strain,
E'en though it must have birth in pain."
The tempests came, and harp-strings broke,
But sweeter music from them woke.
I learned to suffer and be strong,
And yet to keep a cheerful song.

I learned the drift of human needs,
The worth of high and holy deeds,
That only noble hearts which break
Can suffer for another's sake,
He only sings for coming years
Who mixes with his gladness tears.

GOLDEN ROD.

O golden rod! sweet golden rod!
Bride of the autumn sun;
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow
morn,
And tinged them one by one?

Did the crickets sing at thy christening
When, in his warm embrace,
He gave thee love from his brimming cup,
And beauty, cheer and grace?

He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;
He reddens the sumach tree;
The clematis loses its snowy bloom
But he's true as truth to thee,

Scattered on mountain top or plain,
Unseen by human eye,
He turns thy fringes to burnished gold
By love's sweet alchemy.

And then, when the chill November comes.
And the flowers their work have done,
Thou art still unchanged, dear golden rod,
Bride of the autumn sun!

ONE FACE.

One face looks up from every page,
From snowy cloud or tranquil sea;
One face that can all woes assuage,
Dearer than all the world to me.

The eyes are mild, the brow is fair,
The voice is sweet as song of bird,
How oft my hand upon the hair
Has rested, with no spoken word.

The years will come and go again;
Their joys and sorrows they will trace
On lip and brow and busy brain;
And heaven will hold that one dear face.

BLINDED.

She lay like a rose-leaf on his cup;
He scarcely knew she was there at all
Until, like the leaves of early fall,
For their precious hue she was gathered up.

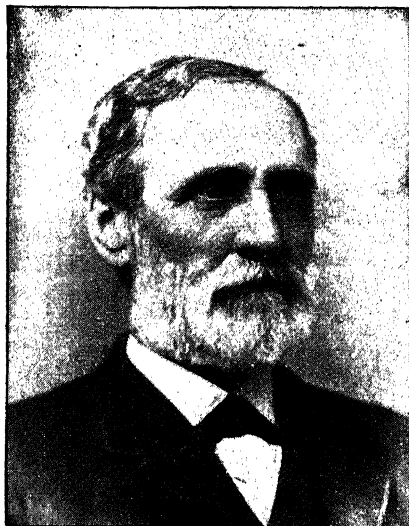
He knew too late that the flower was gone—
No fragrance left in the cup for him;
Alas! that he did not clasp the brim
With tender hands in the early dawn

Of love, and save to himself the leaf.
To own is often to lose the prize;
We stumble along with blinded eyes,
And wake to losses and bitter grief.

JAS. BARTLETT WIGGIN.

BORN: WADLEY'S FALLS, N.H., JULY 19, 1832.

THE Wild Artist in Boston, a prose work of 400 pages, from the pen of James Bartlett Wiggin, has received high praise. His poems



JAMES BARTLETT WIGGIN.

have appeared in the Boston Transcript, Brooklyn Eagle, and other publications. Mr. Wiggin is in business, and resides with his wife and family at Cambridgeport, Mass.

THE AIRY WHEELMAN.

Young Bigh Sychelle of Ryde
Of wheelmen was the pride
Of the land:

He could navigate a wheel
Built of rubber and of steel,
In a way to make you feel
It was grand.

He started out one day
To take a spin away.

Time to do:
Along the road he fared,
And the horses looked and scared,
And the people stood and stared
As he flew.

When going down a hill,
In meditation still,
Walked a maid;
Of course he turned aside
As soon as he espied,
And, as the road was wide,
Not afraid.

Of course nobody knew
What that angel maid would do,
So intent;
Surprised they both did feel,
When she gave a little squeal,
And rushed before the wheel,
Down they went.

Oh, a woman, bless her eyes,
Is a constant wild surprise
To a man.
She will muddle all his wits,
She will break him into bits,
She will set him into fits,
When she can.

Man finds trouble where he goes,
Takes a header, skins his nose;
'Tis his way.
But when he rides a-booming,
And sees not what is coming,
If he upsets a woman,
Let him pay.

Of course they both got hurt,
And tumbled in the dirt,
Oh, so sad.
She was young, and oh, so fair;
Oh, so sweet and debonair,
That it almost killed him there,
'Twas so bad.

Then to help her he must try
To her handsome home near by,
Right away;
And his arm was not misplaced
When he put it round her waist,
And some other wounds were placed,
Come to stay.

When the wheelman rode away
To return another day
He was bid;
And that maiden's heart he carried,
And he came and came and tarried,
And they courted and got married—
Yes, they did!

And he is a splendid man;
Deny it if you can,
And in luck;
He is happy as a king,
And his bride can laugh and sing,
And she is the nicest thing
He ever struck.

Hurrah for Bigh Sychelle,
May his bearings all run well,
Not a jar;
May his blessings never cease,
May his home be love and peace,
And his family increase.
Tra-la-la.

FRED ALLISON HOWE.

BORN: BLENDON, MICH., SEPT. 15, 1866.

AFTER graduating, the subject of this sketch took up the profession of teaching. His



FRED ALLISON HOWE.

poems have appeared in many prominent religious and educational journals.

NEVER AGAIN!

Never again, those light-winged hours
 That passed unheeded by,
 And filled our lives with sun or showers,
 Shall other years supply.
 Never again the rosy smile
 On youth's fair cheek that shone,
 Shall those dear, laughing hearts beguile,
 Which cold in death have grown.
 Never again shall this dead rose
 Bloom as it did of yore,—
 For life's fair tide, when once it flows,
 Ebbs out forevermore.
 Withered and dead, like autumn leaves,
 Are pleasures that have fled,
 O'er their lone grave the spirit grieves,
 But brings it back the dead?
 For soon the day becomes the night,
 And night becomes the day!
 Our sunlit hours, our dreams of light,
 Take wings and fly away!
 Yet fallen leaves and faded flowers,

Perchance, in years unborn,
 Decayed, may nourish greener bowers,
 And fairer brows adorn.

And snows that in the early spring
 Dissolved and passed away,
 Far south may chase the robin's wing,
 In some dim-distant day.
 That cloud that shimmered in the sun,
 And fell in April rain,
 May rest again, its circuit done,
 Deep in the boundless main.

And though our joys may not revive
 And blossom as of old,
 Mayhap some germ, e'en yet alive,
 May tender leaves unfold.
 That grief we thought had passed away,
 May yet, like early snow,
 On autumn flowers, o'er hearts too gay,
 Drift all its ancient woe.

The secrets of the years to be
 Lie buried in the past!
 Dead fingers mold the destiny
 In which our lives are cast!
 We can not tear the veil apart
 That hides the long ago,
 Whose echoes yet surge o'er the heart
 While life's swift currents flow.

TWO VOICES.

FIRST VOICE.

Ah me? the wilderness is vast and dreary;
 The wailing winds, of dirges, never weary!
 The hollow sea-waves roar!
 O'er pale, dead flowers the gloomy rain is
 falling,—
 The poor heart's tears on buried hopes of
 yore! [calling,
 And wandering voices to lost friends are
 At midnight's spectral hour,
 Along the shore!
 If this one life be all, then better perish,
 Than linger to behold what most we cherish,
 Like vernal wreaths, decay.

SECOND VOICE.

There is a land where crystal streams are
 flowing,
 Where breezes lull, and trees of life are
 growing,
 And starry waters shine.
 Tho' many a task thy fingers must unravel,
 O'er many a rugged path thy feet must travel
 To reach that radiant shore,
 Strive on! thy feet may stray through mea-
 dows vernal
 If faithful till thy toilsome journey's o'er!
 Strife on! before thee lie the hills eternal!
 Let faith gaze on before—
 Life soon is o'er!

JOHN R. MUSICK.

BORN; ST. LOUIS, MO., FEB. 28, 1849.

IN early life the subject of this sketch was an actor, then taught a country school, studied law and practiced five years, but later on gave his entire time to literature. He



JOHN R. MUSICK.

has written four novels and several plays. His poems have appeared in *Potter's Monthly*, *The Current*, *Yankee Blade*, *Youth's Companion*, and other prominent publications. Mr. Musick has been very successful in his literary work.

THE IDEAL.

I know sweet songs I can not sing,
I have bright thoughts I dare not breathe,
Though triumphs of fame for me should ring
And crown my brow with laurel wreath.
I've tales untold I cannot tell
Though they would bring me wealth and fame,
And through the censeless ages stamp
In gilded words my deathless name.
This hardened heart must ever bear
In silence through the years to come
Its disappointment and despair
As day by day I am nearing home.
And when those songs I learn to sing
And breathe the thoughts that burn
within,
This 'prisoned soul will surely wing
Its endless flight from grief and sin.

THE BAY WINDOW.

There's an object, I vow,
That's to me a treasure,
For oft I have hailed it
With exquisite pleasure.
More sacred to me
Than their gods to the Hindoo
Or gold to the miser
Is a brilliant bay window.
I haste to the college,
When the early bell's ringing,
The birds in the trees
And all nature is singing,
I pause there to listen forgetting I sin, oh!
And cast a sly glance
Toward the bay window.
Enchanted by a fairy,
'Tis long there I linger
And listen enchanted
To the voices of a singer.
'Tis the voice of an angel,
Or one that's akin to,
For the music of Assian
Floats through that bay window.
Such sweet strains of music
My heart-chords are thrilling
Although the dew dampness
Of even are chilling.
This heart has oft fluttered
Like a late-captured minnow
When ere I glance into that window—
That brilliant bay window.

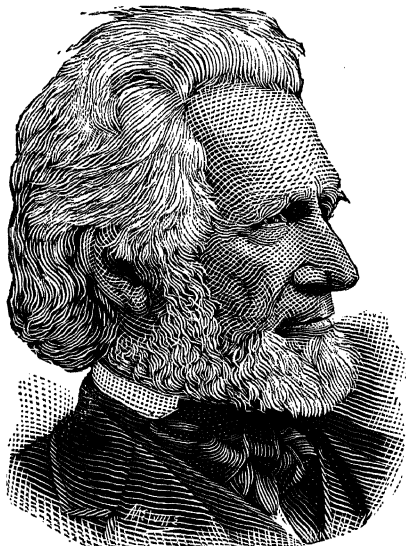
UNKIND WORDS.

Could mankind in the course of life
But for a moment pause and think,
How one kind word may save a youth
With foot upon destruction's brink—
Just one kind word a soul might save,
Or keep one from a felon's grave.
Did woman know how unkind words,
If breathed about from ear to ear,
May bring despair on tender hearts,
And rob them of all life holds dear—
The tongue of scandal in one short hour
May blight and wither the fairest flower.
If children knew when on the green
Engaged, perhaps, in mirthful play,
That words, like daggers, sharp and keen,
May wound and bleed one's joys away—
No dagger's burnished point can smart
Like unkind words to childhood's heart!
Oh, would we be more careful then
Of what we think or how express,
And modulate our mind and voice
With gentle love and tenderness?
Then let us ever bear in mind
We always gain by being kind.

DANIEL F. MILLER.

BORN: NEAR FROSTBURGH, MD., OCT. 4, 1814.

FOR forty years Mr. Miller was a member of the Territorial Legislature. He has followed



DANIEL F. MILLER.

the profession of law since 1835, and is now a resident of Keokuk, Iowa. His poems have appeared extensively in the periodical press.

OLD SETTLER VENTURES.

Old settler life
Though good and true,
Was often reckless in its way,
And many ventures
Oft engaged
For less of need than brave display.
To cross the stream
On floating ice —
Ice rushing wild from shore to shore,
Or stem the flood,
On horseback ride,
Were feats they often boasted o'er.
Or chase the deer
At break-neck speed,
Dashing as fast as horse could go,
Or pull the oar
When waves ran high,
And stem the stormy current's flow.
Such feats as these
Were settler's pride
When blood flowed free in youthful veins,

But now old age
Has chilled our limbs
And turned our thoughts to other strains.
But yet could we
Our youth renew —
Turn back our years two score and ten,
We would agree,
Though reckless 'twas,
To do these same feats o'er again.
And often I, in depths of sleep,
When fancy riots uncontrolled,
Imagine I
Am youth again,
And living as in days of old,
A settler life with all around,
As in Old Settler age I found.
And when I wake, and find 'twas dream,
It grieves my heart it had not been
Not fancy, but a real thing;
For settler life and settler ways
Were, all in all, my best of days;
Where social life by all was sought,
And friendship was the leading thought.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

They say a woman should not vote
Because she is not a yeoman:
Because she cannot wield the sword
With strength and force of foeman.
But I divine it is not sword
Nor muscle of the yeoman,
But intellect which casts the vote,
And that most comes from woman.
I never knew a gifted man
But came from gifted mother,
And mostly every girl I know
Is smarter then her brother.
In former years in Iowa
The jail was common passage
When poverty could not pay debts
And creditors were savage.
But that old shame is wiped away
By honest legislation,
Yet woman's servitude remains
A scandal to our nation.
But God's great mill, tho' it grinds slow,
Yet keeps itself in motion,
And ere twice twenty years shall pass
Suffrage will be woman's portion.

MARS.

Mars was a soldier so 'tis said,
With iron helmet on his head,
And full of vengeful ire;
But when his eyes sweet Venus saw,
He lost his ire and stood in awe,
Subdued by love-lit fire.

CHARLES E. HOAG.

BORN: MOULTONBORO, N. H., SEPT. 18, 1849.
In 1875 Charles E. Hoag was admitted to the bar. In 1885 he purchased the Peabody Reporter, and two years later issued the American Citizen, at Boston, Mass., both of which



CHARLES E. HOAG.

publications he still edits. Mr. Hoag has published several works, and has just issued a volume of poems entitled Chords and Discords. He was married in 1884, and resides with his wife and two children at Peabody, Mass.

SONG OF EIGHT.

The little maid was eight months old,
The youth as many years;
He held her, kissed her, O, so bold!
'Tis love that has no fears.

A pretty girl of ten and eight,
A gallant youth of eight years more;
Again he holds her (kind is Fate!),
And kisses, as of yore.

She's eighty years of age yet fair;
His age—some eight years more;
His pillowed head is held with care,
As hers was held before.

SISTERS.

Deep, dark eyes, and curly hair,
Rosy cheeks, and face so fair—
That is Ena standing there

By her mother's side.
Soft, white skin, and hair that's light,
Pouting lips and blue eyes bright—
Ila makes a pretty sight
Trying now to hide.

Dark-eyed Ena's two years old;
She's the elder of the fold;
Knowing this she's very old,
Is our Ena fair.

Very young and very shy,
Knowing not the reason why—
She'll be older bye-and-bye—
Ila hiding there.

Ena talks to Dolly Dare:
"You must say your evening prayer;
Then I'll lay you right down there
In your little bed!"

Ila looks with wondering eyes
At the ancient girl, then sighs
At such stern parental ties;
Then she hides her head.

Ena kisses Ila dear,
Then says: "Baby, have no fear,
Sister Ena's standing near—
She's a great big girl."

Since from harm she is so free,
Baby Ila laughs with glee;
Hopes that she sometime will be
Such a great big girl.

Will this always seem to you—
Deep, dark eyes, and eyes of blue,
These so old and these so new,
On life's weary way?

May you both be always strong,
Love the right and fear the wrong;
Happy, joyous be your song
All the livelong day!

LOOKOUT ROCK

There it stands; 'tis Lookout Rock,
Baptised by many an ocean shock;
Seaweed clinging to its side
But half conceal and half reveal

The jagged face they fain would hide.
There it stood when Earth was young,
When Moses taught and David sung.

Poets then had much to say,
But half revealed and half concealed
The story of that distant day.

There 'twill stand so old and gray,
And years will come and pass away;
And the waves that round it dash
Will half conceal and half reveal
Marks that note the lightning's flash.

There it stands, and there you'll find
Strange sights for eye and food for mind;
Yet so spectral all appear

That, though it reveals, it half conceals
Weird marks of life, of love, and fear.

There it stands a sent'nel old,
And there it must stand, its tale untold.

Poets, as in other days,
Half concealing, half revealing,
Sing its song in divers ways.

FOR MABEL'S ALBUM.

Little Mabel, happy Mabel,
In the joyous days of spring,
Little reck you of the future,
Little care you what it brings!

Older Mabel! sadder Mabel,
Now thy autumn days are near!
Is it of the past or present
Thou would'st most prefer to hear?

Angel Mabel! spirit Mabel!
Earthly joys and sorrows past—
Do you see eternal springtime?
Do you wear the crown at last?

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

See that picture on the wall?
An old picture, that is all;
Yet that picture brings to view
Other days, yet always new,
Of the years ago.

See that house upon the hill?
See the meadow, brook and mill?
It is those that bring to view
Other days, yet ever new,
Of the years ago.

Dear old picture on the wall,
Very dear if very small,
Thou art ever to me new,
Ever bringing to my view
Years of long ago.

White-haired miller in the mill,
Brown-haired maiden on the hill,
They are constantly in view,
Never old, but always new,
New as years of old.

Take that picture from the wall!
Dingy picture, old and small?
I would have it from my view,
I would have me something new
Now upon the wall!

Dead, the miller in the mill;
Wed the maiden on the hill;
I have other girls in view,
And I'll place a picture new
Now upon the wall.

EXTRACT

Thou came and went in all thy meekness,
Came to us in all thy weakness;
Coming, going, all in meekness,
O, how much of life is bleakness
In this world of ours!

MRS. CARRIE W. HOAG.

BORN: PEABODY, MASS., DEC. 30, 1856.

AFTER graduating from the high school, this lady afterward taught school for a few years, but delicate health compelled her to give up the occupation. She was married to Charles E. Hoag in 1884, and is the mother of two daughters. Her verses have appeared from time to time in the American Citizen, of Boston, and the Reporter, of Peabody, both published by her husband, Charles E. Hoag, who is also represented elsewhere in this work.

WIFE

What is the name to me?
Think how it came to me;
So still the summer night
Gathered around us there;
Bending your head to me.
"My wife," you said to me—
"My wife," in accents light,
Soft as that evening air.

How like sweet birds to me
Came those two words to me,
Singing all fears to rest—
Singing sweet songs of love,
That keeps it near to me,
Keeps it so dear to me—
Me ever happy and blest—
Blest as the spirits above.

THE SISTERS.

Two sisters there were, when the world was
young,
Earth was fair, and life was gay,
And one had eyes like midnight skies,
And one was fair as day.

But a young lover came in the summer time
To the home of the sisters twain,
They loved him in truth with the love of
youth,
But, ah! they loved in vain.

He played them false with his vows so free,
Till the love they bore for him
Made the eyes of night shine fiercely bright,
And the light of day grow dim,

He went on his way when the Autumn came,
And the sighing trees were bare;
And he ne'er returned to the eyes that
burned

Or the face as morning fair,

They waited and watched while hope grew
faint,

Then in sorrow passed away;
And one had eyes like the midnight skies.
And one was fair as day,

REV. JOHN B. ROBINSON.

BORN: WARREN CO., OHIO.

GRADUATING at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1860, Mr. Robinson the same year was married and made principal of Mount Washington Seminary, near Cincinnati. He was successively president of Willoughby College, Fort Wayne College, New Hampshire Semi-



REV. JOHN B. ROBINSON, D.D., PH.D.

nary and Female College, and Jennings Seminary. He has lectured under the auspices of some of the bureaus. This gentleman has published the following works in prose: *Infidelity Considered*, *Vines of Eschool*, *Commencements*, *Serpent of Sugar Creek Colony*, *Preachers' Pilgrimage*, etc. He has also written a vast number of fugitive poems, but his chief poetical work was a volume entitled *Emeline*, or *Home, Sweet Home*.

MY BRIDE.

My first, my last, my only love,
My angel bride, my purest dove!
Let others probe the deep unknown,
And circle in some magic zone,
My fancy ends its ravished dream,
Daylight of bliss has flung its gleam;
I'll meet thee at that break of day,
And never more be torn away.
Not goddess of poetic fame
Such ocean wealth of worth can claim.

O, sacred altar! solemn vow!
Where boundless oceans overflow,
And float our souls upon its tide
In life-boat to the other side,
Melt warm affection in a glow,
These ocean currents overflow,
Forever like a sea of tears,
That weep for joy a thousand years.
Th' immaculate of heaven's throng
Can never chant a sweeter song.
If every star in yonder sky
Were riven from its canopy
And crushed to make a starry crown,
Its lustrous wealth should be thine own.
Let fancy-painters fade away,
Eclipsed by real fruition's ray.
Deep down the avenues of soul
In rapture let nature roll.
Should fortune frown or hope despond,
Through Christ and thee I'll hope beyond.
On Sabbath morn, that happy "now,"
I'll print caresses on thy brow;
I'll meet thee at that break of day,
And never more be torn away.

FIRSTLINGS.

Two milky eggs peeped from the nest
Which mother bird warmed with her breast;
To brood and watch them in the grove
Her faith was constant as her love.
She warmed the gems each lonely day
While father bird would fly away.

At break of day "peep! peep!" was heard
Beneath the wings of mother bird.
"What's that I hear?" chirped Mr. Thrush,
"I'm at my morning chorals, hush!
Your curtain-lecture starts again,
Or did your hungry crop complain?
You should be here, close by my side,
With feathers smooth as when a bride."
"Peep! peep!" comes from the nest more
clear,

Till all his feathers stand in fear.
Said Mrs. Thrush, "Do look at this!" —
A scene of real domestic bliss.
She raised her breast just so his bill
Could peep beneath the downy frill.
"Oh! oh!" said he, "what pretty things,
So like their papa's silver wings.
We did it, mamma," chirruped he,
And hastened gaily down the tree,
Ashamed of all his sore neglect,
So lately vowing to protect.
But worms and seeds are lavished now,
The infant birdies sealed his vow.
No happier mates could love or blush
Than papa and good mamma Thrush.
So baby's smile inspires esteem
To which the honeymoon's a dream.

THOMAS H. ARNOLD.

BORN: NEW ORLEANS, LA., DEC. 26, 1857.

AFTER learning the printer's trade at Mobile, Ala., this writer for three years was connected with the Times-Democrat, of New Orleans, when he accepted a lucrative position on a St. Louis publication. For three



THOMAS H. ARNOLD.

years Mr. Arnold was connected with the Chattanooga Times, and is now editor of the Middleborough News, of which publication he is also president and manager. In 1882 the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Mary B. Harrison, by whom he has two sons.

"TISS ME AND I'LL DOE TO SLEEP."

"Tiss me, an' I'll doe to sleep,"
Said our darling sweet and low,
For her face was flushed and fevered,
And her breath came soft and low.
O'er her crib I bent and watched her,
Stroking back her golden hair,
And my heart seemed bowed in anguish
Overladen with despair.
"Don't try, mamma, I'll be better
When dis night is done away;
Den your baby'll tiss and love 'oo,
Be a dood child all de day."
How each word seemed laden
With a sorrow long and deep;
How my heart bled when she whispered,
"Tiss me an' I'll doe to sleep!"

Then I kissed her, oh, so fervent,
Held her tiny hands in mine,
And I prayed that God might spare her
If but for a little time.
Yes, I prayed as never mother
Prayed for that she longed to keep,
And again the words came fainter,
"Tiss, me an' I'll doe to sleep."

But 'twas useless, God had called her,
He had placed his signet there
On the pure and holy forehead
Of my baby darling fair.
He had called her to heaven,
Where the angels vigils keep,
So the Savior bent and kissed her,
And my babe had gone to sleep.
Oh, ye fathers, and ye mothers
Who have darlings pure and fair,
Guard their gentle little footsteps,
Foster them with tenderest care;
Hear ye not the angels calling
To your dear ones — low and sweet?
Hear you not our darling's murmur,
"Tiss me an' I'll doe to sleep."

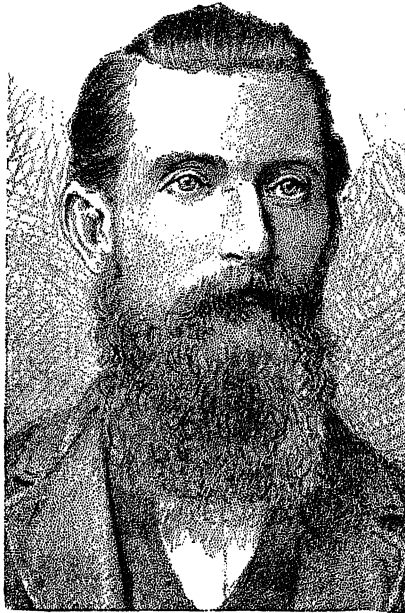
THE FARMER TO HIS SON.

So yer goin' to leave the old home, boy —
Yer goin' away from the farm?
Well, I'm sorry the thing hez come to this,
But I wish yer may meet no harm.
It's hard ter think we must give yer up —
Your poor old mother and me;
We've tried hard fur to do the square thing,
boy,
An' to tote with you fair and free.
The world is filled with its crooked ways,
And the city's the place whar they
Is found on every corner and street —
You'll meet 'em by night and day.
You'll have a hard time to 'scape sin, John,
Fur they'll always be in yor way!
But jest close yer eyes and think, my boy,
What the old folks at home would say.
Just think that yer old mother's heart would
break
If yer foot should slip by the way;
And that every night we'll kneel by the bed
And pray for our boy away.
We'll pray that some time he may wander
back
To the farm where he often has played
In his childhood's home, and rest his head
On our breast where it oft has laid.
It 'taint that we're 'fraid of the boy we've
raised,
Or that aught of his heart's going wrong,
But the city is full of vices and sich,
And temptation for sin is strong.

LAURENCE W. SCOTT.

BORN: MONONGALIA CO., VA., May 29, 1846.

THE subject of this sketch went to Texas in his youth, where he learned the printer's trade. He was at one time local editor of the Daily Leader, published at Covington, Ky. At the age of twenty Mr. Scott became



LAURENCE W. SCOTT.

a preacher, and has become somewhat distinguished as a theological disputant. In 1872 he returned to Texas, where he published the Olive Branch, which was afterward consolidated with the Southern Christian Weekly. He is the author of Paradox and Other Poems, besides several prose works.

MARCHING HOME.

The bells of heaven are ringing,
The choir of heaven is singing,
The pearly gates are swinging,
As we go marching home.

The light of heaven is shining,
The shade of night's declining,
The clouds have silver lining,
As we go marching home.

The harps of heaven are playing,
The heirs of heaven are praying,
To God their homage paying,
As we go marching home.

The songs of heaven we're singing,
The garnered sheaves we're bringing,
To Jesus' cross we're clinging,
As we go marching home.

The silver is refining,
The dross of earth declining,
The golden ore we're mining,
As we go marching home.

"We long for heaven," we're saying,
On Christ our hopes we're staying,
To God we're humbly praying,
As we go marching home.

Our souls in heaven we're saving,
In blood our robes we're laving,
The banners high are waving,
As we arrive at home.

BALM IN GILEAD.

A Christian lies upon his cot,
With aching heart and limb;
Suffering long has been his lot;
His sister reads to him:
"Is there no balm in Gilead?"
And "Is there no physician there?"
"Grant us balm o' Gilead,"
Is his mother's prayer,
"Soothing balm o' Gilead,
Cordial for our care."

His frame is racked with misery,
His nerves are twinged with pain,
His soul is full of agony,
And this his sad refrain:
"Is there no balm in Gilead?
Oh, is there no physician there?"
Echo answers, "Iliad!"
Echo answers, "air!"
Answers faintly, "Iliad,"
Expiring on the air.

His father from his study comes—
His hearing is not clear—
He raises to his head his thumbs,
And bends his ears to hear:
"Is there no balm in Gilead?
Oh, is there no physician there?"
"Here is Homer's Iliad—
Doctor, too, is near!"
Holding Homer's Iliad,
He sobs it with a tear.

The doctor comes with solemn mein
And looks into his face;
He feels his pulse and sees his tongue
And hears his cry for grace:
"Is there no balm in Gilead?
Oh, is there no physician there?"
Doctor queries, "Gilead?"
Doctor whispers, "there?"
Musing, queries, "Gilead?"
Wondering, whispers, "there!"

ELVIRA H. HOLLOWAY.

BORN: RICHVILLE, N.Y.

THIS lady went to San Francisco, Cal., in 1860, and holds a teacher's life diploma for that state. Her poems have appeared in the



ELVIRA HASKINS HOLLOWAY.

New York Tribune and various other publications, generally under a nom de plume. She is now preparing a volume of poems for publication.

THE BURNING BUSH.

The Burning Bush that Bible lore
Records as seen by Moses,
Perchance, was the sunlight streaming
Through a bush aflame with roses.

Fair petals crowned with gems of light,
Glowing with glistening pearls,
As the roseate flush of dawn,
Her banner of beauty unfurled.

Our great creator through his works
His wisdom thus discloses;
And by this wondrous power
He spake in the bush to Moses.

Through all the fair creation,
Through flow'ret, leaf and tree,
He is speaking by his wisdom
In tones of mystery.

WAIT NOT.

Wait not till the leaves have fallen
From the rose tree, in full bloom;
Ere you cull the fragrant blossoms,
Would you gather their perfume

Seek not in the winding pathways
Of the vine-wreathed sylvan glade,
For the glory that departed
With the summer's beauteous shade.

Do not wait till loved ones falter,
Droop and perish by your side;
If their burden you may lighten,
Or, with helping hand may guide.

If with loving thoughts and kindly,
You some darkened life would cheer,
Speak them while the tender accents,
Fall with music on the ear.

Do not wait till loving glances
Are by death's chill shadow marred,
Speak the words of love and kindness,
Ere the ears are closed and barred.

Send the lovely fragrant blossoms,
While the soul's deep sense may know
All the wealth of true affection,
That doth from love's fountain flow.

Do not wait till icy fingers
Place their signet on the brow;
Crown with love's sweet benediction,
Ere too late, the tardy vow.

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

When'er we tread on freedom's plain
We wake to life her dead again!
Though their mounds are worn away
By the waves of time's decay,
Their deeds immortal and sublime
Live through the changing years of time.

As ages pass with silent tread,
The memory of our patriot dead
Will live forever in the soul,
As the cycles onward roll;
And evermore will prayers arise
As grateful incense to the skies.

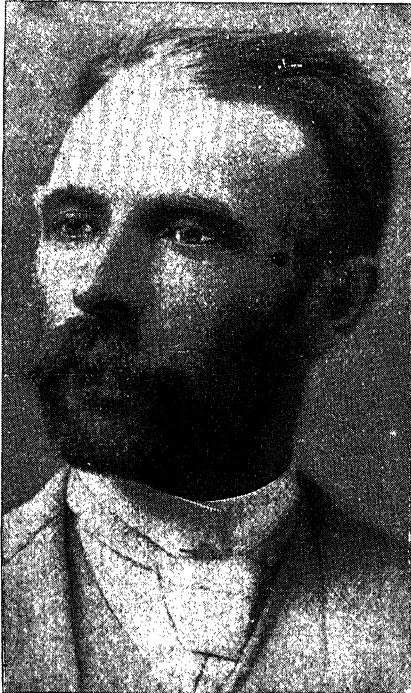
How loved, how honored are their names,
Though naught of them but dust remains;
Yet, heroes die not with their dust,
Let earth enclose her sacred trust;
The attributes divine were given
As the inheritors of heaven.

Fame will unfading laurels wreath,
For them proud eloquence will breathe
In lofty strains their highest praise;
And poesy with graceful phrase
For them her fairest flow'rs will twine
And consecrate to freedom's shrine.

HU MAXWELL.

BORN: ST. GEORGE, W.VA., SEPT. 22, 1860.

THE poems of Mr. Hu Maxwell have appeared in the leading daily and weekly newspa-



HU MAXWELL.

pers. He follows the profession of a civil engineer, and still resides in his native place.

TO AMY.

I cannot say that I would wish thee blest
 Entirely, always with no cloud of shade
 To cross thy pathway. It perhaps were best
 That so it should not be. The summers fade
 To bloom more beautiful with flowers ar-
 rayed [dread
 When storms are o'er, and when the winter's
 No longer hovers in the angry west.
 It will be so with thee. The shades that
 spread [stead.
 Above thee will but bring a purer light in-
 But I would never have dull sorrow crush
 That gentle heart of thine, too kind and
 true [rush
 For the rough ways of earth, nor memories
 Remorseless on you. It were best for you
 To know not these. 'Neath skies serene
 and blue

Almost forever—just a shadowy day [brush
 Sometimes, the merest shade of clouds to
 The azure from above—I'd have thy way
 Lead in where light and love and sheen and
 shadows play.

A SONG.

"Softly calling," sings the sailor,
 "Whisper low the winds to me,
 At they come with gentle welcome,
 Calling softly o'er the sea."
 And the sailor by the islands
 Of the southern ocean far
 Lingers while along the waters
 Trembles faint the evening star.
 Then his dreaming lightly wanders
 To that distant haven fair,
 Where she waits, while winds are playing
 With her sunny, golden hair.
 And he hears the passing whisper
 Of the winds through flower and tree,
 And he sings: "Her voice is calling,
 Calling softly o'er the sea."

THE EVENING STAR.

Fair Evening Star, now gleaming calmly
 bright

Above the crest of mountains far away,
 Thou shinest silent o'er the world to-night
 As thou wilt gleam in peacefulness for aye.
 I cannot sleep. Thy beams of silvery white
 Like fairy forms around me softly play,
 And soothe me into memories that throng
 Back to the rapturous summer of the Past.
 Bright star, that shineth all the still hours
 long,

Perhaps even now thy silver beams are cast
 Through that far window, where in sweet
 repose

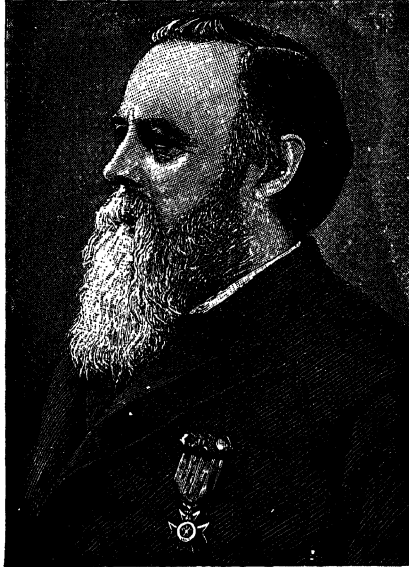
My gentle Vivian sleeps and dreams in
 bliss! [rose,
 Calm star, touch soft her fair cheek, like the
 And as she sleeps bestow for me a kiss.
 Disturb her not. 'Tis well that she can rest
 Unconscious of the Past. Let balmy sleep
 Soothe sweetly whom the angels love the best
 And vigil o'er her slumber kindly keep.
 Calm star, yet radiant in the sinking West,
 Thou knowest not what lieth buried deep
 In human hearts. She dreameth not of me,
 My Vivian to-night, and it is well.
 Then, star, go down into that western sea.
 Thou knowest not, and tongue shall never
 tell!

But ere thou leave me lonely here to-night,
 And train thy beams along some distant
 shore, [light,
 Shine through that window with thy silent
 And on her cheek for me leave one kiss more.

CHARLES M. NEWELL.

BORN: CONCORD, MASS., NOV. 23, 1821.

THE subject of this sketch took to the sea before he was seventeen years of age, and followed that occupation for twenty years, sailing on long voyages to all parts of the world. He became master of a ship at the age of twenty-six, and continued so for ten years. He then left the sea to study medicine, in which he has been very successful.



CHARLES MARTIN NEWELL.

Mr. Newell has published, in addition to medical literature, six volumes of prose of nearly 500 pages each, entitled *The Voyage of the Fleetwing*, *The Isle of Palms*, *The Wreck of the Greyhound*, and others, which have given him a world-wide reputation as a writer of sea-stories. Mr. Newell was married in 1855, and is a resident of Boston, Mass. The jewel shown in his portrait is the insignia of a Knight Companion of the Order of Kapiolani, and was presented to him by the king of Hawaii in appreciation of Mr. Newell's work, Kalani of Oahu. The poems of this popular author will be published in book-form in the near future.

DREAM THOU OF ME.

Dream thou of me, these soft night-hours?
Dost dream of love divine?
Forget, dear Love! the fate that lowers;
Forget that thou art not mine.

O, dream to-night one dream of me!
Dream I am pure and fair,

My heart all bright with melody,
The Bride-rose in my hair.

No harm to dream a dreamland kiss,
To only dream of me!

It fills my heart with a witching bliss
Whene'er I dream of thee.

O dream of me these soft night-hours —
God grant I may dream of thee!

Like perfume from the garden flowers,
Our love in dreams will be.

ALOATA'S DEATH SONG.

Tuning her lute with fingers fair,
Tuning her lute to divine despair,
Touching the strings with a girl's caress,
Freeing her face from a raven tress,
Sadly she sang in a voice so sweet!
Cooing her notes as the wood doves greet.

Into her voice, with its gift of song,
Into her lute, with its tones of wrong,
Sorrow crept in like a sad refrain,
Till song and lute seemed a cry of pain,
Wringing the heart of the man she loved —
Never again have his lips reprieved.

Ending her song, she was dumb and mute;
Snapping the strings of her heart and lute,
Silent she sat, with her face to the moon,
Tearless and pale, like a soul in swoon;
Into her face crept a look of woe
Only the heart-breaking soul may know?

Swooning, she fell with her arms on high,
Reaching to God with an anguish cry;
Falling, she lay on her lover's breast,
Bleeding from lips where his kisses pressed;
Broken — the heart that had loved so long!
Winning his love with her dying song.

THE ISLE OF PALMS.

There's an isle I love in the Southland seas,
Where the palm waves tall in the trade-wind
breeze;

Where the flow'ring vines leap aloft on high
Like appealing hands reaching up to the sky.

There the Sabbath-bells are the golden fruit,
As dumb in their chimes as the silent lute;
There the orange blossoms their stars unfold,

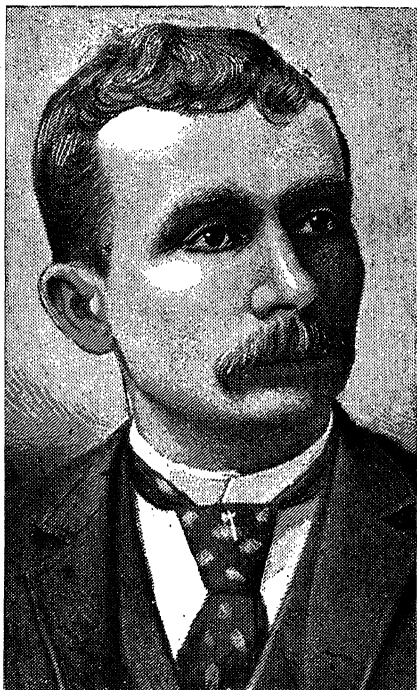
And the jasmine gleams with its stars of
E'en the sea below, in its coral caves,
Has its Mermaids fair in the azure waves;
They ring on the shore to the summer moon
With the voice of a lute in its sweetest tune.

'Tis an Isle of beauty! Spirits guard the place,
And the wing-breeze of spirits fan the face!
There the sea-worn mariner, bowed with care,
Finds an ear-divine to receive his pray'r.

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

BORN: HAHIRA, GA., JAN. 31, 1857.

IN his youth this writer was a great reader of Josephus, Telemachus and other works of like nature. When eighteen years of age he went to Southern Florida, then a wilderness, where he spent several years as a hunter and woodsman, occasionally teaching a country school in the back woods. For a while



MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

he was a farmer, then a country merchant, and then a teacher, finally drifting into journalism. His work finding favor with the late Henry W. Grady, Mr. Folsom was employed on the Atlanta Constitution. In 1888 he published *Scraps of Song and Southern Scenes*, a very fine collection of poems and sketches. Mr. Folsom has made a national reputation as a story, sketch and editorial writer, reporter, correspondent and as a poet. He was married in 1879 to Fannie E. Croft, and now resides with his wife and four children at Atlanta, Ga., where he is on the editorial staff of the Constitution.

A WOMAN'S WORD.

I told you nay when last we met;
I knew 'tis inconsistent, yet,

Upon reflection, I confess
Wells from my heart the answer "Yes!"
Uncertain as a humming bird
Upon the wing, a woman's word!

I love you, but I've changed my mind;
I do not mean to be unkind;
I see it in a different light,
And really must say "No!" to-night.
No leaf by varying breezes stirred
So changeful as a woman's word.

O, love, pray press your lips to mine,
Once more your arms around me twine;
Now, that life's tide is ebbing fast,
I will be consistent, true, at last!
Heartsick from hope too long deferred—
A woman's word! A woman's word!

TO HENRY W. GRADY.

True Friend:

To whom my heart hath turned
When in Life's skies in splendor burned
The Star of Hope. And oft to whom
My soul hath looked when deepest gloom
Of dark adversity appalled:

To Thee:

To whom I oft have called
For help and sympathy and cheer [drear
When clouds were dark and skies were
And never, never called in vain;
This modest tribute of my brain

In Love

I dedicate, and bring
With this a heart's free offering,
Through every change or varying mood,
Of deep, undying gratitude.

A SPRAY OF HELIOTROPE.

A withered spray of heliotrope,
With one poor faded blossom,
Fit emblem of a cherished hope
Borne in his restless bosom.

Were't like that "Resurrection Rose,"

In Mexie legend tender,
That 'neath the showers of April blows
Anew in heightened splendor;

So might that dead hope bloom again
In beauteous form and fashion,
After the driving, blinding rain
Of some wild gust of passion.

Reminder of what I forgot—
The glamor and the glory,
The sacred joy, the vain regret
Of one sweet summer story.

Though shadows dark increase the scope
Of sorrows that enslave me,
I'll keep this spray of heliotrope
That long ago you gave me!

SEPARATION.

So near and yet so far apart,
 Dear faithful heart!
 Day after day we meet and greet
 Upon the street
 With words so calm and dignified,
 Such well-feigned pride,
 None guess we love — ah, none can know? —
 Each other so!

And yet, though circumspect and wise,
 Our tell-tale eyes
 Give — unvoiced thoughts we dare not say —
 Our souls away;
 And wakened by their ardent beam
 From blissful dreams,
 The youthful god, with mischief rife,
 Renews the strife.

So far apart, and yet so near,
 We linger here;
 The radiance in your love-lit eyes
 The tear-drop dries
 In mine, just as the distant sun
 Drives, one by one,
 The dew-drops off that tremble on
 The cheek of Dawn.

THEY WILL MISS YOU.

I am sure the birds will miss you
 Bye and bye;
 Whispering winds will long to kiss you
 When the sky
 Wears a veil of teary sadness,
 Shadowing the summer gladness,
 When you die!

Flashing waters, lowly humming
 Out of tune,
 Blossoms bright that loved your coming
 As a boon;
 Smile no more, but grieve and wonder —
 Busy bees will sadly ponder
 As they croon!

Starry eyes of night will glisten
 Through their tears;
 Chant the whip-poor-will and listen
 Through the years,
 Ever sighing and recalling
 That 'tis not your light step falling
 That he hears!

Children, too, with sober faces,
 They will tell
 How that you, with all your graces,
 Loved them well!

Treasured memories will awaketh
 With your name, in hearts forsaken
 Isabel!

But one heart e'en now must languish,
 Sob and moan —
 Bear its load of pain and anguish —

And unknown,
 Like some tortured soul unshriven,
 Watch the guarded gates of heaven
 All alone!

Yet, I know the world will miss you
 When life's done;
 But I envy now the winds that kiss you,
 And the sun
 Who, with rapturous caresses,
 Touches now your shining tresses —
 Happy one!

From December to December,
 All the way
 Through life's decline will remember
 That bright day
 When, upon your snowy bosom,
 Bloomed a spray of apple blossom
 In the May!

Oh, the words I cannot fashion,
 Though I try;
 For th' unfathomed depth of passion
 Drowns the cry!
 You will know it all and feel it
 When mists of earth no more conceal it —
 Bye and bye!

MY LADY'S EYES.

My Lady's eyes
 Are like the dyes
 Of Indian summer's bluest skies;
 And in their depths
 An angel keeps
 His watch, while infant Cupid sleeps.

Her brow is white
 As snow and bright
 As April's incandescent light
 When south-winds bring
 And gently fling
 Their treasures at the feet of Spring.

Nor dark nor fair
 Her twining hair,
 But all the rays of evening share;
 Each tender touch
 And tint is such
 I only know I love them much.

The rich rays seek
 Her rounded cheek
 Like sunbeams clustering 'round some peak
 Where ebbs and flows
 And burns and glows
 The blended light of suns and snows.

Her sweet breath tips
 Those rosy lips
 With honey dew the brown bee sips
 From fragrant flowers,
 In waveland bowers,
 At evening's calm and tranquil hours.

LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

BORN: FAIRFIELD CO., CONN., SEPT. 28, 1837.

THIS editor, author and poet commenced his career as a printer, at the same time contributing stories, sketches and verse to more than a score of the leading publications of America. Since that time he has contributed to *Graham's Magazine*, *Peterson's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and hun-



LUTHER GRANGER RIGGS.

dreds of other equally prominent publications. After serving through the war, Capt. Riggs began the publication of the *Meriden Recorder*, which he successfully conducted for twenty-one years, issuing both daily and weekly editions. For a number of years he also published and conducted the *Evening Journal*, the *Morning Call*, the *Citizen*, the *Wallingford Forum*, and the *New Haven Daily News*. Capt. Riggs was for five successive years an official reporter of the Connecticut state senate. In 1875 he published a collection of his miscellaneous poems, and a second edition was issued, which was speedily sold. In the fall of 1882 Capt. Riggs located in Chicago, where he has written largely for the *Chicago Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, *Inter-Ocean* and *News*; prepared many scientific and descriptive articles for *Andreas' History of Chicago*, edited trade journals, and has done an almost infinite

amount of specialty work. In 1877 Capt. Riggs married Miss Ray Warner, daughter of Samuel Warner, of Apple River, Jo Daviess county, Illinois. He is now editor of the *Recorder*, published at Richmond, Illinois.

LIFE'S SUNSET HOUR.

The western hills are fading now,
The golden-tinted clouds are gone,
The rapid river's ripples flow
More faintly in my fancy on.
The sweet repose, so still, so calm,
Which sunset's softening shades impart,
Might soothe, methinks, like Gilead's balm,
The weary or the wounded heart.

The flowers' scent, the forests' force,
Sweet silence of pale stars still share,
Since sorrow's shadow its sad source
Secrets with solemn, sober air.
Now its fierce fires spread o'er the soul;
No drop of dew dispels the heat;
The earth seems shriveled like a scroll,
Nor lonely lakes lave lonely feet.

Where waves are wild, where shores are steep,

And princely pines peer down in pride;
Where waters cheerless, dark and deep
In gloomy groans grate on life's tide;
Where reeds and rushes, red and rank,
Skirt shining strand of shell-strewn shore,
Or foamy seas sweep o'er steep bank,
I list the waves' low, sullen roar.

I know not why, but at this hour,
When sinks the golden sun to rest,
I turn with strange, impelling power
A searching glance within my breast,
And in the day's receding light
The veil falls from my heart anew,
And all grows dim to human sight,
And but One Eye its faults can view.

The sun-set hour is sweeter far
Than glittering glare of glowing noon,
I love to watch the first faint star
Or gaze upon the crescent moon;
Then thought flies high, and memory
Sleeps in the quiet of the scene,
Till in the future far I see
A desert isle, forever green.

'Tis fancy all! Earth bath no rest!
Life's busy throng, with bustling air,
Press on; while hidden in each breast
Are eager hope and anxious care,
Till, torn by turbulent desires,
And chilled by disappointments past,
Consumed by passion's fevered fires,
Life's sunset-hour is reached at last.

CHARITY.

Be thou, O man! in all thy ways
 Generous as love, and like the rays
 Shot from the sun to warm the field:
 Let thy full sheath its substance yield,
 Not with a stealth, but free as love,
 As God sends rain from clouds above
 To water fields with gentle showers,
 And woo the seeds to burst in flowers.
 So all through life, ye sons of man,
 Aid ye the heart in this great plan,
 To wreath in smiles each careworn face,
 And plant within the soul new grace.
 Give of thy store, though small it be,
 As God gives life and health to thee;
 Oh! blest it he who gives with love
 His charity, and high above
 The angels sign and gild his name
 On the eternal scroll of fame!

EVENING.

When the long, bright hours are numbered,
 And the daylight beauty dies;
 When the stars their nightly watch-fires
 Kindle in the western skies,
 What is that which, gently stealing,
 Dream-like o'er the musing mind,
 Calms each wayward thought and feeling
 With a magic undefined?

Hark! the sound of distant waters,
 Murmuring in their ceaseless play,
 Comes upon the breath of evening,
 Blending with the night-bird's lay.
 Whence the power that strangely sways us,
 As we list that magic tune,
 Bringing back fond, faded memories
 With the glances of the moon?

Now the evening-star arises
 Brightly o'er the wooded hill,
 Gilding with its mellow radiance
 Field and forest, fount and rill;
 Knowest thou whence this strange emotion,
 Stirring e'en the fount of tears—
 Why the glance, so quick and searching,
 Backward flies to childhood's years?

Is it memory of the wildwood,
 Where in early life we strayed,
 Or the moonlit haunts of childhood,
 Where we innocently played?
 Is it name of friend or brother,
 Hoarded long in memory's cell,
 Or the mild glance of our mother
 That awakes the mystic spell?

Deep within that spell is centered—
 Yet what tongue can speak the whole—
 Who reveal the hidden power
 Of the strange, mysterious soul?

Ever unexplained yet present
 With our spirits dwell the power
 Potent thus to move and sway us
 In the pensive evening hour.

IMPULSE.

The silvery sun shone through a cloudless
 sky,
 And bright the blossoms borne on shrub
 and tree;
 Sweet was the hum of the industrious bee,
 While birds filled all the air with melody.
 I saw her tie her hat beneath her chin;
 I saw her band her raven ringlets in;
 But not alone were these caught in her
 snare,
 For O! my truant heart went roving there!
 The rude rough winds with her thick tresses
 played;
 They madly blew her curls across my face?
 They chased her ringlets in a frolic race;
 They played sad tricks with my sweet rural
 maid;
 How could I less than gently fold her in,
 Or how forbear to kiss her dimpled chin?

ASPIRATIONS.

O, for the mistral's strong wing, hence to fly
 To realms where the bards wake soul-mel-
 ody—

Where, in mystical harmony, fair buds and
 bright flowers
 Blend their voices with twin stars and sing
 of the hours;
 Where the zephyr and sunbeam, in ecstasie
 delight,
 Playful dalliance give fairies, then hide out
 of sight;
 While the lute's melting music in soft tones
 swept by,
 And the harp's grand choral wakes sweet
 melody.

O, for the wings of the wild Lutin-steed,
 To bear me to charmed flower-circles with
 speed!

Where the lightning's dread wand enchant-
 eth the ground,
 And luminous footprints the sprites scatter
 round;

Where fond Hope hath planted, 'mid scenes
 of deep gloom,
 Bulbs of Fancy and Feeling, whose perpet-
 ual bloom

With the blossoms of Sympathy perfectly
 blend,
 And the delicate odors waft to earth's re-
 mote end.

MRS. MAY C. SHAPLEIGH.

BORN: ST. LOUIS, MO.

IN 1878 this lady was married to Augustus F. Shapleigh, of St. Louis, Mo., where she now resides with her husband and two



MRS. MAY C. SHAPLEIGH.

children. Mrs. Shapleigh has written more than a hundred poems and a number of plays.

THE ARTIST'S LAMENT.

You've ensnared my heart, my darling,
 With your burnt sienna hair,
 With your cobalt eyes, beloved,
 And your cheeks of carmine rare:
 And your smile has quite bewitched me,
 Oh, that soft vermilion smile!
 As your teeth of Kremnitz white
 Gleamed dazzlingly the while!
 Let those blushes of rose madder
 But faintly tinge your cheek,
 And those drooping eyelids shadow
 With neutral shadows while I speak.
 May the Naples yellow high lights
 Of your soft sienna hair,
 Rest lightly and disturb not
 Those Vandyke shadows there!
 Sitting silently before me,
 Ideal of my dream!
 "As pretty as a picture"
 In your reverie you seem.

And I love you as you sit there
 In your robe of Prussian blue,
 Wearing topaz, like gold ochre,
 And a deep chrome flower or two;
 Whilst you lean against a background,
 Caledonian brown and gold,
 And the traces of soft laces
 Sigh caresses in each fold.
 If my arms might thus enfold you,
 If I dared to hold you so!
 But, alas! you are another's,
 And your heart may never know
 How I've loved your very outline,
 And have traced it with bright dreams,
 As the moonlight rays trace shadows
 Of the flowers 'neath its beams.
 Oh, my sweet, poetic idyl!
 Pictured ideal of my heart,
 Dreams of you are vain and idle—
 From my idol I must part.
 For to love you is heart-misery
 And "madness to the brain;"
 If your heart were mine, my darling,
 I must give it back again;
 For fate has come between us,
 And in grief I turn to go—
 I who have loved you, oh! beloved,
 More than you can ever know.
 And so, with tears and sorrow,
 I must tear you from my life—
 You, who are my sweetheart,
 Fate forbids should be my wife.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

I love my love with a heartache,
 For my love does not love me;
 And whether I sleep or wake,
 And whatever and wherever I be,
 It is all the same to me
 That I love my love with a heartache,
 Because she loves not me.

I love my love, and I trust her,
 For none could doubt her eyes,
 So tender their wonderful lustre—
 So tender with happy surprise,
 And shining like stars from the skies
 Is the truth that makes me trust her—
 The truth from her heavenly eyes.

I love my love and I've lost her,
 And the floodgates of grief open wide,
 Whilst the waves madly dash thro' the dark-
 ness,
 Bringing wrecks with the incoming tide.
 Oh, there's no life but death since she died!
 I loved her so! and I've lost her,
 And there's nothing to think of beside!

AN APPEAL TO YOU.

Do you think I did not care
 When you turned from me there,
 Leaving me moody just where I stood,
 Transfixed as it were,
 For I could not stir;
 And you thought it indifference? You
 should
 Study the indifference 'twixt a listless mood
 And the hopelessness of despair!
 You thought then I did not care,
 That you turned from me there?
 You saw only the attitude!
 You'd have been more wise
 Had you noted the eyes
 That followed you, tho' I stood
 Stunned when you turned from me just as
 I should—
 There seemed nothing to me but despair!
 You still think I did not care
 When I told you there
 What I told you, asking so much beside;
 Can you not recall
 I said all, asked all,
 In my foolish, presumptuous pride?
 And you left me there in despair
 For a hopeless love denied?
 Ah! you can't think I did not care;
 You believe in despair!
 Don't mock me thus! Beware!
 You surely know
 Since I tell you so!
 Don't say that I did not care!
 Don't tempt a desperate man to break
 His heart for your heartless sake.
 What is that? 'Tis an idle threat?
 You know I'll forget?
 A man's heart is not easy to break.
 Well, perhaps that is so;
 But stay!—ere you go
 Perhaps you had just as well know
 I feel I can never recover this blow;
 Despair will not let me forget!
 Farewell, then; your hand—if you will
 You would be friends still?
 No I could never be such to you.
 It isn't too late
 To face my fate,
 There's something left for me to do!
 Your satire has saved me to myself, thank
 you!
 I'll be brave if I can. Adieu!
 You're as white as a ghost! What care
 Can you have for despair?
 I thank you for pity; but no,
 You needn't weep now,
 For my grief I bow
 Submissive, release you, and—go—

See! I shall give you up bravely, you know;
 I shall try to outlive my despair!
 You are weeping; and yet do not care
 For me—but my despair;
 You must needs not pity me so!
 For God's sake, no!
 Ah! let me go,
 I can't bear your pity, you know,
 There, I cannot be brave if I stay; let me go!
 But you love me? Thank God it is so!

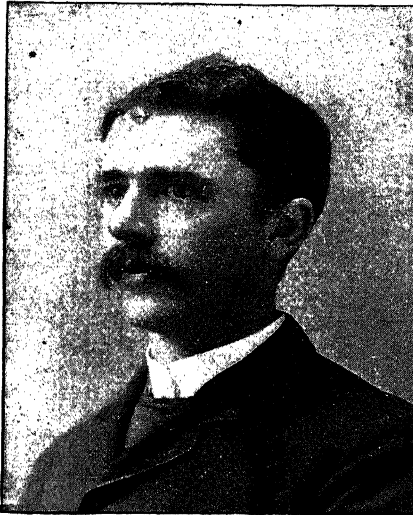
A DREAM LULLABY.

Let us float far away
 To the end of the day—
 To the Bye Babyland we will go;
 We'll drift down in a dream
 On the deep slumber stream,
 While the waves sing a lullaby low.
 In that wide wonderland,
 With your hand in my hand,
 We will wander at will to and fro;
 And such strange things we'll see—
 Strange to you, dear and me;
 Things that none but the Bye Babies know.
 There the rosebuds have wings,
 And the butterfly sings,
 And the birdies can talk if they try;
 While the babies that never
 Could talk or walk ever,
 Can sing like the birds and can fly.
 In that land it's always June,
 And the happy afternoon
 See the laughing sunlight dancing in the
 grass,
 While the madcap's merry breeze
 Frolics romping through the trees,
 Catching at the little shadows as they pass.
 There the ripples of the stream
 Laugh like music in a dream
 At the sleepy flowers nodding to and fro—
 Nodding flowers, dreaming flowers,
 Rocked to sleep by golden hours,
 As the golden-winged hours come and go.
 And the bees, the lazy things,
 On such honey-laden wings,
 Drowsy, droning, half asleep upon the bloom;
 Languor-faint, the cradled bees,
 Fanned by the phantom breeze,
 Fall asleep upon the pillows of perfume.
 Then that guardian angel sleep
 With enfolding arms will keep
 My nestled darling closely sheltered, float-
 ing on
 Thro' the dreamless slumber times,
 Till earth's matin music-chimes
 Whisper to the winged sleepers: "It is
 dawn!"

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

BORN: PONTIAC, ILL., DEC. 9, 1859.

At twelve years of age the subject of this sketch went to Cleveland, Ohio, and two years later to Shasta, Cal., where he still resides. He was appointed postmaster at Shasta in 1878, and served in that capacity,



CHARLES L. PAIGE.

and as telegraph operator and merchant, until 1886. The following three years he was agent for the Pacific railroad company in Nevada and California. He is an ardent sportsman with rod and rifle in the mountains. The poems of Mr. Paige have appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, Overland Monthly, New York Forest and Stream, and many other notable publications.

SONG OF THE GOLD.

With features heavy and worn,
With visage florid and red,
A gentleman sat in conventional rags
And sighed in a way that was sad:
Rich! rich! rich!
In wealth and in luxury roll'd,
And still with a voice of a dolorous pitch,
He sang the "Song of the Gold!"
Wealth! wealth! wealth!
In houses, and lots, and land,
And wealth! wealth! wealth!
In possessions vast and grand.
It is oh! to be a slave
And have the barbarian's health!

For a man has never a soul to save
Who only toils for wealth!

Wealth! wealth! wealth!
Still striving and toiling for gain;
Wealth! wealth! wealth!
Yet I never enough obtain.
Gold, and mortgages, and deeds,
Bond, and mortgage, and gold;
And, counting it all, I fall asleep,
To dream of the coupons I hold!
O men who strive for gold!
O men who revel in wealth!
You make ill-use of limited time—
You lose your strength and health!
Rich! rich! rich!
In wealth and in luxury roll'd!
What is it all in the end but dross?
And for what was existence sold?

Work! work! work!
My labor is never less,
And what are its wages? Additional cares,
Additional cares and distress.
O you, who are poor and in want,
You do not suffer alone—
Your lot may be hard, but so is mine,
Your sighs only echo my own.
Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslips and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet?
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel—
Before I knew or cared for wealth!
Ah! then I enjoyed a meal!
With features heavy and worn,
With visage florid and red,
A gentleman sat in conventional rags
And sighed in a way that was sad:
Rich! rich! rich!
In wealth and luxury roll'd,
And still of a lot that was hard to endure
(The rich may be sad as well as the poor!)
He sang the "Song of the Gold!"

AWAY FROM THE THROG.

It may not be—yet it seems to me
Away from the throng is best;
By some lonely shore where the waters roar,
Or far in the crimson west.
For friends are few that are sure and true—
Aye, the crowd is a mob to me;
More tame and mild is the distant wild,
More calm is the stormiest sea.
Ah, it must be so, for the wisest know
That man is a foe to man!
The love is small that extends to all,
Tho' we trust it as we can.

To have one friend at a long life's end
Is a blessing rare, I sigh,
One faithful clasp as we dying gasp—
One glance in an honest eye!

Yet there's love in all, in great and small,
In the fiend whom all avoid;
You may see its gleam in a demon's dream,
And it cannot be destroyed.
In the great and least, in man and beast,
'Tis the soul, till life shall fail;
I'm sure 'tis the part of my lady's heart,
And it wags my spaniel's tail.

But I sigh again as I say with pain,
Away from the throng is best;
My fondest dreams are of woods and streams
Afar in the hostile west.
There's a gleam I prize in my horse's eyes,
And I like—three dogs at most—
Aye, one dear face in my heart has place,
But it cannot hold a host.

A BELIEF.

Time shifts the scenes, fast changing each
and all;
No little atom rests inert on earth;
No thing, no thought, no life, or great or
small
But changes with the æon from its birth.
Men come and races come and go as fast
As ever magic pictures on a screen;
The era, age and empire, at the last
Will come and go as this and will have
been.

Omnipotence is all; Man makes nor mars;
He cannot cause or check a sparrow's fall,
Else he might change from destined ways
the stars

And scorn fell death—the universal pall.

That power is, and nothing can evade,
Diminish or re-order it a jot;
Fate was decreed when all the worlds were
made,

And every man apportioned then his lot,
The babe's first gasp is not an act its own;
The youth's loud shout is still no part of
him;
And reasoning man may labor or may
drone;
He lives, he dies—and all beyond is dim.

A PAUSE.

The poet paused and listless dropped his pen;
I'll think no more, he said. The world is
old,
'Tis filled with thought, and weary-minded
men
Have gleaned enough from all that time
has told;

I'll write no more, all themes are over-
wrought,
And only wrinkles deck the pale, sad brow
of thought.

Why store the brain to stoop beneath the
weight

Of never-sated reason's cumbrous load?
Only to know the fixedness of fate—

To bear the pain and still apply the goad!
And then, when all the lease of life is spent,
But be more gray than wise—more feeble
than content!

Why should we reckon of days or years or ages?
Why note the mysteries each moment
brings?

Why heed the hoarded wisdom of dead
sages?

Why pore o'er histories of fools or kings?
Away with all that's past! all ghosts of
time—

And all the grinning skeletons of prose or
rhyme.

I'll rest me here; the soul most yearns for
rest;

The vacant mind is fetterless and free;
All things that live, save man, live to attest
Unalterable nature's stern decree!
Then blest the boor who lives and dies se-
rene,

Careless and dull, nor thinks what is or
might have been!

Too late—too late! the craft once cast adrift
Upon the shoreless sea must restless float;
All points converge and useless every shift
Of the blind pilot in each fated boat.

Then spread all sail, catch every wind that
blows;

Sail, bravely sail, and sink, and then who
knows, who knows!

EXTRACT.

Sere, blank and yellow, orchard, field and
plain;

On drooping boughs some dead-ripe fruit
is hung;

With thrifty care is garnered all the grain;
The summer's ended and her birds have
sung.

Her birds have sung, and, wearied, seek to
rest;

There's scarce a chatter in the sun-burnt
hedge;

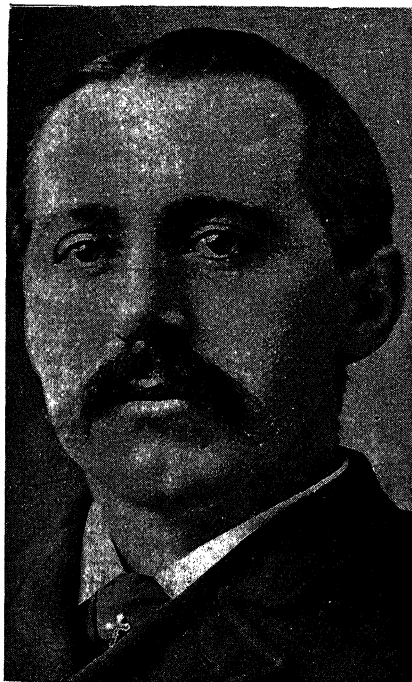
And dry leaves rustle in the spring-built
nest,

As where no more the little groups should
fledge.

ISAAC EDGAR JONES.

BORN: LIVERPOOL, ENG., 1850.

As author and journalist, this writer has gained a national reputation, having contributed extensively to the Boston Transcript, Louisville Courier-Journal, Chicago Times, Chicago Inter-Ocean, and other lead-



ISAAC EDGAR JONES.

ing publications, and he is now editor of the Daily Chronicle, Muskegon, Mich. For several years he lived in Indianapolis, Ind., where he was proprietor and editor of the official city paper, and was active in social, benevolent, political and literary circles.

THE MEASURELESS DEEPS.

I think sometimes that the silence itself has
a soundless ghost,
A stillness deeper than ocean, where gather
the countless host
Of shades that are shade's reflections, of
glooms that are shades of gloom,
And echoes of thoughts unfathomed which
never in words find room.
There are thoughts which move at midnight,
too deep for a vision's reach;

There are waves deep down in silence, too
strong for the grasp of speech;
And a mystic intuition in infinite depths of
space
Too far to impress reflections or shades on a
mortal face.
We know in the silent chambers the beats of
a distant heart,
We have seen with an inner vision the cur-
tains of silence part,
And far in the shaded distance have read, as
on magic scroll,
The words no sound could utter, addressed
to an earnest soul.
There are things so deep and sacred they
flee the approach of sound,
There are ideas pure and holy no natural
hedgerows bound,
And somewhere well adjusted, unseen, un-
heard, intense,
Are the truths which reach us only through
a seventh mysterious sense.
We hear not, speak not, feel not, yet we
think, and trust, and know,
While the viewless mystic currents sweep by
in their endless flow,
While above the mirrored crystal there
flutter the ghostly wings,
And a song too sweet for language its jubi-
lant anthem brings.
The grandest truths of the ages have entered
the heart like this,
The things we can never utter producing
the greatest bliss;
Mysterious intuitions, swift shades of a
shadow-thought,
Have flooded the soul with sweetness in
miracle wonders wrought.
We know there are soul vibrations, a subtle
and glorious bond,
Uniting the world material with a something
so far beyond
That it reaches us in soul waves, too delicate
far for touch,
That the brightest words are heavy and bur-
den them overmuch.
So we learn its beauteous wisdom. Its peace-
ful currents flow
Too far for the reach of evil, too high for the
touch of woe,
Too deep for our words to fathom, too soft
for the grasp of sound,
In a place which God hath guarded with a
silence most profound.
Then welcome the mystic message, the
peace beyond all compare,
Too sweet to be grasped or measured, found
but by a voiceless prayer;

The sign of a higher presence, a rapture
which may not cease
Till it reach the great Nirvana and blend
into endless peace.

A symbol of something coming, revealings
some time to be,

The ripples of glory lapping the shore of an
endless sea;

The secret of life eternal, too grand for the
bonds of speech,

Conveying a soundless message to the wait-
ing souls on the beach.

So the soul receives its message, by a route
we may not trace,

From the deeps where fathomless silence
broods ever in endless space;

Where the finite may not measure with its
puny rule and rod

The truths which the soul receiveth direct
from the heart of God.

CHAS. KNOWLES BOLTON.

BORN: CLEVELAND, O., NOV. 14, 1867.

THE poems of this writer have appeared in
the Century, Magazine of American His-



CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

tory, Youth's Companion, and other promi-
nent publications. In 1887 he published a
volume of poems entitled *From Heart and
Nature*; and he has also published a gene-
alogy of the Bolton family. Mr. Bolton has
traveled extensively in Europe, and has
given art entertainments of one thousand

brilliant views throughout America, which
have made him very popular.

A VOICE.

The rain makes music at midnight,
Dripping from rafter and eaves,
Blown hither and thither by mad-cap
Wind on the twittering leaves.

Its sound has solace for sorrow,
Touching the heart-chords o'er
So softly, oh, so softly!
Sweet as the lutes of yore.

But sweetest of all sweet music,
Making my heart rejoice,
Comes over the dew-damp meadow
Tenderly, true—a voice!

RUTH.

She is fair as a child unhidden
On the marge of a wonder stream,
And the lights in her bright
Blue eyes are the stars a-gleam.

Where her breast by flowers is hidden
The white flower, crushed, lies dead,
And the light of her bright
Cheek reddens to rose in its stead.

Where her red lips part unbidden
Her breath comes fast and low,
Till the light in her bright
Eyes dies and the tears flow.

And tears bring love as they did in
The cavalier olden times;
And the light of her bright
Blue eyes is the light of my chimes.

PERPETUITY.

In my garden grows a flower,
Royally yellow it is;
There my neighbor has a bower —
Golden curls in his.

Sun and rain and summer air
Open my bud each day;
Flowers and skies and visions fair
Circle him in his play.

Soon he will love my little flower,
Tender and undeffiled;
Then, though it die, it will live a power
Sweet in my neighbor's child.

BEAUTY IN SORROW.

Souls that master sorrows,
Bear and oft forbear,
Find existence borrows
Richness from life's care;
See each rich to-morrow's
Sky new beauty wear;
Beauty born of sorrows
Is most truly fair.

WILLIAM CUMBACK.

BORN: FRANKLIN CO., IND., MARCH 24, 1829.

BEFORE he was twenty-six years of age William Cumback was elected to congress, being the youngest member of the 34th congress. In 1868 he was elected Lieutenant-governor of Indiana. Gov. Cumback is a member of



WILLIAM CUMBACK.

the Beta Theta Pi; and was president of the National Convention at Cincinnati. He is an Odd Fellow, and has been grand master and grand representative of his state. He has been on the lecture platform for more than fifteen years, and has gained quite an enviable reputation. Mr. Cumback was married in 1851 and now resides with his family at Greensburgh, Ind.

THE WITHERED BOUQUET.

The midnight blast is sweeping past
Through each deserted street,
With not a sound its moan to drown,
The weary ear to greet.
The cold before each dweller's door
Would fain admittance gain,
And the chilling winds weave frosty lines
On every window pane.
No moon or stars with radiant bars,
Banish night's sable shroud,
For before them all, like a gloomy pall,
Is winter's darkest cloud;

And not a light rejoiced the sight,
Save a feeble, flickering ray
In the student's room, on this night of gloom,
In the attic over the way.

The light was small, yet it told me all
The secrets of his place,
And bore my sight through the gloom of
night

To his sad and sorrowing face —
For before him lay a wither'd bouquet,
Fastening his tearful eyes,
From whence more showers fell on the
flowers

Than e'er from laughing skies.

But ne'er again can the summer rain,
Or affection's warmest tear,
Bring back the bloom they had last June,
To the flowers now crisp and sere;
And ne'er will come the loving one,
As bright and sweet as they,
Who plucked the flowers in his joyous
hours —

Her gift in his happiest day.

Ambition's schemes are idle dreams,
To that lonely, suffering heart,
His dead hopes lay near the dead bouquet —
A fitting counterpart.

A slender band, tied with her own hand,
Around the withered flowers,
So memory's chain still holds in vain
The hopes of his better hours.

His harp unstrung; and his song unsung,
Unfinished his poem lies,
His fancy will soar, alas! no more
To the poet's paradise.

He thirsts for the cheer of the voice so dear,
To nerve him for the strife;
For love is the spring of everything
In the bitter contest of life.

I'll not cease to pray that next smiling May,
As she comes with her troops of flowers
And her birds of song, singing all the day
long,

In aromatic bowers,
Will gather anew of the choicest hue,
Another and sweeter bouquet,
And send by the one, now absent so long,
To the attic over the way.

THE SUICIDE.

On a beetling cliff, on a moonless night,
The gloomy suicide stood;
Above rolled the dark and angry clouds,
Below leaped the raging flood;
No hope illumed his wretched soul,
But a bitter agony wrung
A wail of despair from his broken heart, —
And this was the dirge he sung:

Come death—oh come, you're my only friend;
 No other can serve me now,
 You, only, can still the throbbing heart,
 Can cool the fevered brow;
 And come you must, I'll not be denied,
 For now you're in my power;
 The sorrow and gloom of weary years
 You shall end this very hour.

No more of life! I know it all,
 Hither and thither I've run
 To find its promised peace and joy,
 But before I had begun
 To taste what false and flattering hope
 Had sworn was rare and sweet,
 I found all filled like Sodom's fruit,
 With the ashes of deceit.

Its Wealth! An empty senseless show,
 Brought the hollow-hearted near,
 Who fled with a laugh of railing and scorn
 When Poverty did appear;
 Its Fame! I loathe myself to know
 That I sought the rabble's applause,
 For their curses, and jeers and shallow
 sneers
 Followed close their wild huzzas.

Its Friendship! A sham and mere disguise,
 A mask that the selfish wear.
 Its Love! Ah, its torturing agony,
 I never again can bear!
 Ingratitude, Hate and Jealousy,
 Falsehood and Slander, too,
 Are hell-born demons that poison love,
 And banish all that's true.

Life! Life! The shameless cheat!
 Too long I have endured;
 A prison for my unwilling soul
 With grim despair immured—
 The sighs and groans of breaking hearts
 Make up the sad refrain
 In his charnel house of buried hopes
 Where pity calls in vain.

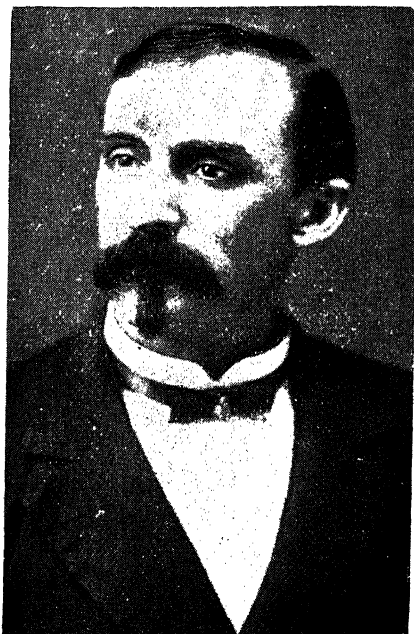
My brain is hot, my heart is cold,
 The flood beneath my feet
 Is calling for death and me to come
 In sweet embrace to meet;
 Its surging waves will ne'er reveal
 Or whisper to the shore,
 That far beneath in its calmer depth
 I rest forever more.

A wretch he lived, a fool he died;
 Unbidden he has gone
 To answer to Him who gave him life
 For the deed that he had done.
 His Christless soul, embittered life,
 His proud and stubborn will,
 Refuse to hear the voice of Him
 Who whispers: "Peace be still."

ALFRED W. HARRIS.

BORN: LOUISVILLE, KY., JAN. 27, 1842.

MR. HARRIS served through the war in the Union army, was captured at the battle of Chicamauga in 1863, and became a prisoner for seven months, when he was exchanged; he rejoined his regiment, and was mustered



ALFRED W. HARRIS.

out of service with a gallant and soldierly record. After the war Mr. Harris was married to Miss Margaret Heimer, and now has two daughters, both elocutionists and teachers in the public schools. He has filled many important public positions, and is at present in the U. S. Internal Revenue service at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Harris has written extensively for many of the leading publications of America, and is also the author of several prose works.

SUNNY SIDE.

Fond memory brings to me the day
 When I was loth to part
 From the rural scenes not far away
 Which often cheered my heart:
 Where the silvery rill ran purling on
 Through wood and meadow wide,
 And merry children sported on
 The lawn at Sunny Side.

To the orchard I have often strayed
 Among the leafy trees,
 Their heavy-laden branches played,
 And nodded to the breeze;
 The songs of birds, so oft and clear,
 I've listened to with pride,
 And to this day methinks I hear
 Them still at Sunny Side.

In the lovely garden near there grew
 Flowers rich and rare;
 The summer breezes gently blew
 Their fragrance to the air.
 I've 'tended them with anxious care,
 But all my hopes have died
 Since last I twined gay garlands there
 At cheerful Sunny Side.
 The vine-clad bowers in days gone by,
 Beneath their foliage green,
 There with my book I'd often lie
 To enjoy the hours serene.
 Could I now possess that spot again,
 Where pleasure still abide,
 I'd ever sing a melodious strain
 At cheerful Sunny Side.

WHAT I'D LIKE—A PARODY.

I'd like to have a cozy cot
 Near the limits of the town; a spot
 Three hundred feet or so,
 With poplar, peach and apple trees,
 And lilacs scenting sweet the breeze,
 'Twould suit me to a "T," I know.
 To have morning glories here and there,
 And big sunflowers bright and fair,
 On each flower an humble bee,
 And round my front room window spread
 Hollyhocks, some white, some red,
 To cheer up mine and me.
 I think I would so much desire
 To hear in my backyard a choir
 Of jay birds singing sweet,
 And when the fruit is large and ripe,
 In the shade I'd sit and smoke my pipe,
 Such should be my retreat.
 Away from the town and its busy whirls
 There would I rear my little girls.
 (I have but two, you see,
 And as I've often said before,
 If I'm not blest with any more,
 How happy I will be.

BUILDING CASTLES.

I sit me where the firelight's glare,
 Before my vision dances;
 And castles fair, build high in air,
 Adorned with idle fancies.
 My wife so true, and children two,
 Sit by my side unheeding;

Content are they, with naught to say,
 Some pleasant stories reading.

And fairer days shed brighter rays
 Athwart my dreamy vision;
 Sweet prospects rife crown all my life
 Through golden fields Elysian.
 In wreaths and curls the smoke it whirls
 In shapely forms around me;
 From my pipe of clay I smoke away,
 Redoubled joys surround me.

Amid the daze of smoke and blaze
 My heavy eyelids closing;
 As Morpheus plays in luring ways,
 And sets me all a-dozing.
 To my surprise I ope my eyes,
 For some one I hear calling;
 And rousing me, what do I see,
 But all my castles falling.

THE LONE GRAVE.

A lonely mound by the wayside,
 Where the traveler's feet have sped,
 The myrtle and the sweet-brier hide
 From view of the strangers who tread
 Lightly in the narrow pathway,
 Near the grave of the unknown dead.

A rugged tombstone marks the spot,
 No trace of birth or death describes;
 A broken vase, a flower-pot
 In the lank grass half hidden lies;
 A stately poplar guards the place,
 And points in grandeur to the skies.

The bleak winds whistle, sigh and chant
 A requiem o'er the solemn mound;
 The screech-owl's piteous lament
 Breaks the deep stillness all around;
 The pale moon sheds its mellow light
 Softly on the hallowed ground.

No loved ones near to shed a tear
 Unnoticed through the twilight hours;
 Or how the head in grief sincere,
 And strew the grave with choicest flowers;
 The gathering clouds weep down their tears
 Of tenderest love in showers.

EXTRACT.

The dew was glist'ning on the grass,
 High up the lark was soaring;
 The sheep were grazing in the pass,
 The mill-dam loudly roaring.

Within the deep and tangled wood
 The huntsman's horn was sounding,
 Afar into the shady wood
 The foxhound's yelp resounding.

J. HOWARD WERT.

AS THE author of Poems of Camp and Hearth, and other works, J. Howard Wert



J. HOWARD WERT.

has attained quite a reputation. He is now principal of public schools at Harrisburgh, where he is a very popular citizen.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Volunteer,
 Who fought our Nation to save,
 Who proudly marched, with a ringing cheer,
 Where blood-stained banners wave.
 Three millions went to the battle-field,
 And many never came back;
 And oft the dirge of their death was pealed
 By the ringing rifle's crack.

CHORUS:

Honor the men who fought for you!
 Honor the men who wore the blue!
 Honor the patriots tried and true!
 Our Nation's Volunteers.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Volunteers,
 Who fought for our nation's life,
 Who left fond children bedewed with tears,
 Left father and mother and wife;
 And when you look at the land we love,
 As brightly its fame appears,
 Return your thanks to the Father above
 For our Union Volunteers.

May the besom of fate from our bosom
 sweep

Each one of the cowardly crew
 Who, in folds of their heart's pollution deep,
 Scoff the praise of the boys in blue,
 Unworthy to dwell in our goodly land,
 Unworthy of Freedom's ray —
 A curse on the heads of the poltroon band,
 A curse forever and aye.

But let the praise of the Volunteer,
 Embalmed in story and rhyme,
 Be loyally hailed, with a rousing cheer
 To the uttermost verge of time.
 And when the last shall be gathered in
 By the pale and sickled hand,
 May the freedom they boldly helped to win
 Still dwell in our sacred land.

THE LAST GRAND ARMY MAN.

The brilliant sun had risen bright athwart
 The domes and colonades of Washington.
 In peerless grandeur lay beneath its beams
 The mighty, bustling arteries of life;
 And thronged those avenues a mass of men
 And women, old and young. And childhood,
 too,
 Was there with artless grace and hands that
 held
 Fair gifts of spring-time's sweetest, fragrant
 flowers,
 Nor there alone were throngs and dense-
 packed men.

One hundred millions, all the land across,
 Were bringing votive offerings to deck
 Graves that, by time with matted sod thick-
 clad,
 Were over green: hallowed by memories
 grand,
 And wet each May-time with a nation's
 tears.
 But at the capitol, in honored seat,
 Sat one. That one, with reverent awe be-
 held,
 Took precedence of ermined judge. All
 eyes
 Forsook the nation's President to gaze
 Upon the feeble, age-wrecked veteran —
 The one alone yet spared by cruel time
 To link the living with the quiet mounds
 Of Arlington.

And grander in the eyes
 Of thankful multitudes, those hoary locks,
 That time-bent, pain-racked frame than all
 the domes,
 Resplendent with the stars and stripes,
 That reared, in massive grandeur, monu-
 ments
 Of might resistless in the land that he
 Had loved — had saved.

JAMES G. CLARK.

BORN: CONSTANTIA, N.Y., JUNE 28, 1830.

At the age of twenty-one, James G. Clark drifted into the concert field. He married early in life, and has had three children, two of whom are living—Jennie, who was married in 1880 to Hon. J. P. Jacobson of St. Paul; and James G. Clark, Jr., who is now



JAMES G. CLARK.

connected with the Minneapolis Daily Star, being a natural journalist. Mr. Clark has written numerous stories that have become known the world over, and he has been called the Tom Moore of America, combining as he does in the highest degree the triple gifts of poet, composer and singer. His work, Poetry and Song, was well received.

INNOVATION.

Tie my wrists with hempen strands
While brazen force around me stands!—
You cannot with your fetters bind
The daring impulse of the mind,
Nor quench the lightning sparks of thought
That upward from the scaffold leap,

To live and wait through slavery's years
Till destiny's firm web is wrought—
To bide their time while tyrants sleep,
And prisoners pace their cells and weep—
Then burst with power, in bolt and flash,
And roaring flood and thunder crash

In answer to the exile's tears!—
To work their will, above control
Of human customs, courts and laws;
So leaped the fires of Emmet's soul,
To burn anew in freedom's cause,
Wherever blades for freedom rise,
Wherever freedom's banners stream,
Wherever freedom's thunders roll,
Wherever freedom's lightnings gleam,
And man for freedom strikes and dies!

Still my pulse and stop my breath!—
Who works with truth may play with death,
Hang me quick and hang me high!—
So hung the form of old John Brown;
And though they cut the body down,
The shadow broader, higher grew;
It met the seas, it reached the sky,
And darkened mountain, lake and town!—
Wherever freedom's eagle flew,
Wherever freedom's breezes blew—
From frigid north to fervid south,
From Main to broad Columbia's mouth—
The shadow towered above the world
Where freedom's stars in shame were furled;
It turned the stars and sun to blood,
And poured on earth a crimson flood!—
The nation quaffed the bloody rain,
And all her first-born sons were slain.

Let me die! my work is done!
The dying stars proclaim the sun
That weaker eyes could not behold,
And lower lights had not foretold;
Then die upon a bed of gold,

Because the grander light is born!
The highland rills that seaward glide,
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide;
But naught can stay their second birth,
Or dim their resurrection morn;
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide,
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to heaven,
That girdles with its mighty bands
All kingdoms, empires, realms and lands,—
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The ages lay their dead to rest.

Lead me forth! I'm ready now!
Pull the black cap o'er my brow!—
You can not blind my inner sight:
I see the dawn behind the night,
Beyond the dawn I see the day;
And through the day I see the truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play,
The lilies in her tresses twine,
The peace of God dwells in her face
And rolls the clouds of war away;
Around her feet the roses grow,
Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, hope and love and every grace!
The old recedes, the new descends!
Earth clasps the hand that heaven extends—
The lion and the lamb are friends!

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

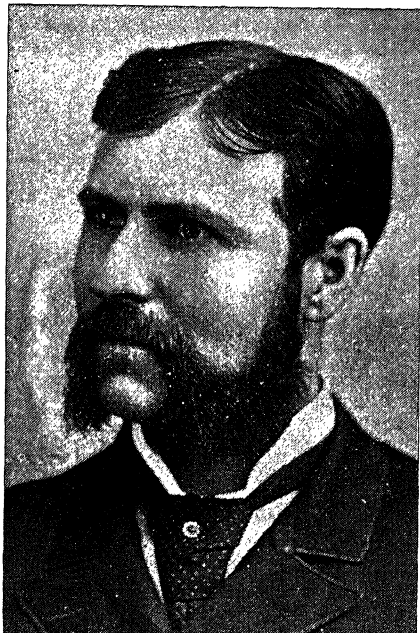
I am mother of life and companion of God!
 I move in each mote from the suns to the
 sod,
 I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
 I fathom all depth and I crown every hight;
 Within me the globes of the universe roll,
 And through me all matter takes impress
 and soul.
 Without me all forms into chaos would fall;
 I was under, within, and around, over all,
 Ere the stars of the morning in harmony
 sung,
 Or the systems and suns from their grand
 arches swung.
 I loved you, O earth! in those cycles pro-
 found,
 When darkness unbroken encircled you
 round,
 And the fruit of creation, the race of man-
 kind,
 Was only a dream in the infinite mind;
 I nursed you, O earth! ere your oceans were
 born,
 Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness
 of morn,
 When naked and helpless you came from the
 womb,
 Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure
 and bloom,
 And all that appeared of your form or your
 face
 Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of
 space.
 When your bosom was shaken and rent with
 alarms
 I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my
 arms,
 I sung o'er your pillow the song of the
 spheres
 Till the hum of its melody softened your
 fears,
 And the hot flames of passion burned low in
 your breast
 As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
 When fevered, I cooled you with mist and
 with shower,
 And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow
 and flower,
 Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a
 queen,
 In garments of purple, of gold and of green,
 From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
 For the mother of nations and bride of the
 sun.
 There was love in your face, and your bosom
 rose fair,
 And the scent of your lilies made fragrant
 the air,

And your blush in the glance of your lover
 was rare
 As you waltzed in the light of his warm yel-
 low hair,
 Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
 Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless
 moons:
 And I stretched out my arms from the awful
 unknown,
 Whose channels are swept by my rivers
 alone,
 And held you secure in your young mother-
 days,
 And sung to your offspring their lullaby
 lays,
 While races and nations came forth from
 your breast,
 Lived, struggled and died, and returned to
 their rest.
 All creatures conceived at the fountain of
 cause
 Are born of my travail, controlled by my
 laws; [breath,
 I throb in their veins and I breathe in their
 Combine them for effort, disperse them in
 death;
 No form is too great or minute for my care,
 No place so remote but my presence is there.
 I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
 I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
 I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
 I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
 From the center of suns to the flowers of the
 sod
 I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
 The ladder of action all spirit must climb
 To the clear heights of love from the low-
 lands of time.
 'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the
 sun, [is done;
 Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom
 Till the roses that crown you shall wither
 away,
 And the bloom on your beautiful cheeks shall
 decay; [gray,
 Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn
 And palsy shall fall on the pulses of day;
 Till you cease to give birth to the children of
 men, [again—
 And your forms are absorbed in my currents
 But your sons and your daughters, uncon-
 quered by strife, [life
 Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my
 While the fierce glowing splendors of suns
 cease to burn,
 And bright constellations to vapor return,
 And new ones shall rise from the graves of
 the old, [told,
 Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is

DAVID W. McCOURT.

BORN: WAUKESHA, WIS., OCT 4, 1859.

For several years the subject of this sketch taught school in Wisconsin and Nebraska. In 1880 he was married to Miss Lucy Shepard, and has one son living. Since 1884 Mr. McCourt has practiced dentistry in St. Paul,



DAVID WILLIAM McCOURT.

Minn., and resides in the pretty suburb of Macalester Park. The poems of this gentleman have appeared in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, Tacoma Globe and other periodicals.

OUR LAST ESTATE.

Here in sepulchral paths alone
I mark the chambers of the dead,
Where broken slab, a mossy stone
Reveals some long-neglected bed,
Unepitaphed by slow decay,
Mute witness of forgotten clay.
I ponder o'er each name unread,
Musing on time and life and death,
And with mute awe and reverence tread
The consecrated sod beneath;
For in the presence of the tomb
Our natures feel the general doom.
The monuments of wealth and pride,
The modest marble of the poor,
Here fall and crumble side by side:

Even fame itself is scarce secure,
For Time, whose touch is laid on all,
At last will level great and small.
To be remembered in the dust
In vain man's hopes to marble reach,
For monuments that take on trust
His name and memories only teach
How vain ambition's proud endeavor
To keep a name alive forever.
Egypt's proud kings of story old
Built to their names a pyramid,
That after ages might behold
The splendor with their mummies hid:
To-day we view the hands and toes
Of Cheops and the Pharaohs.
Ambition's smiles allures us on,
We grasp at pleasure, wealth, or fame;
The bubble bursts, and all is gone;
Not even an unremembered name
Is left at last to say who run
Life's fleet course to oblivion.
For this is but the common lot,
To bid adieu to every scene,
Fall where our names are soon forgot,
And be as though we had not been.
Splendid in ashes still to be
Vain pomp to tax their memory.
But worthy deeds will outlive stone,
And lofty thoughts a name engrave
On human hearts that will live on
When marble turns to dust. The wave
Of time and change can waste not these,
True balsams of our memories.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

I loved her once — no matter when,
'Twas one of boyhood's first romances;
We were scarce more than children then,
When love is little more than fancies.
It had a charm because 'twas new,
My hopes and fears I bade her tell,
And I believed if words were true
She loved no other half so well.
We grew apart — no matter how,
Young love can always find a reason
To break a heart, a hope or vow,
As you may learn in one brief season.
'Twas not that I had fickle grown,
Attracted by some fairer belle,
But if the truth must all be known,
She loved another full as well.
We meet no more — no matter why,
The world is anxious to discover
The burden of each maiden's sigh,
The gloom of every hopeless lover.
Yet if I but get back my heart,
I know a short way to forget her,
And 'tis not quite so sad to part
When cheered by one who loves me better.

POST OBITUM.

Why do we thus so fondly cling
 To life and tremble over death,
 And struggle for a longer breath,
 If death be but the shadowing
 Of portals opening to the dawn
 Of life immortal farther on?

Why do we fear those treacherous shears
 That sever Clotho's golden thread,
 If, waking from the unknown dead,
 We rise to brighter, happier spheres?
 Why look beyond the shores of truth
 For fountains of immortal youth?

How hope does cling to fond deceit;
 Love gives us an immortal clum;
 It looks on death and feels the same,
 And whispers, "We again shall meet."
 Thus, hope's illusions to fulfill,
 Our hearts outrun our reason still.

We cannot pass the boundary set;
 For fairer forms and purer tints
 We are but bulion in the mints
 Of Nature, who will mold us yet;
 And other life shall take in trust,
 Like Phoenix, our discarded dust.

Suns and their systems have their day,
 Empires and nations rise and fall,
 For "dust to dust" is true of all.
 And are we mortal less than they?
 No! let us face the truth and know
 What lies before us ere we go.

Draw superstition's veil aside;
 No gleams of bliss where glory glows,
 No immortality of woes
 For us beyond the tomb abide,
 But an eternity of rest
 On Mother Nature's ample breast.

But in the years of endless change
 Some spark of life not doomed to die
 May prove thine immortality;
 As life from form to form shall range,
 Some flower may open to the morn
 Through the same dust that thou hast
 worn.

Eternal mystery in all
 About us both in life and death;
 We come to being like a wreath
 Of light from darkness, and we fall
 Into the shadows of the tomb
 That faith seeks ever to illumine.

MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

I love the wood with its solitude,
 And I love the shore with its roar;
 I love the musical words of the birds,
 And the soft, low dip of the oar.
 I love the dawn on the dewy lawn
 And the sunset glow on the hill;

But dearer the time of midnight chimes,
 When the world is hushed and still.
 I love the morn with its hounds and horn,
 And the glowing race in the chase,
 And the quiet eve is mine to grieve
 Or meet with a friendly face.
 But the calmest season to muse or reason,
 To poets and sages dear,
 Is the quiet time when the midnight chime
 Breaks solemnly on the ear.
 Oh! some are bold in their search for gold,
 And some have a passion for fashion,
 While some find a greater treasure in pleas-
 ure,
 And some in the tender passion;
 But give me a book in a quiet nook,
 Some volume of lore to peruse,
 Or the poet's pen in his midnight den
 To follow the flights of his muse.
 'Tis sweet to trace in the fields of space
 The silvery bars of the stars,
 And to open our ears to the music of the
 spheres,
 Thrown down from their rolling cars.
 There are truths to learn when their bright
 orbs burn,
 And thoughts that are high and sublime;
 There is much to feel and much to reveal
 In the hour of the midnight chime.
 'Tis the hour when sages light up their pages
 With thought that glows as it grows,
 And truth is lighted and wrongs are righted
 When the world is lost in repose;
 And the mellow chime of the poet's rhyme
 Rings out in its fullest power
 With the inspiration for bright creation
 That is born in the midnight hour.
 'Tis the time to brood in our solitude
 On the ills that are rife in this life;
 To banish our cares in whispered prayers,
 And prepare for the morrow of strife.
 'Tis the time to sleep, 'tis the time to weep,
 'Tis the time to calmly lie
 And patiently wait the decrees of fate—
 'Tis the quiet time to die.

STOLEN AND RETURNED.

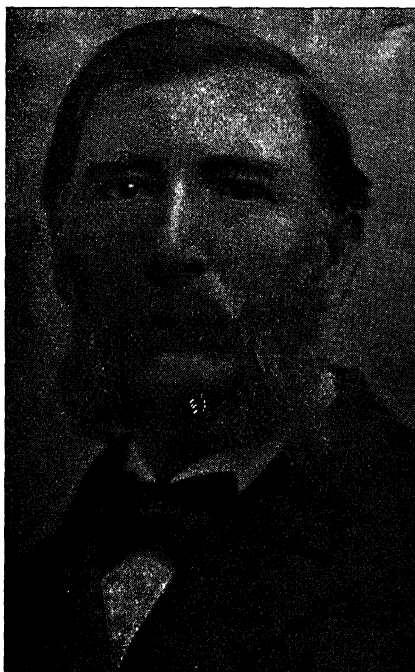
Oh! do not pout those pretty lips,
 Nor chide me with thine eyes,
 If yielding to
 Their tempting hue,
 Mine own may seem unwise.

Yet if you rue the stolen bliss
 By one who deemed it pleasure,
 I will give back
 The little smack,
 And add ten-fold the measure.

WILLIAM EDGAR PABOR.

BORN: HARLEM, N. Y., MAY 31, 1834.

DURING Lincoln's presidency Mr. Pabor was appointed postmaster of Harlem, N. Y., at the same time contributing many fine poems to the periodical press. In 1870 he emigrated to Colorado, and his name is associated with the establishment of three of the most thriving towns of that state—Greeley, Colorado



WILLIAM EDGAR PABOR.

Springs, and Fort Collins. In 1874 he became associate editor of the Colorado Farmer, and since that time has been more or less connected with the journalism of that state, and has also published several agricultural works. In 1888 he founded the Fruita Star; in 1890 was for a time editor of the Daily Star at Grand Junction; in the same year was elected second vice-president of the National Editorial association, and also president of the Colorado State Editorial association. Mr. Pabor now resides in Denver in a pleasant home with his wife, four sons and one daughter, in Shady Side, Argyle Park, editing Health and Horticulture, a semi-monthly devoted to fruit culture; and he is also editor and manager of the Colorado Farmer.

COME BACK.

Come back, I cry, but cry in vain!
 Lost Youth returns no more:
 Ships that go sailing o'er the main,
 These may come back to shore;
 But Youth—oh, dreams of lost delights!
 Is quenched in nature's endless nights.
 Come back, I cry, but cry in vain!
 Lost Youth no answer yields;
 The rose that last year graced the plain
 This year may flush the fields,
 But Youth—oh, star of life's bright track!
 Who ever watched it trailing back?
 Come back, I cry, but cry in vain!
 Lost Youth no more returns;
 Love, dying, springs to life again
 From out funereal urns;
 But Youth—oh, flame of strong desire!
 Who can relight the ancient fire?
 The moon, in questioning, is dumb,
 Sun, stars, are silent, too!
 Where'er at Nature's shrine we come,
 She whispers nothing new.
 The world is old, the world is cold,
 Since Lost Youth lies beneath the mold.

IF MY LOST LOVE WOULD ONLY SMILE.

If my lost love would only smile
 How changed, I said, the world would be;
 Lilies would leap from out the snow,
 Roses would on the hedges grow;
 Ships, waited for, would come from sea,
 Blown homeward from the Happy Isle,
 To win me heaven on earth the while,
 If my lost love would only smile.

Last night I saw her saintly face,
 While lost in dreamland, far away;
 But oh! the sadness that dwelt there!
 Tears from my eyes flowed unaware;
 Her lily lips moved as to say: [place!
 Dear heart! sweet heart! you filled my
 How can I smile again and see
 Another's heart lie close to thee?

Lost love of mine, forgive! forgive!

I kiss her lips and think them thine;
 I hear her speak, and every word
 Recalls the voice that once I heard,

The voice of one who once was mine;
 Who once upon this earth did live!
 The heart that now lies close to mine
 Is dear because it seems like thine.

And lo! she listened and then smiled;
 She smiled, and all the world grew bright;
 She kissed me. Then her saintly face
 Evanished into starry space.

Now lilies leap up, pure and white,
 And roses bloom where thorns grew wild;
 And all my hours are heaven-beguil'd
 Since my lost love has on me smiled!

RIO DE LAS ANIMAS PERDIDAS.

I.

Who are these that drift before me, weaving
 spells enchanted o'er me,
 That with magic power draw me where the
 shining waters charm?
 And what is this sound of sweetness, with its
 fatal gift of fleetness?
 Sound that fills me to completeness with a
 sense of perfect calm?
 Have I leaves of lotus eaten, even Time it-
 self been cheating,
 And the murmur still repeating, as it down
 the river rolls,
 Find that memory is sleeping, Lethe my af-
 fections steeping,
 And my soul in durance keeping, by the
 River of Lost Souls?

II.

In a wonder born of terror I look in the riv-
 er's mirror,
 And behold the ghosts of error, shrouded
 in white samite stoles;
 In the near light or the far light, of the
 moonlight or the starlight,
 Or the flashing of the car light that along
 the river rolls.
 Gaunt against granitic edges, dripping wet
 amid the sedges,
 Poising upon dangerous ledges of red bat-
 tlemented knolls;
 Golden locks and raven tresses, arms that
 pulsate with caresses,
 These my midnight vigil blesses by the
 River of Lost Souls.

III.

Lips that move but make no speeches; hand
 that into space outreaches,
 As when one in vain beseeches for a respite
 from all care;
 And an army of white faces, filling all the
 sylvan spaces
 With a vision of lost graces, these are
 present everywhere;
 As the star-rays on the river in the solemn
 midnight quiver,
 And a tremor, like a shiver, seems to touch
 each wave that rolls,
 Are they wings of lost ones, lifting? Are
 they forms of lost ones, drifting,
 On the sands, so soft and shifting, by the
 River of Lost Souls?

IV.

In the west Sad Dolores, with its legendary
 stories
 Of cliff-dweller's time-dimmed glories out-
 lined on each cell-pierced wall,
 Moves along where Nature's pages, bur-
 dened with the tale of ages,

Waits the coming of the Sages who its se-
 crets shall recall,

Of the time the mother taught her bright-
 eyed and bronzed-bosomed daughter
 That, to taste the shining water as it to the
 Sunland rolls,
 Was to walk in Happy Islands, floating in
 the azure Sky-lands,
 Hovering above the Highlands, by the
 River of Lost Souls.

V.

Now, through pine trees tall and slender,
 comes a rosy light and tender
 As the young day in its splendor dawns
 upon the hemisphere;
 And the ghostly shapes around me, whose
 weird presence have spell-bound me,
 And with eerie fancies crowned me, with
 the darkness disappear.
 Thus the night has its romances, and the
 heart throbs 'neath ghost glances
 As the midnight hour advances where the
 fateful river rolls;
 Till, all other loves forgetting, with hopes
 once so soul-besetting,
 Daylight dawns with deep regretting by
 the River of Lost Souls.

PANSIE.

I.

"Never was Payne but it had joye at last."
 — Pastime of Pleasure.

We walked along the rainbowed way
 That led us through the fields of bliss,
 With song of birds and blooms of May,
 And on our lips the lover's kiss;
 While Hope her mirror held in hand
 And showed us love's enchanted land.

The years rolled on; our marriage vow
 More sacred grew as time sped by;
 Faint lines were traced on cheek and brow,
 But love, in an unclouded sky,
 Still brightly shone and made the hours
 Seem born of fair and fadeless flowers.

One thing alone gave sense of "payne" —
 One unfulfilled, enchanted hope:
 Once, twice — nay, thrice, and yet again
 Through doubt and darkness we did grope,
 And, touching disappointment's hand,
 Walked with it through a shadowed land.

"Never was Payne," the poet said,
 "But it had joye at last," and we,
 Still hoping, hand in hand have sped
 Adown the tide that sweeps life's sea,
 Till, in the afternoon of time
 Once more we hear the Joy Bells chime!

II.

"Here's Pansies — for sweet thoughts."
— Shakespeare.

We named her Pansie, for our thoughts
Of her were sweet, more sweet, because
Her coming was delayed so long.
And when, between midnight and morn,
March stars shone bright, the crescent moon
Shot down a ray of light that fell
Upon the threshold of our home,
And left behind our baby girl,
Such sweet content fell on our souls
That we went singing all the day
The sweetest songs that we could sing,
With sweetest words that we could frame.
The century plant will bloom at last,
Though waited for an hundred years;
And lo! the baby girl, for whom
Our hopes went out through weary years,
Blooms on us with her sky-blue eyes
And nut-brown hair, at last, at last!
And life evolves such new delights
As full exceed our wildest dreams.

III.

"Thursday's child is merry and glad."
— Old Ballad.

Merrily, merrily, go the bells,
Life is now one holiday;
On the summer air the music swells
Round us, o'er us, far away,
Ringing changes, blithe and gay —
Pain is past and joy has sway.
How do the words of the ballad run?
Let them fall on baby's ear —
Mirth and gladness from sun to sun;
Mirth and gladness crown life's year,
Blue-eyed darling, Pansie dear,
Child of autumn of life's year.

There never was girl so sweet as this,
Never home so proud as ours;
There never could come a dearer bliss,
Crowning all the passing hours;
Gather now the sweetest flowers
For this Baby Queen of ours.

THE PALACE OF SILENCE.

A monk in the Palace of Silence
Sat counting his amber beads
With white and tapering fingers
That trembled like wind-swept reeds;
But never a word he uttered,
And never a sound was thrown
Through the alabaster cloisters
In the amethystine zone.

Vows of perpetual silence
He uttered who walked therein;
In the world he left behind him
He had cast all worldly sin;

From his cell out into the chapel,
From shrine back into his cell,
Each walked as he meditated,
But he spoke no syllable.
Only the water-clock ticking,
And only the striking bell,
As they told the time of praying,
On the solemn silence fell
And this was the hourly message:
"Thou art so much nearer death,
Oh, monk of the rueful visage,
Oh, mortal with failing breath."
Outside there were blooming gardens,
The richest that Nature knew;
Where the red, red rose of passion
By the saintly lily grew.
But even the birds were banished,
Lest their songs should be a sin,
By suggesting thoughts of pleasure
Where pleasure had never been.

The only sound of disturbance
In the leafy solitudes
Was the tread of feet soft-sandled,
The rustle of long white robes
Of the monks among the lilies,
With as white a face and calm,
With a body born of passion,
But a soul baptised with balm.
But, oh! in the lonely vigil
Of the weary day and night,
Did they seek no mocking vision
Of an Elixir of delight?
Or echo of song or laughter
From virginal rose-bud lips,
Or tremulous speech of Eros
When the moon was in eclipse?
In the silence of life made equal
To the silence born of death,
In their amethystine palace
(So the ancient legend saith),
In a solemn soul-communion,
With all worldly sins forgiven,
Each monk for the message awaited
That would waft his soul to Heaven.

But the palace gates are broken,
And ruined the jasper walls,
And within each sacred chamber
The owl to his fellow calls;
While each votary of silence,
Each heart that was hard as stone,
Has into the vanished ages
Forever and ever flown.

EXTRACT.

Between the young and the old life
The heart is full of cheer;
But later the trail of sorrow
Brings with it doubt and fear.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

BORN: WESTFIELD, VT., APRIL 13, 1851.

FOR the past ten years this lady has been a resident of Boston, where she has been engaged in the profession of journalism in connection with the Boston Advertiser, Boston Transcript, and Saturday Evening Gazette:



HELEN M. WINSLOW.

at the same time she has contributed to a host of other periodicals, including such publications as Wide Awake and Demorest's. She is also editor of the House and Home department of the N. E. Fireside. Both as a poet and journalist Helen Maria Winslow is fast gaining a national reputation.

WHY SHOULDN'T I?

My canary sings in his cage all day
 Behind his gilded bars;
 Shut in from all that birds enjoy,
 Of sun, and sky and stars:
 The freedom, grace and action fine,
 Of wild bird he foregoes;
 Yet 'spite of that, with happiness
 His little heart o'er flows:
 The world is wide
 And birds outside
 In happy song always abide—
 Why shouldn't I?

I, too, must dwell behind the bars
 Of pain and sacrifice;

From weary heart and weary brain
 My prayers and songs arise.
 Yet all around sad hearts abound,
 And troubles worse than mine:
 If aught of comfort I can bring
 To them, shall I repine?
 God's world is wide:
 If I can hide
 My crowding tears and sing beside,
 Why shouldn't I?

OVER ALL.

I said—
 If I could see a light ahead—
 Could know the ships I sent to sea
 Were blown by Fortune's gale toward me,
 I could believe, in matters great and small,
 God watcheth over all.
 O selfish heart!
 Can'st thou not see the nobler part,
 To bear with patience sure defeat;
 To upward climb with stubborn feet,
 In spite of disappointment's iron thrall!
 For God is over all!

THE MESSENGER.

"I'll be a singer," so she said one day;
 "My words shall soothe and strengthen
 earth's rough way
 For many a weary heart."
 Her lines, tho' lined with all a poet's art,
 And measured as the drum-beat's steady
 roll,
 Touched not a single soul.
 God sent his angel down and gently smote
 Her little plans; and disappointment's note
 Quivered through all her life.
 Once more she wrote; but, under all, the
 strife,
 Of grief and bitter loss echoed so plain
 Who read, shed tears of pain.
 Again the silent, whitewinged angel came,
 And snatching love with life's best hopes
 away,
 Left but a breaking heart.
 No longer from humanity apart,
 She wrote, but learned a lesson born of
 trust,
 And wrote because she must.
 Brave, helpful words of truth. So as we
 hide
 Our selfish griefs, and at God's will be tried
 In crucible of sorrow,
 Strength comes to point a brighter, glad to-
 morrow
 To fainting, struggling souls; and keenest
 loss
 A crown may be, not cross.

RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., 1861.

IN 1890 appeared *Love and Other Poems*, a volume of verse from the pen of Rufus C. MacDonald, which has been very favorably noticed by the press. He has contributed



DR. RUFUS CYRENE MACDONALD.

largely to the *Waverly Magazine*, *Boston Transcript*, *Life*, *Boston Herald*, *Globe* and various other publications. Mr. MacDonald is by profession a physician, and is still a resident of his native city.

PESSIMISM.

Life is but dreary! living is only
A passage weary, painful and lonely!
Pleasure is fleeting! sorrow unending!
Care always greeting! joy rarely blending?
Friendship is faithless; though widely
 haunted,
It is false, nathless, when it is wanted!
Virtue is paid for! truth is but lying!
All we are made for is to be dying!
Love is a mystery, which in its doing,
Maketh a history many are rueing!
Life is a burden, heavy with gloom,
Having no guerdon saving the tomb!
That is the ending, sad, of our journey;
That we are wending, fighting life's tourney!
Of the tomb hollow, only, we're certain!
What scene will follow raising the curtain?

FATE.

Within the shadow of a mighty tree
A floweret grew,
As fair and beautiful as one could see
The whole world through.
The birds sang love to it; the honey-bee
Assailed its heart;
The love-lorn zephyrs whispered plain-
tively
Their woes apart.
But vain and fruitless were their plaints
and sighs;
It might not be;
The floweret gazed, with ever longing eyes,
Up to the tree.
But ah! The tree gazed only at the sky
With yearnings sweet,
Ne'er noticing the floweret's sigh,
Low at its feet.

IN MY HAMMOCK.

Swinging 'twixt earth and sky,
Dreaming I lie;
Nearer the twinkling stars;
Further from jars
Of earthly pain.
Here on my silent roof,
See I the woof,
Golden and silver shoor
Of star and moon
Woven again.
Slowly star-shuttles spread
Bright golden thread,
Sprangling the web of night
With shining light,
Till all is clear.
Plain is the starry loom;
That of the gloom,
Weaving mysteriously,
Eye cannot see;
Yet is it near.

OLD MEMORIES.

Old memories never die.
The gust of passions and the glow of love
May fade away, like dew upon the flower;
But 'round about the past
Old recollections, twining tenderly,
Still cling, like ivory 'round a ruined tower.
Old memories never die.
Their voices sound, within the empty heart,
Like echoes of some old familiar song;
And stir within the soul
Thoughts bitter, sad, or sunny bright with
 joy
Of former days, when youth and love were
 strong.

JOSEPH T. COPITHORNE.

BORN: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 29, 1870.

THE poems of Mr. Copithorne have appeared in the San Francisco Call and the periodical press generally. He has received a good ed-



JOSEPH T. COPITHORNE.

ucation, and in 1887 graduated at St. Mary's College, and still resides in San Francisco.

FANCY'S PICTURE.

Last eve on the green sward reclining,
With the moon overhead dimly shining
On mountain and lea,
With the wakeful, fair stars faintly gleaming
And the slumberous flow'rs brightly dream-
Came Fancy to me [ing—
In her garments of white,
As though Queen of the Night,
Before me stood in her matchless array;
With a gossamer veil,
That moved in the gale [the May.
Like the leaves of the trees in the breath of
She smiled, but not a word said she,
But soon grasping my hand, she led me
Aloft through the air;
Ascended we higher and higher,
Quick as the flames of fire
Up a chimney bare.
We alighted 'mid flowers,
'Mid ruins and towers, [sea;
And a broad, surging river ran down to the
I opened mine eyes
In wondrous surprise,
For the beautiful spot seemed familiar to me.

When, lo! as I heard the bells pealing,
Straight o'er me there came a strange feeling
I ne'er felt before;

'Twas the joy of an exile returning—
A joy indescribable, burning—
To his fair native shore.
And the scenes I beheld
Were the same as of old, [of glee;
When I gamboled amid them with soul full
And the stream was, in truth,
The same as in youth— [the sea.
The Shannon—the Shannon that winds to

ELFIN MARY.

Thou art a winsome maid, my fairy,
Flitting from chair to chair;
No creature of light is ever so airy
As my blue-eyed, laughing, little Mary—
My Mary with the sun-kissed hair.
As she roams along the deafening noises
Of earth seem all unbound;
From morn till eve she glad rejoices
In tones so loud as if human voices
Mingled in one great sound.
When musing in my cozy study,
Or delving in some book,
In steals my darling busy-body,
With face, from toil, bedaubed and ruddy,
And with her sweet arch look
She climbs and climbs until full seated
On my knee she rests awhile,
Nor stirs until she's kindly greeted,
Nor speaks until to her is meted
A whole-souled welcome smile.
Erewhile she breathes, with whisp'rings
Her tales in my listening ear, [slowly,
Of infant play and infant folly,
With Gertie, Gracie, Susie, Dolly,
And a host of infants here.
I smile at the quaintness of her story,
At the earnest way she told
How she had whipped her brother Aury,
Because, too proud, he seemed to glory
In being three years old.
Unheralded, thus she walks sprightly,
With her golden hair unstrung,
Into my little sanctum lightly,
Like the ray of a summer sun that brightly
Plays my old books among.
Ah! bonnie wee maid, what untold pleasure
You fling within my breast;
With joy supreme—joy without measure,
You thrill me, dimpled little treasure—
Treasure priceless and best.
May heaven shield thee, child, forever,
From harm's unsightly mein:
May it shower on thee true joy that never
Ceases, like an eternal river
That winds thro' banks of green.

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

BORN: FAIRFIELD Co., O., MARCH 24, 1811.

FOR nearly half a century the poems of Horace P. Biddle have constantly appeared in the periodical press of America, and in six large volumes, among which we specially mention: Glances at the World, a work in verse of nearly four hundred pages; Ameri-



HORACE P. BIDDLE

can Boyhood, a long poem of over two hundred pages, portraying American boyhood, with its surroundings as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century; and in 1882 appeared a large volume, entitled Last Poems, containing some beautiful poems. Mr. Biddle has long since retired from active work, and this scholarly gentleman is now a resident of Logansport, Ind.

TO THE MUSES.

Ye Beautiful, ye Nine, where do ye dwell?
And can your haunts only be seen afar?
May we approach ye not? O, who can tell
Me on what rock or laureled mount, or
where,
On flowery plain, in woods, or shady dell,
On the green earth, or in the bluey air,
My eyes may see your beauty; for they long
For one sweet glimpse to aid my laboring
song.

Where — in blue ether, or the burning star,
In sky, or cloud, or earth, or in the sea:
Above, below, here, there, or near, or far;

In cave, on mountain-peak, or flowery lea;
On rock or wave, in waste or rich parterre;
In darkness, light, in time, eternity —
Dost dwell the True, the Good, the Beautiful?

Tell me, sweet Spirit, breathe it to my
soul!

DEARER THAN LIFE.

Brighter to me than the sun of morning,
Fairer than flowers;
Fresher than the dews of evening,
Or summer showers;
Sweeter than the breath of zephyrs
Sighing in bowers,
Dearer than life!

More welcome than the whispers of genius,
Or throbs of health;
Tenderer than the touch of angels
Coming by stealth;
Richer than chaplets of laurel
Or the world's wealth,
Dearer than life!

Lovelier than the stars of midnight
Lighting the sky;
Kinder than hearts of young maidens
Who love — and die;
Pure as the souls of the sinless
Looking on high,
Dearer than life!

Till the sun pales and stars are fading,
Or cease to be;
Till dews, and zephyrs, and the showers
Come not to me;
Till my heart and soul cease their hoping
I will love thee
Dearer than life!

THE FIRST POEM.

I've published my poem — 'tis out;
See Helicon's Register — yonder.
The scribblers are all in a rout,
The world is preparing to wonder.

The publishers — up and agog,
Are seeking a copy to plunder;
The news-boys are waiting their jog,
To carry the wonderful wonder.

The people will learn it by heart,
The crusty old critics will ponder,
And even the dolts of the mart
Will turn from their chattels and wonder.

A day, even thirty, soon fit:
No notice, no critique, no thunder?
They're jealous of genius — that's it;
But why don't the world stop and wonder!

I LOVE THEE.

In the deep silence of my soul
 I love thee!
 For thou art good and beautiful.
 I love thee!

Before thy beauty I am dumb.
 I love thee!

Yet where thou art I may not come.
 I love thee!

Yet not for love's fulfillment here
 I love thee!

Though I would be forever near;
 I love thee!

But with a love too pure for earth
 I love thee!

For in my soul it has its birth.
 I love thee!

Thou art my bliss and yet my woe.
 I love thee!

I must not stay and cannot go.
 I love thee!

Though thou hast chain'd my soul and heart,
 I love thee!

And kiss the chain that gives me smart,
 I love thee!

Yet words can not my pain express.
 I love thee!

No tongue would dare my joy confess.
 I love thee!

My heart still would, yet may not speak,
 I love thee!

In lonely silence let it break.
 I love thee!

And with a love that cannot die
 I love thee!

My soul shall bear it to the sky.
 I love thee!

THE POET'S GENIUS.

Genius was with him at his birth,
 And genius guides him on his way;
 It marks him, 'midst the Sons of Earth,
 With aureolean ray.

The Muses seek him and disclose
 Their beauties to his soul,
 Inspiring thought until it glows
 As the seraphic coal.

Then poetry bursts from his lips
 As blossoms from the bud,
 As sweet as bee on Hybla sips
 High o'er Deucalion flood.

His chaplet gathers round his brow
 While years his honors bring,
 As leaves upon the laurel grow
 And bloom in endless spring.

THE POET'S NEED.

Sweet lips to give him smile for smile,
 Bright eyes to answer tear for tear,
 A loving heart to care beguile,
 And true, to keep his own sincere;
 White arms to cling around his neck,
 A breast to give him sigh for sigh,
 A courage that will not forsake,
 And love that could not, would not die!
 Ah, give him these and he will build
 A monument to reach the sky;
 The brightest star its spire shall guild;
 Its stately columns, towering high,
 Shall bask beneath the light of heaven,
 And throughout ages stand unriven!

THE CROWN OF THE POETS.

Though poor in wealth the poets be,
 They are full rich in royalty;
 Richer in heart and soul and mind
 Than all the world of sense combined.
 To laureled mount and stream they hold
 A title never bought or sold,
 And take from nature's heraldry
 Their true nobility.

They wear a crown begemmed with stars,
 That ne'er was won nor lost in wars;
 And, unconfined to realm or birth,
 It rules unsceptered o'er the earth;
 More royal than a regal crown,
 Grandeur in beauty and renown—
 A crown of genius from the sky
 Conferred by Deity!

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN.

Ah! Cupid's flames will never kindle
 The fagots in the kitchen;
 His tears, although they fill a rindle,
 You cannot boil a fitch in;
 Nor will his arrow, like a spindle,
 Twist threads to put a stitch in,
 Nor spin a web to round him windle,
 And keep the little witch in.

For he will never wear his clothing
 If he the bands can sunder,
 And, as to food, he lives on nothing
 But love's delicious plunder;
 On this he often feeds to loathing,
 And sickens for his blunder,
 And then he needs much care and soothing,
 Or quickly he will wander.

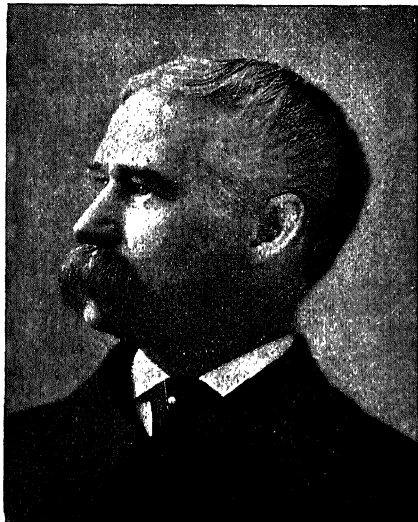
The little, naked mischief-maker
 Stays not for goods or money,
 And never cares for cook or baker
 If you but give him honey.

He is an arrant promise-breaker,
 And cheats the trusting many:
 A sad deceiver and forsaker,
 And never true to any.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

BORN: DORCHESTER, MASS., APRIL 21, 1842.

IN 1862 Charles F. Adams enlisted in the Thirteenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, and was in the battles of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and others; was wounded at Gettysburg, 1863, and held as prisoner for three days, until Federal troops retook the town. He was then taken to hospital at New York and Rhode Island; afterward detailed in 1864. Upon his return home he again resumed business, and is now at the head of an extensive establishment in



CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Boston. His literary pursuits may be said to have just begun, his first poem having been written in 1870, and his first dialect poem, *The Puzzled Dutchman*, 1872, appearing in *Our Young Folks*, now merged into *St. Nicholas*. From that time he was an occasional contributor to local papers, *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, *Scribner's* and others, until 1876, when he became a regular contributor to the *Detroit Free Press*, his first poem in that paper being "Leedle Yawcob Strauss." Nearly all of his subsequent productions have been written for that paper. Many of the poems have been adapted to music, and have become very popular. Besides the two volumes entitled "*Leedle Yawcob Strauss and Other Poems*," and *Dialect Ballads*, he has written many prose sketches, mostly in dialect, which have been

copied in all the prominent journals of the country, and in the different humorous collections that have been published. These may form the nucleus for a future volume. Mr. Adams has had numerous calls for his services on the platform, and has delivered many of his original productions before Boston audiences, by whom he has been received with much favor. In 1870 Charles Follen Adams was married to Miss Hattie Louise Mills, and has two children — Charles Mills, born in 1874; and Ella Paige, born in 1878.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He spills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese, —
Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schtickes to beat it mit, —
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baiuts mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grayz poy,
Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.

But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

DER OAK AND DER VINE.

I don'd vas preaching v man's righdts,
 Or anything like dot,
 Und I likes too see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke:
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man, der shturdy oak."
 Berhaps, somedimes, dot may pe drue;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine;
 Und ven hees frendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.
 Shust go oup to der pase-pall groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
 Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
 Mit clothes oudt on der lines;
 Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
 Und vhich der glinging vines?
 Ven sickness in der householdt come
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
 Dhose yeary nighdts und days?
 Who beace und gomfort always prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to, now.
 "Man vants budt leedle, here pelow,"
 Der boet von time said;
 Dhers leedle dot man he don'd vant,
 I dink id means, inshted;
 Und ven der years keep rolling on,
 Der cares and drubles pringing,
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und also do der glinging.
 Maybe, ven oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don'd so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some chance
 To helb run Life's masheen.
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 'Twas bedher det dhose oaks und vines
 Schuld't always gling togedher.

VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
 Altogedher on how you look at id, mine friends.
 Like dhose double-horse teams vot you see
 at der races,
 Id depends pooty much on der pair in der traces;

Eef dhey don'd pool togedher righdt off at
 der shtart,
 Ten dimes oudt off mine dhey vas beddher
 apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in
 doubt;

Dhose dot's oudt would be in, dhose dot's in
 would be oudt;

Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und
 dash.

Gets a vife mit some fife hundred dousand
 in cash;

Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der
 honey?

She haf der exberience — he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der
 ease,

Vot vas to become off der whole human race?
 Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders"
 would say, [Bay,

Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth
 To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
 Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conon-
 dhums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you
 tell, [ren fell;

To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Var-
 Dink of Vashington, Franklin, und "Honest
 Old Abe" —

Dhey vash all been aroundt since dot first
 Plymouth babe.

I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
 I pelief every dime, in sooch "failures" as
 dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
 Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty
 mean.

Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come
 here eef you blease."

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle
 Loweeze

By dheir shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying
 dheir prayer,

Und she say, mit a smile, "Vas dhere some
 failures dhere."

FROM "DER VATER-MILL."

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead; der
 grain dot's in der bin;

Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und
 shust vas gathered in.

Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce
 goes droo der mill;

Ids vork vas done! Dhers leendy more
 dot vaits ids blace to fill.

Let cach von dake dis moral, vrom der king
 down to der peasant:

Don'd mindt der vater dot vast past, budt
 der vater dot vas bresent.

JULIAN NOYES STICKNEY.

BORN: WEST NEWBURY, MASS., JULY 5, 1830.
 IN 1884 appeared Lake Winnepesaukee, a volume of verse from the pen of Mrs. Julia Noyes Stickney. Her poems have appeared in the Boston Transcript and the periodical press generally. She was married in 1855 to Charles Stickney of Groveland, Mass., and has a family of five children. For many years prior to her marriage she taught



MRS. JULIA NOYES STICKNEY.

school, and was principal of the girl's high school in Haverhill, Mass. The arduous duties of motherhood left little time for literary work, but ten years ago she again actively took up her pen, and hundreds of her articles and poems yearly find their way into the periodical press of Boston. Julia Noyes Stickney spends her summers in traveling over picturesque places, and occasionally lectures on her travels and literary themes. Her winters are spent in Boston in literary work, and she is now an honored pupil in the Emerson College of Oratory.

JUSTICE.

Justice, thou of heavenly birth,
 Come down and dwell upon the earth!
 O white-winged soul, whose prophet-tongue
 Sung when the three-fold lyre was strung,
 And later, woke the seraph strains
 O'er Judah's meteor-lighted plains,
 Come sound Columbia's triumph song,
 And chase the gathering clouds along!

When Freedom to Hesperia came,
 And lit the patriot's torch of flame,
 Where dwelt thy soul, in realms afar,
 Beyond Orion's upmost star,
 That when the unfinching fight was done
 Thy spirit soared above the sun,
 And presentation from his cave
 Came following Freedom o'er the wave!
 When shall our land, from sea to sea
 O Justice, be a home for thee;
 When shall our mountains be the shrine
 For one with spirit all divine;
 When shall our flag, unsullied, wave,
 Above the pure, uncounted brave,
 When all who tread our native sod
 Shall love their neighbor and their God,
 And man and woman, side by side,
 Shall equal, breast life's rising tide!
 Star of the east, on high imperaled,
 Shine out upon the western world:
 Strike seraphs, smite the lyre again,
 Sing peace on earth, good will to men,
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
 And wake the choirs beyond the sun,
 As when the empyreal zenith rung,
 And morning stars together sung.

LAND OF IPSWICH.

Land where once my Alma Mater
 Lured my footsteps year by year,
 Now my soul, in life far later,
 Flies to memory's haunted sphere.
 Thou my rapture still shalt waken,
 Olden town, forever young;
 There I am not yet forsaken
 By fond youth, with silver tongue,
 For my teachers, love beguiling,
 Walk the earth, from sorrow free—
 Land of Ipswich, ever smiling,
 Fair, enchanted ground to me.
 Still flows on thy silver river
 Winding through the woodland green,
 And the zenith-sunbeams quiver
 Where my comrades once were seen,
 In the hall, by care unclouded,
 Lit by love and beauty bland—
 Now, in midnight vigils, crowded
 With a band from Eden-land.
 Alma Mater! in a vision
 All thy sacred haunts appear
 And the olden days, elysian,
 Gild life's radiant sunset-sphere.
 Land of Ipswich, still I love thee!
 From the hills thy spires are seen
 With an aureole above thee,
 Lighting all thy living green.
 Echoes wander o'er thy highlands
 From celestial lands afar;

Once again the enchanted islands
 Mirror back Hope's morning star.
 Where by life's eternal fountain,
 On the pearl-enshadowed shore,
 We shall gaze from Zion's mountain
 On the loved forevermore.

BROAD ARE MY LANDS.

Broad are my lands for all the earth is mine,
 The living air, the azure dome above,
 The emerald forest and the lonely shrine,
 From mountain-top to the far border-line
 That veils the realms of light and life and love.

The morn is mine, from its first diamond glow

When stars shune pale, and Luna slumbers blest

Upon Hesperian fields of verdure low,
 Till glad Aurora wakes the world from rest

With roseate glow, like Monte Rosa's snow.

The noon is mine, when from the zenith glows

The sun, resplendent on his golden throne,
 When zephyr o'er the stream a soft spell throws,

And bears the breath of lily and of rose
 To cheer the oriole on her nest alone.

The sunset hour is mine, when rivers shine
 With pure gem-light, borrowed from every strand,

When summer evening, pure, transcendent fine,

Gathers the colors, far-off and divine,
 That light the pearl-gates of the spirit-land.

The night is mine, when mortals slumber still,

Save poet-seer, and sons of pain and strife,
 Whose souls, the dreams of those pearl-portals fill

With hopes, that from the woes of earth distill

The pure elixir of immortal life.

Nature is mine, upon the sapphire sea,
 Or in the heart of cataract-lighted woods,

Or where the purple highlands guard the lea

And smiling lawn, from northern tempest free,

Or in the thunder-echoing solitudes.

The homes of men are mine, where love is kind,

Where children smile, and pictures light the walls

Almost as fair as those once more outlined,

When memory, vanished youth, in joy recalls

To gaze on her enchanted vision-halls.

And hope is mine that in some glorious hour,
 Beyond the broad, cerulean sea of time,

My rapturous spirit, winged with rising power,

Shall hear the bells of heaven their welcome chime

From mountain-tops of that supernal chime.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

I dreamed of the sea—the wild, wild, sea

And the sound of the ocean's roar,

Where the waves came dressed in a foamy crest

And broke on a shining shore.

And my heart beat high as I turned my eye
 On the waters far away,

And my soul grew wild like a restless child
 At the sight of the salt-sea spray.

I sat awhile on a granite pile,

Where the billows from afar

Came up with a shock to the dauntless rock,
 With the sound of a mighty war.

How the foam-flakes flew as the waters blue

To the ocean-caves ran 'round,

And leaping, played in a wild cascade
 With a soul-enlivening sound.

What joy was mine, at the sun's decline,

When the bright beams smote the wave,
 To watch the glows of a thousand bows

That seven-hued Iris gave!

I dreamed of the isles—the purple isles

That doze on the dimpled main,

Where the sea-birds go on a wing of snow
 To an unmolested reign.

I saw the sail, like a spirit pale,

On the line of the distant deep,

And the bark near by, swung soothingly
 To my soul in a softening sleep.

Then I heard the chimes from the far-off climes,

By the west wind borne along,

And the mermaids sung and the sea-caves rung

With a soul-enchanting song.

And my dream of the sea—the wide, wide sea,

Grew still as a summer's sleep;

I saw no path of the Storm-King's wrath
 On the face of the smiling deep.

And I long for the wave, the rolling wave,

I sigh for the salt-sea shore,

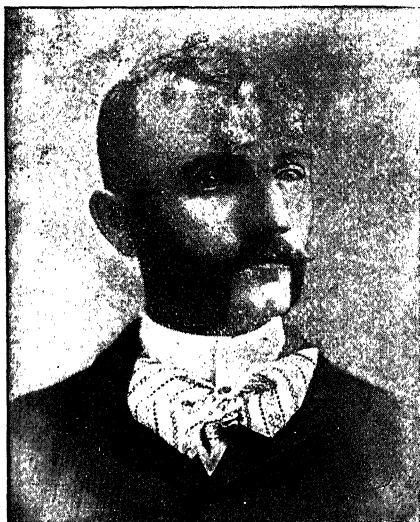
My soul grows wild like a restless child

For the sound of the ocean's roar.

LEON F. MOSS.

BORN: CUBA, ILL., SEPT. 12, 1861.

THE poems of Leon F. Moss have usually appeared under a nom de plume in various publications, and have always been favorably received. In 1882 he was president of Western Normal College at Bushnell, Ill.



LEON F. MOSS.

The following year he was admitted to the bar, and since that time has been engaged in the practice of his profession. In 1883-4 Mr. Moss was city attorney at Ipava, Ill. He then practiced at McCook, Neb., for nearly four years, when he went to Los Angeles, Cal., where he now enjoys a lucrative practice. In 1886 Mr. Moss was married to Miss Effie F. Willard.

A MEMORY.

Near on a grape vine Mabel swung,
That to an oak tree's branches clung,
And creeping higher o'er its crest,
A canopy of green leaves pressed.
Around that sylvan bower of ease
Were blooming rare wild apple trees,
And crocuses and purple bells,
Geraniums in sunny dells,
And morning-glories, rich in hues,
From which the fairies sip the dews.
Adown the vista at the right
The wild plum trees were blooming,
And golden in the morning light
The mountain's crest was looming;

Close at its foot the rivulet
Dim in the distance furled and fret,
Till foaming 'neath the banks and braes,
Its ripples caught the sunshine rays.
When sparkling, glittering thro' the briars,
It shone a living stream of fires.

With one arm circling 'round the hill
The silver lake of Laula lay,
And joining there the glistening rill,
Reflected every burning ray.

An emerald declivity
Sloped toward the left, to where a brook
Flowed murmuring 'neath many a tree,
That with a dreamy rustle shook
Its foliage of gold and green,
And sparkled with a wondrous sheen
As down the pearl-like showers flew
Of lustrous drops of limpid dew.

Sweet Mabel viewed those beauties rare,
And fair, amongst them seemed more fair;
A radiance she seemed to gain
From blossoming bright May's sweet flowers,

The turtle dove's soft love refrain,
Foretelling cloudy days and showers,
Amid the morning brightness heard,
'Mid leaves, and flowers and singing bird —
Was it the lute of my good fairy
So softly sighing: "Love, tarry, tarry
tarry?"

AS THE SUN SETS.

Glance I now where old Ladoga,
With a sparkling silver toga
Drawn around his rugged crest,
In his autumn colors drest,
Drooping down so frowning glowers,
Where the crouching forest cowers
At his foot. His visage burning
With an angry luster — spurning
Intercourse with fairer creatures —
He his seamed and swarthy features
Thinks to hide behind that crystal screen;
But it magnifies and shows more plainly
His huge form and hides the brown and
green —

Magnifies, and makes it more ungainly.
Westward glance, where southward floating,
Thro' the æther glistening — gloating
On the fair earth's pink and green,
Goes a cloud in wondrous sheen.
Gloats she on the earth's attractions,
Gloats she where the sun-reflections
Thro' her own prismatic borders
Give in wondrous bright disorders
All the rainbow colors; where, in
Shadowy outlines pictured the rein, —
Deep adown the crystal heart

Of the lake, her shimmering likeness blend-
eth

With what seems her earthly counterpart,
And the depths a fleecy luster lendeth.

Now she sweeps the red horizon —
Curved couch the big sun lies on
Just before he takes his way,
Carrying the fainting day
To another dewy morning —
For refreshing and adorning —
Sweeps the red horizon lightly
With her trailing robes that brightly
Brush across the sun. The flashes
Show now purple — pink with dashes
Of a cherry redness interspersed;
And the delicate pale tints that shimmer,
In the brightest dyes twined and immersed,
Like soft scintillating wavelets glimmer.

Soon the cloud, a silver coating
O'er her center ceases floating
As she draws across the face
Of the sun with airy grace;
And with silver coat and lining
Wound around with beauties twining,
Forms a wondrous woven garland
O'er the shining gate to Star Land.
Thro' her broken upper edges
Reach down earthward golden wedges,
Driven thro' her margin to the sun;
Like a wreath of pansies and carnation,
A fair stripe of pink and purple spun,
Fringing all the grooves and elevations.

IF.

In summer evening's shadow wandered I,
Where perfume-laden zephyrs roll
From down the flowery mountain slopes;
where lie,

Stretched at their foot, sweet-scented
meadow lands;

Here oft I've lingered; here my soul
Hath heard the lap of waves on dreamland
sands;

And wafted here from either pole,
The music of the spheres oft heard I die,
Like rush of waters on far distant strands,
In wondrous tuneful waves of witcherie.

Atuned in sweetest sylvan harmonies

The fluttering leaves that round me twined
Beat time as here I breathed the grateful
breeze;

And mingled came the sound of waterfalls,
And purl of sweet-toned brooks; behind
The mountain heard I music low that thralls

The senses, stealing o'er the mind
Like incense; 'twas sweet vesper melodies;
Yet, thought I, naught in church nor con-
vent walls,

Nor cataract, hath tuned these symphonies.

With pleasant, restful thoughts I listened
long.

I heard a shepherd wind his horn,
And listened to the sweetly echoed song
Of shepherd lass; I heard combined the
sound

Of every tune of eve or morn
That sylvan voices give; and wreathed
around

Me all the blossoms that adorn
With colors and with fragrance, set among
The leaves, most sweet the feast of beauty
crowned;

To swain, nor lass, nor flowers did this be-
long,

So thought I, as with closed eyes I lay
Within that woodland bower; "No man,"
Quoth I, "nor bird, nor bush, by night or day,
Makes music; it hath birth within the soul.

I know not whence those sounds that ran
Within mine ears—a part, but not the whole,
Was real;" then turning saw I Pan
Reclining upon the sward. He blew away
Upon his oaten pipe—no meager dole
Gave he of tuneful, imitated lay.

"Ah had I but that slender pipe!" me-
thought,

"With soulful strains I'd rapture all!
I'd sound the notes for coming ages; naught
Should list without entralling ravishment!"

The god had ceased his madrigal;
Rising with cool, sarcastic smile he bent
The reed, and blew a sharp, low call.

A fairy dancing on a primrose caught
The note and hurried to his feet; he sent
Her floating through the branches swift as
thought.

From an adjoining field she brought a reed;
Which Pan did take, and sent his own,
With graceful motion and with arrow-speed,
In mournful cadence singing thro' the air,
Down to my feet. With bant'ring tone
He then addressed me, saying: "There's
thy rate,

Thy priceless boon! Nor this alone.
Ten millions like it grow, to serve thy need,
Within yon field! Go, pipe thy sweetest air,
And deathless strains create upon thy reed!"

In vain! In vain! I seek for harmony —

My pipe is silent or but strains
Discordant gives. And if a melody
In broken music cometh from my reed,
But silence follows, or refrains
That echo my despair. My pipe, indeed,
With many a liquid note remains,
But discord ever doth quickly drown my
glee

If one melodious strain I do but lead;—
Music, rare, pure, divine, is not for me.

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., FEB. 8, 1825.

IN 1848 this lady was married to William S. Robinson, a journalist and parliamentarian, whose letters over the signature of Warrington made that nom de plume famous. Mrs. Robinson's first work, published in 1877, was Warrington Pen Portraits, a selection



MRS. HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

from her husband's published writings, with memoir. In 1881 appeared Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement; and in 1887 Captain Mary Miller, a woman suffrage drama in five acts. The New Pandora, her greatest work, is a dramatic poem which appeared in 1889, and has received eulogism from the press throughout America. Mrs. Robinson has written prose articles on a great variety of subjects—literary, historical and also genealogical—which have appeared in the leading newspapers and magazines.

PANDORA'S LULLABY.

Sleep, softly sleep,
 Little woman-child,
 On my aching heart—
 Still its tumult wild.
 Sleep, softly sleep.
 Sleep, gently sleep;
 O fair be thy lot!

My sorrowful fate
 O follow it not.
 Sleep, gently sleep.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 The ewe on the lea
 And the doe hath her young,
 And I, only thee.
 Sleep, sweetly sleep.

Come, tranquil hour,
 Low-laden with sleep;
 Come gentle zephyr,
 And watch o'er her keep.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

NO SEX IN MIND.

Sex hath no limitations thou need'st fear!
 For in itself, believe me, it is naught,
 The quality of mind is all. I note
 That we, tho' man and woman, are alike.
 We eat and drink, we sleep and wake; our
 wants
 Are all the same; we must be clothed. And
 both
 Alike must suffer if we sin. We ask
 For justice; we are parents; all our lives
 Are bound in one. Alone we should be
 naught.
 To us, our children dear a likeness bear;
 E'en as we are the blended likenesses
 Of him, the father—mother of mankind.

SONG OF THE IMMORTALS.

SEMICHORUS.

Thou hast conquered! Rise triumphant
 Upward toward thy being's sun,
 All the world is changed, uplifted,
 For the life that thou hast won.

CHORUS.

Rise, O rise, ye souls immortal!
 Break, O break, imprisoning clay?
 Pass, ye heavenly guests, pass onward;
 Hope, exultant, points the way.

SEMICHORUS.

Suffering is the great redeemer,
 Joy and pain together bide;
 'Twas to save from sin and sorrow,
 The little first-born child hath died.

CHORUS.

Rise, O rise, ye souls immortal!
 Break, O break, imprisoning clay!
 Pass, ye heavenly guests, pass onward;
 Hope, exultant, points the way.

LORENZO SOSSO.

BORN: TURIN, ITALY, MARCH 2, 1867.

At the age of eight Lorenzo emigrated with his parents to America, and is now in business in San Francisco. He is the author of



LORENZO SOSSO.

A New Poet, a volume of several hundred poems, which certainly are highly creditable to one so comparatively young.

THE POET.

The poet roams from land to land,
From sea to sea forevermore,
While weaving with a cunning hand
The web of life's divinest lore.

He wanders through the purple blooms
Of sunny climes and wave-girt isles,
Or lingers in the holy glooms
Of temples and majestic piles.

He listens to the singing birds
That flutter in the golden air,
Interpreting their mellow words
To chants of love or hymns of prayer.

A flower blossoms at his feet,
Unfolding beauty leaf by leaf;
He weepeth, saying, "It is meet,"
Since Beauty must succumb to grief.

He is of every faith and creed,
The heir of every clime and age;
The symbol of a living deed,
The glory of a written page.

Albeit there he wander naught,
He seeth with a prophet's eyes

The splendor and effulgence wrought
Within the realms of Paradise.

For him each century reveals
The life that lives withouten breath;
For him there is no age that steals,
For him there is no mortal death.

What is the crown of laurel leaves
That circles his transcendent brow,
To all the Beauty he believes
Was even then, is even now.

He dwells in an ideal world,
The beautiful is his in youth,
While azure banners are unfurled
Above him by the hand of Truth.

He idolizes fiery globes
That wander in the halls of Night,
While clinging to the sacred robes
That gird the Holy One of Light!

He seeth in a little while
With the deep vision of a seer
A tragedy in every smile,
A comedy in every tear.

The thunders of the battle-field,
The silence of the heaped-up slain,
Have glory in themselves to yield —
Fit glory for a mighty strain.

He marvels not at deeds sublime,
Sublimar ones he can create,
And knows the deepest wail of Time
Is love which then becomes a Hate.

A thousand deaths, a thousand lives,
He liveth in a living one,
And yet immortally survives,
Because of what his life hath done.

The Universe is as his shrine,
And there transcendent from above
Radiant, beautiful, divine,
His idol is supernal Love!

As flows the crystal of the stream,
As glows the radiance of the sun,
So beautiful becomes the dream
Wherein his moral web is spun

The flowers and the winds bespeak
Upon him of refulgent things,
In Nature doth he ever seek
The life that throbs, the soul that sings!

And wheresoever he may go,
In deserts calm, in busy mart,
He wreathes around with Glory's glow
The eternal temple of his Art.

WOMAN.

No sweeter garland could we cull
Of God's eternal grace
Than countenances beautiful
From woman's virgin race!

JOEL MOODY.

BORN: NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 23, 1834.

THE year following his birth the subject of this sketch was brought by his parents to Illinois, and graduated at the University of Michigan in 1853. By profession Mr. Moody is a lawyer. He was a captain in the Union army, and served in the Kansas Legislature as representative in 1865 and 1881. For four



JOEL MOODY.

years he was assistant secretary of the senate, and is now state senator, and a regent of the University of Kansas. Joel Moody is the author of the *Science of Evil*, *Junius Unmasked*, and a volume of poems, *The Song of Kansas*, besides being the author of numerous historical papers. *The Song of Kansas* is a tribute to the state in which he has lived more than thirty-two years, and his life is a part of its history. The miscellaneous poems in the same work are messages of patriotism, of friendship and love. Mr. Moody has several children, and resides at "The Maples," Mound City, Kansas.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Nature hath her golden wedding
When the summer days are told —
When the autumn leaves are shedding
And the green is tinged with gold;
When the sunflower is nodding
Like fair Ceres to her god;
And the Harvester is plodding
Through the smiling golden-rod.

On the stream the mist is floating,
In the air the thistle-down;
On the trees we see the purple,
And the grass is turning brown.
On your sight the mist is falling,
On your heads the snowy crown;
In the sky the stars are calling,
And your sun 's slipping down.
And kind Nature is a shedding
O'er the fields her ripened love,
And her gifts for golden wedding
From ambrosial fields above.
If sweet Nature hath been shedding
In your lives her ripened love,
Then her gifts for golden wedding
Shall reward your lives above.
Fifty years of cloud and sunshine
Cast athwart your horoscope
Blendeth in fantastic combine
All the rainbow tints of hope.
Fifty years, and Autumn treading
Out the vintage of the vine,
Brings unto your golden wedding
Fifty years of aged wine.
Many times the mists of morning
Have obscured the golden sun;
Many clouds hung o'er you frowning
Ere your fifty years were run.
But the livid lightning sleepeth
Where the clouds are thunder-lined;
And from out the shadows leapeth
Heavenly radiance refined.
Marriage is the truly mating
Of two souls in tender mood —
Always loving, never hating,
Blending man and womanhood.
Life thus lived, serene and purely,
And the sullen storms withstood,
Proves beyond a question surely
That your hearts are true and good.

FANCY.

O Fancy fair! that walks ethereal fields,
And clustering suns thy train doth sweep
on high,
Unto a god-illumed star draws nigh,
And catch the holy influence that it yields.
Thence from this orb, while high Olympus
shields
My spirit's pure behest and phantasy,
Take on thy tender wings this prayer, and fly
To her who guides me by the love she yields.
Come, radiant forms that fit in heavenly air,
And on my favored flowers sweet kisses
press;
Come in thy love and strew around my Fair
These blossoms and my tender care confess;
White lilies on her breast, and in her hair
Put daisies rare — on lips, my lips' caress.

WHAT IS THE WORLD TO ME?

What is the world to me without
 One loving heart to cherish;
 Who ne'er my faithful love will doubt,
 Though other faiths may perish?
 For it's a phantom flitting past
 That says: No faith or love shall last.

What is the world to me when no
 Soft lips, with their caressing,
 Invite my soul to stay and go
 Not elsewhere for its blessing?
 For it's no phantom of the air
 That makes those lips destroy my care.

What is the world to me when those
 Bright eyes the fairies lend her,
 To light my soul to its repose,
 Shine not for me in splendor?
 For 'twas a phantom of the mind
 That painted Eros young and blind.

What is the world to me if there
 Be not one fond and certain
 To veil me with her silken hair —
 A soft, disheveled curtain?
 For she's no phantom of the night
 Who veils my soul in soft delight.

What is the world to me, although
 My praise be world-wide spoken,
 Without some one to say, I know
 His pledge was never broken?
 For piping phantoms never voice
 That praise which makes my heart rejoice.

What is the world to me with all
 Its gilded pomp and pleasure,
 Without some dearest one to call
 My own, my heart's sweet treasure?
 I'll have no phantom in my grasp,
 But one soul's wealth of love to clasp!

NATURE.

Alone with Nature here I stand
 Beneath her stars,
 Within the landscape of her suns
 And golden bars.
 I see the paintings of her hand
 In lights sublime;
 And in the lives of mighty ones
 On scrolls of Time.

She set the pillars of the sky
 With her stout hand,
 And made the starry fields on high
 A flaming land.
 She made the world to turn for me
 In silent grooves,
 And the bright moon to burn as she
 Mysteriously moves.

For me the trees that glad my eye
 In wisdom grow;
 For me the host that shines on high
 In glory glow.
 She stills the sea when storms do roll,
 And waters sweep;
 And the fierce tempests of the soul
 When waters weep.

What ill of earth shall e'er o'ertake
 Or me befall?
 What if I sink and suns forsake
 Beyond recall?
 I stand eternal in her name
 A spark sublime,
 And am the radiance of her flame
 Throughout all time.

THE MAPLES.

Ye village of the Maple hills,
 I sing thy song;
 Bowed in the shadows of the past,
 I plaint thy wrong.
 Let every sense that beauty thrills
 Thy praise complete!
 For Nature brings her gifts to cast
 Them at thy feet.
 Ye Maples of the towering hills
 And flowery glade!
 How thy tall trunks and branches cast
 The somber shade?
 And while my soul thy beauty thrills,
 Thy shadows creep;
 For in the shadows of the past
 My hopes do sleep.
 Dear Maples! now thy shimmering leaves
 For loving kiss
 Turn throbbing to the evening breeze
 With floating bliss.
 How oft beneath thy dripping caves,
 In summer shower,
 Have warblers of the summer trees
 Enjoyed thy bower!
 How doth my soul the shimmering leaves
 Of Memory kiss!
 How oft my heart doth throbbing seize
 The floating bliss!
 When baby arms, in snow-white sleeves,
 Did bless the Power
 That spread the shadows of the trees
 For summer hour.
 Sweet Maples! How your saddening shade
 Doth crape my head,
 As reverently I lowly bow
 Unto my dead.
 Two sister hearts are lowly laid,
 Both safe and sweet —
 "The Maples" cast their shadows now
 Close to their feet.

MRS. BELLE YANCEY.

BORN: LOUISVILLE, KY.

THIS lady is the daughter of Dr. E. Bryan, an old practitioner of Louisville, Ky. Her poems have constantly appeared in the



MRS. BELLE YANCEY.

press. She is also the author of several novels that are being prepared for publication. She is the wife of Hon. A. N. Yancey, has 5 children, and resides at Bunker Hill, Ill.

MY LADY'S JEWELS.

As from my casket gems I spurn,
Like tears the diamonds fall!
While from the sapphire's tender blue
Eyes gleam, suffused with hunger's hue!
They speak with voices all,
"Behold! a mine of wealth ye now out-turn."
Splashed o'er the cushion warm, and red,
Garnets lie like human blood!
They burn my hands, and seem to cry:
"Ye who let thy follow-creature die
For want of warmth and food,
Are just as guilty as if his blood ye'd shed!"
Then dare I turn this little key
Upon this price of life?
And shut within the velvet's fold,
The changing opal, and the gold,
While Hunger's rusted knife
Tears slow the wretch, prolongs his agony!
Pink corals that before me spread,
Like baby lips now plead,
And twisted, shining chains hold fast
Starved victims in their golden clasp,

Who cry aloud, "Take heed! [bread!]"
These gems can buy ten thousand loaves of

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

"Asleep to earth, and yet awake indeed!
Chained to this bench, as well as to this thing
That permeates my frame,—called life—I'd
fling

It from me, as I would a poisonous weed
That stabs my smarting flesh with noxious
sting. [death

Chained to this throttled life, this panting
That hangs upon my neck, with mocking
tongue

To gibe my youth from which all hope is
wrong. [breath,
And with its black'ning lips it draws my
Smothering, strangling, my quivering nerves
unstrung.

"Ha, ha, but ye must be a princely boat
That human hands thus bear ye o'er the
deep! [keep

And muscles strained in aching arms must
Thee bounding like some living thing afloat.
Thou, in whose bosom such fine arteries
leap!

Like flames the furies of his manhood rise,
And link with heated tongues his throbbing
brain

Against his fetters all his pulses strain!
'Alas these bonds, alas these chains!' he
cries, [but vain.'

'Now gods, stand by! make out my strength
'Jove! see the bending links bite deep this
flesh!

A-a-h, could I break ye, then I'd to the foe!
In slaying them I would more mercy show
Than they to us, who with each day mock us
afresh,

Compelling men like mere machines to row!
Shut in from sight of earth, of sky, and sea,
Ambition bowed in shame, before me stands,
Hiding her tearful face within her hands!
Young Love lies dead, her white face taunt-
ingly

Brings back wrecked hopes upon the sands.

"Mother! O, name too sacred to breathe
here! [heart

Then memory die! and give me but a wooden
Like to this boat of which I'm but a part,
That I may ne'er again know thought, or
fear, [start,

Nor from sweet dreams of home awake, and
For O, ye gods, of what avail is this?
Fate rides in triumph, she hath won the day!
Lashed to her wheel a trophy of the fray.
Then visions bright, O, dreams of youthful
bliss

Farewell!" The galley ship goes on her way.

MRS. L. ISABELLE DORMER.

BORN: LEE CO., IOWA, JULY 9, 1854.

THE poems of Mrs. Dormer have appeared in the San Francisco Examiner, the Chronicle and the Call, and other equally prominent publications. She has also written numerous prose articles and stories, and is weekly



MRS. BELLE DORMER.

correspondent for several newspapers. She was married in 1884 to John M. Dormer, secretary of State of Nevada, and has a family of four children. Mrs. Belle Dormer will very shortly publish a volume of her poetry and prose, which will undoubtedly make a very interesting and valuable work.

MY BABY'S GRAVE.

There's a little grave in the rain to-night,
A little mound heaped high,
Where the brightest hopes of my life lie
dead,

For all that is fair must die.

And every drop of the rain that falls,
And every snowflake white
Seems freezing my very heart to stone
As they fall on his grave to-night.

For I never knew a thing to love,
To cherish and hold most dear,
But 'twas always the first to perish and die,
And leave my life more drear.

And though the world may be full of care,
And sorrow, and sin, and blight,
It never yet held a human heart
That was sadder than mine to-night.

SWEET VIOLETS.

Ragged urchin on the corner—
Hungry eyes and naked feet;
Asking all to buy her violets
Who might pass the busy street.

"Lady, lady, buy my violets!
Oh, I beg you, don't refuse;
Each bunch has its own sweet story;
I will tell you, if you choose.

"This one grew beside a river,
And perhaps you'll like it best,
For the sunshine smiled upon it—
It is bluer than the rest.

"This one grew beside an oak tree,
Where a grapevine swing was made—
Where the bluebirds live in summer,
Where the happy children played.

"This the fairest of my flowers,
With the strangest story, too—
It was given me by a lady,
And her eyes, like yours, were blue.

"And her face, though very handsome,
Wore a weary look of care,
And like snowdrifts kissed by sunlight,
Was her wondrous wavy hair.

"And she kissed this bunch of violets,
And this daisy's heart of gold:
And she said she had a daughter
Wandering from the Shepherd's fold."

"Hush, you beggar! Tell me quickly,
Did you hear the lady's name?
God forgive me, 'twas my mother—
And she knows her daughter's shame!"

Silver pennies, like a shower,
Fell about the bare, brown feet,
But the lady and the violets
Vanished from the busy street.

On the beach below the Cliff House,
Where the sand is firm and white,
Lay a handsome, slender figure.
Bathed in morning's rosy light.

All about her blonde hair falling,
In her hands the violets pressed,
On her lips the smile of childhood—
God had given her sleep and rest!

MRS. EMMA THOMPSON.

Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote, including life of Cervantes, which was published by Roberts Brother, of Boston, and Sampson Low & Co., of London, was from the pen of Mrs. Emma Thompson. Another of her works



MRS. EMMA THOMPSON.

Wit and Wisdom of Charles Dickens, will be shortly brought out by the American Publishers' Association of Chicago. Mrs. Emma Thompson has written numerous stories, prose articles and book notices for the press, and is the author of many beautiful poems.

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I loved thee many years ago,
When the rose of spring was thine
And thy pure spirit's freshest glow
Echoed itself on mine.

I loved thee in the summer time,
When thy heart was light and gay,
Ere other love and other clime
Bore thee from me away.

I had not thought to ever trace
A life from thee apart—
I had not thought to e'er efface
Thine image from my heart.

Still thee I love, though winter twine
Snowy curls around thy brow—
Nor all the other loves of mine
Could be as dear as thou.

MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

I met the glance of her flashing eye
And the curl of her lip so proud:
I glanced at the brow serenely high,
And I thought, would it e'er be bowed?

Her spring of life and affection's flow
Passed on with a rushing train
Till summer song, with a weary glow,
Enriched the bright days again.

Now weight of tears has bowed her head,
No longer free her spirits sway,
And in her heart I silent read
The reason why one hair was gray.

FAREWELL.

Since first we met
The sun has set *
On many a joy and sorrow;
Full oft a sigh
Has glided by,
To dwell on hope to-morrow.
Our hours gay
Have passed away,
And shadows o'er us gently fall;
Sweet hope is o'er,
Then sigh no more—
Past hours we can ne'er recall.

MY YOUTH HAS FLOWN.

Age is my own!
My youth has flown
Like a bird upon the wing—
A sad farewell,
A broken shell
For my harp has lost a string.

Borne down life's stream
Swift as a dream,
Disturbing the sleeper's rest,
Where does it fleet
The dream so sweet
That scarcely touched my breast?

It passed me by!
A long-drawn sigh
Escapes with sorrowing strain,
Will it return?
Sadly I yearn
To dwell on its charm again.

It floated away
Like rays of day,
And will come to me no more;
A pathless track,
It ne'er comes back—
My season of youth is o'er.

GREIN ON THE DANUBE

'Mid scenic repose
And classic renown
Lies Grein on the Danube,
To fashion unknown.

Its crescent and mosque
Of old Feudal times
Is now banished for aye
By true Christian shrines.

Gay, with its music
And sweet-flowing rills,
Is Grein, with its castles —
Old Grein 'mid its hills.

In sunshine so fair,
With mountain and vales,
Yet more solemn at night
With legend and tales.

Of old Coburg days,
When Prince Albert was there,
And gay was the castle
With merriment rare.

We ne'er can forget
The love and the grace,
The welcome with flowers
That first gave us place

Within the Grein homes,
So tender and true,
Nor the friendly hand-touch
Of friends ever new.

With love in their hearts,
They bade us to stay;
They pressed the warm kiss
At parting that day.

When far on the breeze,
We, speeding from sight,
Linger'd echoes of song
That fair Summer night!

Such roseate chords
Will never more wind
Round the pulse of our hearts
As did those of old Grein.

HER BIRTHDAY.

'Mid all the friends that round thee throng
To loving greet with gift and song
Thee on thy natal day;
'Mid sunny thoughts that charm the while,
And kindred hearts and lips that smile,
Will list my simple lay?

I would not, e'en I had the power,
Ask time to stay the passing hour
That marks a year to thee;

I'd rather send a simple flower,
To live its little fleeting hour,
And dying, turn to thee!

Yet if I had a magic power,
I'd summon forth from fragrant flower
A fairy gift to send.
The rarest joys of all the earth
Should cluster lovingly round thy hearth,
And with its brightness blend.

TRUE HEARTS AROUND US.

True hearts around us are swelling,
And daily is heard from each dwelling
A murmur for freedom once more —
Our watchword from shore to shore;
For our flag shall float on the breeze,
And our sails on the foaming seas,
And a greater than deathless fame
Shall our champions ever claim.

From round us the pure faith of old
Like the wave of the ocean has rolled;
But the wave from the shore that is torn
Is sure to roll back with the morn.
Then our flag shall float on the breeze,
And our sails on the foaming seas,
And a greater than deathless fame
Shall our champions ever claim.

Come faith to our hearts from on high!
Let freedom be ever the cry
Of the soldier, the faithful and brave,
When his banner shall over him wave!
For our flag shall float on the breeze,
And our sails on the foaming seas,
And a greater than deathless fame
From all shall our heroes claim.

A TEAR AND A FLOWER.

Strew sweetest flowers on the spot,
That gentle fragrance they may shed,
And drop a tear upon the lot
Where oft we kneel, and lightly tread.

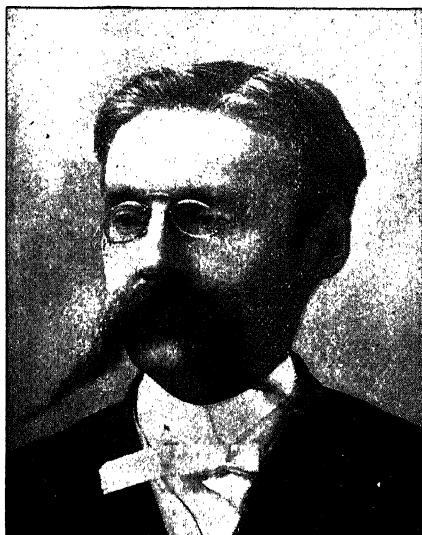
He only asks a silent tear
To flow from sympathetic eye,
And begs one flower ever near
Upon the quiet grave to lie.

This nameless may have wished to lie
Where many chosen saints are found,
Beneath that fair Italian sky
That covers consecrated ground.

Let fall a tear for the unknown
Upon the lowly, humble grave;
For aught that thou, or I, have known
It shelters one of nature's brave.

COL. JUAN LEWIS.

COL. JUAN LEWIS has written extensively for the periodical press, and has a volume of poems soon to be published, which is to be appropriately illustrated with original engravings. He has delivered dedication



COL. JUAN LEWIS.

poems at re-unions, etc., which have been enthusiastically received and accorded great praise by the press. Col. Lewis is engaged in the United States Patent Office at Washington, D. C., in which city he is also chairman of the Lewis Printing Company.

I LOVE ANOTHER.

I love another! Is it wrong,
That I, a married man,
Should light of heart, burst into song,
And happy as the whole day long,
Declare what others ban?

I love another! Whisper? Dare?
Why should I hide my love?
For such as we true lovers are,
Each heart aglow — each hope laid bare,
All other joys above.

I love another! Oh, so proud!
No monarch on his throne,
Could happier be, if from the crowd,

The high-born pressed with homage loud,
Than I, when comes my own!

I love another. If her kiss
Were like the mystic ring,
To shield, protect from aught amiss —
All ills of Eld — all woes of this —
Heaven to earth 'twould bring.

And who is she? This heart of gold,
That binds itself to me?
A wee, wee thing, our two-year old,
Full bud of blessing unforgetold,
That clings about my knee.

And so, although new love has burst,
Like sunshine in my life,
No jealous thought disturbs her first,
Who, always true, sweet love immersed,
Crowned, laureled mother! — wife!

LOVE AND DUTY.

Man hath his limits; with no wings,
To soar aloft through time and space,
His thought whene'er it upward springs,
Will people deserts with the race.

Man hath his limits; still he keeps,
The cycling ages as his own,
His path leads upward to the steep,
Where mind is monarch of the throne.

Man hath his limits; yet he gives,
A glow of his immortal fire,
To all that breathes, or moves or lives,
Or lifts to heaven a fond desire.

Man hath his limits; all we know,
Or need to know, in paths we trod,
Is simple duty; Time's o'er-throw
Will find this duty Love to God.

THANK GOD FOR TEARS.

Thank God for tears! —
That when sorrowing the most,
Through the desolated years,
And storms lower upon life's coast,
The clouds may break thro' all,
And tears, blessed tears may fall;
Thank God for tears!

Thank God for tears! —
As in desert wastes the dew
The weary wanderer cheers,
With hope and life anew,
So tears, to souls storm swept,
Still are divine as when Jesus wept;
Thank God for tears!

IT'S IN LOVE THAT I AM.

It's in love that I am, with ye, darling,
 In love, and I wish ye were mine,
 Yet how can I hope that my being,
 With one that's so blessed may twine?
 Ye have all the rich beauty, my darling,
 Sweet graces that come from above,
 While I to love's duty, my darling,
 Bring only an ocean of love.

It's in love that I am, with ye, darling,
 Oh, accept, then, a homage like mine,
 A heart that's all tender and bursting,
 With its burden of promise divine.
 Ye know I lack polish in wooing,
 My phrases, at best, are but weak,
 Tho' my soul throb tears in the sueing,
 Yet answer, my darling, oh, speak.

It's the love that is with ye, my darling,
 It's the soul that is kneeling to you,
 That cries to the heart in your bosom,
 For answer to mine that is true!
 Oh, a smile on thy lips I see breaking,
 Like the dawn on a roseate sea,
 O rapture! the joy of awaking,
 To a love so long hidden from me!

A DRAUGHT DIVINE.

O, pour for me a draught divine,
 A sweet libation freely pour,
 The only cup thy ripe, red lips,
 Which, brimming o'er with love, eclipse
 All wines that man or god e'er sips,
 Yet makes the drinker thirst for more,
 And pledge anew to thee and thine.

O, pour for me a draught divine,
 And fill the cup to overflow,
 Nor spill one drop of nectar'd bliss,
 From thee to me, as this — or this —
 (The echo sweet where all joys meet,)
 O, thrill that still asks kiss for kiss.

My cup of love that trembles so;
 O, glowing lips, add flame to mine,
 And pour for aye a draught divine.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Oh, sum and crown of happy life,
 Oh, day that dwarfs the years so small,
 When merges maiden in the wife,
 And love itself is all in all!

Great hopes that color from to-day,
 Tho' precious tears are gemm'd to fall,
 Love's rainbow spans life's arc away,
 For love, indeed, is all in all!

I know not how the child may love,
 Whose ties of being yet must wake;

Unfledged for flight the snowy dove,
 Knows not the height its wings may take;

Nor yet, how rugged man may choose,
 In all the splendor of his power,
 To live alone — and love refuse —
 When love alone is heaven's dower:

I know not how old age may love,
 When voices from the past may call,
 But love, I know, is from above,
 Whate'er its years, 'tis all in all!

It may be youth, it may be age,
 Or ripened manhood's early morn,
 Whene'er the hour life's brightest page
 Is golden with a faith new-born!

Oh, birthright of the chosen one! —
 Oh, guardian that survived the fall,
 All else may perish, but the sun
 Of love outlasts! — it shines for all!

Then drink to beauty in its bloom,
 To manly promise in its youth,
 The budded rose yields sweet perfume,
 And souls that love unite in truth!

Oh, sheaves of fruitage! bind them fast,
 With golden words beyond recall,
 Oh, sunny skies forever last,
 And love to each be all in all!

JACOB LUNDY BROTHERTON.

1810-1887.

His heart was sunshine as he walked
 The daily round of duty,
 His soul was peace when e'er he talked
 Of life, of love, of beauty:
 Of duty to his fellowman,
 Of love for every being,
 The beauty of God's larger plan,
 The faith that grows far-seeing!

For him these themes could cover all
 Of life that's worth the living,
 And these he felt as of God's call,
 And answered in the giving:
 Not how to die, but how to live,
 His noble life was teaching,
 Not how to save, but how to give,
 His practice — not his preaching!

Oh, later Franklin! we shall miss,
 For truth, thy strong conviction,
 Which like thy presence ne'er remiss,
 Seemed good by benediction!
 And so, farewell! The sword may win,
 In righteous conflict, glory,
 But the warfare of thy life has been,
 For all a nobler story!

MRS. CLARA M. GREENE.

BORN: BUCKFIELD, ME.

AFTER teaching for awhile, this lady went to Portland and opened a studio for drawing and painting, and during the next three years won unusual success as a portrait painter. In 1873 she married Wyer Greene, a merchant of Portland. Her poems generally have strong dramatic quality, and con-



MRS. CLARA MARCELLE GREENE.

sequently have become very popular among elocutionists. In 1889 appeared *The Magdalen* and other Poems, a work that has received the highest encomiums of the press. She has also written, in addition to her poems, many stories and sketches, which have been published in the periodical press from Maine to California. Mrs. Greene still lives in Portland with her husband and two dark-eyed children.

QUESTION — ANSWER.

WINTER.

The sun is waning wan and old;
The days are brief and gray and cold;
We shiver in their garment's fold.
A homeless dog, with dismal bark,
Bemoaneth twilight chill and dark,
The shrouded hills lie white and stark.
Wild sweep the snows about the clod,
The stubble-soughs above the sod;
The skies are blasting. Where is God?

SPRING.

A flood of light, a deep-drawn breath,

That through the being shuddereth
With rapturous coming back from death.

A flash of song, a glint of wings,
The starting of a thousand springs,
A thousand runnel murmurings.

Life thrills in the awakened clod,
The cowslips' breath, the crocus' nod,
The stir of nestlings—here is God.

HANNAH HOLLIDAY

Pretty Hannah Holliday,

Going to the fair,
With an aureole of gold
'Round her shining hair;
Clothed upon with innocence,
Sweetest maiden there!

Gallant young Fitzpatrick,
In his jaunting-car,

Drew his rein, enchanted,
As men sometimes are:

"Pretty Hannah Holliday,
Are ye walking far?"

"'Tis good three miles to Kanturk,
Ye'll not refuse to ride?"

Me car is better balanced
With one on either side."

How envied he the kerchief
Around her fair neck tied!

Pretty Hannah Holliday
Shook her shining head,
While a timid glance at him
From her eyes she sped;
With her red lips half a-smile,
"I'll not ride," she said.

Pleaded young Fitzpatrick then
With a lover's guile;

Still she shook her shining head
With her lips a-smile:

"Such a little way," she said,
"It is not worth me while."

"Faith now, lift your bonny face,
Ye're too modest far;

Where's the harm? Sure many a lass,
Well demeaned, would share
With me her honest company,
Riding to the fair."

Pretty Hannah Holliday,
Glancing up again,

Eyes as full as they could be
Of what hazards men—

"Sure, it's not meself will be
Riding with ye then!"

Leaped he lightly to the ground;

"Mavourneen, here I swear
Me car shall carry two or none!

We'll walk to Kanturk fair,
Or ride with me and marry me—

Which will ye now? Declare!"

Cried pretty Hannah Holliday,
 "What folly would ye do?
 Your shoes would get all over dust?"
 Then, blushing, faltered through,
 "May be we'd better both ride now,
 Since mine are dusty too!"

VISIONS.

I dreamed that I — but, ah, the dream
 Too vain is for the telling!
 In vain the cooling fountains gleam
 By broken cisterns welling.
 I dreamed that thou — oh! that mines eyes,
 The vision fond confessing,
 Could meet thine own in tender wise,
 And love's wrong find redressing.
 I dreamed that we — O hearts that break,
 Hold fast to love's sweet seeming;
 For all is false to which ye wake,
 And truth is in your dreaming!

PENETRALIA.

We are drifting in dreamland, I and thou —
 Thou and I on a golden tide,
 With keel of silver and carven prow,
 And lilies floating on either side.
 There are banks of myrtle and lotus flowers,
 Violet odors and stumbersome musk;
 Grapes empurpling lush green bowers,
 And great pomegranates, glowing and dusk.
 There are waving branches of stately trees,
 And amber dates in orchards of palm;
 There are dripping combs of honey of bees,
 And the wild fawn feeding without
 alarm.
 Here drifting in dreamland, on we float,
 Thy soul and mine for one blissful hour;
 The bulbul 'plaining her low love-note,
 The soft wind kissing the passion-flower.
 And there groweth the wonder how this land
 On whose still waters our souls lie bask-
 ing,
 Whose pastures green upon either hand
 Invite our feet, is ours for the asking.
 Oh! the nectarous fruitage, the rich red
 wine,
 All, all are free for the lip to prove;
 We may gather at will, in this land divine,
 Her rose of Sharon, the rose of love.
 Nepenthe hushes our life of care,
 It is drowned and gone like a tale that is
 told:
 We are radiant spirits in realms all fair,
 Gliding for aye over sands of gold.
 While blue over all is the wondrous heaven,
 Fair clouds caressing the far-off skies;
 I turn, and lo! is the secret given
 Of this dream-vision within thine eyes!

AT PARTING.

I put my flower of song into thy hand
 And turn my eyes away,
 And turn my life from thine.
 — Philip Bourke Marston.

I take, O poet mine, within my hand,
 My hand that hath been empty over long,
 I take from thee thy tender flower of song;
 This deep, swift rapture — dare I under-
 stand?
 Oh! turn thou not away
 Thine eyes where no lights shine
 Till thou hast answered mine
 Their eager question, is it aye and aye?
 These passionate pink petals, fold on fold,
 All tremulous, would they to me disclose
 Their secret my quick heart divining knows,
 The diamond dew of love in cup of gold?
 Turn not thine eyes away
 Till mine have drank from thine
 The draught that is divine.
 And, satisfied, shall thirst no more for aye.
 Until we met upon a foreign strand
 My life was barren and my heart was old,
 My skies were wintry and my days were
 cold,
 And hopelessly afar lay summerland.
 Oh! turn thou not away
 Till I can understand
 The radiance that o'erspanned
 And brought the dawning of diviner day.
 There draweth near the lonely eventide,
 When lowlier fall the voices of the glad,
 And sadder grow the souls that must be
 sad;
 The sea of change outlieth dark and wide;
 I may not bid thee stay.
 What so malign as fate,
 When two are met too late,
 And recognize — and one must turn away?
 Yet when thou goest forth to thy dark years,
 And I walk desolate upon the strand,
 Thy precious flower of song within my hand
 Shall fill my heart with rapture and with
 tears;
 While underbreath I say
 "His love — his love is mine.
 Unto no other shrine
 His soul from mine shall ever turn away."
 And if some day it shall be mine to stand,
 And with my brimming eyes essay to trace
 The way love looked upon my marble face,
 Thy flower of song will be within my hand:
 None there shall say me nay:
 I hold the flower in sign.
 The dead will then be mine,
 Nor ever more from my life turn away.

MRS. MARY IVES TODD.

BORN: EDDYVILLE, IOWA, DEC 23, 1849.

MARY IVES TODD is an occasional writer for the press, and the author of "The New Adam and Eve," now in press. Her parents are Mr. Homer D. Ives and Mary Eastman



MRS. MARY IVES TODD.

Ives, both early settlers in Iowa; the one a lawyer, and the other a teacher. Mrs. Todd was western-bred, with the exception of a short period spent with an uncle while attending an eastern seminary.

JUST SWEET SIXTEEN.

Just sweet sixteen is our Lulu to-day —
Ah, me! how swiftly time flies away;
It seems but yestreen that she was laid
Within the home-nest a tiny maid.
God bless our darling!

But yet to-day no such babe can be found,
Tho' we search the home-nest round and round;
Still, tho' no babe there longer reposes,
Are two lads and a lass sweet like roses!
God bless our darlings!

And oh, yes; God bless each, ev'ry darling,
Wee, dimpled toddlers, with eyes sparkling,
Strong, sturdy lads, who for Right must fight
Side by side with maids sweet, true and bright.

God bless all darlings.

AMERICA, NEW WORLD, HAIL!

America, New World, hail!
Last uncover'd, loveliest
Of earth's domain, hail! hail!
Richest gift to humankind
By love who cares for each-all,
We gladly greet thee, hail! hail!

Full well's thy history known —
How patiently, fairest land,
Thou did'st await children fair,
To whom thou could'st unlock
Treasures rare, gifts plenteous.
Ah, gladly we greet thee, hail!

And they came at last. Usher'd
By him, through her, of sublime
Faith. Came and knelt upon thy
Breast, and didst thy bosom kiss
And prayer to Heav'n offer,
And lovingly greet thee, hail!

Four hundred years since then have
Flown. A generous mother
Hast thou proved, America!
Freely as hast receiv'd so
Given from thy bountiful store.
As of old we greet thee, hail!

But thy children, fair, favor'd,
Have they thy fair example
Followed? To one and all
As freely given as thou
To them? Can we gladly shout,
America's children, hail!

Alack, not yet. But as thou
Art patient as bountiful,
America, thou wilt bide
Their approach from afar
E'en they come at snail's slow pace.
Patient America, hail!

Yet see! Heaven's messengers
Are in their midst. Discernest thou
Not Bellamy, late sent, with
A host of others, working
Prodigiously? E'en so, hail!
New World and Heav'n sent, hail! hail!

Yet again, see! Thy children
Are falling into ranks with
Quickened step. Aloft they bear
A banner of import like
Unto that life Christendom
Reverses. Hail! hasten! hail! hail!

On they come, a mighty host!
Glorious their countenance —
Fairer, many a time, than
'Twas of yore. Shout, ye mountains,
America, hail! And thy
Children, forever hail! hail!

MRS. SUE E. BECKWITH.

BORN: DEKALB Co., ILL., 1843.

In 1872 this lady removed to Kansas, and is now a resident of that state at An Dale. Her poems have appeared in the Western



MRS. S. E. BECKWITH.

Rural and the local press generally. She is the author of the poem *A Legend of Arkansas*, which was eulogized highly and widely copied by the periodical press of America.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The days grow short, the season wanes
 The glowing sun, whose bright rays kissed
 With loving warmth the flowery plains,
 Seems shadowed in a vapory mist.
 The wind in deeper, sadder tone
 Is sighing through the rustling trees
 Whose boughs a melancholy moan
 Are whispering to the dying leaves.
 All nature takes a graver hue;
 The woods a deeper shadow cast,
 And o'er the sky's cerulean blue
 The hazy clouds float idly past.
 The season wanes, and nature seems
 As if composed to quiet sleep.
 No more the grove with music teems,
 The birds a charmed stillness keep.
 O'er earth's bare bosom now is spread
 A carpet soft of summer leaves
 Whose green is dyed a golden red,
 And bare grows the maple trees.
 The days grow short, the season wanes,
 The grass is sere o'er hill and lea:

No water in the pond remains,
 The stream runs slower to the sea.
 The long-spun cobwebs idly float
 In feathery festoons through the air,
 And all the while a mournful note
 Seems sobbing, throbbing everywhere.
 The brilliant summer days have flown
 Of singing birds and nodding flowers,
 Yet Autumn's beauty was unknown
 In Summer's gayest, halcyon hours.
 So in the autumn time of life
 The "Indian Summer" days will come —
 Long days, with meditation rife,
 When we shall sing glad "Harvest Home."

AT SET OF SUN.

I boasted aloud in the morning
 Of the things which I would do
 To make the world grow better,
 To make weak hearts more true.
 I would draw my trusty saber
 To break the chains of Night!
 And scatter abroad my silver
 As the stars begem the night.
 Great deeds should my hands be doing
 That would shine on the scrolls of fame,
 And the hearts of a million people
 Would glow at the sound of my name.
 At noontide I was working
 And dreaming still of fame,
 So I founded lofty asylums
 And named them with my name;
 I sent abroad to the heathen
 The "wonderful words of life."
 And wherever life's battles were hottest
 I was foremost in the strife.
 The evening found me weeping
 Aloud in my grief and pain,
 While the tears of remorse and sorrow
 Ran down my cheeks like rain.
 Great deeds had my hands been doing —
 Great deeds till set of sun,
 And missed on each long day's journey
 The things which I should have done.
 I had refused to the starving orphan
 The mite for his daily bread,
 And reared with my glittering silver
 Lofty hospitals instead.
 I had seen weak souls go downward
 With a wail of wild despair,
 But I had no time to succor
 From the tempter in his lair.
 I had seen my own home nestling
 Grow faint for a loving word,
 And made a thousand speeches
 Which the multitudes had heard.
 So I cried aloud in my sorrow
 At the setting of the sun
 As they passed in review before me —
 The things which I should have done.

MRS. L. R. MESSENGER.

IN 1886 appeared *Fragments From an Old Inn*, a volume of prose and verse from the pen of Lillian Rozell Messenger, a resident of Washington, D. C. The year following appeared *The Vision of Gold and Other Poems*, a fine collection of nearly two hundred pages



MRS. LILLIAN R. MESSENGER.

of choice poems, many of which have appeared in the leading publications of the east. *The Southern Cross* is her latest volume. These works contains many rare gems of thought that entitle her to a laurel wreath of fame as a national poet. Mrs. Messenger is one of the galaxy of intellectual stars in the firmament of the national capital.

I PRESSED TO MY LIPS A ROSE.

I pressed to my lips

A rose,

Not for its beautiful lips,

But for light and joy, that nobody knows,
And sorrow can never eclipse.

I pressed to my heart

A rose,

Not for its heart divine,

But for the thought that above and be-
yond it glows —

The faith that is thine and mine.

It shall not die,

Sweet rose!

Can love of the lovely die?

Goeth not life where the beautiful goes?

And shall not thou and I?

I placed in a shrine

My rose —

Shrine of soul and memory —

And nobody knows how softly it blows
Life-mysteries over me!

MY BOY.

When thy fair childhood lifted eyes

Brightest the blue skies under,

And heaven and earth look'd back replies
To the young soul, lost in wonder;

When rippling laugh and boyish way

Were fairy-like and fleetest,

And life and love with thee at play —

I thought thee then the sweetest.

Thine eyes like deep, blue wells in June,

Wild flowers and leaves scarce cover,

With ripples tangled in sweet tune,

Thy rose-lips murmured over.

When little feet and hands at rest

Like pink shells on the border

Of sleep's soft sea, and on the breast

Tiny palms in silent order;

And little knee-pants, crinkled shoes

Laid near by — the neatest,

Th' pockets full of what boys will choose —

I deemed thee then the sweetest.

When tender leaves of years just caught

The rippling sunlight lying

'Tween two and twelve-and-two, I thought

Thy laughter music's sighing.

When summer drifted out of springs

To larger, golden dawning,

Thy grand young soul heard many things

Fallen through rifts of morning.

When the proud voice clear called mother,
dear,

'Tween smiles and tears the fleetest,

Well — thro' tangled light and shade each
year,

All times I thought thee sweetest!

THE PRESS.

Thought has its tides; on its billows high

Coming in from an ocean vast;

An idea glows unto man's deep eye

Till his genius holds it fast.

A wanderer musing alone one day

Look'd over his dream, in a dream;

For dream followed thought in its wild,
bright way,

As the sunlight follows the stream.

He saw in a songful brook at his feet,

When still 'neath its summer sky,

The tracery of leaves and flow'rets sweet,

And cloudlets hovering nigh.

And upon the rock in fragrant moss

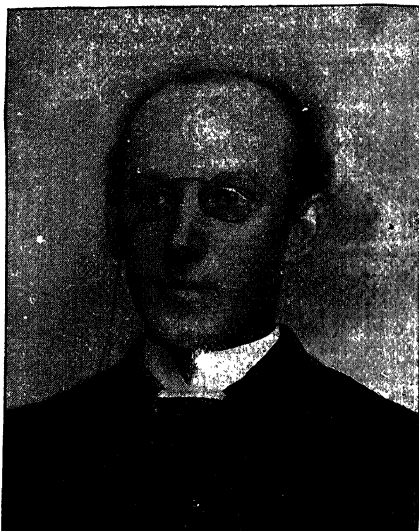
Th' imprint of leaf and line

Of tender fern. "There is no loss
 In secret Nature's design,"
 Said he, "And her cunning art-works
 wrought
 Of her subtler mysteries,
 Can they ever be touched by man's fine
 thought
 In mosaics like to these?
 "Shall his thought have pinion yet to go
 To the bounds of the Infinite?
 Shall it ever its wing'd chariot know,
 And the dark be fringed with light!"
 He pondered long till he fell asleep
 To the music of dream and thought.
 Time passed, . . . and men at last might
 reap
 The good which the toiler brought.
 The Printing Press that his genius gave
 To the world in a darker age
 Was th' immortal form that Thought to save
 On time's immortal page.
 'Twas the body wing'd that Thought to hold
 As life's strange riddle grew,
 While mystic threads from the looms of the
 Old
 Were woven with the New.
 For the spirit wrought for man's harsh needs
 His royal robes of to-day,
 Till clothed with the kingliest mind he leads
 Up to Beings loftiest way.
 Now knowledge pines no longer in night
 Of prison or convent walls,
 But goes a beauteous spirit of light
 Wherever Genius calls.
 And the click of the types, the whirr of the
 press
 Are sounds she would rather hear
 Than drum and clarion of War's dark stress,
 The clashing of saber and spear.
 Now the poorest son that poverty claims
 Dwells freely in her high noon;
 New worlds of science and art he names
 With wisdom's deathless boon.
 As far as the desert spreads its night
 In the forests, or west, or east,
 The Press to the dreary will bear its light,
 And knowledge shall be high-priest.
 Thought has its tides; in its ebb and flow
 Doth man come forth on the beach
 From the still Unknown; and his grand, I
 Know,
 Must through the centuries reach
 The ideal I am; he becomes through power
 Of spirit, of mind, set free,
 By Science and Art; while the Press, each
 hour,
 Gives truth immortality.

CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

BORN: NEW HAVEN, CONN., 1865.

IN 1888 the subject of this sketch graduated
 in the C. L. S. C. His poems have appeared



CHARLES P. NETTLETON.
 in the Pacific Rural Press and other publica-
 tions. Mr. Nettleton is engaged in fruit-
 growing at Haywards, Cal.

PRAISE.

"I have mined you a truth,"
 A poet cried;
 "I have delved, I have dug
 In dark mount-side
 Till the gold is laid bare,
 And — see! here stands
 A great fragment of truth,
 Lift thou your hands."
 But the world thus replied:
 "We lift no hands:
 You have done what you ought,
 But — no commands!
 We have felt this great truth,
 Feeling, been blest.
 Shall we buy what's our own?
 Take words for test?
 "We will grant, if you wish,
 Some debt to you.
 Weigh ye this who want praise;
 To us is due
 From each man, slave or king,
 His best. Each life
 Interacts on each life;
 Hence, leave praise-strife."

MRS. JULIETTE E. MATHIS.

BORN: GLEN FALLS, N. Y.

FOR the past thirty years this lady has lived in California, and her home is now in Santa Barbara. She is leading soprano in the Trinity Episcopal church of that city. For



MRS. JULIETTE E. MATHIS.

many years she was a resident of Ottawa, Ill. The poems of Mrs. Mathis have appeared in the Pittsburg Chronicle, Ladies' Home Journal, and other prominent publications.

FRUITION.

Oh, ye of little faith, who see
No fruit upon your nurtured tree,
No blossom on its boughs to be;
Brown, barren fields where wide and free
Ye cast the seed so lavishly,
Despair not, for if patiently
Ye follow through the wilderness
The onward-sweeping cloud of fire,
Nor turn aside for dire distress,
Ye yet shall reach your heart's desire.
Ah, then, how short will seem the way
That once was long, the sky so gray
Be filled with every gorgeous ray
That burns with gold and rose the day;
The perfect fruit shall not decay,
This steadfast faith shall not betray;
Then be not weary in the race,
Let courage give ye strength to run,
For conquered Fate shall give ye grace,
Nor shall in darkness set the sun.

MY HERITAGE.

My realm is limited
By sight and sense alone;
My wide possessions fed
By sources only known
To me, sole autocrat of this wide sphere
Wherein I live and love and must revere
The giver of my good, believe that He
Has been a bounteous Father unto me.

No house, or land, or gold
Can counted be as mine;
My treasure must be told
By sweeter word and sign.
Without his care my neighbor's perfect lawn
Is given to my eyes, the bloom thereon,
The daily miracle of dewy dawn
When dusky shadows of dim night are gone.

The glowing coloring
Of field, hill, wood and sky
Each radiant day doth bring
And shining seas anigh
Are mine, all mine; the universe of song
To my enraptured ear swells clear and long.
How rich am I, who count such store as
these!
I thank Thee, O my God, upon my knees!

For memory's demesne,
Its shadows ever green,
Its reveries serene
That glide so oft between
New sorrows, forced awhile to stand aside
When such fair company with me doth bide
My ministers, their garments rife with
myrrh,
Fresh rosemary, violet and lavender.

For love's divine domain,
Fulfillment, yea and loss,
Where all is certain gain,
Its crown nor less its cross,
Its bitter-sweet, its rose and rue, its pain,
Its holy joy that may not be again,
Yet what hath been is still mine own, I
ween,
For hearts retain the glory eyes have seen.

How can I then be poor,
Fearing no moth or rust,
Whose treasure must endure
Until my mortal dust
Shall fall away and I unburdened be
By any limitation, spirit free
To enter that estate where I may bear
My heritage — its priceless jewels wear?

THE OLIVES.

How softly sleeps upon your silvered leaves
The moon-lit radiance of fragrant night!
How tenderly the sea-wind sobs and grieves
Its mournful music to the listening light
Of steadfast stars, that fail not or decay
Till heaven and earth shall vanish quite
away!

Your holy spell descends
Upon my troubled soul
And sacredly defends
From turbulence and dole.

A calmness like forgiveness from your
sweet gloom drips,
And kisses into silence my complaining lips.
While watching your fair mission-tow'rs,
upon mine ears
Falls faintly far-off knells of dead and buried
years.

MEMORY.

How green the hills that gently rise!
How blue the sky that o'er it lies!
How rank and sweet the rosemary
In this fair land of memory!

What precious things are garnered here
Once cherished, even yet held dear,
All overgrown with rosemary
In this sweet land of memory!

How many broken idols lie
Among the graves once set on high;
Bestrewn so deep with rosemary
In this sad land of memory!

How beautiful the faces there!
How sweet the lips, the eyes, the hair,
All framed in tender rosemary
In this bright land of memory!

How many mortals wander here
To breathe its holy atmosphere,
To scent the sacred rosemary
In this wide land of memory!

The phantom lips we vain would kiss,
Recede and leave us naught but this —
A fragrant leaf of rosemary
From this strange land of memory!

The home of immortality
This wondrous land must surely be,
And so I wear sweet rosemary
For your sweet sake, oh memory!

THE WAY I LOVE YOU.

If you should come to me in that still day
When I shall dreamless lie upon my bier —
If you should stand beside and softly say:
"Arise, oh, best beloved, for I am here!"
It seems to me my heart would throb again,
Once more my frozen pulse would start
and beat,

My lips would quiver 'neath your kisses'
rain,
My breast would heave beneath my wind-
ing-sheet.

Then touch me not, oh love, for how could I
Be dead if you should hold my hands and
call

Upon my name, who never left your sigh
Unheeded? I should stir beneath my pall.

It would be harder then to stay with death,
Who is so true a friend, who gives us peace
For pain, such perfect rest for labored
breath,

And bears us out where loving need not
cease.

So then, oh dearest friend, you must not
come

A near the place where I enshrouded lie;
'Twould grieve me when you wept that I
were dumb,

That I could give no answer to your cry.

My soul would turn back in its upward
flight

To comfort yours if you had need of me;
The bloom above be touched with sorrow's
blight

If your distress my spirit's eyes could see.

UNRECONCILED.

It is not that my soul shall fail to find
Her own in that far-off, mysterious bourne,
Or any influence my spirit bind
From following after her, that I must
mourn.

For this I never grieve; I know the wide,
Wide universe can never furnish space
Enough for us, we two, apart to 'bide,
Or blind my eyes from resting on her face.

At last, at last; I seeking only this
From star to star adown the aisles of time
And all eternity, must reach my bliss
And hold her yet on heights that I shall
climb.

But now, now do my famished, thirsty lips
Cry out continually for touch of hers,
My longing eyes seek her's through death's
eclipse,

No other source such tenderness confers.
The tendrils of her shining hair entwine
No more about my fingers' soft caress;
The grave has robbed these hungry hands of
mine

Of all her sweetness, flower-like loveliness.
How can I be content, how say that all
Is well, when she is buried from my sight?
It is my child for whom I cry and call
And not an angel robed in distant light.

JOSEPH LATIMER WEIR.

BORN: WHITE HOUSE, TENN., JAN. 24, 1821.

AFTER attaining the age of twenty-one Joseph completed his education at Wirt College. He was engaged for twenty years as a school teacher, and ten years of his life has



JOSEPH LATIMER WEIR.

been spent in the practice of law. Mr. Weir has filled several important positions of trust, and is now engaged as traveling agent and newspaper correspondent. His poems have received extensive publication in the periodical press of the South.

LITTLE PAULINE.

Playful as a kitten,

"Busy as a bee;"

A blithesome little girl,
Of fairest form is she.

"Modest as a violet,
As a rose-bud sweet;"

A pretty little girl,
With frisky hands and feet.

Joyous as a robin,

"Gentle as a dove;"

A winsome little girl,
That all delight to love.

"Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl;"

A gem of richest worth —
The precious baby girl!

MOTHER IS DEAD.

To me, what sacred thoughts these words inspire! woe—

What pen can paint the pain—the inward
The overwhelming flood of crushing grief,
That, like a mountain torrent's dashing flow,
Came rushing in upon my stricken heart,
When, from a missive sad, I slowly read,
'Mid tears that flowed like falling drops of rain,

The sadly solemn words, "Mother is Dead."

'Tis sad, indeed, to know that she is gone,
The home she left is wrapt in deepest gloom.
The sun may shine, the birds may sweetly sing,

And, as before, the flowers, too, may bloom.
But yet, a void there'll be within that home,
A sacred vacant seat will be there still,
And in each saddened heart a lonely place
That naught but a mother's love can rightly fill.

Bereaved ones around the family hearth
Will miss a loving mother's tender care,
And turning back to the light of other days,
When on her lap they lisped their evening prayer,

May, silently musing on the happy past,
With anxious thoughts, by fitful fancy led,
Still list, as if to hear her footsteps coming;
Alas! She comes no more—their mother's dead!

But hope comes gleaming through the cloud
of grief,

And gently ope's to view a future bright.
What to the good is death? A transit safe
From earthly pain to heaven's pure delight,
The passing storm that leaves a sweet repose,
A grand transition of the soul from this,
Its transitory dwelling place on earth,
To an eternal home of heavenly bliss.

EARLY SPRING-TIME.

The most lovely time of all the year,
With soft and balmy breath is near,
And ringing out quite full and clear
The sweetest songs of birds I hear.

The days are mild, the nights serene,
And sunny slopes are growing green;
Along the vales, the hills between,
Wild flowers here and there are seen.

And merry children on the street,
Their faces bright, their toilet neat,
With "silvery voices" like music sweet,
Go tripping along with nimble feet.

A God of Truth, with love benign,
Rules all; He made the earth so fine;
'Twas He who made, with power divine,
The birds to sing, the sun to shine.

F. HELEN MCGREGOR.

BORN: BECKWITH, TENN., MAY 6, 1832.

THIS lady has written quite a few poems which have appeared in the local press generally, and have received high commendation.



F. HELEN MCGREGOR.

tion. Helen McGregor received her education in the county schools, and has always resided in her native town.

ON BURNS' "RED, RED ROSE."

Thy love was like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
And perished ere the melody
Of sweet "Bonnie Doon."

Yes, tho' she were a lass as fair
As Nature ever gave,
Neither love nor sad despair
Could save her from the grave.

The sea still holds its water,
And the rocks still meet the Sun,
But where is beauty's daughter?
Her sands of life have run,

And thine; but may you meet again
On some fair happy shore,
Where roses never lose their bloom
And live for evermore.

THE PRISONER BIRD.

Go now little prisoner bird
Home to thy native tree.
The storm's no longer heard,
And sing in liberty!

Could I have borne to see
Thy bright black eyes decline,
I could in lone captivity
Sweet bird have made the mine.

Thy golden feathers, one by one,
I could have torn apart,
And drained the ruddy drops that run
Now warmly through thy heart.

But could I then have hoped
For succor in the storm,
From Him whose wisdom wrapped
In loveliness thy form?

Go then, and soon with thee
May my poor country swell
The joyous song of liberty,
And until then farewell.

THE SWEET FLOWERS SENT ME.

They are here, fresh before me,
With no sign of decay,
To tell that from earth
They are passing away.

They are here, fresh before me,
And with odorous breath,
Floating 'round me in beauty
Are smiling in death.

They are here, fresh before me,
With no sign of decay,
To tell that from earth
They are passing away.

Yes one, the white rose,
So lovely last night,
Is drooping and withered;
A pitiful sight.

Like some gentle heart
Too easily tried,
The white rose is losing
Its beauty and pride.

Yet thou lovely rose
For me thou'lt not bloom;
I'll see that thou lackest
For no fitting tomb.

For shined in my memory
Thou still shalt live on,
As fresh and lovely
As when made my own.

SAMUEL E. MANN.

BORN: LAWRENCE, MASS., APRIL 10, 1853.

GRADUATING at the age of nineteen with honor at the Worcester Polytechnic institute, this poet then worked himself through the departments of chemistry and mechanical engineering. For some years he taught



SAMUEL E. MANN.

natural science, mathematics and drawing in the high school of Middleton, Conn. Later on Mr. Mann went to Honolulu and worked as draughtsman and carpenter until 1885. In 1882 he was married, but his wife died one year later. Samuel E. Mann has edited a volume of Florida verse, which he hopes to publish at an early period.

RONDELEY.

At Waikiki, where lingers dreamy rest,
And joy, as sunshine, beameth full and free;
Ah, there, sweet nature! would I be thy guest

At Waikiki.

Where breezes breathe an airy harmony,
Where bends the Palm and preens her plumed crest,
While listening to the love songs of the sea;

There as I lay my head upon thy breast,
And feel the throbbings of thy love for me,
My heart shall find its grail and end its quest

At Waikiki.

WAIKIKI.

Beside the bay lies peaceful Waikiki,
With coral strand o'erhung by clustering palms,
That seem to wait with Welcome's wide-spread arms.

Thence I, aweary of the city, flee,
And under algarobas by the sea
Find rest. Afar from fear of all alarms,
There every fragrant breath my spirit calms;
Care steals away, and I am left thought-free
Beside Leahi's sunset-gilded height.
I look far out beyond the dimpled waves,
That laugh and play above forgotten graves,
And dream sweet dreams of silver sails in sight,

On broader, brighter bays of time to be,
On far-off seas of love's eternity.

RONDEAU.

Under the sand, while the years go by,
'Tis said that brave old warriors lie;
The dead of wars that were of old
When here the noise of battle rolled —
War-cries and shouts of victory.

Beneath these palms that tower on high
Dark forms like phantoms gather nigh —
The mighty forms of warriors bold —

Under the sand.

A thousand flashing paddles fly,
Ten thousand spears flash in the sky,
And feather helmets gleam as gold;
But now we see but dust and mold
And thoughtless hardly question why —

Under the sand.

DIAMOND HEAD.

Leahi, long thy grandly buttressed wall
Shall tower beside our happy island home,
Great ocean's mighty waves shall swell
and comb,

And break, and all their long lines roaring
fall

Dismayed. Soughing, they sound the sad
recall,

And flee to where supporting legions roam
Perplexed, their em'rald ranks in surf and foam

O'erthrow on coral rock. But thou, o'er all
Serene, above thy seaward trending slope,
While waves and winds against thee vainly
beat.

Thou lifted high the radiant brow of hope
Unmindful of the passing years. Content,
Thou standest firm, immovable, complete;
Hawaii's oldest, noblest monument.

WHAT IS OUR LIFE.

"Oh, what is it all when all is done,"
When low in the valley we lie at last —
When this life that we live on earth is past,
And we have departed one by one —

When, gone are the treasures sought and
won,

As the flowers before the wintry blast?

Oh, what is it all when all is done,
When low in the valley we lie at last?

Oh, sweet! are the blessings of life when
gone;

How few are its days that are overcast!

Ah! the blessing of love, that we hold fast,
Our love that will live forever on!

Oh, what is it all when all is done!

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Breathe in whispers sweet and low,

As the voice of waters welling,

Of DeLeon's fountain telling,

Of its youth-renewing flow;

Breathe where wildwood blossoms blow;

Breathe within the violet's dwelling —

Breathe in whispers sweet and low,

As the voice of waters welling.

Breathe, oh, wood-wind! whisper slow,

Of love's waters, pain-repelling,

Till the heart with rapture swelling

Shall through love a new life know —

Breathe in whispers sweet and low.

A LULLABY.

Bye, baby, bye, my song shall sweetly flow,

For guardian angels gather nigh,

While rocks the cradle to and fro.

Bye, baby, bye.

The sun swings low in the western sky;

The evening heralds come and go;

How swift their golden chariots fly!

Blue sky above, blue sea below,

And blue my baby's laughing eye,

For sleep, sweet sleep, comes still and slow.

Bye, baby, bye.

LIFE.

Life, my boy, is this: to climb

Up the hard way of time

From boyish years to manhood's prime

With zest;

Then slowly down the farther steep,

With faltering step, to creep,

And weary, to lie down to sleep

And rest.

THE SWEETEST THEME.

One among the poet's themes

This one oft the sweetest seems:

"Home, Sweet Home," of which he sings —

Childhood's home, of which he dreams —

Vine-clad cottage, wooded hills,

Grassy fields and rippling streams.

Memory gently guides him there,

Leads in spite of Fancy's schemes —

Leads where tender love was born,

Smiles till joy through sorrow gleams.

Faith through clouds of doubt shines forth,

Hope reflects the golden beams.

There he finds again his youth —

Youth's fair promises redeem:

Counts his home a "Chidder's Well,"

And its waters sweet esteems.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

I wandered in a pleasant land of dreams,

Through fragrant fields, where harvests rich
were laid

In golden swaths by reaper's swinging blade;

I lingered on the banks of gurgling streams,

Where through its leafy gates the sunlight
gleams

And glimmers through interstices of shade;

There every dewdrop is a gem displayed

Upon the brow of Beauty. Ah! this seems

Her home. Oh would that I could under-
stand

Her speech, for now her voice most sweet I
hear,

And now her touch, as if 'twas mother's
hand,

I feel, and wake. 'Tis mother standing near;

And lo, the land of vision doth appear.

Behold! It is "My own, my native land."

EXTRACTS.

If we cannot find a free expression

For the wealth of love we feel;

Of our failure making full confession,

We will all our love reveal.

Liberty! Sweet Liberty!

They live in love who die for love of thee.

Land of all lands our own land is best;

Home of the homeless, the poor and op-
pressed;

Home of the wanderer, in thee there is rest.

Man counts the golden sheaves

The reapers bind;

God counts the dusty handfuls

That the gleaners find.

ELISABETHE DUPUY.

BORN: PROSPECT, VA., 1868.

THE poems of this lady have appeared extensively in the St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville journals, and as a writer of both



ELISABETHE DUPUY.

poetry and prose she is gaining quite a reputation. Miss Dupuy is a petite blonde, and resides in St. Louis, Mo.

WHEN ROSES SCATTERED LIE.

Hast thou forgot those golden days,
Hast thou forgot those woodland ways,
The flowers that blossomed red and white,
The blue that arched the heavenly height,
The birds that caroled high and clear,
Hast thou forgot, hast thou forgot, my dear?

Hast thou forgot those shadowy walks,
Hast thou forgot our murmured talks,
The moon that silvery shone o'erhead,
What time the day vanished,
The sweet caress, the tender kiss.
Hast thou forgot, oh love, all this?

Hast thou forgot, hast thou forgot,
Is thine a heart that alters not?
Thy speech is cold, and colder still
Thine eyes that smite me with their chill,
And I would know, beloved one,
If thou art changed with Summer's sun.

THE TRANSITORY.

Thy colors, rainbow, 'gainst the gray,
Too soon they go, too soon they go,
In track where flees the dying day
Soon fades thy iridescent glow.

The young mid-summer moons that sow
With gold the ripples of their way,
Too transient is their shining show,

But these, the angels of delay,
Sweet passions that our fond hours know,
More dear, more brief their tender sway,
Too soon they go, too soon they go.

INVOCATION TO SORROW.

Come, Sorrow, be my friend and dwell with me;

Thou hast been true when dearer ones denied,

When others failed thou has borne company,
Henceforth as friend abide!

Tho' grim-visaged thou art, and solemn-eyed,

All the sweet uses of adversity
Thou hast taught, watching thro' the lone night-tide

The beautiful, the dear, by land or sea,
Are faithless gone and fleeting far and wide;

Thou, thou alone, thy pale face turned to me,
Keep'st mournful guard beside!

THE DESOLATE HEART.

If thou, mine angel, couldst return to me,
Out of thy blest and changeless peace on high,

This troubled heart, whose unsolaced distress

So long hath vexed the nights of loneliness,
Mourned old bereavement with new constancy,

And given each hour the largess of a sigh,
No more the fool of fancies idly dreamed,
From sorrow's servitude should be redeemed.

And can it be that even all the bliss
In which thy golden throne is surely set,
Hath made thy loyal heart, beloved, forget
The pain, the grief, the agony of this?
Is it not rather that with yearning eyes
Thou lookest upon me from yon soft blue skies?

MARY R. D. DINGWALL.

BORN: CALAIS, N. H., APRIL 23, 1844.

THIS lady was married in 1861 to Alexander Dingwall, who soon after entered the service of his country, and is a veteran of the civil war. They have two children—Cortez Alex-



MRS. R. D. DINGWALL.

ander and Inez Barbara; the latter a young lady of sixteen, is taking a course of study at the Vermont Methodist Seminary in Montpelier. Mrs. Dingwall has never been an aspirant for literary honors, but has accepted the work nearest at hand, and is pre-eminently a home woman.

IN THE MORNING.

There ne'er was a night so long and dark
But at length there came a day,
And never a grief so deep and strong
But anon God sends a ray
From the silver lining of the cloud
To chase its shadows away.

I pressed my lips to a pallid brow
By the twilight zephyr fanned,
"I shall look for thee at noon," she said;
But I am learning to understand
The long, dark days of an arctic night—
O, morn of the summer-land!

I came again, and I pressed her lips,
But nothing of love they told,
For the heart beneath had ceased to beat;
Yet the love has not grown cold,

And beyond the grave on the hillside
Standeth the City of Gold.

'Mid tears I took up my daily task
With a heavy heart and sad,
And a fear lest I grieved the father,
For I lacked the grace to be glad
When he called away to his kingdom
The truest friend that I had.

I watch for the time of his coming,
And be it early or late,
He will give me the strength I ask for,
The patience to labor and wait
Till he sends my friend to meet me
With a welcome at the gate.

So, beyond the clouds and the darkness
I count the stars in the sky,
And wait for the radiant morning
Of the beautiful By-and-by—
The cloudless, endless morning that brings
The beautiful By-and-by.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

It was the morn of Decoration Day,
And while we wrought one came who stood
aside
And smiled upon our work for those who
died
"For you and me," as each to each would say
The while she bound her garland or bouquet.
But when at length the last fair wreath
was tied,

He gently stepped unto a maiden's side
And said, "I seek a gift for Him who lay
Heaven's royal robes aside for Calvary."

"A gift from me, O Lord?" she sadly cried,
"I nothing have to match thy wounded
side.

And yet, O Stranger Guest, I beg Thee stay!"
And as they stood amid our sufferings there,
An angel psalm thrilled along the air.

EXTRACT.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

That either for the other cared
Not either may have guessed,
As clasping hands they parted;
While across the Winter's breast
The frost-king hugg his jewels,
And day slipped toward the west.

If either of the other thinks,
Why should the other care?
For twenty years have slipped between,
And each has other where
Found life's full share of joy and grief,
Enough to do and bear.

LUCILE MARIE BENTON.

BORN: THOMSON, GA., APRIL 9, 1874.

MISS BENTON has written about fifty poems which were published in the Madison Ad-



LUCILE MARIE BENTON.

vertiser, Atlanta Constitution, Americus Recorder and other local papers. She is still a resident of her native state at Americus.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER—THE GOLDEN ROD.

Gracing the hills of snow-clad Maine,
Lining the vales of Florida's plain;
Growing in rich or barren sod
Is the hardy beautiful golden-rod.

Rocking the bee to sleep in its bower,
Humming-bird sipping its dainty flower,
Waving and smiling all the long day,
It stands resplendent in bright array.

Crowning the fields with a golden fringe,
Snatching from sunlight a deeper tinge;
Woody by the wind with a gentle kiss,
Happy art thou in thine infinite bliss.

Bright golden-rod we crown thee now,
As queen of all the flowers that grow;
And may'st thou in thy purity,
Sweet emblem of our nation be.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

'Tis the mystic hour of twilight,
Sweet quiet reigns supreme
O'er all the tired face of nature.
The little birds twitter sleepily,

In their nests beneath the eves;
And the shrill notes of the whip-poor-will
Echo from the neighboring forest.
Far across the meadow
Comes the faint tinkle of bells,
Blended with the lowing of the cattle;
As they wend their way slowly
Toward the old barn yard.
Far over the distant hills, the rough swain
Tired with his hard day's labor,
Is slowly plodding his homeward way,
To sit down to a simple, but a sweet repast.
The stars twinkle out one by one,
The new moon rises in all her golden beauty,
And as night approaches, twilight fades,
And my musings are done.

DAYS OF YORE.

All alone by my window I'm sitting,
In my own little cosy bower;
The soft shadows are silently fitting,
'Tis the dim placid twilight hour.

Did I say alone? nay not all alone,
For pleasant thoughts come thronging;
And each sweet thought has a voice of its
own,

Till my heart is o'erflowed with longing.
Shall I tell you of what I am thinking,
As the stars twinkle slowly out?
I am wearing a chain and linking
Each bar with a golden thought.

My heart is fondly backward turning,
Thro' memory's golden haze;
Back with a deep and tender feeling,
To the merry glad some old school days.

When we two wandered hand in hand to-
gether,
Down the lane whose path wound in and
out;

Gath'ring daisies in the sunny weather,
With many a merry laugh and shout.
I sit within the old accustomed place,
Again the busy hum of voices hear;
And by my side I see the sweet young face,
That in my memory I ever held so dear.

But now those happy days are gone,
And we who then sat side by side
Have drifted far apart, at last borne on
By fortune's cold and heartless tide.

While some have left us, far apart
In distant climes to dwell;
To whom with sad and breaking heart,
I bade a long and last farewell.

But I must wake, my dream is o'er, I rise;
And looking out into the soft pale light;
I hear a whisper from the midnight skies,
The stars are bidding me a sweet "good-
night."

E. EDWIN BYRUM.

BORN: RANDOLPH CO., IND., OCT. 13, 1861.

THE subject of this sketch is a graduate of the Otterbein university of Westerville, Ohio. In 1887 Mr. Byrum was called to accept a position as publisher and business manager of the Gospel Trumpet, which position he



E. EDWIN BYRUM.

still holds, and has been office editor for the past two years. He is also the publisher of the *Shining Light*, a paper for children, which is securing quite a wide circulation. Mr. Byrum in 1889 was married to Miss Rhoda B. Keagy, and resides with his wife and daughter at Grand Junction, Michigan.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Our darling child, oh can it be
Thy Spirit's fled from earth away?
Oh is it true, thy form we see
Is now as lifeless as the clay?

Our hearts bowed down in deepest grief,
Are yet submissive to thy will
Who gave to us the tender leaf,
Whose mission did so soon fulfill.

Those lips so sweet to press to ours
Now take a pallid form in death;
Thy sweetness was as many flowers,
Thy love was seen in every breath.

An angel came and whispered near,
And did the summons gently bear;
Thou gentle bud, to parents dear,
Art called to lands more bright and fair.

Thou canst not come to us again
Nor can we ever go to thee
Until our work on earth began
Shall end in sweet eternity.

We'll praise the Lord who gave to us
Thy bright and shining life to bless;
We praise His name for blessings thus,
Which filled our home with righteousness.

And now again we bless Thy name,
That thou didst see, 'twas best to call
Our darling little cherub home
To dwell with Thee who'rt Lord of all.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

When the trials of life beset us and the way
seems dark,
And the pathway rough and rugged all along
the way of life,
Then we'll trust it all with Jesus and in faith
grow strong,
Till we reach our home and join the happy
throng.

We will suffer persecutions for the sake of
Christ, [are so great,
For His love is never ending and His mercies
There we'll lose all sight of trouble when we
gain the port,
And forever dwell within the heavenly fort.

THE ROAD TO FAME.

Not all who think themselves so great
In deeds and thoughts of worldly lore,
Will ever reach the highest fame
However high their minds may soar.

Though lifted up in self conceit,
In fancy wander on and on;
And lauded high with earthly praise
They miss the mark they should have won.

Not so with they of humbler birth
Who step with honest tread along,
Yet climbing upward, step by step,
With merry hearts of noblest song.

Who seek to aid their fellow men
And point them to the better way;
Who cheer the weary troubled heart
And drive the darkness far away.

' is not for words of earthly praise
That we should ever seek to gain;
But love and truth and righteousness
Should ever fill the inner man.

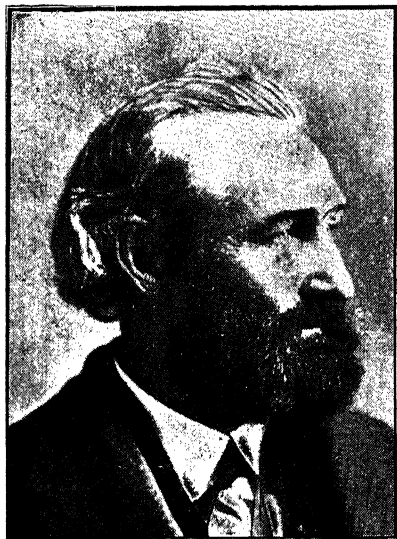
The great and noblest deeds of life,
Are done without a thought of praise,
Except to heaven's potentate,
Who sheds His love in shining rays.

Then would you seek the famous way,
Begin to climb the bottom round,
And seek perfection ev'ry step,
And at the summit You'll be crowned.

PROF. WILLIAM G. McADOO.

BORN: ANDERSONVILLE, T., APRIL 4, 1820.

AFTER teaching for a while he took a regular course of Latin, Greek, and Sciences in the East Tennessee College, and received his diploma in 1845. Mr. McAdoo was then elected to the Legislature of Tennessee, and the following year he led a company from Tennessee in the Mexican war, being present



PROF. WILLIAM G. McADOO.

at the siege of Vera Cruz and the battle of Cerro Gordo in 1847. The subject of this sketch then studied law and went into the practice of that profession in 1848, and three years later was elected attorney general of the seven counties comprising the Knoxville judicial circuit. In 1857 he married Mrs. Mary Faith Floyd, who has distinguished herself in the literary world. After the war Mr. McAdoo became school commissioner and county judge of Baldwin county, Ga.; and being tended the chair of assistant professor of history and English literature, he filled that position for nine years. Mr. McAdoo now resides with his accomplished wife in North Knoxville, surrounded by a large and choice library, devoting his time to literary pursuits. Of late years his poems have been chiefly in the form of sonnets. Prof. McAdoo has been keeping a careful diary for over fifty years, and the contents of that diary would make a most interesting and valuable history of Tennessee.

TO HELENA.

Thro' years of fiery storm of war,—
Thro' charging columbus' shock and jar,
And scenes of pain and blood and death,
The prison's damp and loathsome breath,
Thy worshipped image hath been borne
And fondly in my bosom worn;
Loved, pray'd for, blest, awake, in dreams,
Thro' darkest storms and sunniest gleams!
And thou art yet afar; and I
Pine yet, as in long years gone by
Once more to read in thy loved eyes
The thoughts that waked my bosom's sighs.
Oh, quick forsake thy Northern nest,
Sweet bird! and find a summer rest
Beside the blue Atlantic's foam
No more—no more—from me to roam!

Go, little verses! 'At her feet
Kneel, pilgrim like, at foot of saint,
And raptures from her favor steal,
Or in her cool displeasure faint.

TO MARY MINE.

And I am loved! Unworthy though I be,
All the affections of one gifted soul,
Like mountain torrents to the sounding sea,
Toward me with strong resistless currents
roll.

Oh, thou shalt ne'er repent it! for I can
And will be worthy of thy noblest heart,—
Be thine, not only through thy life's brief
span,

But till Eternity itself depart!

I gazed upon the trembling stars last night
That twinkled o'er thy dearest sleeping
head,

And wondered if a thousand years in flight
Could number thy proud name among the
dead.

And it did seem to me the poet's word,
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
Should be illustrated, by Heaven's high
Lord,

By sparing thee from crossing Death's
dark river!

To me, thou'rt more than mortal—should'st
not die; [doom,

But if thy mortal sink beneath Death's
And I, who am all mortal, haply lie
Beside thee, as I pray, in the still tomb.

Still shall thy genius live in words sublime,
Thy name in statues of undying thought,
Like Sappho's was in olden golden time,
With immortality on earth be fraught.

And I will live with thee! Upon my knees
I swear to win illustrious name with thine,
And close as Abelard's with Eloise,
Eternal fame our laurels shall entwine!

THE FLOWER LESSON.

As Nona—God bless her!—and I, one bright day,
To gather wild flowers in the woodland did stray
Where wild jasmines and crab-apple blossoms were spreading
Charm'd bowers, and their exquisite fragrance were shedding
Gazing upward, absorbed by the magical sights,
And odors, and the mocking-birds' song of delights,
Little Nona but three years old, prattled on
Unheeded—my soul with my senses had gone.

I held her dear little soft hand in mine
As we leisurely sauntered 'neath tree and wild vine:
Half-way was I conscious I heard her sweet voice
Swift to chide, to applaud, to lament, to rejoice:
Half I noted her daintiest feet on the sod,
Half my thoughts were with Nature, and half were with God,
And still deeper by thickety stream, and through wildwood,
Strayed abstracted old age and sweet prattling childhood.

The streamlet Azalea-bordered, we crossed,
And soon in the depths of wild Nature were lost,
Where meek Uvularias, straw-colored, drooped,
And rose-tinted Trilliums blushing stooped,
And many a quaint Orchid with bashfulness shy,
Hid in shadiest nook from old Sol's burning eye,
While the prattler's sweet innocent talk still proceeded,
And the ancient philosopher half heard not, half heeded.

At length came the child-voice more sharp and decided;
Remonstrated first, then imperiously chided;
Pulling back with one hand, in an attitude regal,
She arraigned me, by look, for some act most illegal,
Then downward her other small white hand she pointed
As solemn as Priest of the Most High anointed,
Exclaiming, "See! See! There the violets grow!"

Do not tread on the flowers, for God made them, you know."
Amazed at the lesson of reverence taught,
And precocity strange of the child's starting thought,
With soul lifted higher than Earth's fragrant bowers,
I led her most carefully through the dear flowers;
And since that good day their bright petals are preachers,
And all their sweet odors are exquisite teachers,
Unveiled to my vision in newness of glory
By the sauntily sweet heroine of this truthful story.

THREE EXISTENCES.

Calm, weird Arcturus, in yon wondrous sky,
Reveals to my fixed gaze, one truth untold:
In pre-existence, ere this life unrolled
As lower earths, our being's destiny
Of one warp woven, brighten'd life on high,—
Here, adverse, by sore fate, to me—the old
Rhymester devoid of wealth, or place, or gold,
Afar from my adored, must love and die!
Realms of a future glory! O, I pray
Eternity such as the old, restore!
New blest Arcturan life be mine again!
This earth-existence past, my fond soul may
Exalted reach her love whom I adore,
Sweet recompense for earthly direst pain!

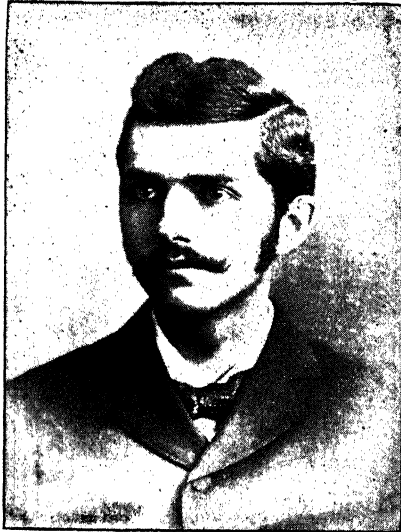
DREAMING.

Enfolded in my grasp, thy precious hand
Reposeful lay, mine own—O yes, mine own!
Above us smiled the blue far sky,—God's throne.
Day spread her golden glory o'er the land
Refulgent; all the universe seemed planned
Delights to minister, and all things strown
Yet far profuser than was ever known
In all things in heaven's blissful counsels planned!
Right fondly my lips pressed the dainty fingers—
Compressed, and eagerly fond lips sought lips
Ecstatic and incomparable; when
O, dream—delusion—dream that not yet lingers!
All bliss was swept by waking's harsh eclipse,
My heritage, the mournfulest of men!

GEORGE W. D. WEBSTER.

BORN: GENEVA, OHIO, MAY 5, 1860.

MR. WEBSTER has been a great sufferer from rheumatism, which has prevented him from engaging in any active occupation. He has written over a hundred poems, many



GEORGE WILLIAM D. WEBSTER.

of which have appeared from time to time in Boston Transcript, Cottage Hearth, Journal of Education and other publications. He is still a resident of the place of his nativity.

SMOKE.

My fire is wreathed with garlands fair,
I hear a wild song in the air,
And make this charge in my despair.
O kindred spirit of my flame!
My red-plumed warriors dost thou tame,
To crown them with the poet's claim?
They leap up, burning for the fight;
Thou twinest them a laurel light;
I hear them singing to the night.
A voice comes down my chimney flue:
"Thy warriors are thy minstrels, too;
They have my crown and spirit true."

APPLES.

Ye who eat apples on these winter nights,
Dreaming of summer with its past delights,
Think ye 'tis true about the apple tree,
That bore the fruit of immortality,
A taste of which the sacred Eddas say,
Could from the gods drive stealthy age away?

If true, I'll vouch some elf or Druid wise,
Skilled in the secrets of those northern skies,
To graft the immortal in the mortal tree,
Not all in vain hath plied his witchery,
For from the union spring those youthful
dreams,

That, sailing up the dark and narrow streams,
Furl in the apple all their fairy sails,
Until they spread them to the wintry gales;
Then, cruising backward o'er thought's
ebbing tide,
Bear us through many a prospect fair and
wide,
Where we have spent those happy careless
hours,
Back to the land of childhood and of flowers.

MY POET.

O Master! 'tis in vain I try to see
The vision that you strove, with mystic
words
Of sorrow and of love, to paint for me.
E'en to thy ken, as clear as height-bold
bird's,
Methinks it still a far dim fantasy.
For this art thou my poet, that I feel
Thy mounting flame into my soul to shine,
To better life and days a latent zeal,
That sometime may leap up a fire divine.
For this art thou the chosen of the Nine,
That they who climb but half way up thy
heights

Come where the joy of song doth grow so
fine
Their rapt eyes see not how the hills incline
To valleys rich in streams and wild delights.

LIFE.

How shall I hold a thing so swift of change!
It is as if a painter bold should try
To catch and fix a storm-wrecked evening
sky.
Now it is love, and peace, and hope's broad
range;
Now passions high with fears, dark, wild and
strange;
A strong ambition, reaching heaven-high;
A weak and sickly child that longs to die.
How shall I keep my life through such swift
change?
O Love, great Love, thrice blessed art thou
for this;
That thou hast taught how sweet it is to
lose
Life for thy sake. O let me know the bliss,
The strong, delicious thrill of those who kiss
Self-sacrifice and death. Help me to choose,
My life and all I have, for thee to lose.

MRS. MILLIE W. CARPENTER

BORN: STEPHENTOWN, N. Y., FEB. 23, 1840.

THIS lady has attained great proficiency in German and French literature, and has great elocutionary and dramatic talent. In 1858 she was married to Cromwell A. Carpenter, a merchant of her native town. Since the death of her husband and child, literature



MRS. MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

has been her solace and support. Her poems being accepted by Lippincott's Magazine, New York Citizen, Daily and Weekly Graphic, Golden Age, Springfield Republican, Sunday Mercury, Boston Pilot and other equally prominent periodicals. She has also contributed numerous stories in prose to Frank Leslie's publications, Saturday Evening Journal and the Overland Monthly.

OFF DUTY.

The brightest of midsummer days
Wanes with my Festus just begun:
The peacock apes my sluggish ways,
And trails his plumage in the sun.
Why should I blush to own my dreams?
So fair this land of reverie seems
That cooler heads, old, worn and gray,
Might lapse, like mine, off guard, astray.
Heigh-ho! O plodder, let me shirk,
For once, dull care and hateful work:
Let sterner wights my mantle wear,
And leave me to my mountain air.

II

The pigeons cluster on the eaves,
The brambles flirt and toss about,

The brown moth zigzags through the leaves
Of woodbine on the water-spout:
The alders rustle by the brook,
The trout leaps to the floating hook;
But in the shade, my thin cheek prest
Against the daisies, let me rest.
What was that motto of my youth,
Of which Age vaunts the vexing Truth?—
"Time waits for none!" Alas! even I
May let no day drift fruitless by.

III.

The wind, astir through scents of vines,
Breaks into ripples all the streams,
Till silver-like the water shines,
And rose-tints blush through all my dreams.
And so the day's fine work is done,
The rose and silver threads are spun,
And, soothed with sounds of birds and bees,
The dreamer nods in blissful ease.
There lies my Festus on the grass:
The glow-worms with their dim lamps pass:
Why, Sybaris would not care to miss
The peace of such an hour as this.

GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART.

Good-by, sweetheart! Nay, stand there still!
Let these last moments have their fill
Of tender looks; so dainty sweet
Pale snow and pearly rose-tints meet
On this dear face; so softly lies
My last kiss, fragrant, blossom-wise
Across the lips that still would sigh
'Neath kiss and flower, Sweetheart, good-by!

Good-by, sweetheart! Your cheek is pale;
Hush, listen forth! The nightingale—
His song the salt of Love's sad tears
Wept through the world's long lapse of years,
Woos mutely into perfect flower
The rose that drooped in yonder bower.
An hour to love—an hour to die;
O Rose o' my heart's young dreams, good-by!
Oh fiftful heart, that used to be
Tender with Love's young troth to me!
Dear heart, sweet heart, that all day long
Once matched the sparrow's spring-time
song,

Now waxing, waning, sigh by sigh,
Pass on, poor heart; proud heart, good-by!

Not yet? not go? Oh, false good-byes!—
Oh sweet-shamed lips—oh dear blue eyes!
Look up, lean on me; faring so,
Forth to the world, sweet heart, we'll go,
By primrose paths that upward lie,
Till death shall cross life's latest sigh,
Breathing with blessing farewell low—
Good-by—good-by!

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

BORN: EAST HARTFORD, CT., APRIL 19, 1817.

FOR the past thirty-five years this lady has lectured and preached in most of the northern states, and has attained a national repu-



MRS. ELISABETH A. KINGSBURY.

tation. Her poems have received extensive publication in the periodical press. She is now a resident of Los Angeles, Cal.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Tall hollyhocks and pinks and rue
And roses various and violets grew,
With other fragrant herbs and flowers,
In well kept beds and rustic bowers.
At early dawn and dewy eve,
In snowy cap, with upturned sleeve,
In petticoat of homespun wool
And short-gown trim and clean and cool,
Our grandmother would deftly dig
Around these plants, both small and big.
Their names and needs she seemed to know,
And this was fifty years ago.

Her checkered apron, full and long,
Was made of linen, good and strong.
Her neckerchief in many a fold
Lay o'er her bosom. All this told
The frugal housewife, nice and neat,
From crown of head to sole of feet.
And as she weeded, day by day,
And dug and pruned, a simple lay
Which to our memory is more dear

Than aught we since have chanced to hear
Of olden times, she warbled low,
And this was fifty years ago.

The house was large; and one back room
Contained a spinning wheel and loom.
And cards for making rolls and reel
That measured skeins and little wheel,
Where she would sit with linen thread
Between her fingers, while the tread
Of her light feet kept time meanwhile,
With sweet tunes, tending to beguile
The busy hours. And at her feet
We loved to sit. 'Twas a great treat
To watch the fine thread come and go,
And this was fifty years ago.

The log behind the blazing fire,
The crane and hooks suspended higher,
The two brick ovens; one inside
The chimney jamb; 'twas deep and wide,
To hold the turkeys, puddings, pies
For festal days; of smaller size,
The other stood outside the jamb
And baked each week bread, beans and
lamb.

The clean and nicely sanded floor;
The corner buffet, with glass door
Displaying china; a rare show.
But this was fifty years ago.

Fifty long years! Within that time,
We've wandered far, from clime to clime.
Seen many a grand and stately thing,
But nothing such delight would bring,
As one more look at that elm tree,
'Neath which our play-house used to be.
The old clock, straight and dark and tall,
With burnished face and silver call,
Telling the hours that merrily
On swift-winged minutes flitted by
Was prized most highly, you must know;
And this was fifty years ago.

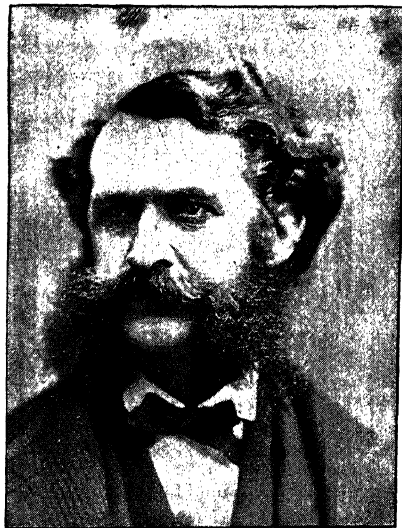
IF.

If the morning clouds are heavy
And the wild winds fiercely blow
Leveling the stately pine tree
And the lilies, where they grow;
If the midday sun is sultry
And the earth is parched with heat;
If the song bird droops in silence,
With no voice for carols sweet.
If the night comes, dark and gloomy,
With no stars to light the sky,
With no gentle breezes whispering
Of a good time bye-and-bye;
Still we bravely trust the future,
Still with firm, elastic tread
Walk the path marked out before us,
Where so'er we may be led.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

BORN: WARREN, R. I., DEC. 22, 1839.

AS THE author of the Zigzag Journeynings, Hezekiah Butterworth has become known throughout this country and Europe, in the school and in the family circle. In 1870 he became connected with the Youth's Companion as assistant editor, a position which



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

he has filled for twenty years. In 1875 he wrote the Story of the Hymns, for which he received the George Wood gold medal; and he has since written a companion volume entitled Story of the Tunes. Eleven volumes of the Zigzag series of books have been written by him and some three hundred thousand volumes sold. He has published two volumes of verse entitled Poems for Christmas, Easter and New Year, and Songs of History. Mr. Butterworth is withal a scholar, and a pleasant and sociable gentleman.

TAMPA.

And this is Tampa: yonder lies the Bay
That Spanish cavaliers
Enchanted saw upon their unknown way,
In far and faded years,—

That to their eyes so calm and placid seemed,
So bright and wondrous fair,
They drifted on with silent lips, and dreamed
The Holy Ghost was there.

Here lies a fortress old, a field of death;
And here, as years increase,
The useless cannon hide their heads beneath
The snow-white sands of peace.

The Gulf winds warm the orange orchards
stir,
And from dark trees like walls,
In long festoons and threads of gossamer,
The trailing gray moss falls.

And ships come in from tropic seas, and go,
And sails the Gulf winds fan;
And few do know, or seem to care to know,
That here that march began

That set that crown of empires in the West,
And gave the nations birth
That stand like gracious queens, above the
rest,
Upon the thrones of earth.

The town is fair, and fairer yet the Bay,
And warm the trade-winds blow
Where lateen-sails moved on their lonely
way,
Three centuries ago.

De Soto's hands lie deep beneath the wave,
Dust are his cavaliers;
The cypressd waters murmuring o'er his
grave,
The silent pilot hears.

In that far river where they laid him down,
Wherelov the ring-doves sigh,
And oft the full moon drops her silver crown,
From night's meridian sky.

And here, where first his banners caught the
breeze,
The peopled towns arise:
And his great faith, that piloted the seas
Beneath uncertain skies,

And dared the wilds by Christian feet untrod,
Is strong with hope to man;
And here, where touched the new world's
ark of God,
Fair skies the rainbows span.

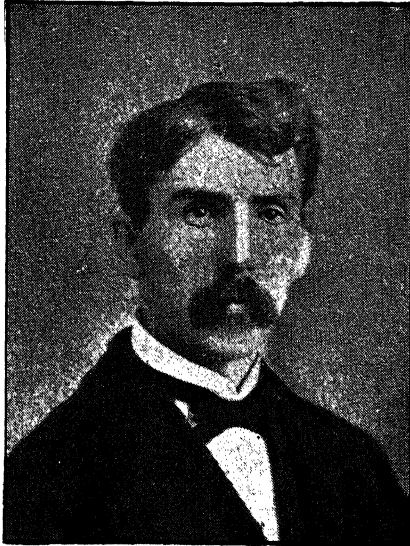
O Tampa, Tampa, near the Gulf's warm tide!
Who would not linger here,
Where, on the homes the orange-gardens
hide,
June smileth all the year?

Where never comes the autumn nor the
spring,
Nor summer's fiercer glow;
Where never cease the mocking-birds to sing,
Nor roses new to blow.

HERBERT E. JENNESS.

BORN: NEW HAMPSHIRE, MARCH 28, 1851.

MR. JENNESS has acquired great proficiency in French, German and Spanish, and has translated many fine gems of literature from the German into English. He has written



HERBERT E. JENNESS.

quite extensively both prose and verse, and some of the latter have received publication in the Boston Traveler, Boston Transcript and the Springfield Republican.

ETERNITY.

"How long is, then, Eternity?"
 Give heed, I'll tell you my decree—
 If you will go down to the sea
 And bring the water all to me,
 And bring it naked-handed.
 Take good large handsfull, even then
 When, dear laddy, think you when
 The labor would be ended?
 You think the labor vain would be—
 You "couldn't ever drain the sea?"
 And so think I, for ever welling
 Are springs and brooks, to rivers swelling;
 Unto the sea these rivers flow
 And keep it full — forever so.
 The streams are like the fleeting time;
 The sea is like Eternity,—
 A single drop a year may be,
 A thousand on this dewy rhyme.
 Now think you well, and answer me:
 "How long, then, is Eternity?"

THE BROOKLET.

Thou brooklet, silver-bright and clear,
 Thou fleetest ever by me here;
 Pensive I watch thee, onward flowing—
 "Hence art thou come, and whither going?"

"I come from dark and rocky glen,
 My course lies over flower and fen;
 O'er my bright mirror floats benignly
 Heaven's calm face, smiling kindly.

"So I've glad thoughts, and free from care,
 I'm driven on, I know not where,—
 Whoso from the rock hath called me,
 Will ever, methinks, my leader be."

BENEDICTION.

Thou art so like a flower,—
 Pure, sweet and fair thou art;
 I gaze on thee, and sadness
 Steals softly o'er my heart.
 I fain upon thy lovely head
 My hands would fondly lay,
 Praying that God so keep thee—
 Fair, sweet and pure alway.

WINTER SONG.

How calmly and serenely,
 Beneath thy white-robe queenly,
 Thou, Mother-earth, dost rest!
 Where are the spring-time carols,
 The summer-gay apparels,
 And thou,—beflowered, festal-drest?

Thou sleepest now unheeding;
 No lambs, no sheep are feeding
 In valley or on height;
 No song-bird now is trilling;
 No bee rich sweets distilling;
 But yet in winter art thou bright!

The boughs and bushes shimmer,
 A thousand sparkles glimmer,
 Where'er the eye is turned;
 Who has thy bed prepared,
 By thee so fondly tarried,
 And all so gay with gems adorned?
 The Father, kindly caring,
 Has woven for thy wearing
 This mantle pure and white;
 In peace thou mayest slumber,—
 The weary without number
 He wakes to strength, to joyous light.

Soon, through the spring-time hovering,
 Wilt thou, thy youth recovering,
 Arise so wonder-fair;
 His spirit — air the blandest —
 Floats 'round thee as thou standest
 Once more with flower-crowned hair.

REV. W. L. HENDRICK.

BORN: RICHVILLE, N. Y., DEC. 2, 1856.

For a while young Hendrick taught school and later was engaged by his father in superintending the construction of railroads. In 1883 he was married to Miss Jennie Beaton.



REV. WEBSTER LYNDE HENDRICK.

by whom he has one daughter. For many years he has preached the gospel, and in 1889 was ordained a congregational minister and is now pastor of the Bangor church. He has written numerous memorial addresses, and his poems have appeared quite extensively in the religious and secular press.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

I had a neighbor, good and true as any man
could boast;
In kindly acts and charities he was, indeed,
"a host,"
No unkind words or bickerings we had with
one another,
But, always pleasant, always kind, I loved
him as a brother.
And our regard seemed mutual; through all
this winter weather,
I've sat with him, and he with me, and talked
and smoked together.
I've consulted and advised with him, have
been his trusted friend,
And deemed that on his constancy I ever
could depend.
But now that "gentle spring" has come

A woeful change is wrought,
This month of May twixt him and me has
sudden coolness brought—
No more he greets me with a smile and hand-
shake as of old,
And when we meet upon the street he turns
the shoulder cold—
I dare not to accost him now for blood is in
his eye,
And incoherent mutterings I hear as I pass
by;
But why this vengeful spirit has my neigh-
bor seemed to seize?
The answer is—I own the hens that scratched
up all his peas.

A TRIBUTE.

The hand of a mother! Ah, who can express
Its power to soothe, and its power to bless,
In tempest and sunshine, in toil and shade,
Though wrinkled and worn by the world's
strife made,
'Tis the truest instrument God has given
To reflect His love and to point to Heaven.
And when, at the Throne, the redeemed shall
stand,
How many will bless the Mother's hand
That guided them there— through trial and
sin —
Or, perhaps, went before them, to beckon
them in.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

EXTRACT.

In peace and happiness to-day
We gather here among the mounds
Which cover heroes; come to lay
Our offerings on this sacred ground,
In honor of the Boys in Blue
Who fought for Union and for Right,
Who kept their hearts to duty true,
Their sword and armor burnished bright.
And though the forms lie buried here
May need not this poor tribute now —
Still to us are their memories dear,
Though crowns are settled on each brow:
And still we feel their influence
Upon our Country's pathway shed,
As here, to-day, we reverence
These silent — these — our patriot dead.
We come from homes where joy and love
Are daily guests — where children play
In happy freedom and are taught
To honor this Memorial Day.
This day — when nature all is dressed
In gay attire — with beauty crowned,
When field and forest look their best;
And skies are blue, and flowers abound.

MRS. GENIE C. POMEROY.

BORN: IOWA CITY, IA., APRIL 27, 1867.

THIS lady has written nearly one thousand poems, many of which have appeared in the Boston Woman's Journal, Toledo Blade, Seattle Press and the periodical press of



MRS. GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

America generally. Mrs. Pomeroy has also contributed many prose articles to current literature. She was married in 1886 to Carl Harrington Pomeroy, a newspaper publisher of Hoquiam, Washington.

SADNESS.

The night is drear,
And chilly blows the wind
Across the plain.
It stirs leaves, fallen, sere,
And whispers of a rain
That will be here.
My heart is drear,
And bitter breathe my sighs
In saddened strain.
They stir thoughts, withered, sere,
While in fast falling rain
I drop each tear.
The world is drear,
And sighs but in the wind.
A mournful strain
Falls on my listening ear;
The world sobs in the rain,
Her only tear.

PUGET SOUND.

The beautiful sound is before me,
Full of its changing grace;
By its tidal lines
And by various signs,
I have gradually learned to trace
All its feelings, moods and emotions,
As I would on a human face.

At first I saw it unmoved, unthrilled,
No message, to me, it bore;
That a soul like mine,
Through unending time,
Was fettered from shore to shore,
I looked as I would at a stranger's face,—
Saw beauty, and saw no more.

But soon I took to watching each day,
And my longing grew apace,
And day and night,
If read aright,
My thoughts, with its thoughts, kept pace;
The passionate, mobile waters I knew,
As we know a familiar face.

A great, wild heart is thobbing
Deep in its breast, I know;
Interpret its moan
'Twill answer your own,
With its rythmical ebb and flow,
As on one's own beloved's face
The heart-tides come and go.

MY HEART IS A HARP.

My heart is but a harp,
Where play whatever melody's thy will;—
It beats but at thy slightest, spoken word,
And at thy bidding it is still.

Oh happiest am I,
When, idly straying o'er the quiv'ring
strings,
Thy fingers wake the harp's unspoken sound,
And tuned to thine ear it sings.

The instrument is thine
Where play with all a lover's tender art,
But speak me loving words, vibrates
Responsive, all gladdened heart.

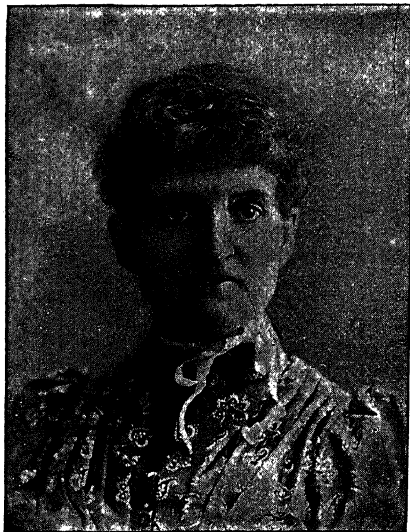
But gentle are the chords,
And must be wooed by words most softly
spoken,
If rude the touch or harsh the bitter tone,
Lo! the silver chord is broken.

Whate'er the melody
To thee is left the sanctity of choice,—
Then guard thy tongue, for in my heart for-
ever
Shall dwell the echo of thy voice!

MRS. MARY J. REID.

BORN: WAYNE COUNTY, PA., FEB. 6, 1847.

THIS lady was educated in Brooklyn, N. Y., and graduated at the Packer Collegiate Institute in 1865; and for some years subsequently taught in the public and private



MRS. MARY J. REID.

schools of that city. Since 1872 she has been a resident of San Francisco and Alameda, California. Mrs. Reid has gained quite a reputation in the educational world as a teacher and lecturer to teachers. Her poems have appeared in the Overland Monthly and various other newspapers in California.

SENT WITH MY LADY'S THIMBLE.

Go, with my love, thou fairy shield of gold
And touch my lady's dainty finger-tips;
Live where thou'lt catch the music from her
lips
And in thy clasp her pretty finger hold.
When she thy satin cover shall unfold
And from its inwrought casket gently slips
Thee from its depths, and to the window
trips
To see her sweet name writ thereon — be bold
And tell her that I treasure up a dream
That, she, one day, with tender, downcast
eyes,
Shall find a home within my lonely breast.
Go! little trinket, may a radiant beam
Shine on thy surface from the amber skies.
Would that a poet's love might be confessed!

A MODERN DEIANEIRA.

As Greeks, who saw the great Alcides quail
And watched with straining eyes that
awful sight
When to his flesh the poisoned tunic tight
Did cling, and nothing could man's help
avail:
As Greeks, who heard the mighty hero's
wail
With hearts that ached at his unhappy
plight,
And wondered that the gods this man
should blight
Because one woman's bliss had turned to
ale;
So have the stricken friends of Carlyle stood
In grim despair at their old hero's fate,
This Deianeira dipped her pen in blood
To mar a splendid fame and desecrate
A hearth. A fell destroyer of the good, [late?
Did she, like her of Calydon, repent too

THE BARDS OF POLYPHEME.

The strangest story told in ancient song
Is of the mighty giant, Polypheme,
Whose eye was blinded by the blackened
beam [throng
The crafty "Noman" thrust therein; The
Of shaggy Cyclops, Homer drew with strong
And steady hand, and still the world doth
deem
It worthy to be rendered as a dream
Sent by the Gods. The muse, delaying long,
Hid in Sicilian vales old Homer's lyre,
Amid the summer-fall of brilliant flowers,
For sweet Theocritus to tune again;
A giant sprang from out the Cyclops' den
Whose voice resounded 'bove the belching
fire
That burst from Ætna's crown. Too many
hours
He dallied with the muse; a lofty rock,
From whence the ringing laughter, and
the clear
Sweet voice of Nereus' daughter one could
hear, [flock,
Was his lone seat. Forgot were herds and
Deaf to all sounds except the careless mock
Of Galatea. Next Virgil saw the bleat-
Eyed, sightless giant, like a wild beast rear
His hoary head to strike with awful shock
The Trojan's ships. As some young wife
doth cling [bind
To her strong spouse, and tendril-like, doth
Herself in thought and speech to him, so
fain [again,
Would Ovid chant the ancient hymns
Ætna had changed, yet still these poets sing
Of Polypheme, dread foe of human-kind.

DELAVAN L. PIERSON.

BORN: WATERFORD, N.Y., OCT. 27, 1867.

THE poems of Mr. Pierson have appeared in the Nassau Literary Magazine, University Magazine, Nassau Herald and other Collegi-



DELAVAN LEONARD PIERSON.
ate periodicals. He was a student of literature at Princeton college and is now studying in Europe.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

The smiling face of summer's day,
May frown with clouds before the night;
The bursting buds bloom fresh and gay,
Yet fade and fall with sudden blight.
Within a life of sunlit skies,
The storms of passion rage and roll;
Shut light and love from longing eyes,
And gloomy shadows wrap the soul.
Anon the veil is rent away;
The glowing sun reveals his form;
Their silver fringe the clouds display;
The air is purer for the storm.
At eventide, at death of day,
The fleecy clouds present a screen
On which the changing tints portray
The glories of a sunset scene.

AN ARCTIC SUNRISE.

Enwrapped in deepest darkness,
Entombed in ice and snow,
Unmoved by faintest life-throb,
Or murmur soft and low,
The Arctic land of silence

Lay fixed in death-like trance,
As though transformed to marble
By cold Medusa's glance.

From Orient Bridal chamber
The monarch sun comes forth,
And darts his melting glances
Upon the ice-bound North,
Where Gothic bergs uplifting
Their silver spires on high,
Like crystalline cathedrals,
Stand pointing to the sky.

From couch and cloud pavilion,
He takes his shining march
Past gold and crimson curtains
And vast triumphal arch;
While death and darkness hiding,
Dare not the futile strife,
But flee his golden lances,
Resistless light and life.

In deep, unbroken silence,
He comes to break the bands,
The rigid frigid fetters
That lock life's hundred hands.
Where Nature lies enfolded
In snowy winding sheet,
He breathes upon her forehead
The passion of his heat.

So, to her pallid features,
Returns life's mellow flush,
And to his royal wooing
Responds her maiden blush.
Meanwhile on amber castles,
The golden flags unfurl,
And morning spreads her banquets
In palaces of pearl.

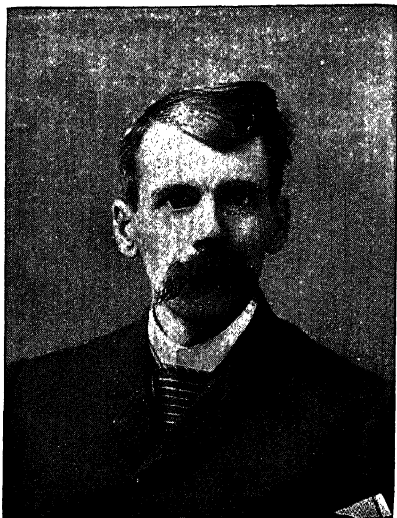
HAPPINESS IN HARMONY.

When music swells in rich, melodious strains,
A magic spell of peace is spread around.
The soul, enchanted by the soothing sound,
Attunes its discords to the sweet refrains.
The rainbow hues harmoniously blent, [rain,
Where sunshine smiles across the tears of
Arch with celestial bow the verdant plain
And fill the mind with heavenly content.
When graceful columns, rising toward the
skies,
Blossom in capitals, like stony flowers,
And bear aloft high domes and soaring
towers,
The harmonies of form entrance our eyes.
Two souls in sweet accord, when lost in love,
Beat low a sacred symphony of hearts
Whose harmonies, born of diviner arts,
Are echoes of the bliss of God above.
Superbest harmony none may define!
That highest union of accordant life [strife
When earth is banished, with its din and
And human spirit blends with the divine.

GEORGE S. DORR.

BORN: WAKEFIELD, N. H., MAY 12, 1851.

IN his youth Mr. Dorr learned the carpenter's trade, which he followed until 1881. He then engaged in the publishing business, and established the Carroll County Pioneer at



GEORGE S. DORR.

Wolfboro Junction, of which publication he is still editor and proprietor. George S. Dorr has written quite a few commendable poems, and a short sketch of his life and poems appear in that valuable collection entitled Poets of New Hampshire.

ANOTHER MILESTONE PASSED.

Another milestone left behind,
In the changeful race of life,
The race wherein the lame and blind
Struggle fiercely in the strife.

Another note within the harp,
The harp of seventy strings,
Sounded with an accent sharp,
That still around me rings.

Only touched by the player's hand
To be snapped, while yet the song,
To the beat of time's mystic wand,
Still smoothly glides along

Swifter now than years ago,
The milestones pass me by,
As nearer comes the noontide glow,
And fades the morning sky.

And swifter seem the golden strings
To break, as time flows on,
But sweeter seems the song it sings,
Because 'tis quickly gone.

I note with watchful, trusting eye,
The milestones swiftly passed,
And sometimes wonder as they fly,
Which one will be my last.

With thunder, rev'rent hand I touch
The golden harpstrings now;
Believing He who loveth much,
Will guide, I know not how.

WAIT AND HOPE.

Wait and hope, my gentle friend,
Though clouds hang thick and low,
And disappointments follow fast,
Where'er thy steps may go.
There is no folly half so great,
Nor half so deep despair,
As when we drive away all hope,
And refuse its friendly care.

Backward on the road of life,
We cannot turn to-day,
Nor can we for a single hour,
Our present journey stay;
Onward still we ever go,
Our footsteps will not cease,
Though sorrow's clouds are thick around,
Or all is perfect peace.

Dark and cold your home may be,
And gloomy shadows fall,
But other homes will still be bright,
With cheerful love for all.
Somewhere the sun doth always shine,
Though you in darkness grope,
And happiness may soon be yours,
If you only wait and hope.

Wait and hope! some gentle hand
Will ope the portal wide,
And you will have the sunshine bright,
That now you are denied.
Press onward with a steady step,
Your present duty do,
And you will find in God's good time,
The door will ope for you.

Wait and hope! the angel bright,
Whose mission this to do,
Another lonely one must cheer
Ere yet she comes to you;
But though she tarries on the way,
Her coming yet is sure;
Then wait and hope, and you will have
A peace that will endure.

EMMA NIERCADWALLADER

BORN: HUNTSVILLE, OHIO, DEC. 12, 1865.

AFTER receiving her education in the Oskaloosa High school, ill health compelled her to spend two years in Colorado. Miss Cadwal-



EMMA NIER CADWALLADER.
lader then took up the profession of teaching, and spends her vacation in traveling.

SOME DAY.

Some day — some day —
We fondly say,
And hope supplies the colors bright,—
Throws over all a radiant light,—
While 'neath the brush the canvas shows
A vision rare,— which rarer grows
The while we say,
Some day,— some day!
Sometime,— sometime
A sweeter rhyme
Your pen will trace,— a nobler thought
Will spring to life,— its grandeur caught
From heights to which you fondly hope —
Led on by kindly horoscope —
Your feet will climb
Sometime,— sometime!
Somewhere,— somewhere,—
Stately and fair,
You'll rear a habitation grand
Without compare in all the land,
And she you hold on earth most dear
Will share your Eden year by year;
Love ever there,
Somewhere,— somewhere!

Time comes,— time goes;
The river flows
At last into the sea; the tint
Your canvas showed has lost its glint;
The rhyme and thought are unexpressed;
The heights toward which your footsteps
pressed
Lie far beyond your home ne'er knew
That loving presence,—grasses grew
Above her grave, the while you dreamed
How much beyond the Present seemed
The Future's golden promise,—
Somewhere,— some day —
Eternity!

WHO CAN MEASURE.

Who can measure
Half the pleasure
That a teacher's life affords?
Inspiration,
Approbation,
Young man, maybe, where she boards!
At half past eight,
Or else you're late.
You reach the school house door,
By ones and twos,
With muddy shoes,
The children track the floor.
Mem'ry lingers,
Sticky fingers,
Still you feel about your face;
And the kisses —
Passing blisses —
That you took with Christian grace.
A timid knock —
Yet mighty shock —
The young man's come to school!
Recitation,
Consternation;
Children breaking every rule.
"Fred Smith got G.,
You marked me P.,
Ma says I'm as good as him."
Director's son —
Trouble begun;
Your chance for next term slim!
A little girl
With hair a-curl,
Comes sidling to your chair,
And whispers clear
That you may hear —
As every one who's there.
"Have you a pin?"
Some bad boys grin;
You menace with a frown.
"My s'pender's broke" —
A little choke —
"And my stockin's comin' down!"

REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

BORN: NEAR WYOMING, N. Y., AUG. 20, 1859.

FROM the age of eighteen to twenty-four Mr. Strong spent his time between collegiate and theological studies at Rochester and teaching at various villages of the state. He then for the next two years preached and



REV. PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

taught school. In 1885 he was married to Miss Minnie M. Clark and took up his residence in Bristol, Vt., where he was ordained pastor. He remained in Bristol until 1887, when he was called to Malone, N. Y. where he has since served as pastor of the First Baptist church. The poems of Rev. Philip B. Strong have appeared in *Wide Awake*, *Demorest's*, *Vick's*, *Youth's Companion*, and numerous other periodicals.

THE SPINNERS.

'Neath the ash-tree, Yggdrasil,
Sit the Nornir, the three Fates,
Ever spinning, spinning still
(So the Northern myth relates),
As the ages come and go,
What as human life we know.

Past and present, future, all,
Are upon their spindles spun;
Life's events, or great or small,
Through their fateful fingers run;
There beneath the sacred shade
Weal or woe for man is made.

Now is spun a thread most bright —
Joy and gladness some one's share;
Now the thread, as dark as night,
Grief and anguish doth declare;
So, as shine or shade appears,
Come to mortals smiles or tears.
Well indeed if in thy life
Joy doth over grief prevail,
If the sunny hues are rife,
And the sombre colors fail;
Well if e'en the sisters three
Spin an equal share for thee.

BOYHOOD.

Yes, boyhood's years were happy years,
We shall no happier know, I ween;
How memories start and flood the heart
As we recall each early scene!
But little then our lot we prized —
We envied, rather, man's estate;
How blest and free he seemed to be,
His griefs how slight, his joys how great!
Ah, well! experience has taught
The truth since then, that young or old,
Life has its care, an equal share,
Though varying and manifold!
Dear, ardent lad, that read'st this rhyme,
Thy boyhood's golden prime fleets fast;
With pleasures true thou ne'er shalt rue,
Fill up the days ere they are past.
Yea, all thy youth with earnest acts,
Their worth to thee shall time disclose;
For boyhood's deeds are fruitful seeds,
From which the future fortune grows!
And so spend life that in old age
Thou canst look back and say, with joy
And not in tears, "Ah, happy years!
Once more who would not be a boy?"

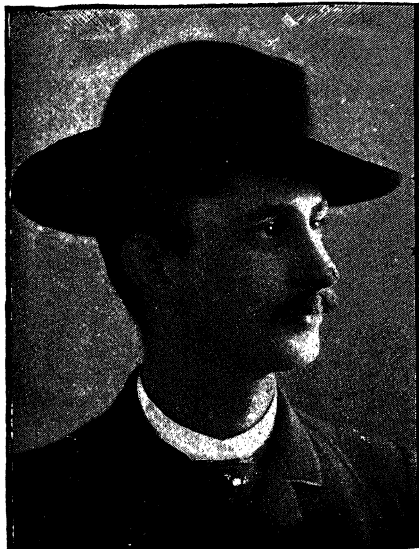
THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."
Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great store-house is the heart."
From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

BORN: NEW BEDFORD, MASS., JULY 10, 1861.

THE father of the subject of this sketch served in the Civil War as Capt. of the 19th Iowa Infantry, having removed to that state when Albert was but two months old. At the close of the war they removed to Xenia, Ill., where young Albert received his educa-



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

tion. When twenty years old he was a regularly paid contributor of verses and sketches to the periodical press. For awhile Mr. Paine studied portrait painting at St. Louis, and for three years traveled in the south and southwest, pursuing his profession as an artist. Mr. Paine finally settled in Fort Scott, Kansas, where he was married in 1885 to Miss W. F. Schultz, and is now engaged in the wholesale photograph supply business, in which he has been very successful. Although crowded with business cares, Mr. Paine has found time for literary work, and has written many fine poems which have received publication in *Saturday Night*, *New York Weekly*, *Illustrated World*, *Dramatic News*, *Kansas City Star*, *Topeka Lance*, *Topeka Daily Capital*, *Belford's Magazine*, and the periodical press generally. In 1889 Albert Bigelow Paine published a poem in booklet form, entitled *Gabriel*, which was highly spoken of by the press as a perfect and harmonious poem from the pen of a skilled poet.

THE MIRROR.

Within the glass
Our shadows pass,
Like phantoms one by one,
But in the glass
Our lips can kiss
No image save their own.

THE GATES AJAR.

I have seen a Kansas sunset like a vision in
a dream,
When a halo was about me and a glory on
the stream,
When the birds had ceased their music and
the summer day was done,
And a silent benediction came afloat from
the sun —
When the gold and purple vapors on the
peaceful valleys lay
Like the final respiration of the dying summer day;
And I've gazed upon that atmospheric splendor
of the west
Till it seemed to me a gateway to the regions
of the blest.

I have seen a Kansas sunrise like the waking
of a dream,
When every dewy blade of grass caught up
the golden gleam,
When every bird renewed the song it sang
the night before
And all the silent, slumbering world returned
to life once more;
When every burst of radiance called up a
throng of life
And all the living, waking world with melody
was rife,
And as that flood of light and song came
floating down the plain,
It seemed to me those golden gates were
opened wide again.

AN OASIS.

Whene'er I strive in vain to weep
O'er blighted hopes, or vanished years,
Ah, then, what would I give to steep
My soul in tears.
For though such tears would flow from me,
As bitter as the springs of Marah,
A sweet oasis it would be
In life's Sahara.

A MORNING.

A wavering, misty sweep of greenish gray,
A sullen landscape and the flying clouds,
All gray and white,—like parti-colored
shrouds —
A chill east wind, a sobbing drift of rain;
A heart that wakes to dull, returning pain
And so is ushered in another day.

THE ANGLER.

The sun looks down on many a stream;
The stream beholds but one bright sun,
And in that fair, reflected beam
It sparkles till the day is done.

I know beneath that limpid tide,
In those cool depths, far out of sight,
Uncounted trout and bass abide;
I know and yet they never bite.

I know this is as fair a spot
As ever human heart could wish,
And yet the other side, I wot,
Looks like a better place to fish.

I've said that failure is a crime;
A culpable, excuseless thing;
And yet, I know that I must climb
The hill to-night with empty string.

I know that truth's a jewel bright;
I know it, and heave a sigh
To think that I'll go home to-night
And tell a great, unholy lie.

LINES IN A DICTIONARY.

A feast of words collected here doth lie,
A wondrous feast of twenty-six rare cours-
A modest taste of each is all that I [es;
May hope to take, yet Nature's ardent forces,
With every morsel, hungrier than before,
Unsatisfied call lustily for more.

THE DRYEST DAY.

The soil within my fields was hot and dry,
The corn had long for water cried in vain;
With wistful gaze I watched the cloudless
sky,
When all at once the south wind seemed to
sigh,

"The dryest day is just before the rain."

With hope deferred my heart had weary
grown,
But when I heard that soothing sweet re-
train

Methought therefrom a ray of comfort
shone,

As on the breeze these words came, gently
blown,

"The dryest day is just before the rain."

Then, to a thirsty little flower I said:

"Cheer up, sweet bloom, and try to smile
again,

A better day draws near, hope is not dead!

Make one more effort! Lift thy drooping
head!

"The dryest day is just before the rain."

Oh, ye to whom misfortune grief imparts,
Despair not yet, nor fretfully complain!

But bravely check the bitter tear that
starts,
And let this thought revive your fainting
heart,
"The dryest day is just before the rain."

THE MYSTICAL SEA.

Oh, love, I am wandering back to-day
Through the valleys of memory;
They lie betwixt mountains far away
The mountains of Hope and Youth are they,
And I'm dreaming again of that night, to-
day.

By the mystical southern sea.

Oh, love, I loved you that far-off night!
By the mystical southern sea.

The breeze was light and the stars were
bright,
And the sea-gulls flashed in their circling
flight,

As we sat alone on that far-off night,
When you whispered your love for me.

Oh, I kissed your lips and I clasped your
hands,

By that mystical southern sea,
While softly the waves were kissing the
sands,

And ships went a-sailing to distant lands,
As I kissed your lips and I clasped your
hands,

When you whispered your love to me.

Oh, love, a storm has swept the shore
Of that mystical southern sea;
The waves still kissed as they kissed before;
But the ships that sailed will return no
more

And the youth and the love and the hopes
of yore

Will never come back to me.

UNBIDDEN.

I gave up making verses long ago—
I said, "For me it is a useless thing,
For fate hath clipped my roving fancy's
wing,
And, quenched the flame, it can no longer
glow."

Ah, foolish heart! How little do we know
The captive bird will still unbidden sing,
And though upon my heart is snapped
each string,

As well bid the river not to flow;
For when fair Nature's beauties I behold,
Or dream upon the days that once have
been,

The spark that I believed was dead and cold
Doth glow and burn and burst to flame
again;

And words that I can scarce believe my own
Leap to my lips—I cannot keep them down.

MRS. M. MARIE FAIRMAN.

BORN: ILLINOIS, APRIL 8, 1848.

THIS lady has written quite extensively for the local and religious press and has a



MRS. M. MARIE FAIRMAN.

collection of Bedtime Songs that she hopes to publish sometime in the future. She was married in 1873 and is still a resident of her native state.

HOME ECHOES.

Come home, dear love, come home!
Why longer from us roam?
No beck'ning star can brighter be
Than the household lamp that waits for thee,
Come home, dear love, come home!

Come home dear one and see—
The firelight gleams for thee;
Without the storm the windows beat,
The air is filled with snow and sleet,
Come home dear one to me.

Thy little one says come!
A joyful greeting home—
We'll gather 'round the fireside hearth,
With many a gleeful jest and mirth
Forgetful, the wind's moan.

Glad be thy welcome home!
No more to leave us lone,
Soon will our darling "Birdie" sing
And our lowly cot with music ring
Papa! papa has come!

A MEMORY.

'Twas the home of an humble cottager
I called at that day in my ride,
So cozy and tasteful the harbinger
I remember it yet with pride.

That the house was old, decayed and brown
Mattered not with the inmates there,
The walls were clean and with pictures hung
And the drapings arranged with care.

A table filled with papers and books
That spoke of a much refined taste,
Some bric-a-brac here and there
Lent charm to each nook and space.

A young wife cheery, brightsome and glad
In fresh lace and neat-fitting dress
Sat plying her needle with fingers deft
The while glancing at Baby Bess.

Fair Bess saw the summer of only a year,
Dainty cherub with curly brown hair.
So happy and winsome in childish glee
She played near the fond mother's chair.

Love and contentment were pictured there
In that wilderness sort of a place,
Some how that home scene my mind im-
pressed
So charmingly filled with grace.

A rough chestnut burr hides its kernel sweet,
To open you'd scarce feel inclined,
But judge not always by outward looks
Neither of face, nor place remind.

EDITH MAY.

Our little mischief is two years old;
I am sure she is worth her weight in gold.
Blue eyes that read your weak points right
through
And the merriest darling ye ever knew.

Oft when in mischief, I call her "bad girl!"
To see what she'll say — this little pearl—
An upturned face, reply most kind —
"Finny's bad girl mamma! Finny's won't
mind!"

At sound of a bird she's off in a trice;
"Bird sings pitty nice mamma! pitty nice!"
Floats her voice through the door as in great
glee,
She finds the bird singing near by on a tree.

A bright little elf 'most lightsome as air,
With glintings of sunlight on her fair hair
This wee little lass so cunning and true
We would not help loving, neither could
you.

JOHN JOSEPH F. FARRY.

BORN; LOWELL, MASS., DEC. 7, 1866.

JOHN FARRY was a graduate of St. Mary's college of San Francisco, and later became a student at St. Ignatius in the same city.



JOHN JOSEPH FRANCIS FARRY.

He has written quite a few poems which have been accorded quite a little praise.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SONG.

When the Taylor family
Gathered 'round the fire,
Listening to the stories
Of their happy sire;
Lovely little Samuel
Slept upon the chair,
There so cozy dreaming
Of the stars so fair,
Till she saw a golden
Ray of twinkling light,
Fall upon the cold winds,
Sighing through the night.
And adown its glory
He saw an angel band,
Winging fast and surging
Toward the Holy Land.
Then he saw them hovering
'Round a lamp-lit cave,
And inside a woman,
And a man so grave.
When he looked upon the cattle,
Near a crib of hay,
Breathing warmth so kindly,
O'er a Babe so gay;

He couldn't keep from crying,
Viewing all the sight;
While rapt sang the angels
Hymns of sweet delight,
To their Infant Maker
Lying there so mild,
Smiling on His Mother
Like the happiest child.
Then His Father waked him,
To see such flood of tears;
Asking him what ailed him,
Full of glowing fears.
"Nothing," said sweet Samuel,
Wond'ring as he gazed
At the mournful faces
'Round him eager raised.
"Oh! he said in weeping,
"I dreamt a lovely dream
Of the Infant Savior
In lowly Bethlehem.
So my throbbing heart so joyful,
Made me weep and cry,
Looking at Our Savior,
There so poor for us to lie."

I LOVE WHEN TWILIGHT BRINGS
THE DEW.

I love when twilight brings the dew,
From yonder, rosy, western blue,
To hear the city, evening bells,
With all their magic sounds and spells:
Like rivulets floating 'neath the sky,
Upon the distant hills to die,
And on the silver rolling bay
Where boats plow on their foamy way.
Oh! yes 'tis sweet to list their roar,
Like billows on Pacific's shore,
Where golden light gleams in the spray,
That falls on sands to melt away.
Oh! yes 'tis sweet and grander far,
Beneath the lone and trembling star,
You hear the church bells fall in line,
Fling out their notes in thunder fine,
'Till St. Ignatius' lordly bell,
Drops down upon the solemn swell,
And raise their evening, mellow song,
With martial music deep and long.

TO THE WINTER MOON.

The sky is blue and filled with starry light;
But thou, O Winter Moon that hangs o'erhead
And on these hills and cots a beauty shed,
How soft and sweet you look this balmy
night, [white;
Their radiance dimmed by fleecy clouds of
Till one would think the May does softly tread
By yonder glassy stream, in cressy bed,
And bay between the hills in silver bright.
But Oh! how soft your watery light must fall,
On ruined abbey, mossy, lone and tall.

MRS. S. ELLA SHELHAMER.

BORN: TOOLESBORO, IOWA, FEB. 8, 1860.

In her fifteenth year Ella taught school in Mitchell county, Kansas. Her poems have appeared in Saturday Night and other publications and many of her prose articles



MRS. S. ELLA SHELHAMER.

have appeared in Wide Awake and the New York Weekly. She has written over two hundred poems, which have been accorded high praise by press and public. This lady was married in 1879 to B. W. Shelhamer, and now resides in Pasadena, California.

THE PEPPER TREE.

Fern-like leaves on slender branches,
Gracefully swaying in the breeze;
Fairy blossoms, ripened fruitage,
Intermingle on the trees;
Berries red and blossoms golden
Swing together on the trees.

Lavishly she spreads her fruitage
Down upon the grassy ledge,
Deftly fills the inter-spaces
Of the shapely cypress hedge,
Tucks away her crimson berries
In the pretty cypress hedge.

Softly sifts the golden sunshine
Through her drooping fringed boughs,
Noonday heat is all forgotten
In the cooling shade she throws;
Worldly cares are soon abandoned
Where the dreamy pepper grows.

ODE TO MOUNT SAN ANTONIO.

What art thou, mountain old and gray,
That thou should'st lift thy hoary head
So far above the verdant vale?

Come, cast thy ermine robe away,
Speak to the scanty herbage dead,
And bid the winds no longer wail.

Sweet Spring is tripping through the glade,

Her thoughts echoed by the brooks,
And robed in green are all the trees,
That favored ones may seek the shade,

And revel in the flowery nooks,
Kissed by the winds from grassy leas.

Deride spring not, but bid her come

And deck thy flowing beard with flowers,

'Tis vain thy ragged robe to clasp

In icy fingers, coldly numb,

She smiles upon thee from her bowers,

Designing to unloose thy grasp.

What art thou, mountain old and gray,

That thou shouldst look with cold disdain
O'er sunny land and sounding sea?

Say, hast thou craftily put away

The treasures that we long to gain

Beneath the roots of scraggy tree?

Then hark thou, mountain sternly grave,

We scorn thee to thy very face;

We'll scale thy battlements so high,

With hearts that mask the truly brave,

And on the canyon's walls we'll trace

The records of the years gone by.

NO TIME TO WASTE.

"It goes so fast, this life of ours,"

We have no time to waste in tears

And vain regrets o'er shattered powers;

But we must hasten with the years.

It goes so fast we may not spend

The passing hour in idleness;

Full soon our little day must end,

And idlers find it something less.

So swiftly flies the hour, the day,

'Tis wise to mark each moment well;

Do good in each that time away

May hold for us some potent spell.

The years like fleeing shadows pass,

With hurrying footsteps we keep pace,

Though well we know this truth, alas?

That time shall one day win the race.

But then, though vanquished, we may feel

A joy that victors seldom know,

A sheavenly anthems o'er us steal

In praises of our deeds below.

"It goes so fast, this life of ours,"

We have no time for hate and strife;

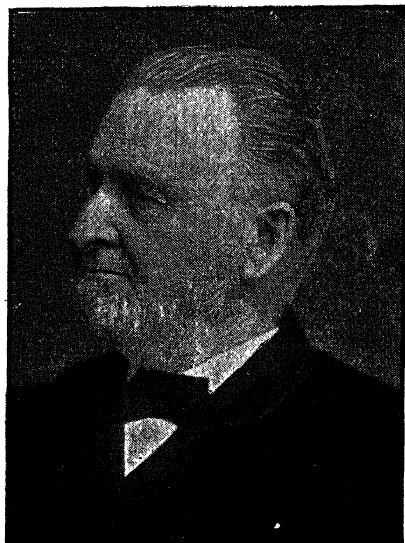
But loving words, like perfumed flowers,

Make glad the rugged paths of life.

JUSTIN ELISHA WALKER.

BORN: FAIRFAX, VT., SEPT. 12, 1825.

For a while Mr. Walker studied law, but eventually engaged in mechanical pursuits. In 1847 he was married to Lucy M. Nichols and has a large family of children. His leisure time was always devoted to literature,



JUSTIN ELISHA WALKER.

and his poems have received publication from time to time in the periodical press. Mr. Walker has taken a great interest in the temperance question, and many of his poems were written on that subject. Since 1858 he has resided in Nashua, N. H., where he has often been urged to take the lecture field, but has steadily refused on account of his retiring disposition.

A THREE-FOLD ASPECT.

Flowers that bloom in every field,
And even to the wayside stray,
And fragrance of rich odor yield,
To cheer the weary traveler's way,
Are often trodden under foot
By thoughtless youth and careless men:
But if they've firmly taken root,
They'll spring to life and bloom again.

So men who journey life's rough way,
And scatter blessings as they go;

Who seek to rescue those who stray,
And fain would share another's woe;
Are often crushed beneath the heel
Of selfish and unfeeling men;
But, if within true Christian zeal
Has taken root, they'll rise again.

Insects that flutter round the gas
Are lured by the dazzling light;
Its burning element, alas!
Is wholly hidden from their sight.
They feel the pain the illusion brings,
Yet from the danger do not fly,
Till they have lost their tiny wings;
Then fall to earth and droop and die.

And so with men; the social glass,
That deathless foe of Adam's race—
With winning smile, beguiles alas!
Our noblest men to its embrace.
They feel its fangs, its deadly stings,
Yet to escape they do not try,
Till they become a loathsome thing
Unfit to live; then drink and die.

The bird that flutters from its nest,
And seeks to fly like those around,
With broken wing and bleeding breast,
Will soon lie prostrate on the ground.
Its mates may bind the broken wing,
With tender care preserve its life,
'Twill always be a crippled thing,
Unfit to share in noble strife.

So boys who learn to smoke and drink,
And think it manly, noble, grand,
Below the brute ere long will sink,
Greeted with jeers on every hand.
Kind friends may strive to lift them up
And make them stand erect like men,
And they may dash away the cup,
But are they what they might have been?

The scattered mind, half palsied brain
No power on earth can e'er restore,
And what they are they must remain,
A crippled soul and nothing more.
Kind friends, with loving care, may yet
Restore in part their morbid taste;
Then, O how keenly they'll regret
That life has been a barren waste.

Had I a voice like clarion note
To speak the language of my soul,
Then all my life would I devote
To crying down the social bowl.
The illusion past it leaves a scar,
More ghastly than the surgeon's knife;
And all our happiness 'twill mar,
And give us but a wasted life.

TRUMAN D. ROSS.

BORN: PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., OCT. 8, 1859.

THIS gentleman is well known in Colorado as an able and forcible verse writer. He moved to the west in 1880, locating at Leadville, Colorado, where he worked for many



TRUMAN D. ROSS.

years; later on he engaged in the mercantile business at Lake, Colorado. The poems of Mr. Ross have appeared in the *Arkansas Traveler*, *Overland Monthly* and other prominent publications.

LET THE WORLD GO.

Join in a toast to the Goddess of Pleasure
(Flowers that blossom will wither I trow!)
Life, love and license, joy without measure,
Clink all your glasses and let the world go.
Mad leap our pulses in rhythmic confession,
(Dead are the flowers and the autumn winds
blow.)

Life is a nightmare and death a delusion,
Pour out the ruddy wine: let the world go.

CHORUS.

A farewell glass at least
To penitent and priest,
As Care's gray coast-line vanished from
sight.
We live but to forget,
Let every sail be set

For the gay ship Pleasure's bound towards
the night.

Heartache and horror, with purple and passion,
(Soft sleep the violets under the snow.)

Life must be lived until death comes in
fashion,

Fill up your glass again; let the world go.
Who is it prates of a soul's resurrection?

(Snowdrifts are melting, and spring cometh
slow.)

Banish the thought with its gloomy connection,
Satan and sin for me; let the world go.

CHORUS.

O, perfect days of youth,
When life was love and truth,
You gleam again in Memory's lambent light;
I drop on you the veil —
For sin's bright sea I sail,
Till the gay ship Pleasure anchors in the
night.

Folly of Prophet, and fancy of dreamer
(Roses are budding in May's tender glow.)
All of this rant of the terrible gleaner;
Here's to their vagaries! Let the world go.
Pledge me again in those moments of glad-
ness

(Flowers are nodding their heads to and fro.)
Ere we go down in a vortex of madness,
Life, love and license rule. Let the world go.

CHORUS.

My skies are growing dim,
And a spectre gray and grim —
Slain Purity's sad phantom—blurs my sight.
The sunny days are gone:
While the bitter ones come on,
And the doomed ship Pleasure drifts into the
night.

EXTRACT.

What is my love like? I hear you ask;
Give me, I pray you, a different task.
Let me tell you instead of the pearl-gemmed
cove
'Neath the crystalline sweep of the ocean
wave,
Where amber and amethyst cross the sight
Like fairy visions from realms of light,
Where strange-shaped monsters move or
sleep
In their home in the bed of the mighty deep,
Where the witching mermaid with sparkling
eye
Beckons the dolphin flashing by.
I will tell you a story of the sea,
But not what my love is like to me.

WARD D. MUNHOLLAND.

BORN: DELHI, LA., NOV. 29, 1865.

COMMENCING to practice law at the age of nineteen, Mr. Munholland now has a growing



WARD D. MUNHOLLAND.

practice at Farmerville. A few of his poems have occasionally appeared in the local press.

THE SUNSET.

A gentle zephyr shook the trees,
That spring had donn'd anew. The breeze
Seemed wafted from a western cloud,
That strove to hide beneath its shroud;
The waning Sunlight's ling'ring ray,
That ling'ring strove to light the day.

The zephyr touch'd me on the cheek
And bade me, (though it did not speak),
Gaze on its path, (a western course)
And view the grandeur of its source;
I turning looked, and there descried,
Fair Sunlight shrouded, as he died.

The zephyr seemed the struggling breath
Of Sunlight, as he sank in death.
Around him peace did rest, and while
That peace remained, a placid smile
Did light his face and then unfold
To view his couch of burnished gold.

And on his couch thus bright he lay,
Still peeping through the cloud with day;
His cheeks did glow with fever's flush,
Or crimson grow with beauty's blush;
Which added light unto his eyes,
And spread its gold thro' western skies.

But weaker, paler, doth he grow,
His breath the zephyrs cease to blow;
The blacken'd cloud hath hid his eyne,

Th' ethereal orb no more doth shine:
In death he sheds no ray of light,
And earth is cloak'd with sable night.

FALSE LOVE.

'Tis done! 'Tis done! Alas, 'tis done!
I know not how, nor why; but know
As drag the moments one by one,
They bear me where I would not go.

I seem to walk 'mid haunted shades,
Where dwell the manes of despair!
Where sorrows thicken, mem'ry fades,
And shrieks of torture read the air.

Where Trouble spreads its gloomy veil;
Where Anguish wears its darker cloak;
Where mingle Pain and Grief their wail—
They say, "the vows of love are broke."

Oh, Mem'ry! thy undying ray,
But faintly dawns around me now;
Ah! leave; I would not have you stay,
You mock with death, a living vow.

No, come; yet lend me brighter beams,
Even tho' thy brightest be my last,
And show me Hope, and Love's young dreams,
That thrilled my pulses in the past.

Lend Fancy, thy divinest light,
That it again the path may tread,
Where first we met; where blinded sight
Did vow the love that now is dead.

I felt, but one love could I know;
I swore I'd be to that most true,
And where I wandered it should go,
And where it slept, I'd rest me too:

Alas! I yet have known but one;
To it, alas! I've been too true,
I felt its light, but now 'tis done;
'Twas false, and vanished as the dew:

It set, as does the orb of day
When yielding unto Nature's night;
But when my star of love's last ray
Withdrew, it left a darker blight.

Its sable mantle, icy cold,
Has chilled the life-blood of my heart;
I cannot rend its double fold,—
My anguish, words cannot impart.

I've known but one, ah! let me know
No other; for I could not bear,
A second love to undergo,
E'en now I sink beneath despair.

I vowed to follow, but 'tis dead,
Another world it wanders through,
But since my love, from this had fled
E'en tho' to death, I'd flee me too.

BESSIE BLAND.

BORN: LYNN, MASS., DEC. 8, 1863.

THIS lady graduated from the Lynn Cobbet school in 1880. Three years later her poems began to appear in the periodical press.



BESSIE BLAND.

Bessie Bland is represented in the work entitled Poets of Massachusetts, a valuable collection of poets of that state.

A FACTORY GIRL.

A youthful maiden, fair to see,
With sweet blue eyes, and lily face,
With slender form of perfect grace,
And voice of softest melody.

While young companions gayly jest,
She, sitting 'mid the rest unheard
Wears, with each softly spoken word,
The gentle smile that suits her best.

As o'er her work she bends her head
She seems a princess in disguise;
The clear light of her azure eyes
Might well on royal scenes be shed.

There seems to rest a crown unseen
Upon her brow, as through the room
She goes,—a lovely flower in bloom;
A ray of moonlight, fair, serene.

In purity and gentleness
Her spirit walks from day to day

Along the toiler's quiet way,
The hours to beautify and bless.

God scatters thus His flowers fair
By lowly paths as well as high;
They charm and cheer the passer-by,
And lift to a diviner air.

They 'mind us of the Garden bright
Where God shall gather all His own,
Alike from work-room and from throne;
For all are equal in His sight.

O Father! may Thy tender care,
May Thy almighty love and grace,
In station high, and lowly place,
Defend Thy pure ones everywhere.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE, FAITHFUL IN MUCH.

Oh, tell me not that wealth and power
Must needs deprive the soul of grace,
A truly noble heart will keep
Its nobleness in every place.
How many pure, unselfish ones
In earth's high places we behold,
Who walk through favored paths, unspoiled
By blazoned name, or gleaming gold.

A noble and unselfish mind
In any station can be seen;
Alike in peasant and in lord
Appears its fair, benignant mien.
And one who, from a slender store
Gives willingly to greater need,
Is one who, given wealth and power,
Would be to man a friend indeed.

The fame and fortune fairly won,
Without oppression or deceit,
And used with measure just and kind,
The favor of the world will meet.
But in whatever walk of life,
Among the low, among the high,
The one who seeketh all his own
Unloved will live, unloved will die.

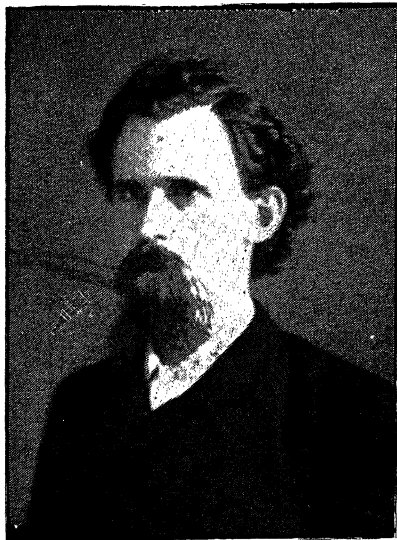
EXTRACT.

Heavy and still is the air; the lake
Lies silent and smooth as glass.
The ringing voice of the locust sounds
From the depths of the wayside grass.
The flowers that woke in the dewy morn,
And lifted their heads in bliss,
Deprived of the zephyr's cooling touch,
Droop under the noontide's kiss.
The birds are silent within the wood,
In shadow the cattle lie;
And Nature faints, while the burning sun
Looks down from the sultry sky.

REV. JOHN HARDENE

BORN: NEAR DUBLIN, IND., MAY 29, 1854.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Harden was married to Miss Viola Witt, and now has quite a family. Rev. John Harden has filled pastorates in the Free Methodist Church at Paxton, Ill.; Ft. Wayne and Evansville, Ind.; and in



REV. JOHN HARDEN.

1881-84 preached in the Congregational Church on California Ave., Chicago. He has also held pastorates in St. Charles, Ill., Kokoma and Hammond, Ind. For awhile he filled the editorial chair in a Chicago publishing house and has contributed from time to time both prose and verse to the press.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry, merry Christmas
To every girl and boy;
The Savior's richest blessing —
Eternal life and joy!
Your voices raise,
To sing his praise
Whose birth we celebrate to-day;
Join angel choirs,
With golden lyres,
And to his name your tribute pay!
A merry, merry Christmas
To every children's friend;
A share of Christmas blessings,
And pleasures without end!
Join in their song;
The strain prolong,

Till joyful sounds shall rend the sky;
Let this inspire
The blood-washed choir —
Behold, his advent draweth nigh!

BREAD OF LIFE AND FOUNT OF JOY.

Hallelujah!

God the Father, from above,
Sends the object of his love;
Sends his Son, the living bread,
Savior of the quick and dead.

Hallelujah!

Son of God, my priest and king,
In his flesh has deigned to bring
Bread that mortals cannot buy,
Bread to eat and never die.

Hallelujah!

Bread of heaven, flesh divine,
Food of angels, thou art mine;
I have feasted, Lord, on thee;
Death I never more shall see

Hallelujah!

Holy Spirit, living fount,
High thy healing waters mount;
From the smitten rock they burst;
In thy stream I quench my thirst.

Hallelujah!

Bread of life and Fount of joy,
Both are mine without alloy;
All I need in these abound;
All I want I now have found.

JESUS OUR CITY OF REFUGE.

Blessed Jesus! thou our Kadesh,
In the land of Naphtali;
Clothe us with thy Holiness,
Soul and body sanctify.
Prince of life! thou art our Shechem,
In the mount of Gerizim;
Ephraim's right-hand blessing grant us —
Govern us as thou didst him.
Friend of sinners! thou our Hebron,
In the land of Judah strong,
Abram, friend of God and Caleb;
To this friendship we belong.
Mighty Savior! thou our Bezer;
Reuben found in thy Stronghold,
Refuge from the blood avenger;
In thy power make us bold.
Christ exalted! thou our Ramoth,
Dan's defense in Gilead's height;
We have waited thy salvation,
O, redeem us by thy might.
King exultant! thou our Golan,
In Manasseh's sandy soil;
Fill us with thine own rejoicing —
Grant us passage from our toil.

REV. T. S. OADAMS.

MOST of the composition of the Rev. T. S. Oadams have been hymns and such as relate and are helpful to him in his religious work.



REV. T. S. OADAMS.

He is a Congregational minister of quite a little prominence, and has held pastorates in many prominent churches.

THE WREKIN.

Across the broad Atlantic's waves,
 In England's sea-girt home,
 Away 'mid Shropshire's lovely vales,
 There stands a stately dome.
 Nature herself hath planted it,
 Hath fixed it with her hand,
 And like a lofty beacon
 It overlooks the land.
 The mind of Salop's sons to it,
 Will turn where'er they roam,
 And memories of bygone days,
 Will ever, ever come.
 In childhood they its crags have climbed,
 And danced with childish glee,
 Around the ivied cottage,
 Which they no longer see.
 Parties innumerable they joined
 As years have quickly run;
 From "Needle's Eye" and "Raven's Cup,"
 They watched the setting sun,
 They gazed on landscape far and wide,
 With abbeys, woods, and vales;
 The Severn's rolling torrent,
 And the towering hills of Wales.

The lordly homes and lowly cots,
 With farms and towns between,
 With Shrewsbury's towers and monument,
 Together have been seen.
 They rambled down the hill-side
 To the "Lower Cottage" fair;
 Lovers have told their many tales
 And friends have parted there.
 And when the day they'd gladly spent
 And night was setting in,
 They gathered in the twilight
 And sung their evening hymn.
 Many have gone to other climes
 Their lot with others cast,
 For reasons varied as the times
 Of present and of past.
 Some of these in the far-off West
 Have found another home
 And with our Brother Jonathan
 They are content to roam.
 Yet 'mid the beauty of western lands,
 Noble forests and prairies still;
 They never forget the days they spent
 On Shropshire's stately hill.

ON VISITING AN OLD RUIN IN ENGLAND.

The ground whereon we tread
 Entombs the mighty past,
 O shades of mighty heroes dead,
 Your visions on us cast.

The chivalry and might in arms,
 The castle, lord, and knight,
 The squires and ladies, war's alarms,
 They will not back to sight.

The mantling ivy on the wall,
 The sobbing wind that breathes
 Its whispers through decaying halls,
 And rustles through the leaves.

Of trees, colossal in their growth,
 The cedars, centuries old;
 Each bear the impress of the past,
 And the history of the bold.

The halls once filled with mirth,
 And guests, and feasting great,
 Are vacant now; around the hearth,
 No voice of love or hate.

The lonely bird builds here its nest
 Among these ruins rare,
 Its plaintive note, the only sound
 That breaks upon the air.

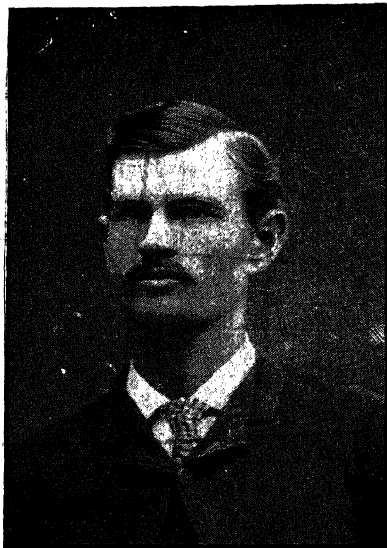
The glory gone, the voices hushed
 In courts and castle gay,
 The crumbling arch, the falling stone,
 Speaks of the swift decay.

With saddened heart we pause —
 We think of those now gone,
 Of life, — and slowly moldering years, —
 How long — ere ours is done?

JOHN OLIVER BELLVILLE.

BORN: SPENCER CO., IND., SEPT. 5, 1861.

NEARLY two hundred poems have appeared from the pen of Mr. Bellville, many of which have found their way into the periodical



JOHN OLIVER BELLVILLE.

press. He has spent a greater portion of his life on his father's farm, but is now residing in Evansville, Ind.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer's life, the farmer's wife,
The toil and care, and even strife,
They have to share in this life.
At set of sun his day's work done
He craves the rest his labor's won—
That he has won in this life.

And when at last the day has passed
He's glad to see night's shadow cast
Across his cares in this life.
Sweet sleep the drowsy goddess brings
Unconscious to earth's natural things—
To all the things in this life.

He rests 'til four, when the alarm
Wakes him to duties on the farm,
And that he owes in this life.
Drowsy reluctance 'tis indeed,
He thinks a sin to be in need
And works so hard in this life.

After the plow he all day plods,
Over the hills and rocky clods—

The hills and clods in this life.
Weary he under the shade doth sit
To count his cares and dry his sweat—
His honest sweat in this life.

Each day grows warmer than the rest;
He frets and swears he's never blest
With anything in this life.
The summer is past; his crop is made;
Here's winter's cold and autumn's shade,
Now to enjoy in this life.

He looks back o'er the fields he's tilled,
And sees how rich his barns are filled
By summer's toil in this life.
And when the winter's rain and freeze
Sets in he gently takes his ease—
The ease he's earned in this life.

And as he sits before his fire,
"The farmer's life," says he, "by far
Is most enjoyed in this life.
And it is true he's nobly blest
With clothing, food, and winter's rest,
By summer's toil in this life."

A MATTER OF FASHION.

This world is a matter of fashion
A flimsy nonsensical show,
And differs so slightly in question
No matter wherever you go
You'll find a few leaders of mammon,
Society's primal red tape,
Which the multitude struggle to follow
Attempting to monkey and ape.

"The fool and his money soon parted,"
How wisely the poet hath said.
For fashion now argues a conquest
Against home, and comfort and bread.
The tinsel and show that is fostered
Leaves homeless the aged and gray,
And turns on our streets and our highways
The lowest of beggars each day,

Who once held the dust of the mountains
And spent it with sumptuous ease,
Who revealed with luxury's minions
And took little note if you please,
Of the truth that is found in this saying,
"Prepare for a cold rainy day."
Man's days lengthen out to a resting,
And Oh, then a comfort and stay.

How many are forfeiting comforts
To follow the rich in their tracks,
By spending their soul's only dollar
To place simple show on their backs?
How many are sighing for waters
To give the old mill-wheel a blast,
Still swung by the forebay of fortune,
Alas! but the waters have passed.

JACK CLARY.

BORN: FAYETTE CO., IND., JUNE 15, 1868.

THE subject of this sketch is a druggist by profession, but has found time to write



JACK CLARY.

quite a few poems for the press, although he is known more as a prose writer.

SEASIDE MUSINGS.

I stood on the pier at sunset
On the shore of the boisterous sea,
But in no wise was I happy
Because Nellie was not with me.
The sea was full of bathers
Enjoying the close of the day,
But I couldn't be happy while Nellie
Was a thousand miles away.

The waves rolled high on the beach
Betokening a storm at sea,
The petrels shrieked their dismal cries
As if they sympathized with me.
The sun sunk slowly from sight,
It seemed in a watery grave
And cast his last pale golden rays
Across the storm-tossed wave.

The pleasure seekers homeward went
As the evening shades stole 'round,
Leaving me to lonely musings
And the ocean's mournful sound.

And there amid the falling darkness,
Which made the scene lonesome and weird
I fancied in every shadow
Her sweet face before me appeared.

And then in fancy I took her
In my arms again as of yore,
And I kissed her again and again,
As I had many times before.

Then I thought of what she tried to say,
But the words I had kissed from her
mouth;

"I know you'll soon forget me Jack,
For some little girl in the south."

But nay Nellie this ne'er will be
Now forgive me if you will;
But the girl that's all the world to me,
Is in far away Fayetteville.

And now this much I'll tell you
—So give your close attention—
That the name of this lovely maiden;
Is — Ah well — too dear to mention.

FAREWELL.

When leaving scenes we so long have known
That to our minds may have grown quite
dear,

We think we will never forget
That which to our hearts is so dear.
And friends in whose bosom
We by kindness have sown
The seeds of friendship and love;
Their mem'ry to us ere long have grown
And are cherished as gifts from above.
However, to the scenes where we go,
Fond ties soon or later bind us
And by them we soon are taught to know;
All joys were not left behind us.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

'Tis pleasant to loiter at twilight hour
Beneath the somber old church tower,
And list to the murmuring evening breeze
Whispering love in the Linden trees.

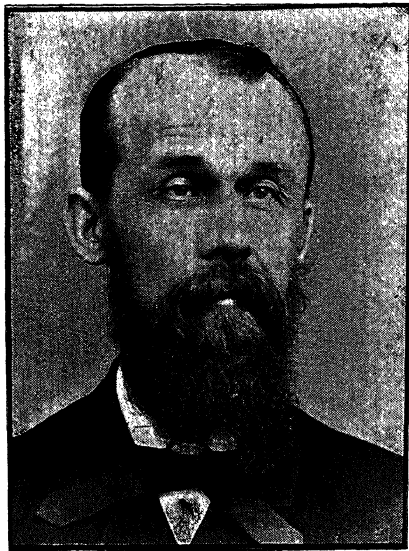
Lying wrapped in youth's sweet dreams
And the silver flood of pale moon beams,
Free from thoughts of the busy day;
Where none are likely to pass that way.

And 'tis pleasant to roam at twilight hour
Till you find yourself near the old church
tower,
And wonder to yourself how much you'd
care
If by chance another had wandered there.

REV. JOHN SAMUEL NORRIS.

BORN: ENGLAND, DEC. 4, 1844.

EMIGRATING with his parents to Canada when nine years of age, Mr. Norris there received his education and was ordained to the Christian ministry. After preaching four years in Canada he was called to fill the



REV. JOHN SAMUEL NORRIS.

pastorate of the church in Rochester, N. Y. Since then he has had pastoral charge of churches in many of the western states. Mr. Norris has always been interested in music and is the author of *Songs of the Soul*, a volume of nearly two hundred pages of original and selected songs. He was married in 1870 to Miss E. A. Hurd, and now has a large family. The poems of Mr. Norris have appeared in the leading religious publications of America.

CHIME ON SWEET BELLS.

Let the bells chime on in the morning,
When the shadows flee away;
At the throne of grace seek the Father's face
He will keep thee through the day.

CHORUS.

Chime on sweet bells, let joy notes ring,
Chime on, chime on sweet bells;
Your praises bring to Christ our King,
Chime on, chime on sweet bells.

Let the bells chime on in the noontide,
When the earth is glad and bright;
Let the day so fair, with its beauty rare,
Fill thy soul with sweet delight.

Let the bells chime on in the evening,
When the deep'ning shadows fall;
Sing a joyful hymn of your trust in Him,
Who is watching over all.

AGES GONE BY.

Ages gone by, Bethlehem's plains
Echoed with joy heavenly strains;
Wise men from far, travelling by night,
Followed a star, wondrously bright.

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! let bells of gladness ring,
Rejoice! rejoice! and cheerful Anthems sing;
O shout for joy this Christmas morn,
For us, for all, the Christ was born.

Angelic choirs, flaming with light,
Swept their sweet lyres, sung with delight;
From heaven above tidings they bore,
Tidings of love, love evermore.

SOLDIERS BELOVED.

Soldiers beloved, we come to-day,
Bringing bright blossoms, sweet flowers of
May;

Here you are resting, since your release;
Yours be the glory, ours blessed peace.

Sad was the carnage, fearful the fight;
Bravely ye battled for God and right,
For home and country, for friends so true;
God gave you victory, soldiers in blue.

We sadly miss you, tears fall like rain,
For we can never meet here again;
Still hope upspringing soothes all our pain;
Hearts ever loving shall meet again.

WE COME WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

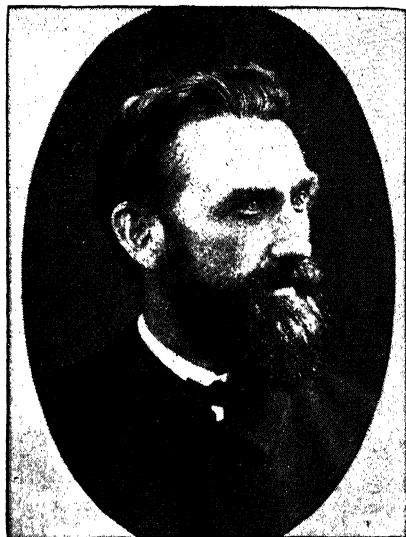
EXTRACT.

We come with beautiful flowers,
The sweetest and brightest and best;
And tearfully, tenderly strew them
Where our heroes now quietly rest;
No more do the bugle notes call them
To the carnage and dim of the fight;
They sleep who once fought for their country
For home and for freedom and right,
They sleep who once fought for their country
For home and for freedom and right.

JOSEPH DWIGHT STRONG.

BORN: GRANBY, CONN., JUNE 5, 1823.

THE subject of this sketch graduated from Williams College in 1849, and after a full course of professional studies he was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Westport, Conn. In 1852 he married Miss



JOSEPH DWIGHT STRONG.

Margaret D. Bixby, by whom he has seven children, two of whom have won distinction as brilliant artists. In 1854 Mr. Strong removed to California, and subsequently to the Hawaiian Island, where he ministered to the Church of Foreign Residents in Honolulu. Four years later he was pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Oakland, where he now resides. Mr. Strong has filled many important positions in his adopted state, and for a while was editor and publisher of a monthly magazine. Since the death of his wife in 1866 he has been engaged principally in literary work.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

Where thick oaks the rocks were sheathing,
And the bay-tree fragrance breathing—

There we sat, and hand sought hand;
How the little leaves were hushing!
How the soft, sweet sun was gushing—
Gushing up from all the land!

Hearts brimmed o'er with love, and treasure
Great beyond the great earth's measure—

Every depth of being filled;
What deft speech might give revealing,
Or what tones could voice the feeling,
Every chord within us thrilled!

Not a look or breath mistaken,
Not a doubt could word awaken,
Not a thought of ill was there;
Oh from speaking eyes what blisses!
Oh from sweetest lips what kisses!
In what heaven we each had share!

But now no oaks the rocks are sheathing,
And no fragrant bay-tree breathing,
And the little leaves make moan:
"Oh the eyes that yield no blisses!
Oh the lips that give no kisses!
Oh the love that sits alone!"

THE SCHOOL FOR MEN.

These bending skies that close earth round
As barred and mystic prison-ground,
Are wider far than all our kin;
For mind is here the soul of things,
And truth in endless anthem sings,
And God Himself hath school for men.

Brave hearts reach out their little hands
And take the book that open stands,
As oracles and leaves of life;
They con the mystic lesson o'er
And read the word of things, nor more
Waste all their day in bigot strife.

They break the clasp of strata-folds
And find the stony page that holds
The buried past of men and things;
They see in rock and tree and flowers
The holy truth, the eternal powers—
The thought from which all order springs.

Sweet sunbeams paint the art of God
On all that dots the springing sod
In colors each divinely mixed;
And their entangled hues reveal
The truths that grosser forms conceal
In lines eternal law hath fixed.

And force in myriad wonder-ways,
Now slow as years, now swift as days,
Is shaping out the eternal plan;
Breathes in the winds and moves in storms,
And throbs in all earth's vital forms,
And, God-like, thinks and feels in man.

In things we thus find holy books—
Vedas in stones, Bibles in brooks—
The light is wise old Hermes' pen;
Sweet psalms from every tree resound,
And in each elod the Word is found,
For God hath here his school for men.

JOHN W. BEEBE.

BORN: GEORGETOWN, DEL., AUG. 2, 1853.

REMOVING to Elwood, Indiana, in 1873, Mr. Beebe was married the following year to Miss Ella Thorpe. For a while he worked at the trade of house carpenter, and also taught school in Indiana during several winters.



JOHN W. BEEBE.

Mr. Beebe then attended the Normal school at Ladoga, Indiana. In 1880 he removed to Kansas and is now located at Kingman, where he has taught school and had charge of two newspapers. In 1888 he became deputy county treasurer, which position he still fills.

OLD AGE.

Speak to them gently,
Treat them with care;
Give them the fireside's
Easiest chair.
They wept for you once,
Parental tears;
Don't let them weep now—
Smooth the gray hairs.
Age has its childhood,
Weakness and ills;
O how a kind word
Grandmother thrills.
Grandfather totters
By on his crutch;
How warm his old heart
At friendly touch.
Speak to them kindly,
Banish their fears;

Their eyes, though dim, are
Quick to shed tears.
Make their life easy
Down the incline;
So shall thy children
Make for thee thine.

MY WEST COUNTRY LOVE.

I love a maiden, oh, so fair,
Out in the West Countrie;
She has blue eyes and golden hair,
Out in the West Countrie,—
The bonny West,
The gayest, best,
The bonny West Countrie.
Her song is sweet as the nightingale,
Out in the West Countrie,
Her cheek would make the roses pale,
Out in the West Countrie,
And shame the tint
Of sunset in't—
The bonny West Countrie.
I love this maid, and she loves me,
Out in the West Countrie;
Mayhap, you wonder who she be,
Out in the West Countrie,
Whose love, I know,
Is pure as snow,
Out in the West Countrie.
Well may I sing of this fair maid,
Out in the West Countrie;
She's three years old, the little jade,
Out in the West Countrie,
And cries "papa,"
And laughs ha-ha!
Out in the West Countrie.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

I long to go and be with thee,
Be with thee
Under the shade o' the greenwood tree,
Greenwood tree;
Close by the fountain side,
Close by the mountain side,
Under the shade of the Greenwood tree.
There we loved in the long ago,
Long ago;
There primrose and violets grew,
Violets grew,
Where the world upon us smiled,
Where we were by love beguiled,
Loved we there, and loved so true.
I was young, and you were fair,
You were fair,
How I longed to tarry there,
Tarry there;
Looking in your eyes so sweet,
Resting in your love complete,
I was young and you were fair.

MRS. EDITH F. WALCOTT.

BORN: HOLDEN, MASS., JUNE 6, 1856.

THIS lady has lived in many states of the union, and is now living in Oxford, Mass. She devotes to literature whatever time can



MRS. EDITH F. WALCOTT.

be spared from family duties, and has found time to write many fine poems and sketches, some of which have appeared in the Boston Transcript, Grand Army Record and others.

THE AUTOCRAT.

Shudder, O ruler of thy millions! Draw

Into thy secret chamber, pale with fear,
O thou embodiment of unrighteous law!

Dost there not rise unto thy shrinking ear
The groans and prayers that sound from
year to year

Along thy highways unto regions dim?
Tremble, O tyrant! All shall be made clear
When thy dark soul shall go forth unto
Him

Who notes and sees all things to Time's re-
motest rim.

Aye, shiver in thy palace! Turn thine eye
From her, thy frenzied consort! Thou shalt
know

The height, the depth, the breadth of misery,
Dealt thee for every maddened exile's woe.
Thou shalt feel all the weight of that fell
blow

That rent a mother's anguished heart in
twain,

When, on her dawning senses, sure, though
slow, [slain,

Was borne the knowledge of her last hope
And that dear babe, cold, dead, unheeding
her wild pain.

Tremble, imperial Czar! God's justice dwells
Immeasurable, secure, outlasting time.

'T will lower thee to Remorse's eternal hells,
To expiate the measure of thy crime.

Oh! thou shalt feel how awful, how sublime
The judgment of that outraged power shall
be

When, in that silent, shadowy, mystic clime
Thou shalt do penance for eternity —

Praying, but all in vain, one brief hour to
be free.

O thou accursed! Canst thou close thine
heart [prayer?

To mercy 'gainst a mother's frenzied
Against youth, child and maiden who depart

To awful exile and lifelong despair? [pair
What thousand, million years will e'er re-
The ruin of thy dread and fearful reign?

Nay, nay! Think not a despot hand will
spare

Till it has ceased to guide the tyrant train —
Till, spoiled by Time, it rots among for-
gotten slain!

And thou, O hero! Thou, whose pen sublime
Hath traced in words of fire the awful
truth —

Down through the ages, while endureth time,
Thy name shall live in grand, eternal
youth!

Thou hast won from all hearts their tender-
est ruth, [veil,

Thou hast uplifted the dark, shrouding
Heedless of danger, thinking but, in sooth,
How best thou couldst unfold the fearful
tale, [ful wail,

And open all earth's ears to Russia's mourn-
God bless thee, Kennan! Bless the manly
heart

That scorned not to weep tears of pity when
Unto thee that pale mother did impart

A woe to wring the hardest hearts of men!
The tyrant and the teacher! Judge ye, then
O ye who preach us a Redeemer slain!

Which shall rank higher? Which, in heaven's
ken,

Will stand exultant in the angel train,
And cast his shining glance o'er valley,
hill and plain?

O exiled mother! Last, not least, art thou —
The victim, the poor sacrifice for sin.

O mother! with thy pained-crowned, girdled
brow —

Whose soul so deep the iron entered in!

Exiled, heart-broken! When there doth begin
That other life — so sweet, so rich, so blest!
Oh! thou shalt find beyond these shadows
dim,

Full recompense for all—calm, endless rest,
And those, thy loved and lost, shall cling
close to thy breast.

Rather be what thou art — poor sad, forlorn,
Than he, the despot, who doth dread the
light. [dawn,

When thou art judged, in heaven's crystal
Who could but choose thy lot? For him the
night

Of pain, remorse eternal! While more bright
Than all the stars of evening shall thou
shine, [flight

Girt by the gleaming robes of those whose
Left angel tracks for those tired feet of
thine — [scenes divine!

Traces that thou shalt press to heights, to

MRS. L. H. HAMMOND.

BORN: SOLAN, N.Y., JAN. 8, 1840.

THIS lady has written more than a hundred
poems which have received publication in



MRS. LURANNAH H. HAMMOND.

the local press. She was married in 1864 to
Marion Hammond and now resides with her
husband and children in Strong's Prairie, Wis

THE SWEET LONG AGO.

Far away on an evergreen shore,
Lies the land of the Sweet long ago
Where the blossoms of spring never fade
And the fierce winds of winter ne'er blow.

CHO.—Oh thou Sweet Long ago!
We have wandered so far from thy shore;
Oh sweet land of our youth!
We can never go back any more.

There is naught in that land to annoy;
Dissolved are its sorrows in mists,
That float o'er the hill-tops appear
Like the dewdrops the sun beams have kissed

There are friends, Oh so tender and true!
Whose brows are ne'er shadowed by care,
And their voices in melody sweet,
Echo yet from that land over there.

We have wandered afar from that shore,
And our footsteps are weary and slow;
But we cannot return on that path,
To the Land of Sweet Long ago.

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

Oh sing a song of gladness,
Ye travelers on the way;
Sing with the birds that warble
Their thanks at break of day,
Through pleasant ways and sunny
At morning lies the road;

Then hasten on rejoicing,
And blithely bear your load.
Haste on toward home,
If you do not reach it in the morn,
We may at noon.

If noon-time finds us weary
We will not stop to sigh,
For home is just before us,
We'll reach it by and by;
Then sing a song of gladness,
Although the way looks drear
Above the clouds of sadness

The sun is shining clear.
Then do not grieve;
If home is not in sight at noon,
'Twill be at eve.

Though rougher grows our pathway,
And steep the hills we climb,
We'll murmur not at trials
That last but for a time;
Nor will it keep our footsteps
From straying by the way,
To dwell upon the sorrows
And sins of yesterday.

Then weep no more;
But keep your eyes upon the road
That lies before.

When evening shadows gather,
The lights of home will glow,
To light the darkening pathway
Our tired feet must go;
Oh sweet will be the welcome
That meets us at the door!
And glad we'll pass the portals
To wander never more.
Oh Home so bright!
We'll reach the land of perfect day
When comes the night.

MELVIN LINWOOD SEVERY.

BORN: MELROSE, MASS., AUG. 5, 1863.

FOR a while Melvin studied law, but discontinued its study on account of ill health. He then took a three years' course at the Monroe College of Oratory in Boston, after which he went upon the stage. In 1888 he became



MELVIN LINWOOD SEVERY.

assistant editor and special correspondent for several publications, and subsequently edited a Boston Magazine. He has written ten plays and published a work entitled *Fleur-de-Lis*. For the past few years Mr. Severy has given lectures and instructions in that art, at the same time devoting a portion of his time to literary pursuits. He was married in 1884 to Miss Mina Howard, with whom he now resides at Boston, Mass.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

Bluer than Andalusian seraph eyes
Are the lips of thy petals, O *Fleur-de-Lis*!
Sweeter than breath of a maiden's sighs,
As fragile as thought of paradise
Art thou, trembling child of the sea.

O, fairer by far than Beauty's soft grace
Is the passion-pulse of thy stalk, *Fleur-de-Lis*!

Thou art a thought from a holy place,
Dropped like a tear from an angel face
On the weeping sands of the lea.

Ah, worthy art thou of a saint's white breast,
Or the cestus of Venus, sweet *Fleur-de-Lis*!

And e'er shouldst thine be the name of rest,—
Balm to the heart that's sorely oppressed,—
And never a pang shouldst thou see.

O fickle Life! thy chain discordant drags
Its tedious, linked length of gold and lead
O'er fields of Pleasure, and Pain's sharp
crag,

Fraying Joy's silks to Sorrow's dull rags,
Which serve for the pall of the dead!

Oh! weep on ye sands at the tangled strings
That bind the aching heart of life's mystery,
Where evil depravest the noblest things,
Making to moan the light heart that sings,
And filling with woe its history.

O child of the sea thou sufferest too!
For the shoulder of pain wears the *Fleur-de-Lis*!

Whose petals give off the scent of rue,
Whose thriving is of the eye's sad dew,
At Toulon, frowning at the sea.

BEATRICE.

All that is fair wert thou, and chaster
Than the dewdrop on the lily's lip;
Than the grass-hid violet more modest, or
Ermine jealous of its fur. The pale pearl
In its satin cradle rocked by the Sea's
Rough hand, or the trembling tear on an
angel's cheek—

Nothing, O heart of vestal fire! that thou
E'er said'st, but lips of golden altar-urns
Hidden in Easter's lilies might resound.
Nymph who explainedst poets' ideal dreams,
When they on spirit wings have left the
flesh,

Ordained prophets of the coming life,
Reach out across the years with Memory's
hand,
Bringing me fruit that ripens, yet ne'er falls.

LOST.

A sunbeam fell across my soul,
And every blossoming thought
Its bright face turned unto its goal,
And its grateful radiance caught.

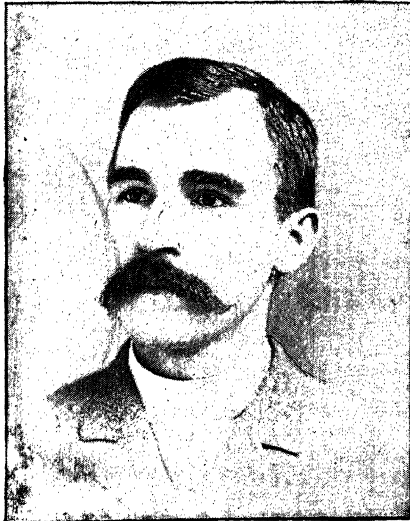
A shadow—Death—that lustre drank,
And smote with fullsome breath each flower,
While Hope, with eyelids drooped and dank,
Sobbed off the minutes of my hour.

O hard is it from glare to gloom!
And bitter 'tis from gold to lead!
Sob off by hours my sad doom,
And lay me, Hope, beside my dead.

From thee, my love, shall flowers spring,
And turn to sun as I to thee;
Yet they'll to me no brightness bring—
My soul put out its light with thee!

CLARENCE HENRY URNER.

BORN: NEW MARKET, VA., APRIL 13, 1856.
AFTER receiving his education at the New Market Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Urner engaged in teaching, which profession he followed for fifteen years. He has written sev-



CLARENCE HENRY URNER.

eral hundred poems, many of which have appeared in the American Magazine, Outing, Peterson's, Cottage Hearth, Arthur's Magazine and other periodicals. Mr. Urner was married in 1883 to Miss Ella V. Manor, and now resides with his wife and family at Richmond, Va., where he is first clerk in the Virginia treasury.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

The summer afternoon, in splendor dressed,
Slopes slowly down the golden hills of day;
So listless does she drag her measured way,
The world has almost ceased to sue for rest.
Wide swings the portal of the patient west,
Where dewy shades their balmy charms portray,

In hope to haste the steps that long delay,
Yet, wonders what belates the laggard guest.
With burnished hair and limbs, and fiery eyes
Still creeps the afternoon adown the slope,
Where palpitates with heat the languid air,
And streams the brilliance of the burning skies;

Still gapes the eager west with sinking hope,
Still mourns the wretched world in calm despair.

LOVE.

Long ere thy presence, like a radiant morn,
Dawned on these eager eyes thou wert my own;

My heart had reared itself a peerless throne,
Which all aside from thee could ill adorn;
Without its love, this empty breast forlorn
Was once a shattered kingdom overthrown;
Now I may look where thou and thou alone,

Art all that lives above its old-time scorn.
So much of life and inspiration dwell
Within thy form, I scarce can deem it clay;
The texture of thy thought reveals a soul
Enshrined within its kindred citadel;
Now, e'en thine eyes may hold a will at bay
Which never felt a less divine control.

HATE.

Our olden path is now grass-grown and mossed, [one,
The distance which divides the hearts, once
Is greater than the line from earth to sun,
For eye can measure that and not be lost.
The impulse of our separate stars is crossed,
E'en fancy cannot point the paths they run;
Thine whither? Whither mine—race never done?

Both like the down of thistles tempest tossed! [eyes,
If e'er thy bliss should fall beneath these
Since Fate ordains that much is possible,
'Twere as the lost, when one brief glance is given

Of earth-born foes, now blessed in Paradise,
And on a trumpet blast this last farewell—
Think of the hate perdition holds for heaven!

NO LOSS.

The Past comes up to muse beside the hearth,
Where every ember speaks with saddened tongue;

The Golden Age's knell has long been rung,
The world has grown too old for fairy mirth; [earth,

No line of sapient gods now haunts the As
As in the days of old, when Time was young;
No more the Muse's tuneful harp is strung,
And Song below has now no second birth.
Yet, Truth and Beauty have not passed away

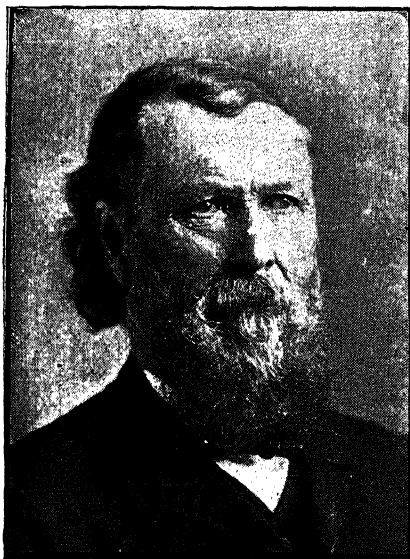
To other climes beyond this earthly sphere,
To leave it darkling on some downward slope;

For earth is just as fair and bright to-day,
As when the race emerged from Caves of Fear, [Hope,
And forward looked from golden Hills of

REV. AMOS B. RUSSELL.

BORN: WOODSTOCK, N. H., FEB. 24, 1825.

AFTER taking a Theological course, Mr. Russell in due time became a minister, and is now pastor of the M. E. church at Gilmanton, N. H. His poems have appeared in



REV. AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL.

the Boston Zion's Herald, Baltimore Gospel Light, Concord Independent Statesman, the Boston Christian Witness, and in other prominent religious publications. He was married in 1849 to Miss Ruth S. Watson, and now has a family grown to maturity.

CHARACTER.

A character is built of deeds,
Proclaimed, or never told;
Built up of stubble, worthless weeds,
Or silver gems and gold.

A word of prayer, a kindly deed,
Or alms in plenty given
To friendless poor who stand in need,
Will meet reward in heaven.

A tender word, a silent tear,
Heartfelt and well applied,

Will lift the fallen, quell each fear
And break the rising tide,

Or pluck a friend from out the flame,
A gem from arid sand;
A trophy won in Jesus' name
And graven on his hand.

THE INNOCENCE.

I saw, when walking through a glade
Encircled by a leafy shade
In humble modesty arrayed —

The innocence.

They stood in robes of purest white
And seemed enraptured with delight
Turning their faces to the light —

The innocence.

In quiet grace these groups of flowers,
Which owe their lives to sun and showers,
Soon wax and wan in golden hours —

The innocence.

In uniform they stood arrayed,
In silent corps in field and glade,
Like armies when on dress parade —

The innocence.

THE COMET.

„Have you seen the comet?" wrote a friend
to me.

To be sure 'tis a wonderful sight to see;
Dashing along through realms of stars,
Talked more about than Juno or Mars;
From the north, spread out o'er the empty
space,

His southward course you can easily trace,
As along the Orient skies, his tail
Bears him along like a mammoth sail.
From whence he comes and whither he goes,
Tell me ye sages, if any one knows;
For the council he keeps is wholly his own,
Roving at large through worlds unknown;
Level your telescope, follow his rays,
After the wondering traveler's gaze,
Though I fear in the west infinitude,
He will hide himself, and your search illude.
He that holdeth the stars in his hand,
And loosens old Orion's mystic band,
Has marked out the path of this wonderful
star

As he travels through space to realms afar.

ALICE EDWARDS PRATT.

BORN: FREEPORT, ME., JAN. 9, 1860.

IN 1881 this lady graduated from the State University at Berkeley, Cal., with the degree of Ph. B. Since that time she has been



ALICE EDWARDS PRATT.

the principal of the Santa Rosa Seminary. In person she is petite, with black hair and brown eyes. Her poems has received extensive publication in the periodical press.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

Above the tumult and bustle
Of the feverish, restless town,
Over the heads of the people
Who are hurrying up and down,
Away in the hazy distance
Against the noonday sky,
I can see the purple mountains
In peaceful quiet lie.

And as for a moment I linger
To gaze at their beauty sweet,
My ears are deaf to the clatter
Of hoofs in the noisy street;
And to faces of friend or of stranger
My eyes for the moment are blind,
For in that unchangeable stillness
A blissful content I find;

And a feeling of inspiration
And courage my whole heart fills,
As I gaze at the distant outlines
Of the beautiful templed hills.

So, often, above the worries,
The mistakes and the sins of my heart,
Past the wearying toils and troubles,
Through the teardrops that will start,
I catch a sight of the glory
Of God's eternal hills,
And the glimpse brings a benediction
That every murmur stills.

Though a task seem almost harder
And a burden heavier to bear,
Than I could endure unaided;
From the sacred summits there
Cometh help for every trial;
In time of distress a song;
Instead of complaint thanksgiving;
For doubtings, a faith glad and strong.

And my ears grow deaf to the jangle
Of a world that is out of tune,
My eyes are blind to its sorrows,
For I know that soon — aye, soon —
The mists that envelope those hilltops
Will lift and we then shall rest
Forever amidst that glory
Which now is but dimly guessed.

AS THROUGH A GLASS.

A queer gray roll aswing on slender thread
From yonder rose-twigg; but to-morrow
there

A wondrous butterfly that skims the air.
A small brown seed asleep in earthly bed,
But ere the summer days their course have
sped,

A dainty flower's snowy petals fair,
By heaven's sun kissed. To-day a robin
where

Last month a blue egg only. Overhead
A sapphire curtain sifts the noontide
glare;

But midnight lays the spangled welkin
bare;

And worlds are thus revealed when day has
fled.

The chrysalis, day's blinding light down-
shed,

The egg, the seed,—thy life on earth de-
clare.

Thy dearest hopes are in these symbols read.

WILL EHRHARDT.

BORN: GREENSBURG, IND., JAN. 31, 1867.

THE subject of this sketch has written quite a few poems that have received publication



WILL EHRHARDT.

in the periodical press. He is still a resident of Greensburg, Ind., where he is well and favorably known.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

In my fancy I can see Him,
High on Calvary's cruel spot,
Agonizing tortures, bearing;
To redeem our sinful lot.
Earthly friends may love and cherish
From the cradle to the goal;
But upon the Cross is spoken,
"Jesus lover of my soul."

Oft in sorrow we are sinking,
All the world seems dull and drear.
Pleasures once—now gone and fleeting
Bring no more their happy cheer:
But the tho't of our dear Savior
Suffering, on Golgotha high;
Thoughts that echo come returning—
"Let me to thy bosom fly."

Not a week or day is passing,
But some cloud of life appears;
To dispel our hopes and fancies
And bring forth imprisoned tears.

How temptations 'round us gather,
Often far beyond control;
How the passions toil for mast'ry—
"While the nearer waters roll."

How His care is watching o'er us
Lest we stray beyond the fold;
For He knows how weak and meagre
Is our strength in sin's stronghold.
Once our name upon those pages
In that books so fair on high;
Christ will watch our every movement,
"While the tempest still is high."

When the vice, that once seemed pleasure,
Threatens to besiege our soul;
And our trembling limbs are useless—
Limbs that once had full control;
How we yearn to leave the pathway
That for years was love and pride
And to Him we turn our voices:
"Hide me Oh my Savior hide."

Tho' for years of life mistaken
We have tried to make success,
Time has come, when error floundered
On the sea of year's excess;
Now tho' ship has lost her rudder,
And deprived of sail and mast,
We can look to Christ our Captain
"Till the storm of life is past."

After we have lost the victory
That we tried to win on earth,
How we realize the Treasure,
God has sent in priceless worth;
Yes, He left his throne in Heaven;
Cause to calm the restless tide
And to lead our feet in pathway,
"Safe within the Haven guide."

Heavenly Father in thy mercy,
Give us grace and strength to bear;
All that Thou hast laid before us,
In our sorrows take a share;
So when we have trod our journey
And our earthly years have passed,
This we ask in Jesus' memory,
"Oh receive my soul at last."

SHE IS MOTHER STILL.

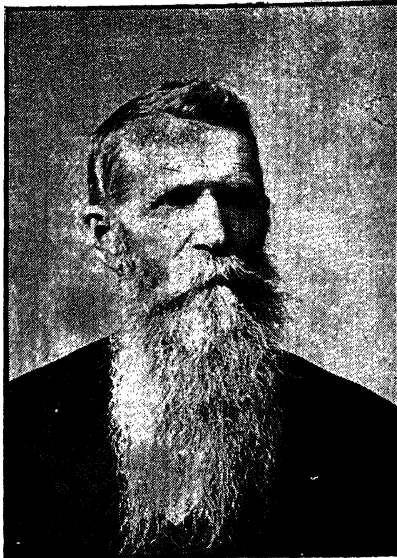
EXTRACT.

The voice that soothed the brow of care
Has ceased its mission here;
No more can it our trial share
No more our pathway cheer
But yet we know, when the mind reverts,
That it helped o'er many a hill,
And tho' her absence must often hurt
We know she is mother still.

LEMUEL DUNHAM.

BORN: HARTFORD, ME., AUG. 26, 1830.

THE poems of Mr. Dunham have appeared in the Oxford Democrat, Advertiser, Record, Maine Evangelist, Canton Telephone, Village



LEMUEL DUNHAM.

Church, Chase's Chronicle and other publications. He was married in 1859 to Miss Lydia A. Cummings, and still resides with his family in his native state at Bryant's Pond.

THE CATS THAT WENT TO LAW.

Dark and foreboding was the night,
With clouds from o'er the stormy seas,
When two sly cats together strayed.
And, in their ramble, stole some cheese.
But jealous is the feline race,
And thus it happened then, you see,
That when dividing time arrived,
Between themselves could not agree;
So, Justice Monkey living near,
The stolen prize to him did bring;
Thinking, of course, that he for them
Would do the fair and honest thing:
Divide it equally for both,
And, pleased to have a friendly call,
Would charge them nothing for his time,
And give his labor, fee and all.
With lawyer's dignity he sat,
And, smiling, heard their story through,—
I'm just the gentleman, said he,
To rectify this thing for you.

So he produced a pair of scales,
Without the least ado or bother,
Into one of which he threw a piece,
And what remained into the other.
Well, I declare! this lump outweighs
That one, and no mistake, said he;
Then took a bite, as lawyers do,
Because they did not thus agree.
But now the other scale went down,
Just as the first had done before;
And then to that he did the same,
Feigning to make an even score.

Hold! said the cats, who now could see
What modern law for them was doing,
Give us the cheese that yet remains,
And we'll be satisfied, and going.

Not quite so fast, the 'Squire replied,
My fee, as yet, remains unpaid,
Each one owes justice to himself,
That rule holds good in every trade.

Thus on the problem still he worked,
Yet failed to make the balance true;
At length, with gravity he said
The case is lost to both of you.

What crumbs remain are mine by right
Of honesty, and good report;
Then crammed the whole into his mouth,
And, bowing low, dismissed the court.

MORAL.

'Tis seldom that the scales of law will to a
balance come, [one.
While yet a solitary dime remains in either

CONCLUSION.

Take my advice and heed this story well;
All lawsuits have, at least, a sulphurous
smell;
Employ wisdom to defend your cause,
And keep your cheese out of the monkey's
paws.

EXTRACT.

A little up the stream, a small cascade
To Naiads sang, and fairy bubbles made;
True hemispheres in form, with rainbow
hue.
As oft beheld in pearly drops of dew;
Then each one started down upon the stream,
Danced on the wave, and smiled in sunlit
gleam.
All sizes here were seen, from large to small;
Some floated on, while others near the fall
Soon vanished, and were lost to human view,
While onward others rose to start anew.
But although millions thus the race began,
None reached the goal to which the stream-
let ran;
So transient were they all, and brief their
stay—
By magic came, like magic passed away.

ADELAIDE M. FULTON.

BORN: NOVA SCOTIA, JAN. 7, 1851.

AFTER teaching for six years in the public schools, this lady entered the University of California at Berkeley in 1881, graduating with the degree of Ph. B. in 1885. Since that



ADELAIDE M. FULTON.

time she has taught in Harmon Seminary at Berkeley; and at Miss West's school for girls, in San Francisco. Adelaide M. Fulton has also translated many fine poems from the German.

NATURE AND MAN,

Before me lie in freedom spread,
The sparkling waters of the bay.
The calm blue sky is overhead;
Among the trees the breezes play.
Hard by we see the great round hills
Their watchful, quiet vigils keep.
They cannot cure our many ills;
They laugh not; neither do they weep.
Upon the sea a white-winged boat
Moves swiftly by, a happy sight;
Far out the ocean steamers float,
On shimmering waters, dazzling bright.
All nature is at peace — at rest,
She whispers of a love Divine.
Within the strife-torn human breast
Shall there no calm be, such as thine?
We should not always seek the shade:
For light and warmth we need the sun.

Our choicest blessings here were made
For earnest seeking; not to shun.

If yesterday the sky was gray
And heavy mists rolled slowly on,
Is that a reason why to-day
We see no sunshine: hear no song?

Into our darkness comes a light —
Upon our sight a vision clear.
Faith, Hope and Love are shining bright,
A noble trio, win them here.

EVENING SONG.

Now evening is creeping
On forest and field,
Peace softly descending,
Brings rest to the world.

Only the brook gushes
From yonder rock,
And it roars and it rushes
Ever, ever forth.

And no evening brings
To it rest and repose;
No bell for it rings
Songs of rest as it flows.

Ah, my heart! Even thou
Art thus in thy strife;
True repose to thee now
God only can give.

NATURE AND ART.

Nature and art from one another fleeing,
Appear, but ere one knows it they have met;
Against them, now, no more my heart is set,
Each equally attractive to me being.
Only an honest effort it requires!

If we, at certain times with earnest heart
And diligence apply ourselves to Art,
Freely the soul may glow with Nature's
fires.

Culture must ever such conditions take;
Toward the attainment of the purest lights
Vainly the lawless, unrestrained strive.
Who will excel, must greatest effort make;
The master shows himself best in re-
straints,
And law alone to us can freedom give.

UPON HIGH MOUNTAINS.

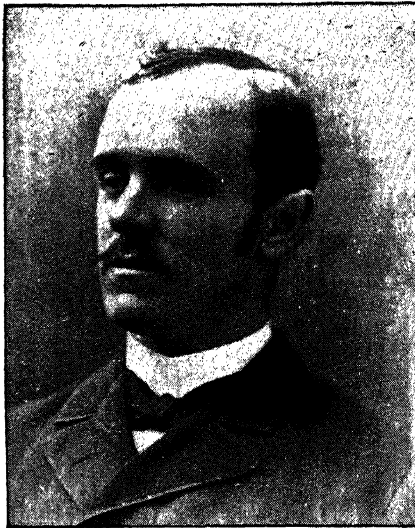
Upon the high mountains lies eternal snow,
Upon the high souls lies everlasting woe.
The snow, the sadness melts no sun away,
Across the gleaming iceberg lies no flowery
way.

What about the ice like rosy-purple burns,
Is a dying sunbeam, as it backward turns?
And what as radiant lustre a glorious head
illumes,
Reflection of the fire is, which the heart con-
sumes.

REV. JOHN WESLEY KING.

BORN: HANCOCK CO., ILL., MARCH 11, 1860.

At the age of seventeen Mr. King was licensed to preach, and two years later was appointed assistant pastor of the Janesville circuit. Later on he spent three years in



REV. JOHN WESLEY KING.

college and was ordained in 1887 at Eaton, Colorado. Rev. John King was married in 1888 to Miss Eva Brundige, with whom he now resides at Eaton, Colorado, where he is pastor of the Congregational Church.

DEATH.

Our friends of earth to us seem dear,
Bound by the ties of nature near;
And to us they do truly prove
Their love to us while here they move.
'Tis hard indeed for us to part
With those we love and those who art
Our friends, so true while here below,
Before they from this world do go.

We weep, we mourn, our anguish flows,
And none, perhaps, our sorrow knows.
As parting friends bid us farewell,
Ere they on earth do cease to dwell.
We look into the faces pale,
And then our hearts do almost fail;

For we must know our friends so dear,
Can stay with us no longer here.

They bid adieu; their spirits fly
To God, to dwell beyond the sky;
Their bodies only now remain,
And they must soon away be lain;
We follow them e'en to the grave;
And as it were in earth's dark cave
We lay their bodies down to rest,
As though it were our friend's request.

It seems we could not give them up,
As drink we from the bitter cup
Of sorrow and untold grief,
Without God's grace, that gives relief;
But by the grace of God we say,
Thou art, O God! the Living Way;
And those who trust Thee, though they die,
Shall rest in peace with Thee on high.

Death conquers one, it conquers all;
Has conquered man ever since the fall:
A conqueror it still will be
Until the final victory.
And though these feeble bodies die,
And for awhile in graves may lie,
The time will come when they shall be,
Forever from their graves set free.

When Gabriel with trumpet shall sound
The joyful news the world around,
That all the dead will now be raised,
And God shall thereby ere be praised.
The dead will hear this trumpet call,
Which calls forth saints and sinners, all,
That they may rise to meet a change
Which seems to us, while here, quite
strange.

However strange the change may seem,
We know it is a Bible theme,
And that our bodies then will be
Immortalized, O, God! by Thee;
United then body and soul
Will be but one while ages roll.
United as they then will be,
They'll dwell through all eternity.

In life and death we then may sing,
Oh death! dread death! where is thy sting;
Since Christ, the conqueror, has come
To safely guide His people home;
Since life it is the Christ to know,
Why should poor mortals fear to go
From sin and pain to mansions bright
To dwell with God in realms of light.

MRS. ELLEN HOYT.

BORN: PORT CLINTON, OHIO, JUNE 3, 1840.

For about twenty years Mrs. Hoyt taught school. She has written enough poems to fill a volume, which have received publication



MRS. ELLEN HOYT.

in current literature. She is a pen artist of considerable ability, and resides at Galion, Ohio.

EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Our coming here, as you surmise,
Is affording to you surprise,
But more surprised are you we ween
To find your years are now eighteen.

Childhood years are going fast
And soon are numbered with the past,
Soon we must need to change the scene
When we have reached the year eighteen.

Many bright scenes of life have fled
When we have reached young womanhood,
Many are yet in store we deem
When we are only yet eighteen.

Safe in our anchorage we lie
As year by year the hours will fly,
If wisdom's ways enchantment seen
And chosen at the age eighteen.

Our years have with us kindly been,
Nothing of life's cares have we known,
Its future seems all verdure green
As seen by us at sweet eighteen.

So Time receive our thanks and know
As onward in the race we go,
Bright promises our years redeem
If we're allowed three times eighteen.

TO A BACHELOR FRIEND.

I have looked, vainly looked,
For a time, Oh 'so long,
For a nice, social letter
My mail matter among,
From your pen freshly written
With something to say
Of courts, cases, and clients,
And the news of the day.

But vain, vain the looking,
Your pen must be broken,
Your hopes all demolished,
Your friends all forsaken,
Your anchors cut loose with the tide to be
drifting,
Forsaken old fields and to green pastures
shifting.

Are you sick? sour, or smitten, ill, idle or old,
Mad, married, or murdered? the truth must
be told,
Bent, battered, or broken, if that is not right
Are you starting anew with life's battle to
fight?

Am afraid I've not guessed it though trying
so much,
It has all proved a failure, life's hopes are
just such,
But the trust in this case must be that 'tis
all well,
And the fault is gross negligence to your
friend ever, Nell.

EXTRACT.

That fine old place now in decay
Has little semblance of the home
Where parents taught us to obey
And fit us for a life to come.

When youth's bright sunlight would be past
And life puts on more somber hue,
When parents take the sleep that lasts
And earthly dreams seem all untrue.

MRS. JESSIE M. BREWER.

BORN: BALTIMORE, MD., FEB. 20, 1860.

IN 1877 this lady was a distinguished graduate of the high and normal college of Philadelphia. Five years later she was married to the Rev. David H. Brewer, a congrega-



MRS. JESSIE M. BREWER.

tional minister, and now resides with her husband and two children at Maynard, Mass. Her poems have appeared in the New York Observer, the Cottage Hearth of Boston, and the Philadelphia Evening Star and other prominent daily and weekly publications. In 1890 Mrs. Brewer spent several months travelling in Europe.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Treading, tripping, trudging through
The fields of blowing grasses,
Clover blossoms everywhere,
How merrily time passes!
Clover blossoms white and red
Swaying with the grasses.
See the summer's mimic snow,
The daisy petals flying!
Hither, thither, everywhere,
Upon the grasses lying;
O'er the clover white and red
Daisy petals flying.
What is now the time of day?
Ask you gray heads olden,
Who would guess that ever they
Were dandelions golden?

'Mong the clover white and red
Blow the gray heads olden.
Buttercups your story tell
And say who's fond of butter!
Violets arise and dance
For all the fields aflutter!
See the clover, white and red
Swaying with the grasses.

JUNE.

Hail gentle June! all nature waits thee here,
The royal rose and all her court appear
To give thee brilliant welcome!
Their dewy jewels flash in golden light
And fragrant incense marks each zephyr's
flight,
To honor thy dominion!
The music of the wedding-chime swells sweet
The lily-bells and echoes soft repeat
Glad strains of love and rapture!
Thou art a foretaste bright of heav'nly bliss,
Forgot are worldly woes, when thou dost kiss
The earth in benediction! [stream,
For then the bird, the rustling leaf, the
The winged things, that 'mongst the grasses
gleam,
All lend their sep'rate notes of harmony,
In grandly sweet, exultant melody,
To greet thy gracious coming!
Fair June, God's yearly blessing, bright and
sweet!
Let mortals join in nature's praises meet,
And do thee happy homage!

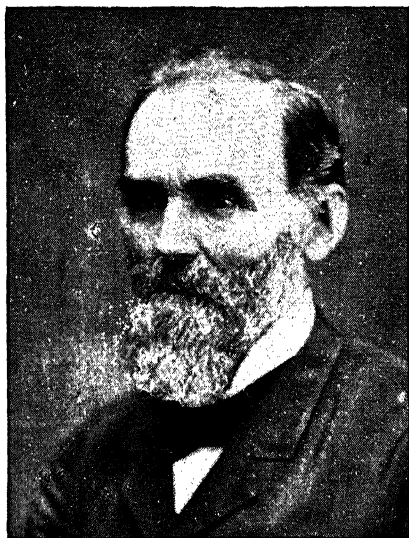
A CENTENNIAL CHORUS.

Arouse, arouse, ye patriots!
Let fervent praise ascend,
Until yon lofty heaven's arch,
With ecstasy shall rend!
Proclaim the joys of liberty,
Till stealing o'er the seas,
Far-distant lands may hear the cry
Then wafted on each breeze!
One hundred years of liberty!
A century of pride!
Bequeathed ye by your sires by
The heroes who have died!
Again your voice like thunder's peal,
Shall honor freedom's name!
The glory of your nation and
Her fair unsullied fame!
Arouse, arouse, ye patriots!
The winds shall heralds be!
And echoes shall prolong the tale:
"America is free!"
Oh may she ever proudly stand
In freedom's bright array,
And never may be dimmed the light
Which shines supreme to-day!

CHAUNCY A. JOHNSON.

BORN: DARIEN, N.Y., MARCH 1, 1818.

THIS gentleman for many years followed the profession of an artist with an office in Des Moines, Iowa. He has written quite a number of poems which have received extensive



CHAUNCY ACKLEY JOHNSON.

publication in the periodical press. Mr. Johnson has in preparation a Genealogical Album which he hopes to place on the market at an early date.

THE LOST ONES.

One by one the tendrils perished
That were binding heart to heart;
And the thoughts that once we cherished
Only sorrow now impart.

Voices sweet and tongues that clatter,
Dimpled hands and golden hair;
Little feet that pounce and patter,
Twine no more around our chair.

Some have wandered, some are sleeping,
Some have strayed we know not where;
All are hushed in silent keeping
With our empty rocking chair.—

Hopes and joys of life that linger,—
Are they doomed to pass away?—
Touched by Autumn's blighting finger,
Will they fade some other day?—

Let us hope there's joy in hoping,
Though we wade in silent tears;
In the orient golden coping,
Let us hope the dawn appears.

VOICE OF SPRING.

Calmly and softly the zephyrs are playing—
Bearing their music o'er heather and glen;
And as they press forward they seem to be
saying
"The Dark Cloud of Winter has vanished
again."

The torrent comes tumbling adown from the
mountain,
And dashing its foam to the depths of the
seas;

O listen and hear!—from the midst of the
fountain—
The song of its freedom is borne on the
breeze.

And listen again to the notes in yon bower,
As varied and strange as the muse can im-
part;

They speak to our senses of Spring's happy
hour,
And touch with enchantment the "Harp of
the Heart."

The garden, the wild-wood, the streamlet and
ocean,

Uniting their voices the louder to sing;
To this season of life then we grant a devo-
tion,

And joyfully hail the sweet presents of
Spring.

MRS. PHILOMELA T. LAMB.

BORN: FREETOWN, N.Y., JUNE 7, 1832.

At the age of seventeen this lady taught school, which she continued until her marriage in 1859 to Hiram W. Lamb. About a hundred of her poems have appeared in the periodical press. Mrs. Lamb is very fond of art, and has painted many fine pictures that have been highly praised.

SENTIMENT.

They dug a grave between them,
So cold and dark and deep;
And as they stood beside it,
Both were too proud to weep.

An inward shudder chill'd them
With a momentary pain,
But they came to bury sentiment
And be themselves again.

In silence then each turned away,
But Oh! it was not grief;
To be released from sentiment
Would be a great relief.

All unawares they buried love
Within that cruel grave,
And when too late would given worlds
The little "god" to save.

MRS. MARY P. S. ARMS.

BORN: GIBSON CO., IND., OCT. 6, 1847.

FOR many years the subject of this sketch taught school in Ohio and Kansas, and in 1870 went to live with her sister in Kansas. In 1874 she was married to William Arms



MRS. MARY P. S. ARMS.

and is now a resident of Beckwith, Cal., where for nearly twenty years she has resided in a valley where the scenery is grand. The poems of Mrs. Arms have appeared chiefly in the California press. She has a family of several children.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES.

Born of the sunshine and born of the dew,
Lifting bright faces up toward the blue,
Drinking life's fullness unmindful of gloom,
Radiant in color, lavish in bloom.

Blooming in May and blooming in June,
As bright as a mid-summer day at noon,
Blooming at spring-tide and through summer days,
Blooming when Autumn wraps nature in haze.

Bordering the fields, mingling with the grain,
Laughing in our door-yards, dotting the plain
Down in the valleys with orange and vines,
Fringing the hills smiling up at the pines.

"Poppies for beauty," the poets may tell,
Surely a lesson they teach us so well,
From mountain to ocean all the way along
They gladden the world like the notes of a song.

They gather the sunshine their cups will hold,

And freely they give us their gifts of gold,
From sage-grown plains from aisles of grass,
They look smilingly up at all who pass.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

Only one bud on a bending twig,
One bee on its honeyed quest,
Just one child at play on the green,
One bird in its feathered nest.

Glad is the life that is throbbing
In the child without thought of care,
And the bird in its nest has fashioned
With its treasures of straw and hair.

And the bee who knows the secret
Of the buds which swell in the sun,
But in our heart of hearts we know
This, that two are better than one.

One laborer toiling homeward,
Aweary when the day is done,
To the solitary hearthstone,
When there is but room for one.

It is sad to labor alone
From the rise to the set of sun,
And sad indeed is the hearthstone,
That offers a home but for one.

A child asleep in the cradle,
Another at play in the sun,
Joyously sings the mother
Surely two are better than one.

A laborer briskly turning
To his home when the day is done,
Thinking of wifely welcome sings
Gladly, two are better than one.

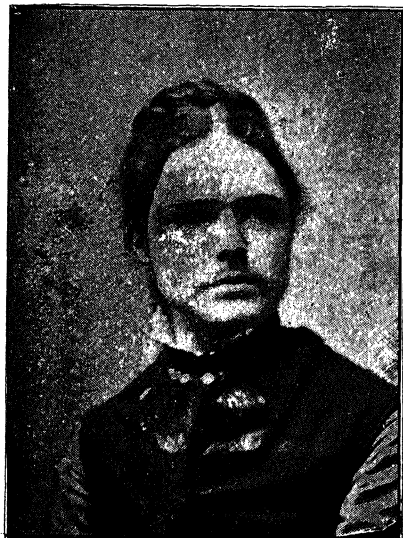
And all of our hearts make echo
Surely, two are better than one,
Whether birds in feathered nest,
Or children at play in the sun.

Or a man and a woman toiling
Till days and their toil are done,
If they work and wait together,
Truly, two are better than one.

MRS. SARAH PROCTOR BEL.

BORN: MILFORD, N. H., FEB. 15, 1850.

In 1868 this lady became a teacher, and in 1880 she met and married in California Prof. Alphonso Bel. The poems and sketches of



MRS. SARAH F. PROCTOR BEL.

Mrs. Sarah F. Bel have appeared in the Overland Monthly and the periodical press generally. Her poems will soon appear in book-form under the title of Ornaments of Rhyme. She now resides in Middletown, Ct.

TO SOMEODY.

When the rosy light of the sunset
Is fading away from the sky,
I look from my western window;
And the breeze blowing lightly by
Seems bringing to me,
Sweet thoughts of thee.

For the twilight hour is the best one
For dreaming of absent friends;
And the darkening light after sunset
A dreamy quietness lends.

My thoughts fly away,
As fieth the day.

Perhaps at this hour, my loved one,
Afar over river and plain,
You are wishing that time would hasten
And bring the day again,
That you may tell
How you love me well.

But you do not need to tell me,
You love me and you love me true;
I know the proverb that "Actions

Speak louder than words" ever do.
God bless you, I pray!
Forever and aye!

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

At the close of a long and weary day
The rain came falling down;
The clouds were dark and the sun was hid,
The fields looked dry and brown.

My heart had been sad with thoughts of care
And my eyes were heavy with tears;
The clouds are weeping, I said to myself,
And smiled as I thought of my fears.

Because all day I had prayed for strength
And tried to hope for the best, [vain,
My work seemed hopeless; my prayers in
My life seemed losing its zest.

But then above and over the drops
Which were falling thick and fast,
A beautiful arch of colors burst forth
To say: "The storm will not last."

So just as the "bow of promise" lights up
The landscape bare and brown, [heart,
The promise of God brings cheer to my
As the rain comes falling down.

THE BIRDS.

I threw a handful of crumbs to the birds,
The little brown birds, one winter morn,

No time to waste,
They came in haste, [gone.

And eagerly pecked till the crumbs were
They seemed so happy and seemed so gay,
In spite of all the green things dead;

They hopped and flew,
(My story is true),

So glad to find their breakfast spread.

They would fly away, a dozen or so,
Startled at something or other, who knows?

Then back to the feast,
With twenty, at least, [pose.

Some friends or neighbors of theirs, I sup-
Going and coming so merry and free, [spared
They finished, at last, the crumbs I had
From my pantry shelf;

And as for myself, [shared.

I watched them with pleasure, glad I had
The crumbs all gone, my birdies flew
And one came straight to my window pane,
As much as to say,

"We thank you to-day,

And hope you'll remember to feed us again."
As the little bird came with a message of
A joyful chirp and flutter of wing: [thanks,

May we bear in mind,

Our Father kind,

And always remember our thanks to sing.

EMMA A. LEHMAN.

BORN: BETHANIA, N. C., 1841.

The poem *Sunset on Pilot Mountain*, first appeared in the *New York Observer*, thence extensively copied all over the country. She has published *Sketches of European Travel*,



EMMA A. LEHMAN.

a book of great interest, which has been favored with extensive notices from the press. This lady is now Professor of English Literature and Composition in the oldest Female College of the South, at Salem, N. C., which position she has filled for twenty-five years.

SUNSET ON PILOT MOUNTAIN.

The shadows slanting westward now assume
A hazy outline e'er the evening gloom
Engulfs and closely wraps yon rising moon.
The crimson flashes of the setting sun
Glow from the windows of the mighty dome,
As if the giant of the castle lighted up
His evening fires, and quaffed his evening
cup.
Fantastic shadows flicker to and fro,
As fancy mist-wreaths, curling, come and
go.
The grand old Pilot stands, majestic and sub-
lime,
A kingly presence, frowning o'er the hills of
time;

He reigned supreme, father of myriad rills,
When Judah's star arose on Orient hills;
He stood a dread ambassador to heaven from
earth,
When morning stars sang chorals to her
birth;
His purple shadows frowned o'er rocky dell,
E're Tyre arose, or Priam's city fell!
While Old World splendor faded into night,
Or New World forests hailed the dawning
light;
He stood alone, a mighty beacon high,
Telling the weary wanderer "Home is nigh."

A hoary priest he sits — enthroned in state —
With sacerdotal stole and jeweled plate;
Ruby, carnelian, topaz, amethyst,
Jasper, chalcedony and sardonyx,
Rich tints commingled, until, all aglow,
A violet splendor covered all below;

While far-up rocky steeps reflect the light,
And lambent tongue-flames leap from hight
to hight.
Upon his castellated brow the evening star
Beams clear and bright, with glory from
afar.
The mist-robed hills kneel to their great
High Priest,
In dim confessional, from great to least;

And nature's choral anthem rings mean-
while,
Through every woodland nook and forest
aisle,

The wailing minor of the sad-voiced pines
"In Kyrie Eleison" sweetly chimes,—
Until the moon's soft benediction gently
falls,
And night's dark mantle shrouds them in a
pall.

The moon now beams queen regnant of the
sky,
Assumes the sceptre which the sun lays by;
Orion leads the brilliant, starry host,
With stately tread they climb the shining
cope.
While, in the center of this star-lit dome,
Thou stand'st, oh Mount! grand, beautiful,
alone.

The calm and restful strength thy presence
gives
Imbues me with a new-born strength to live.
The everlasting hills! with soothing art,
E'er still the pulses of my restless heart,—
And I am raised from earth to heaven,
By strength and calm endurance through
thee given.

MRS. LOUISA C. SMYTH.

BORN: UNION CO., O., 1831.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Dresden Transcript and the local press. She is a member of the W. C. T. U., and takes



MRS. LOUISA C. SMYTH.

great interest in temperance work. She was married in 1851 to W. C. Smyth, and still resides at Dresden, Ohio.

AUTUMN.

The leaves are falling one by one
Upon the frosty ground,
Their mission here seems scarce begun
Until in the darkened woods them found
Nestling beneath the fallen trees
Or in the shady dell;
O'er which they fitted in the breeze
And loved their music well.
Nature puts on her sombre hue
As her brightness fades away,
And I that have a work to do
Must make no more delay.
For soon our time will end below
And we must then go home
To meet our Savior dear, or go
Down to our Eternal doom.

HEAVEN.

The land of rest and peace,
The home for which we strive,
How we long to be released
And go to our home on high.

This life is full of cares
And sickness and unrest,
But every hour still leaves
Our longing souls to rest.

But we will bide our time
And wait our Father's call,
We that to Him resign
Who is our all in all.

When this short life is spent,
And our feeble bodies fail;
With joy we will ascend
To the realms of endless day.

FRANK D. ALLEN.

BORN: WYOMING, IA., NOV. 1867.

THE poems of Mr. Allen have appeared in many of the leading publications. He is a thorough business man, and an active and prominent journalist, and editor and proprietor of the Audubon County Advocate of Audubon, Iowa. He has traveled for leading Omaha Dailies in capacity of special correspondent, having visited the Pacific Ocean four times and viewed the principal places of interest in this country.

THREE VIEWS OF LIFE.

"Life," cries the youthful mind, happy with
glee,

"Is a haven of pleasure, boundless and free,
A journey 'mongst blessings, comforts and
ease,

Almost endless it looks across its fair seas.
I will glide for long years in rapture's de-
light,

Aye long will it be till my sun sets at night.

Two score years have greeted the once happy
youth, truth:

He looks o'er the past, is impressed with a
"Life, I have found is not what it seemed,

Nor has it gave forth the blessings I dream-
ed,

But I'll live in the future and calm may it
be,

Till I finish my journey o'er life's shallow
sea."

'Tis now an old man that looks o'er the past,
Aged, wrinkled and gray, his sun goes down
fast,

[tears,
With hands to his brow and eyes filled with
He despairingly speaks of the past bitter
years:

[a gleam,
"Youth's visions are baseless, its hopes but
Life's staff but a reed and life but a dream,
But perhaps o'er the river, on yon shining
shore,

I will meet all those pleasures that I ne'er
found before.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

BORN: NEW MARLBOROUGH, MASS., FEB. 5, 1854

THIS lady is a song writer of national reputation. She has a passionate fondness for music, and furnishes songs to music for many eminent American composers, and her songs and poems are read and sung all over the



MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL.

country. Mrs. Newell has written over a thousand poems, which have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Arthurs's Magazine* and the leading publications of America. She was married in 1871 to Mr. L. Newell of Denver, Colo., and now resides in a beautiful country home in Zeandale, Kansas, which has been her adopted state for nearly forty years.

AT NIGHT IT SHALL BE CALM.

At night it shall be calm
And peace, sweet peace prevail.
All, all shall be serene,
E'en tho' my senses fail,
As benedictive psalm,
At night it shall be calm.

At night it shall be calm,
'Though through the livelong day
I strive with hardest fate.

More grievous grows the way,
As laden with a balm,
At night it shall be calm.

Perchance the toil and heat
And din that comes of day
Shall fret my weary soul,
As through the wilds I stray,
And troubled and distressed
My longing heart would rest.

Then o'er life's stormy sea
A sweet voice calls to me:
"A little way of care,
Be brave, thy burden bear,
Rest cometh with its balm,
At night it shall be calm."

No pent-up grief, nor woe,
Shall dim the sunset's glow;
No future griefs to bear,
No weight of want or care.
To some the victor's palm,
With peace at twilight's calm.

To me who through the day
Have borne the toil and pain,
Have striven for an end,
And counted losses gain;
How sweet the night will be,
From care and trial free.

Oh! welcome then the night
With shadows deep and long;
I'd greet the fading light
With prayer and vesper song,
In sweet repose to sleep,
No more to wake nor weep.

I'd close my weary eyes
To never wake again
Until in Paradise.
I'd join the sweet refrain
Where none a care may know,
And flowers unfading grow.

And as a trusting child
I'd lay me down to rest,
Apathetic earth's dreary waste
I'd slumber on His breast,
With all the storms asleep
While stars their vigils keep.

At night it shall be calm,
And peace, sweet peace prevail.
All, all shall be serene,
E'en though my senses fail,
As benedictive psalm,
At night it shall be calm.

LILLA GIBBS.

BORN: ILLINOIS, 1866.

AT THE age of fourteen her parents removed to Kansas, where she now resides at Cherryvale. For several years she has taught



LILLA GIBBS.

school successfully. The poems of Miss Gibbs have received extensive publication in her adopted state under the nom de plume of Edelweiss.

BROWN AND GOLD

A brown head and a golden one
By the western window in the sun,
Bending low above the page
Chronicled by many a sage.
Eager to discern the part
Each one left to future art,
Heedless of the perfume sweet
Showered at their very feet
By the scented summer air;
And of the meadow stretching fair
And giving of its precious grain
Loads for the farmer's creaking wain.
And in the sunlight's molten gold
Their book, the white hands listless hold,
As two eyes of earnest blue look down
Into the laughing ones of brown,
And the old, old story is told again;
Hearts, no longer content with friend
Claim those deeper, purer ties
For which naught is considered a sacrifice.

In the language lovers understand
Eye answers eye and hand clasps hand
As they read from Nature's spotless page
The story as old as creation's age.

And, fraught with all its sacred trust,
With all its freedom-hallowed, just,
With all its wealth of smiles and tears,
With all the hopes of earlier years,
With all the good that Heaven may send,
With all she is or might have been;
With that appalling faith in man
Which she has shown since time began —
Upon the altar-fires of love,
Sanctioned by the throne above,
For weal or woe, for sun or shade,
Another woman's soul is laid.

Oh, angels pure should now look down
To render spotless the victor's crown.
May all the good his life ere knew
Combine to make him good and true.
May care sit lightly on his brow
Who dares to take that sacred vow,
With blessings rare since time began
Conspire to make a perfect man.
May Heaven weave for them their fate
And the bold transaction consecrate,
When that heart is wooed and won
By the western window in the sun

LIFE'S LESSON.

Oh life! I have learned thy lesson
From thy stern schoolmaster Time,
As step by step advancing
Up thy thorny path I climb,
And find in my onward journey
That experience teaches more
In one little practical lesson
Than years of classic lore.

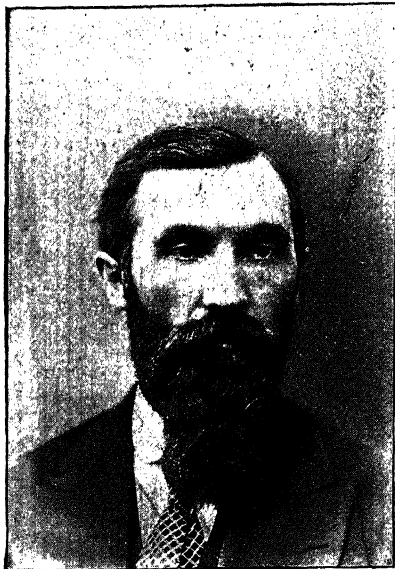
Oh Plato! grand thy teaching
But more thy soul has learned
In that sweet immortality
For which thy spirit yearned.
For what were the heights of reasoning
Which thy patient zeal hath trod,
Did we not see in God-built nature
The love of nature's God?

Oh, pure in frosty beauty
The whole earth lies to-day
With not one spot on her bosom,
But every jeweled spray
Tinkles its tiny cymbal
Red with the sunrise fire,
And not one discordant tone is heard
In the grand terrestrial choir
Save as man makes it. Alone he stands
Upon the crag of doubt
And vainly strives with puzzled brow
To study the mystery out.

DANIEL F. HODGES.

BORN: BELFAST, ME., FEB. 17, 1835.

BETWEEN the years 1869 and 1873 Mr. Hodges edited six music books published by Lee and Shepard of Boston, Mass., and the next five years he edited five music books published by White-Smith Music Pub. Co. of the same



DANIEL F. HODGES.

city. Mr. Hodges has also written words and music for a dramatic cantata, and music for two operettas, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. He has composed more than two thousand pages of music, and has written over a hundred poems that have appeared in the periodical press. Mr. Hodges has traveled extensively in the United States, but is now taking a needed rest and is at work on a historical poem. He was married in 1859 to Miss Margaret A. Calden, and now resides at Phillips, Maine, with his wife and children.

SIMILE.

The sunset falls upon the boundless main
Whose tireless pulse-beats throb upon the shore
In minor cadence low. The summer breeze
To which the flowers have offered incense rare,
Throughout the golden day, echoes the strain
In softened repetitions o'er the hills.
Inland, and many weary leagues away,
Upon a sterile hill a lone pine stands;

The storms of fifty winters have been cast
Upon its rugged form, which, bowed by force,
Gave back discordant echoes to the gale,
As if in indignation, at the blow. [strains
To-night the sea breeze which had heard the
Of murmur'ing music on the ocean's shore,
Came wand'ring where the lone pine stands
And touched its craggy arms; and lo! the
tree

In sympathy, responsive, gave the tones,
Of unheard music from the distant sea.—
And thus with me my darling: rough at
best,

And lonely since thou sailed away across!
Death's silent sea: I struggle 'gainst the
storms [steals
Of ill-starred life; but when thy mem'ry
Across me, from the home beside the sea
Of grand eternity; my soul responsive
Goeth out in hope, and all life's rudest
thoughts are laid at rest.

NOW.

Kisses which fall upon the dead's mute lips,
Like dew on roses which the first frost nips,
Come all too late: [speak;
'Tis better far to give them while the lips can
The golden chord of life at best is weak!

Ah! do not wait.

Kind words in ears whose earthly powers
are spent,

Like sunshine on the tree by lightning rent,
Can give no balm:

'Tis better far to give them while those ears
can hear;

For life has much of woe, and much of fear!
And love brings calm.

It is too late when life's lamp burneth low—
When hands once warm are chill as winter's
snow

To do kind deeds:

'Tis better here, where feet are prone to slide;
'Tis better now—than wait till eventide

To help their needs.

Ah, friends! dear friends—if any such there
be— [me

Keep not your loving thoughts away from
Till I am gone:

I want them now to help me on my way,
As lonely watchers want the light of day
Ere it is morn.

And though sometimes my heart o'er some
sore wrong

Long brooding, weaves some bitterness in
song;

'Tis but a shade

Within life's texture where the best are poor
O, close not up to many faults Love's door!
I need your aid.

SOPHIE REINHART.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, JULY 29, 1868.

WHEN a child she was taken to Europe by her parents, and on their return to America, went to San Francisco, California, and later



SOPHIE REINHART.

to Oakland, where they resided for eight years. The poems of Miss Sophie Reinhart have appeared in the *Overland Monthly* and other publications. She now resides in Portland, Oregon.

A TWILIGHT FANCY.

No sound disturbed the evening's stillness,
All nature lay in calm repose,
And as my glance swept o'er the prospect,
Strange fancies to my vision rose.

I saw the golden sun whilst setting
Throw long, deep shadows 'cross the sea,
That, stirred as by some deep emotion,
Was heaving, panting restlessly.

And hills and trees in verdant splendor,—
Stretched out as far as eye could reach—
Seemed, by their lordly height and bearing,
Heroic fortitude to preach.

And, as I gazed, my vision clouded,
Existence seemed a dream obscure,
My fancy taught the simplest object,
In dress fantastic, to allure.

A boat came sailing o'er the waters;
So smoothly, gently did it glide,

That it awoke but timid ripples
Upon the surface of the tide.

'Twas charming thus to watch it dimple
The sun-gilt mazes of the sea,
Whilst playful little wavelets frolicked
About the bark in mirthful glee.

Enconced within, a youthful couple
Steered dreamily across the tide,
And whilst he plied the oars, the bark
Did swiftly o'er the waters glide.

I gazed until from out the heavens
A glittering star beamed o'er the scene,
And blossoms, kissed by balmy zephyrs,
Shed perfume on the air serene.

But woe unto the tranquil waters!
An angry storm has roused the sea,
And startled, as with flash of lightning,
The young pair from their reverie.

And as against the tide they battle,
It riots at these warlike signs,
And tosses high with angry howl
The boat into the dark, deep lines.

Yet storms may rage and billows threaten,
The bark keeps bravely on its course;
Nor e'er where hope and courage mingle
Can boat be sunk by such a force.

And see! it's not long hid in darkness,
E'en in the light again it stands;
Then ever on the boat keeps shifting,
Shifting through the colored bands.

Now rapidly the sun is sinking
Her image mirrored in the deep,
While slowly from behind the hilltops
The twilight gray begins to peep.

Then through the gloom the land-breeze
greets them,
They know they've reached their home at
last,

The lamp of safety, beaming brightly,
Assures them that all danger's past.

But, as I watched them disappearing,
My heart with sorrow pierced, sank low;
For fancy, e'er alert and active,
Portray'd this death,—light, joy—dark, woe.

All's past. The waves no more are dancing,
The dream has fled from Fancy's Hall,
The sun has set in all his splendor,
And darkness once more reigns o'er all.

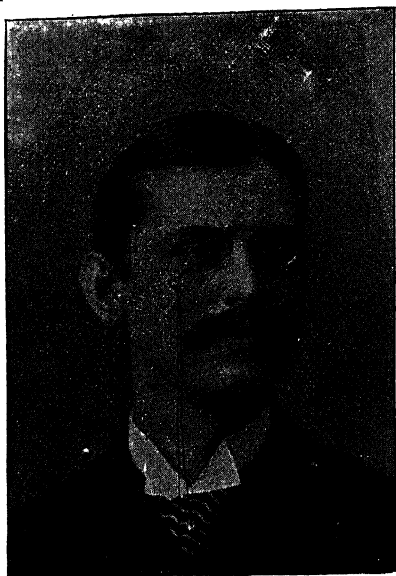
Yet one light, which my dream has kindled,
Shall teach us, sailing o'er life's tide,
To steer alike through light and shadow,
With courage, hope, and manly pride.

For no life's drawn without some shading,
And well it is it is not so,
Had we the joys and not the sorrows,
Grief would be bliss, and bliss be woe.

BRAINERD P. EMERY.

BORN: SOUTHPORT, CONN., MARCH 25, 1865.

As a journalist Mr. Emery is well known in the East, and resides in Newburgh, New York. He has written about two hundred poems which have appeared in the Judge,



BRAINERD PRESCOTT EMERY.

Century Magazine, Texas Siftings, Peterson's Magazine, and other well known magazines and newspapers. Mr. Emery is the author of two books — In Sunshine and Shadow, and In the Haunts of Bloom and Bird, both of which have received an extensive circulation.

ALADDIN.

His minions change green into gold,
They tint with crimson wood and wold;

They deck the forest in the sheen
Of dusky amber, and the green

Is made a carpet wide unrolled
Of leaves of purple, brown and gold!

He rubs his lamp, his minions fly
To do his bidding far and nigh.

He rules the world when Summer's lost,
Aladdin he — white-armored Frost!

UNANSWERED.

What hand doth pluck the roses which at
dawn

Are scattered in the dewy Eastern sky,
And there in pink and golden masses lie
Until the sun's bright glow proclaims full
morn?

O, from what heavenly garden are they torn?
Have they been nurtured by Love's smile or
sigh,

That they so soon will lose their sheen, and
die,

And as they fade, become the morrow's
scorn?

Alas! unanswered are my thoughts, and yet
I cannot still their promptings when I see

The pink and golden roses flee,
To hide till eve, when o'er their petals falls
Night's footstep echoing along her halls,
And stars shine faintly where the sun has
set!

O THAT HEARTS MIGHT FOLLOW.

Where the swift-winged swallow
Flies, his mate may follow,
Over land and over sea
To the plains where peacefully
Summer reigns with fruit and flower,
Not for days nor for an hour,
But is ever throned there

In the balmy, song-filled air;
Where the swift-winged swallow
Flies, his mate may follow,
Nesting on the self-same bough
White with blossoms as with snow:
But when to the unknown land —
Land of sleep whose wondrous strand
Meets a sea forever sleeping,
Sea whose waves are only weeping! —

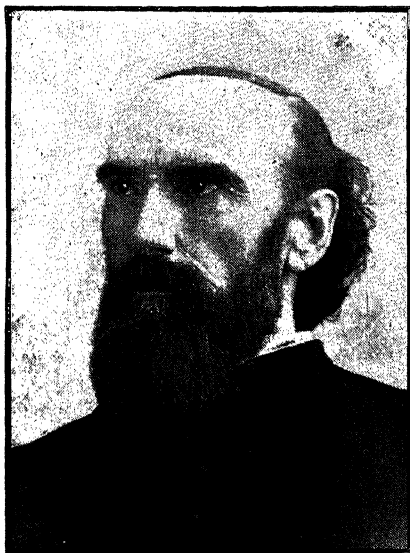
Thou, my love, hast fled, I follow
Never, never, like the swallow;
But amid these fields so sweet,
Where the clover blossoms meet
In a maze of splendid flame,
Here alone I call your name
With an empty echo crying
Back my words, and no replying
From the lips I used to kiss —
Lost one, this and only this!

I am left alone to grieve
While the memories never leave
Of the days when we together
Wandered through the sunny weather.
O that I had wings to follow
Like thy strong wings, happy swallow;
But, my heart, take courage now,
Though thy mate has left the bough,
Yet some day, as flies the swallow,
Thou, true heart, thy mate will follow!

REV. JOHN WELLS BRIER.

BORN: MICHIGAN, 1843.

FIRST Mr. Brier studied law, but subsequently entered the ministry and was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1873. He has lectured extensively in California, of which state he has been a resident since a



REV. JOHN WELLS BRIER.

child. The Rev. John W. Brier has written more than a hundred poems, many of which have appeared in current publications. He was married in 1882 to Miss Mersey A. Switzer and resides with his wife and children in Lodi, California, of which city he is a prominent clergyman.

SONG TO THE SEA.

Ah! ocean! thou art very old,
Thy voice is hoarse, thy name is hoar,
But youth is thine forever more,
And all thy strength can ne'er be told.
And, Oh, how long, how deep and wide,
The rolling of thy heavy tide!
We count the measure of our gain
Three thousand miles of hill and plain;
Yet three times three is thy domain.
Thy mountains rise and fall at will;
Thy heaving breast is never still;
Thy throbbing heart would more than fill
A planet's bosom. Pluto's fire
Could never brook thy chilling fire,
Nor all his tongues of parching fire
The foam that gathers on thy lip.

Heaving afar, or sporting nigh,
How awful is thy majesty!
Who treads familiar on thy strand?
Who lays on thee familiar hand?
What fool essays to understand
Why the round world thy billows bind,
Why thou wert born to awe mankind?
Subservient thunders o'er thee tread
Quell'd by thy voice, more deep and dread;
And thou hast gathered in thy dead,
Since the first daring sail was spread.
The wind be raw, the black'ning sky,
The moan, the groan, the weary sigh,
And all the sails that o'er thee fly,
Belong to thee,
Thou sounding sea?

Thy hungry billows lick the sand
And hiss their anger at the shore;
Thy jaws prolong a sullen roar;
Thy huge folds writhe beneath the hand
That binds thee ever to thy strand,
And yet the mist upon the hills,
The crowns of iris tinted gray
That bind the golden locks of day
Are all of thee,
Thou sounding sea!

The tropic isles where coral walls
Enclose the tranquil azure bay,
And holds besieging tides away;
Where gently rises, gently falls
The chiming wave at close of day;
The South Sea's passionate roundelay;
The isles where spicy breezes blow,
And gifts to man spontaneous flow;
Fruits cultured by no hand of toil;
The wine of palm and cocoa oil;
The caverns stored with ancient gold,
Gems that adorned the kings of old,
Pearls, glowing in the mermaid's hair,
And jewels in the sea-wolf's lair;
The emerald isles, the sun-lit deeps,
The tombs where buried grandeur sleeps,
And all the worlds that yet shall rise,
To make thy waste a paradise,
Are all of thee,
Thou sounding sea!

When I behold thee I am glad;
Yet in thy blue is something sad,
When forth thou drawest all the mind,
To dare the wave and trust the wind,
And tempt a voyage to that clime,
That lies beyond the marge of time—
So strange the voyage, passing far,
Beyond the world's brief, broken day,
Beyond the sun's far-reaching ray,
And twilight blazoned with its star!
And so thou art the dreg, the lee,
Of the great mystic, boundless sea,
And sometimes mariners are we.

MRS. CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

BORN: BYRON, MAINE.

THIS lady graduated from the Cambridge High School, then entered the Seminary for Young Ladies in Charleston, Mass., from which she graduated in 1850. She has written many beautiful poems and stories, which have been a valuable acquisition to



MRS. CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

current literature. Mrs. Rich is the author of several books, two of which were souvenirs in verse. The residence of Mrs. Rich is in Lewiston, Me., where her husband, Prof. Thos. Hill Rich is teacher of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Cobb Divinity School, connected with Bates College.

MEMORIAL DAY.

We gather again,
With wreaths for the dead,
Fit honors for them
Who for freedom have bled;
While the fragrance of flowers,
Forever shall be,
Like incense of glory,
From Liberty's tree.

Ah, little they reck,
Who stoop to entwine
The gift of bright flowers,
With the wild, trailing vine!
Earth knows not a Nation,
Whose warriors so keep

A vigil of love
Over comrades who sleep.

Martial music, each spring-time,
With tributes so sweet
And phalanx, slow-moving,
And drums' muffled beat,
And veterans, war-scarred,
With their standard above—
Such pageants repeat
Freedom's undying love.

Though mosses may creep
Over names carved with care,
The grasses grow tangled,
Neglect everywhere;
O'er hillocks where only
The epitaphs tell
The legend of him,
Who for Liberty fell.

Aye, these names all may perish:
This granite, decay;
The mounds become shapeless,
Where children will play:
But the ransom our nation
For freedom has paid
Will never, no, never,
From history fade.

MUSINGS.

The evening's zephyrs softly blow,
By brooklets where the harebells grow,
While through the sunset's afterglow,
Soft and low,

The whispering pines sway to and fro.

O, dying day; O, fading light,
Thy purple tints, now dark, now bright,
Like joys and sorrows in their might,
Come to-night;

While beckoning spirits charm my sight.

Night's curtains shroud the pearly west;
The vision fades—yet am I blest—
Sweet peace, once more, within my breast,
Giving rest,
Abides with me, a heavenly guest.

WHO KNOWS.

Who knows how soon a rose will fade,
How soon a birdling first will fly?
Who knows how soon the dew will dry
Upon the grasses in the glade,
Where flickering shadows fitful lie?
Who knows where thistle-down will lodge
When once by zephyrs lightly tossed;
Or how a word breathed on the air,
Across the lake returns again
From echoing hills, a sweet refrain?
Amid life's wear so much is lost;
Will love and truth abide? Who knows?

FRED D. BLOOMFIELD.

BORN: SPRINGVILLE, N.Y., 1865.

THE subject of this sketch received his education at the common schools and graduated from the Buffalo Business College. He



FRED D. BLOOMFIELD.

is the author of ten songs, which have been issued by prominent music publishers. Mr. Bloomfield is at present engaged as salesman with headquarters at Jamestown, N.Y.

THE PICTURE THAT HANGS ON THE WALL.

There's a picture at home that hangs on the
'Tis a picture of mother we love, [wall,
And her dear, smiling face, ever sweet while
on earth,

Has now gone to the angels above: [while
I remember the songs she would sing to us
We would listen to each one and all,
And the tears fill my eyes, while my love
never dies,

For the picture that hangs on the wall.

CHORUS.

We will keep this dear token whatever betide,
For memories sweet it recalls,
And the tears fill my eyes, while my love
never dies,

For the picture that hangs on the wall.

Many years have gone by since we last heard
her voice,

And a stone marks the spot on the ground;

There we laid her to rest on the side of the
hill

Where the roses and lilacs abound.

Yes, her spirit is safe in that haven of rest,
Though no more will we hear her sweet call,
And the tears fill my eyes, while my love
never dies,

For the picture that hangs on the wall.

SLEEP AND REST LULLABY.

Go to sleep my little baby,

Close your pretty, sweet blue eyes,

For thy mother watches o'er thee,

Darling in the cradle lies.

How we love the little angel,

Resting in his cosy nest,

Lulled to sleep by song from mother,

Bye-bye, baby, sleep and rest.

CHO.—Go to sleep my little baby,

Darling one we all love best,

Lulled to sleep by song from mother,

Bye-bye, baby, sleep and rest.

Locks of curly, golden tresses,

On the pillow sleeps so fair,

And our eyes will oft times wander,

To the cradle while he's there.

Evening prayers for him breathed softly,

Treasure baby we love best,

Care for him, Oh God in heaven,

Bye-bye, baby, sleep and rest.

MRS. HARRIET HOWE.

BORN: ETNA, ME., APRIL 19, 1866.

LEFT motherless at the age of nine, Harriet two years later went to live with her elder sister in California. She received her education at the Oakland High School, and later accepted a position as stenographer in a well-known wholesale house in Los Angeles. In 1888 she was married to George E. Howe, who is engaged in business in Los Angeles.

A BAY SHORE.

A long, low-lying stretch of marshy land

Cut into Titan lace-work here and there

By pools and straits whose silent lifeless
glare [stand,—

Moves not:—the menials of the tide, they
Rising or falling at its sole command.

A shining gleam of shore lies yonder where
The restless waves their murmured mysteries
Unto the borders of the golden sand. [bear
Beyond, and stretching far into the West
The changeful sea, with light and shade be-
decked,

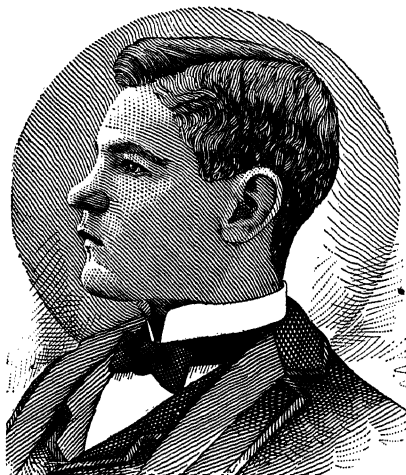
Tosses its arms and tears itself to spray

With surging melodies of wild unrest:

While golden blaze and emerald dark, foam-
Are melting all in one to mist away. [flecked,

BYRON R. WILLIAMS.

BORN: CHARLES CITY, IA., MARCH 16, 1872.
 UNDER the nom de plume of Wm. R. Byron
 the subject of this sketch has contributed
 extensively to the press of his native state.



BYRON R. WILLIAMS.

He is now connected with the Floyd County
 Advocate, which is published in his native
 city, but intends to take a literary course in
 some of the leading colleges.

THE OLD WATERING TROUGH.

The old trough stands beside the road
 In a shady, grassy, green abode;
 For many a year through cloud and sun
 Has the water from out the old spout run,
 And splashing over the trough's green brink
 It merrily cries, "Come drink! Come drink!"

In the roadside shade the thirsty sheep
 Plunge neath its waters their noses deep,
 And, as they pause from a cooling draught,
 'Mid the perfume of flower and clover waft,
 Beside the water to doze and blink, [drink!]
 The spout keeps urging, "Come drink! Come

The shepherd dog, fatigued and gaunt,
 Laps the sweet water with hasty pant;
 The while he watches with careful eye
 The bleating sheep which graze near by,
 And, as he turns from the nectared sink,
 The spout calls sweetly, "Come drink! "

"Come drink!"

The wearied tramp with quickened pace
 Turns from the road with smiling face,
 And from the spout with parched lips
 The pure cold water he gladly sips [thirst
 As he quits the trough with a slakened
 A song from out his throat doth burst.

"Would men were so kind" he sadly thinks,
 To say from their store, "Come drink!"
 "Come drink!"

The noble horse with hurrying feet
 Swerves to the right to the waters sweet,
 And dwells so long in the nectar bright
 That the waiting rider with spur-touch light,
 Reminds the beast of his onward flight;
 He turns, as the water with fresh delight,
 In mimic time with the spur's loose clink,
 Calls after, "Come drink!" "Come drink!"

Forever stand, thou cool old trough,
 To gladden hearts again and oft;
 Forever stand mid passing years,
 Through peace and sunshine, war and tears,
 And may the water o'er thy brink
 Forever cry, "Come drink!" "Come drink!"

THE ABANDONED MILL.

Abandoned mill, thy work is done,
 As o'er thy wheel the waters lightly run.
 They grind no grist, they drive no power;
 The time is past when thou each hour
 Did'st grind the golden grain.
 No more the farmer's jovial call
 Doth light reverberate against thy wall,
 Which now grown green with mossy age,
 Doth serve but as an audience
 To the foaming water's angry rage.

Thy shingles green from eaves to peak,
 But serve the raindrops hide-and-seek;
 The swallows build beneath thy eaves,
 The brown-thrush 'neath thy door-sill weaves
 A home for wife and young;
 The outcast 'neath thy roof doth find
 A shelter from the piercing wind;
 Or yet, perchance, doth happen fair,
 A laughing party of young folk
 Await within the threatening rain.

Thy road which teemed with travel rife,
 Which led'st thee once a changeful life,
 Is bordered now by flowers sweet
 Disturbed not by the steel-shod feet
 Which once did clatter by;
 The blood-root and the snowdrop fair
 Do mingle pureness through the air,
 While fragrance lends the violet,
 Faint-tinged with the cedar's scent;
 All make thee now a nature's jewel-set.

Thou art, old mill, a picture fair,
 A treasured place of beauty rare,
 And if, indeed, thy work be done,
 Thou may'st yet gladden many a one,
 So picturesque art thou;
 And if thy wheel now useless turns,
 Thy abandoned road be decked with ferns,
 Thou teachest if we do our best
 Each day in honest, humble toil,
 'Twill give us in the end—sweet rest.

LUCY WILSON.

BORN: DOVER, MICH., MARCH 12, 1855.

THE mother of Miss Lucy Wilson was possessed of quite a little literary ability, and was the author of many fine prose articles



LUCY WILSON.

and sketches. The poems of Lucy Wilson have appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer, Sandusky Republican and the local press generally. This author and newspaper correspondent is a resident of Vanlue, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Of the dear home gathering
On the birthday of our Lord,
Of loving, kindly voices
Blending in one sweet accord.
Of Bethlehem's wondrous star
Shining on the same as when
The angels sang the chorus,
"Peace on earth good will to men."
Of wreaths of lovely flowers
And garlands of fragrant pine,
Beauteous wreaths and garlands,
All were brought to the shrine.
The shrine of the Holy Child
As children their carols sang,
And angels watch were keeping,
While the world with anthems rang.

VIVE LA COURIER!

Full fifty years ago to-day, where now
Our fair Gas City lifts her stately head,

(A city world-renowned before whose name
All nations bow in silent reverence,
There stood "a straggling hamlet of cabins"
Where winds the purling Blanchard, whose
banks

Are sacred made by tramp of children's feet
And sound of childish laughter. Issuing
Out from this hamlet upon the broad sea
Of journalism a tiny craft set sail;
Her watchword "Democracy" and her care
"The Rights and Liberties of the People."
This the attempt primeval and onward,
Steadily buffeting the waves, she moved,
Ambitious of success. Opposition
Swayed her not from off her course, but
tended,

Rather, all sail to crowd and leave behind,
Opposing forces that had dared assail,
Faithful chronicler of currents events
A history unto herself she proves.
From the cause of the Party she espoused
Never in allegiance wavering.
And now, as, broadened in dimensions,
On the full tide of prosperity sails.

LINES AUTOGRAPHIC.

TO A FRIEND.

Accept my friendship faithful, true,
In pledge whereof I give my hand,
And may I hope the same from you
As all like friendships do demand.

TO A TEACHER.

Your's is a life full fraught with power,
For good; you have chosen nobly, well,
May the work you accomplish be a tower
Of strength of which tongue can not tell.

TO MY BOY FRIEND, C. P.

Child of the Summer sunlight!
I, a glorious promise see
In thy dear blue eyes so bright
Of a future that is to be—
Of happiness, love, and fame,
Of a life nobly, truly spent,
Of a great and honored name,—
And thy full success heaven sent.

TO A LADY FRIEND.

I see before me a woman's face
Fraught with beauteous goodness, grace—
A form of queenly bearing.
The face of fair patrician mold,
And one to win, and wear, and hold
You safe in love's dear keeping.
May God protect her; may he defend,
And keep her safe, my gracious friend,
Safe in His tenderest care.

DANIEL J. SWEET.

BORN: BERLIN, N.Y., APRIL 3, 1847.

THE subject of this sketch was in business in New York City for fourteen years, and removed to Williamstown in 1873. Five years later he was appointed postmaster, which



DANIEL J. SWEET.

position he still fills at Sweet's Corners, Mass. Mr. Sweet was married to Miss Alice A. Bulkeley in 1869, and now has a family of several children. The poems of Mr. Sweet have appeared from time to time in the periodical press, and the song, *The Driver's Trip*, was set to music and published in 1887.

WHAT PLEASURE IT GIVES.

What pleasure it gives to us all,
As we gather with you to-night,
Meeting here Mr. and Mrs. Hall,
With hearts feeling merry and light.

We all gather here at your home
To show you our friendship and love
Of the purest inspiration,
Fresh from the fountain above.

And wishes that your pathway
May be serene and bright,
Are the tributes of affection
We bring to you to-night.

Six years have passed swiftly by;
Death has come and pleasures too;

A babe in the grave does lie;
Leila's left to comfort you.

Nature says we'll pass away,
In our graves soon we shall lie.
On the resurrection day
We will come forth ne'er to die.

You have walked in paths of love,
Together as husband and wife;
You have looked to the Lord above
To guide and help you in life.

The Lord being your friend and guide,
Your faith is anchored there deep;
He will ever be at your side;
At death on his bosom you'll sleep.

In your walks may flowers be strewn,
Happiness and pleasure appear,
May your life be like lovely June,
Are the wishes of many friends here.

THE DRIVER'S TRIP.

I hitch'd up one day my four-in-hand
To a sleigh built light and nobby;
I had a time to make them stand
In front of the "Transcript" lobby.
And there I sat up on my seat,
My heart light as a feather:
I whipp'd my hands and rubb'd my feet,
For bitter was the weather.

But nevertheless, I felt so nice,
That I began to laugh;
The order was giv'n "to Paradise!"
With the Hon'able Judge and Staff.
They finally came upon the street,
Oh! didn't they look gay?
I at once alighted from my seat,
And led them to the sleigh.

I took up the reigns and crack'd my whip,
(The Bards look'd like a daisy)
But one of the leaders tried to kick,
While the other was somewhat lazy.
At last I got them into gear,
And started for the street;
I tell you, the Bards began to fear
Their driver, D. J. Sweet,

On the street, on the corner of Eagle'n Main,
I pull'd in on the reins;
I passed the Super. of much fame,
The happy C. B. Haynes.
We rode up to the Stamford heights,
Of fame and poet power;
We reached the place at candle-light,
The time was just one hour.

FLAVIUS E. MCFADDEN.

BORN: EMBDEN, ME., OCT. 20, 1845.

AFTER receiving his education, this gentleman followed mercantile pursuits for several years; he then read law with his father, and was admitted to practice in 1872, which profession he has followed ever since. He



FLAVIUS E. MCFADDEN.

has also a natural talent for painting, and as a poet he is the author of many fine gems, which have appeared in the Portland Transcript and the periodical press. He was married in 1866 to Miss Harriet Atwood, and has a daughter Maude, born in 1870.

VOICES OF NATURE.

The sun and moon, the winds and waves,
The countless lives on land and sea,
The mountain highs, the ocean caves,
All tell, O God, of Thee.

The seething, surging ocean roars,
And calmly swell the peaceful seas;
They lash or lave their rocky shores,
As Thou dost please.

With uncovered heads the mountains stand,
Silent worshipers in halcyon air,
Bowed 'neath Thine all-protecting hand,
As if in prayer.

The bursting buds, the flowers in bloom,
The tender leafage of the fields,
Each in its wealth of rich perfume
A grateful incense yields.

The meekest flower in loneliest nook,
Blooms but by Thy supernal care;

Lo! every page of Nature's book
Thy loving truths declare.

The innumerable song-birds of the air
Ope to Thy praise their tiny throats,
Filling the wild-wood everywhere
With silvery notes.

The wakeful brook when hushed at night,
The merry songsters of the air,
Breathes, rippling in the moon's pale light,
Its fervent prayer.

So Nature speaks, and all her train
From deep dark caverns of the sea
Up to the loftiest seraph's plane
Turn reverently to Thee.

TO A WATER LILY.

Fair lily, o'er thy watery bed
All nature smiled when thou wert born,
So lovingly thou rear'dst thy head
To greet the morn.

Thy lovely form of spotless white
In soft unrest, like a twinkling star
Dropped from the dome of Heaven at night,
Is pure as angels are.

The pearly dewdrop chooseth well
Thy spotless chalice for its bower,
Close to thy heart in mystic spell
To spend its hour.

Pale guardian of the lowlier flowers,
Thou'rt lovelier blooming here, by far,
Than in their richest, rarest bowers,
Thy gaudy sisters are.

Sweet lily, thou shalt wither here
In this foul place with odors rife,
That humbler flowers about thy bier,
May drink thy life.

Thy bloom upon the shores of Time
Shall soon bedeck the hall's above,
Where angels' chaplets grace the shrine
Of perfect love.

BE TRUE.

In the spring-time of life when the queen of
the morning [dew,
Bathes all her bright blossoms in glittering
And strews them about thee, life's pathway
adorning, Be true, be true.

When life's restless tide bears thee out o'er
its ocean, [view;
Keep love's beacon star ever proudly in
Fondly kneel at the shrine of the pure
heart's devotion; Be true, be true.

In the evening of life when in beauty de-
clining, [blue,
The star of thy being slopes adown the deep
And death's withered leaves with life's blos-
soms are twining,
Be true, be true.

MRS. LILLIAN BUSHNELL.

BORN: QUINCY, ILL., MARCH 24, 1862.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Hampton Gazette, the Riverside Valley Echo



MRS. LILLIAN H. P. BUSHNELL.

Southern California Baptist and other publications. She was married in 1887 to Frank M. Bushnell, and resides at Riverside, Cal.

DRIFT-WOOD.

Down through the spring-clad valley
The river ran, deep and wide;
Whirling withered branches
Away with its turbid tide.

And, as I watched them floating,
Helpless and hopeless to't,
Like unto some shipwrecked mariner
Till they in the mist were lost.

I remembered having read
That life was like a stream,
With here and there a shadow,
And anon a sunny gleam.

And, 'twas said that joy and sorrow
With its ripples fled away,
Even as this blackened driftwood
Floated down to meet the bay.

And my mind was puzzled much;
I could not understand;
For I had seen no shadows
In youth, life's "summerland."

But, in later years, I've read
Those words, with eyes of truth;
With eyes that were not dazzled
By the rosy dawn of youth.

Yes, life is like a stream,
And we that float along
Over its waves or ripples,
With either a sigh or song,—

'Twixt banks all green and grassy,
With many a sunny slope;
Or, strown with blackened driftwood
From many a shipwrecked Hope.

Are leaving behind us, scenes
We never may visit again;
The landscape fair of peace,
Or years of weary pain.

But pleasant the voyage, albeit;
Clouds along the horizon lie;
If Hope's bright bow of promise
Is hung athwart our sky.

And we know, with the loved and loving ones
Who drift from our clasp away;
We shall be anchored safely
Beyond the Crystal Bay.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

The day is bright, and golden
Fall the leaves about my feet;—
While fancies, strange and olden,
Throng my memory, sad, yet sweet.

There's music in the wind's low sigh,
As the dead leaves flutter down;
All meekly at my feet to lie;
Golden, red and brown.

When Hope folds her pale, cold hands
Above her pulseless breast;
And lies down calmly,
In her sombre garments drest;
Then I cry, "To love there's not one;"
Life seemed too short,
When blooming Hope was young;
But now with the bitter Past
My thoughts are wed;
And life is far too long
When Hope is dead.

AUGUST.

The hour is sultry and the breeze
Steals so slowly 'mong the trees
That it scarcely stirs the leaves.

And thou art shad'owy clouds that lie
Like snowdrifts 'gainst the August sky
And even tide is drawing nigh.

When silent is the street and mill
And upon the woody hill
Sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

Then the dew shall bathe the feet
Of the flowers as they sleep
And the moon beams guard shall keep.

MRS. MARY J. CARTWRIGHT

BORN: PORTLAND, IND., FEB. 5, 1856.

AFTER attending college this lady taught school, when she was married in 1875 to William C. Cartwright, by whom she has



MRS. MARY J. CARTWRIGHT.

several children. About a hundred of the poems of Mrs. Cartwright have appeared in the periodical press, and in Sunday School and Singing Books, and in sheet music form. She is still a resident of the place of her nativity.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

When golden-rod and asters wild
Were nodding in the breeze,
And lying thickly all around,
Beneath the half-bare trees,
Were leaves of many a gorgeous hue—
Bronze, yellow, red and green—
(Making a mantle rich, to robe
The reigning Autumn Queen),
I visited a graveyard old;
And looking here and there,
My eyes fell on a nameless grave,
Round which, with loving care,
Was built a simple low board fence—
A somewhat rude affair.
No granite headstone marked that spot,
Nor aught that could disclose
The name of him who slept beneath,
In his long, last repose.

Nor could aught tell me where he died,
I fancied 'twas 'midst foes.
For there a little emblem stood
Which threw a shining ray
Of light upon the history
Of that entombed clay.
And though of wars and battle fields,
Not e'en the slightest trace
Could there be seen, save that one thing—
I knew that narrow space
Before me held a soldier brave
Within its cold embrace.
What was it made the hot tears flow
And fall upon the ground?
What was it caused me thus to weep—
What clue, think you, I found,
To tell me that a soldier now
Was resting 'neath that mound?
'Twas but a little faded flag
That told the tale to me;
But "Oh, my country's flag!" I cried,
"Thou banner of the free!
This hero in his blanket shroud
Left all things dear for thee!
He guarded thee when all around
Were enemies and strife:
To rescue thee marched nobly forth
To sound of drum and fife,
And in the 'midst of shot and shell
For thee lay down his life!
He saved thy honor, glorious flag,
And now in peace serene
'Tis fitting that thy stars and stripes
Should o'er his grave be seen;
'Tis fitting thou should guard him now
And keep his memory green!"

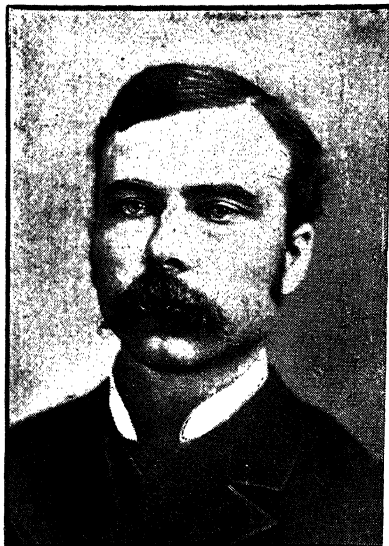
SOMNAMBULISTIC SAMBO.

"Hold on there! Stop! You Sambo!
You're pretty slick I know,
But I have caught you this time:
Just let that chicken go!"
(Sambo rubbing his eyes and trembling)
"My! goodness, gracious, Massa,
You skeers me half to def.
You waked me up so sudden,
Hit almos' takes my bref.
Hit do look sort o' s'picious,
To come dis time o' night,
A snoopin' 'roun' your hen-coop,
But den, I means all right.
Jes listen while I 'splains it,
An' den you'll unde'stan':
Dis niggah haint no sneak-tief
But an hones' Christian man.
Ise been a havin' nightmare,
An' dreamin' in my sleep,
An' so, sometimes 'fo' mornin'
I wanders 'round a heap."

LEROY TITUS WEEKS.

BORN: MT. VERNON, IA., FEB. 1, 1854.

GRADUATING from the Cornell College in 1883, LeRoy then took up the profession of teaching. In 1886 he was elected to the professorship of Greek and Latin in Wilbur College, Lewiston, Idaho, and later took work in the mission field at Grangeville, preaching a year



LEROY TITUS WEEKS.

in that section. In 1887 Mr. Weeks taught two years at the Columbia River Academy of Grangeville, and is now city superintendent of the Osborne High School of Osborne, Kan.

SLEEPY TIME.

How still the trees,
The air how still,
While with dew
The roses fill.

Darker grow
The sleepy clouds,
While starbeams peep
Through sombre shrouds.

My soul 's at rest,
Hushed on the sea
Of undisturbed
Tranquility.

A dreamy peace
Swims through my brain
Like breath of woodland
After rain.

Time's roaring wheels
No longer jar,

I hear the dreambells
From afar.

My eyelids droop,
All burdens lift,
My hands relax,
My soul 's adrift.

Dream crowds on dream
While Love and Hope
Shift the bright
Kaleidoscope.

Now I ply
Arachne's loom,
Now fold me in
A lotos bloom;
Now float on Lethe's
Posom deep,
A wanderer in
The land of sleep.

THE OAK.

Strong armed and tough fibred,
No bay window hybrid,
But rugged and able for bearing world-
weight;

Rough barked and deep rooted,
Storm tested and suited
To timber three-deckers and pillar the state.

Give us a faith like thine
That knows no doubt,
Unchanging from of old;
That trusts Grief's hand divine
By which God mines the human out
To get the gold.

Give us of thy sturdy strength,
Steadfast old Oak,
Thy stern unfaltering will;
That lets no angel go until at length
The dawn of victory's clay be broke
On field and hill.

Beget in us thy beauty,
Inly fine:
Beneath a bark uncouth kept fair;
Souls grown sweet by doing duty,
Hearts whose jewels best shall shine
By century wear.

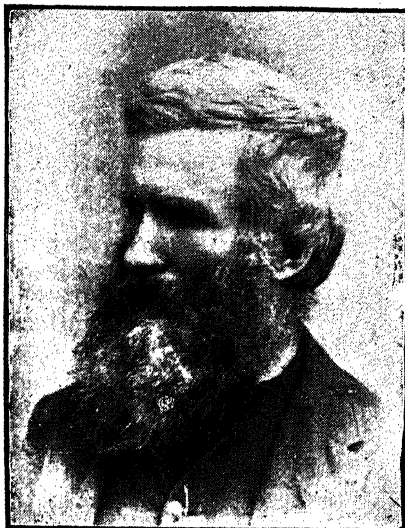
Give us of thy soothing shade,
Proud tree,
The sun's fierce, burning ray
Has withered many a tender blade
That cooled the path in dewy glee
At break of day.

And when we've done a warrior's part,
Endured each blast,
And Earth her own receives;
Still keep us near thy mighty heart
And let us rest at last
'Neath the shelter of thy leaves.

ROBERT B. NICOL.

BORN: HAMMOND, N. Y., AUG. 18, 1831.

THE subject of this sketch is the editor and publisher of the Milford Mail, of Milford, Iowa, where he resides with his wife and



ROBERT B. NICOL.

family. He has written quite a number of poems on popular subjects, which have appeared from time to time in the periodical press.

OUR CAVALRY.

This famous band, our Nation's pride,
And Liberty's, fair Liberty's,
How boldly to the strife they ride
For victory! the world can see.
The Goddess proudly waves her hand
To waft the praise to every land
Of this heroic veteran band
Of Cavalry, brave Cavalry.

On Battle Field each gallant son
Of Liberty, fair Liberty,
A pair of golden spurs has won
In victory, by gallantry.
The world shall sing their deeds of fame
Which every Lyric will proclaim
And thus immortalize the name
Of Cavalry, Our Cavalry.

With carbines slung and sabres drawn
For Liberty, fair Liberty,
Brave Sheridan has led them on
To victory so valiantly.

The rebel Early's noted band
Is scattered far through "Dixie's land"—
"The Chivalry" could not withstand
Our Cavalry, brave Cavalry.

The Shenandoah Valley rang
For Liberty, sweet Liberty,
When every valiant trooper sang
Of victory, with mirth and glee.
And North and South, both far and near,
This joyous song now greets our ear—
A Nation's voice is raised to cheer
Our Cavalry, brave Cavalry.

THE BALLADS.

My friends, I've been a soldier,
But now I roam at large;
I am on the list of cripples,
For which I was discharged;
But still to make a living
I shall do the best I can;
For there's something yet for me to do
Or any other man.

But to succeed at labor,
I never can again;
Nor can I wield the sabre,
But still can wield the pen;
So, to write a lot of Ballads
I thought would be my plan,
To sell to my old comrades,
Or any other man.

I shall keep a good collection,
Of the very finest style;
You can make your own selection,
From the list I have on file;
Some were composed before the war—
More since the war began;—
I'm bound to suit the million,
Or any other man.

Six copies for a quarter,
Fourteen for twice that sum,
Or thirty for a dollar,
Just as your orders come:
So send along your money—
I will please you if I can,
And be your humble servant,
Or any other man.

THE LAKEVILLE MITE.

Our bark we launch again to-night
To take another cruise;
Our sails or trimmed, our freight is light,
Consisting most of news.

MRS. V. H. DOWNES.

BORN: NEW BRUNSWICK, 1832.

ALTHOUGH born in New Brunswick, this lady is a daughter of American parents. For a while she was a compositor in the printing office of the Aroostook Pioneer, and her



MRS. V. H. DOWNES.

poems have received extensive publication in the local press. She was married in 1862 to Henry R. Downes, and is now a resident of Houlton, Maine.

THOUGHTS OF THE DEPARTED.

Come back! come back! I cannot stay,
'Tis lonely since thou'st passed away;
The charm that made life dear to me
Is broken now, and fled with thee!
The scenes that we have loved before
Ah! I can visit them no more,
Since thou canst not their pleasure share,
To me they only shadows wear.

Come back! come back! my heart is sad,
I cannot teach it to be glad,
I cannot teach it yet to see
If blessings still are left for me;
I sometimes mingle with the train
When mirth and merry voices reign,
Perchance may linger some gay thought,
Not even then art thou forgot.

Come back! come back! I cannot sing
The songs we loved — but tears they bring,
Our chosen themes neglected lie,
I only think of them and sigh.

The lines thy gentle fingers traced,
And plans thy skillful hands have placed,
All these remain sacred and dear,
Yet I am sad — thou art not here!

Come back! come back! how sad to part,
The ceaseless murmur of my heart,
I know to wish thee back is vain,
Thou canst not come to us again.
Live, gently soothing all grief
May bring at last some sweet relief;
Methinks I can no more be blest
Until I am with thee at rest.

MY THREE LOVES.

Ere childhood's sunny days were passed
My heart had learned love's lore,
And on a wayward youth were cast
The treasures of its store —
Not dreaming that a change might come
Across my early dream;
I thought forever I'd love on,
While gliding down life's stream.
But fleeting years no traces left
Of that fair transient flame,
Lo! at another shrine I knelt,
A worshiper again.
The object of my homage then
Was worthy of my love;
The noblest of earth's noblemen
Permitted here to rove.

I thought my idol not of earth,
A mold of common clay,
But one who owned a Heavenly birth,
A star-gleam on my way;
Forgetful of all else beside
The world was naught to me,
But that bright object, thus I loved
With blind idolatry.
But time still quickly onward sped,
This second dream was o'er.
All former fancies, hopes were fled —
And I — I loved once more —
An erring mortal, such as I,
Whose failings still I see,
Yet there is none beneath the sky
That's half so dear to me.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

I have a friend, faithful and true,
Whose eyes are of the mildest blue
And ever glistening like the dew.

Whose brow is like the winter snows,
Whose cheek is rival with the rose,
Whose voice is like the brook that flows.

Whose form is graceful as the flowers,
Whose presence is like grateful showers,
Refreshing the earth's drooping bowers.

GEORGE LEO WEBER.

BORN: ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH 29, 1852.

AFTER receiving his education at the Christian Brother College and the Jones Commercial College, Mr. Weber entered mercantile pursuits, and now is the proprietor of a



GEORGE LEO WEBER.

large cigar factory. He was married in 1872 to Miss Bertha Meyer, and has one son and two daughters, and resides in Evansville, Ind. George Leo Weber has written about one hundred poems, including many songs, which have appeared in the Chicago Champion of Freedom and Right and the local press generally.

DAD'S GIRL.

Dad's girl, so sweet, so fair to see,
How nice she can arrange each curl,
And if you'll read you'll find below
A full description of Dad's Girl.

"Her Cheeks" full bloom and rosy red,
Just as fine as you ever have seen;
She'd found out how to make them so
By using cosmetics and glycerine.

"Her Eyes" they looked most beautiful,
So sparkling, bright like gloss,
But alas, that girl is blind in one
And with the other she's squinting cross.

"Her Nose," from the side it looks lovely,
But in front it resembles a Jap.

Her Ears are large, her face pockmarked,
And her lips swell up and chapped.

"Her Mouth," when its closed it looks charming,

But when open, "Great Scott," what a crack.

Don't happen near when she draws her breath,

Or you'll land right square on your back.

"Her Teeth" are white and sapolio clean,

They were set and filled in with gold.

When I paid forty dollars to the dentist

He said they're the best I ever have sold.

"Her Feet," they were born in Chicago,

From a tannery she'd order her shoes,

The stores have none that will fit her,

As it took two hides for her twos.

"Her Walk," it was never imitated,

Every step that she takes gives her pain.

She's knock-kneed, bow-legged and P toed,

Can only walk with a crutch and a cane.

"Her Talk" and her facial expression

When abroad is like Nye or Von Brock,

But when home she'd get fits every minute,

And her face, it would stop any clock.

"Her Form" would be a perfect Greek model

If it wasn't for the lump on her neck,

And to dress her so no one can see it,

A thousand a year I settled by check.

"Her Ways" are not at all like her sister,

Nor can she compare with her mother,

But she'll say I surely can't help it

If I take after the Dad of my brother.

"The Truth" is that my girl's cheek's full bloom,

Eyes, nose, mouth, teeth and her feet,

Walk, talk and the rest are all falsehoods.

In short, "Dad's Girl" is perfect, complete.

THE DRUMMER.

EXTRACT.

I used to have a notion that a drummer's life was sweet,

I believed to be a drummer was happiness complete;

I have a different notion now than I had eighteen years ago.

I used to think how nice it was to make friends where'er you'd go.

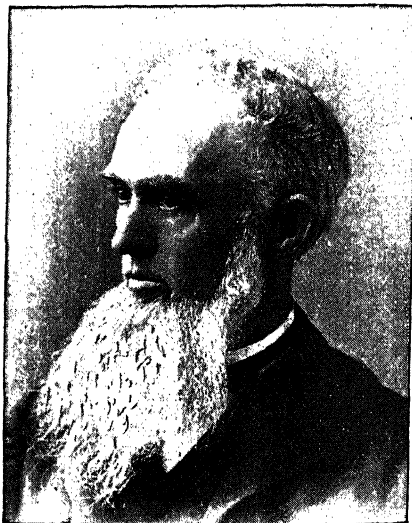
I knew not then I'd meet with men who'd draw me on and say,

I'll give you an order next time, I'm sorry I can't to-day.

JOHN ROLAND COLGAN.

BORN: WESTVILLE, O., OCT. 27, 1830.

FOR several years Mr. Colgan was a teacher, but since 1857 has been constantly in the ministry in central, western and northern Ohio. He was married in 1859 to Miss Catha-



JOHN ROLAND COLGAN.

rine Boyers, and now resides with his family at Pioneer, Ohio. The poems of the Rev. John Colgan have appeared in the Western Christian Advocate and in various newspapers and magazines.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Ho, blue-mantled Neptune, old god of the sea,
The steed we call lightning is harnessed for thee,
Though long we have waited, but waited in vain
To be thus united with land o'er the main.
To-day it is done! Let the message go forth
From the south polar sky to the "Bear" of the north;
Down deep in old ocean, where sails are unknown,
With electrical speed is thy chariot drawn.
Go tell the glad tidings, whoever may hear,
Declare it afar and to all who are near,
From threshold to house-top, from dungeon to throne,
Republic and kingdom through lightning are one.

Go publish the news on the banks of the Nile
Where Christian invention has ne'er cast her smile;

Go tell it to India whose millions are bound
To the gods they adore till a better is found.

Let Britain be glad, and Columbia as well;
Let nations about them the joy only swell;
The "Lion" be spokesman to all the great powers;
The "Eagle" pipe forth "The invention is ours."

Rejoice all the world, for the day seemeth nigh
When the peoples of earth shall all "see eye to eye:"

Each people a power for God, in its place;
All peoples united as one, in the race.

When the honor of one is that of the whole;
International compact the shield of each soul;

And the serf of the east, or the slave of the west
Finds freedom backed up by the public behest.

Speak on, new-born Wonder, your whisper is low,

But infantile power is destined to grow;
And soon the round world will be listening to thee,

Thou child of Columbia, the land of the free.

TOBACCO.

If you will, blind to disaster,
Drain the gumption from your brain;
If your appetite is master:
You a slave beneath its reign;
If no effort can redeem you
From the plight you now are in,
Neither love nor hate reclaim you,
Then push onward in your sin.

If you chance to have a shilling,
Find a store without delay;
Your tobacco-box needs filling,—
Cash on hand, so you can pay.
Now you have it, start the dripping,
Let the juice begin to flow,
Incisors cutting, cuspids nipping,
Molars grinding fast and slow.

If within a car you're riding,
Don't forget the "Indian weed,"
In its service still abiding,
Give your appetite its feed.
Keep the spurting flow in action,
Spurting left and spurting right,
Spurting on without contraction,
Spurting morning, noon and night.

ROSWELL DERBY, JR.

BORN: YORK TOWNSHIP, O., FEB. 4, 1854.

FOR five years Mr. Derby was secretary and attorney at law for the People's Mutual Life Insurance company at Wakeman, Ohio. He is now engaged in seed growing at Florence,



ROSWELL DERBY, JR.

Ohio. Roswell Derby has written several hundred poems, many of which have appeared in the periodical press. He was married in 1880 to Miss Ella Grumman, and now has a family of several children. The poems of this gentleman will be published in book-form at an early date.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

Now broken lies the golden chain
Around my heart Love truly laid,
Forever know the endless pain
Not e'er to mend this chain was made.

If found another in its stead,
Know that it is not made of gold;
'Tis counterfeit, not good as lead,
No tongue but one true love e'er told.

Though in some dazzling scene you rove,
Where Art and Fancy truly glow;
Know all the dazzling first is love,
Then chains that bind your heart to woe.

MABLE ROSE.

In th' first days of Autumn
'Twere lovely to see,

When hearts were made happy and glad;
My sweet Mable Rose was called from me,
And my heart bleeds lonely and sad,
Yet shalt thou live in the mem'ry of me,
sweet one,
Thou shalt live in the memory of me.

Far art thou gone sweet one,
Forever to stay;
Between, the Dark River rolls.
Darkness be mine 'though thine is the day,
And sorrow my heart deeply tolls,
Yet shalt thou live in the mem'ry of me,
sweet one,
Thou shalt live in the memory of me.

THE EARLY FLIGHT.

Ah! little birdie!
The ground is white;
Too soon thou hast made
Thy northerly flight;
As thinking of sunshine
That you once saw,
You fled to the north
At the earliest thaw.

Tired of your exile
You hast'n'd away,
Your home in the north
With loved ones to stay;
Your Affections at once
You flew to meet;
Now fettered thy pride
In the rain and the sleet.

Oft in our window
We err as thee;
While following Hope
We rush as blindly
To a mightier north
Fond hopes to greet;
And as oft' our pride
We find wrapped in the sleet

SILENCE.

Silence, the secret dagger to the soul!
More stern than Death or dampness of the
grave;

What wildness bring, what pain beyond
control,
What torment to the life that Hope would
give!

Silent, O Fate! you frown upon my Hope;
No look, no glance futurity can be;
The buds are set and shall they thrive and
ope!

Or Silence, slow, consume them secretly?

Silence, most stern and unrelenting! whence
And who shall lift thy shadow from thee,
whole?

O God! pity those who hold in silence,
Untold, the secret longing of the soul.

MRS. NARCISSA I. SIMMONS.

BORN: MACOMB, ILL., SEPT. 12, 1838.

THE writings of Mrs. Simmons have appeared in the Gospel Advocate, Apostolic Guide and



MRS. NARCISSA I. SIMMONS.

the local press. This lady was married in 1860, has quite a family and resides at Flip-pin, Kentucky.

ACROSTIC.

When called of God from friends and home,
Kindred hearts and sacred ties,
Dread not to tread thy path alone
Endure the cross and win the prize.
Many trials may assail,
Persecutions throng your way,
Satan's hosts around you rail,
Yet trust the Lord from day to day.
And when your message from above
Must to a dying world be told,
Is not the gospel peace and love —
Not party spirit dark and cold.
In love and meekness then proclaim
Sweet truths from God's own Holy word,
Tell how the Lamb of God was slain,
Entombed in death's lone dark abode
Rose from the dead our living Lord.
O! may the gospel's cheering ray,
From earth to heaven light up the way
Tell how the King of glory gave
His life, poor fallen man to save
Emerged victorious from the grave.

Go where the spirit bids thee go.
Oh! have no doubts; oh, have no fears!
Seed of the heavenly kingdom sow;
Plead with poor guilty man with tears,
Entreat them to believe his word,
Lead them to our triumphant Lord.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

Since first we met long years have flown,
But ne'er can I forget
When first on me thy dark eyes shone;
They haunt my memory yet.
What music in each deep rich tone!
Oh! how they thrilled my heart
With a power till then to me unknown,—
But we were doomed to part.

O do not say that we must part!
Those words I cannot bear,
They would only sink my broken heart
Still deeper in despair.
Oh! must my heart go desolate!
Through this cold world alone,
And wilt thou say it was too late
When first we met, dear one!

Or wilt thou bind some spirit bright,
All loving to thine own,
Who like some angel of delight
Would make thy heart her throne.
Oh! let me rest low in the grave,
Ere the trying moment come;
The evergreen above me wave
In token of my home.

Yet my home shall not be in the the tomb
When earthly ties are riven,
My spirit free from doubt and gloom
Shall soar away to heaven.
And when thou art done thy bright career
I shall meet my heart's first love
Beyond this world so dark and drear,
In a land of light above.

FRIENDSHIP.

Though friendship like a genial ray
Of sunshine on the morning dew
With sacred gems illumines my way
And gilds my path with roseate hue—
And though the clarion notes of fame
Or wealth with subtle art
In halls of wisdom sound my name
This would not satisfy my heart.

There is a bright eternal clime,
All cloudless and serene,
Beyond the transient scenes of time,
Beyond death's cold turbid stream.
'Tis there my treasure and my trust
In sacred keeping given,
Are not devoured by moth nor rust
But are secure in heaven.

JESSIE EDGERTON.

BORN: NEAR BARNESVILLE, O., JULY 12, 1845.
JESSIE EDGERTON has always taken pleasure in reading and composing poetry. Over a hundred of his poems have received publication in the periodical press. He is secretary of the Columbiana Handle Co., a large firm



JESSIE EDGERTON.

doing business in Columbiana, Ohio, in which city he resides with his wife and family. For years he has been an active Prohibitionist.

NIGHT.

I love the quiet hour that flings
The twilight from its sable wings,
And stills the wild-bird's carolings.
The hour that opens wide the gates
Of night, behind whose bars and grates
The dim, imprisoned darkness waits.
The hour when dusky shadows creep
Around me growing dense and deep
Till over all the black waves sweep.
I love the hour when on my eye
Beams out in the o'erreaching sky
The lumps that God has hung on high.
The hour that brings the glad release
From day-time care; the world's surcease
Of labor and its hour of peace.
A breathing spell in the wild chase
Of pleasure, the exciting race
For gold and honor, power and pace.
A time to brush the dust away
From hands and feet that all the day

Were toiling in the world's highway.

A time to rest the weary brain,
That worn with toil and full of pain
Comes to the quiet night again.

The welcome night! how sweet and blest
To nature wearied and distressed,
Comes her great panacea, rest.

Deep be the slumber that she brings,
Bright be the dreams that from her wings
Fall on us, sweet the song she sings.

And every grace the couch adorn,
In those dim chambers of the morn
Where strength from weariness is born.

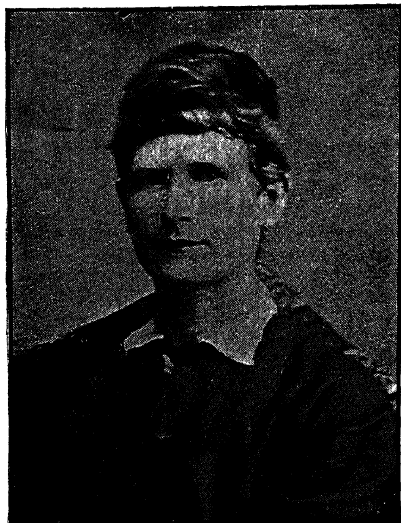
ONLY A TRAMP.

Only a tramp, in the glare and heat
Of the summer sun in the dusty street!
Only a tramp, with a dingy pack,
And a threadbare coat on his weary back.
Only a tramp, and soiled and brown,
He made his way through the busy town.
Only a tramp, and wealth and pride
Looked and "passed on the other side;"
And childhood paused in its merry play
And shrank from the passing form away.
"Only a tramp," the housewife said,
As she turned away from his plea for bread.
Only a tramp! but he felt the smart
Of the taunting words in his human heart.
And bitterly sighing he turned again
To his heartless journey and life of pain.
But there where the railroad meets the street
Was stayed the tide of passing feet;
And horror palsied the bravest limb
And eyes with fruitless tears were dim.
For a truant baby had strayed
To the railway track and calmly played
With the rails, with the pebbles white,
Piling them up in the sweet sunlight;
And the fast express was thundering down
At fearful speed to the busy town.
Fruitless the driver's skill to stay
The flying train on its headlong way.
Fruitless the shrill alarm to fright
The little one from his pebbles white.
But out from the crossing of the street
Dashes a man with flying feet.
Each silent watcher held his breath,
In that fearful race for life or death,
Till the truant babe was safely thrown
Beyond the rails as the train swept on.
The child was safe! but rods away,
Bleeding and lifeless the rescuer lay.
Only a tramp! but forever new
Is our love of manhood brave and true.
And the mother, that night, who fondly prest
The living babe to her grateful breast,
Will ne'er forget as the seasons roll,
That hungry tramp with a hero's soul.

MRS. M. M. WINESBURG.

BORN: NEAR WHEELING, W. VA., APRIL 15, '55.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the New York Graphic, the Illustrated Companion and other publications. Many of her songs have been set to music, and quite a



MRS. MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

few short stories and sketches from her pen have received publication. She was married in 1875 to Samuel Winesburg, and has one child living. She is now engaged on two serial stories.

SUNSET.

Sunset in the western skies,
With crimson hues it the horizon dyes;
Soft fleecy clouds like drifts of snow
Is tinted with a golden glow,
While clouds that towers like a mountain
gray
Is streaked with a gold and crimson ray.

A beautiful sight is these sunset skies;
A soft mystical glow on all Nature lies.
The floating clouds with their golden bands,
Seem like a glimpse of the heavenly lands;
And we seem to see the pearly gates,
Behind whose portals our loved one waits.

When the sun of our lives shall sink to rest,
May it be as bright as your golden West;
Will our clouds of sorrow roll away?
Leaving only the gold behind the gray.
By the grace of Christ who died for all,
A brighter light can around us fall.

EACH HAS A PLACE.

We should not repine o'er our lot in life,
Nor yet boast of what we have done;
For the Master has given a task to each
Fallen and erring one.

Has set a task and allotted a place,
For everyone to fill,
And he that performs his task aright,
But does his Master's will.

We often wonder why that we
Must toil so hard to attain
The chosen field of labor which
We with a single leap would gain,
But a wiser mind knows what is best,
And before we climb up higher,
A more important place of trust to fill,
We must be tried with fire.

He may have set us humble tasks,
So that we might realize
The vastness of his mighty works,
Before we gain our prize;
And remember when we gain the heights
That we have only done his will,
And filled the place on earth that He
Has allotted us to fill.

A PERFECT SUMMER EVE.

The sun has sank in misty splendor
Down behind yon mountain high;
A brooding stillness sweet and tender
Seems to waft o'er earth and sky.

But listen o'er yon distant mountain,
Wrapped in mystic shadows dim,
A gentle breeze is softly sighing
Low and sweet an evening hymn.

As the gloom and shadows deepen,
A tremulous light floods the valley wide,
As veiled with clouds that soft and fleecy,
The queen of night o'er mountain glide.

Fantastic shadows dance and quiver
Where the mystic moon-lights fall:
While darker shadows seem to cluster
Around the base of yon mountain tall.

The moon-light kisses the rippling waters
Till it sparkles like a diamond bright;
While amid the grass that nod and quiver,
Flash a thousand tiny lights.

The only sound that breaks the stillness
Of this perfect dewy eve,
Is the gentle breeze, like strains of music,
Floating through the leafy trees.

MRS. BLANCHE KRUSE.

BORN: ITHACA, OHIO, APRIL 15, 1865.

BLANCHE DE ARCHES is a pianist and has written quite a number of poems and dramas. Her beautiful waltz song, *Softly Thy Name I'm Repeating*, was set to music and published in 1886, and has become very popular.



MRS. BLANCHE KRUSE.

This lady graduated from the Chicago College of Music in 1886, and the same year she received the championship gold medal at the Cincinnati Exposition as the champion lady pianist of the state. Miss Blanche De Arches was married in 1890 to Geo. W. Kruse, and now resides in Fort Recovery, Ohio.

SOFTLY, THY NAME I'M REPEATING.

Darling, the day hath no gladness,
While we thus linger apart,
Moonlight and starlight bring sadness,
Thou art the light of my heart.
Here in the darkness entreating,
Longing, my dear love, for thee.

CHO.—Softly, thy name I'm repeating,
Come thou my love, come to me.
Come thou my love, Oh come to me.

What tho' the world be deceiving,
Round us tho' shadows may lie!
Safe in each other believing.
Bravely, love on you and I!
Darling, the world thus defeating,
Hope liveth on glad and free. .

Darling, the springtime and flowers
Tell us of harvest to come,
Ripening thro' long summer hours,
Waiting the glad harvest home.
Hasten! the time, ah! 'tis fleeting,
The harvest, love, waits for thee.
Proudly as ever I'm dreaming,
Dreaming my darling of thee,
Visions of hope now are beaming,
Bright as the dawn o'er the sea.
List! how my fond heart is beating,
With love is beating for thee.

IN MEMORY OF MY SAINTED MOTHER.

How fondly the dreams of my home
Come back to my sorrowing breast,
As I sit in the twilight alone,
And dream of its love and its rest;
Of the midnight that fell on my path,
As I saw my life's guiding Star
Like dew pass away from the sun before day
To that bright realm of glory afar.

In the midst of dear friends I'm alone,
For the shadows and darkness of night
Have shrouded my pathway in gloom,
And left of its hope but a blight;
For she's gone, never more to return,
The dearest that God ever gave,
And all from above now left me to love
Are the flowers that bloom on her grave.

But I'll wait for the breaking of day,
And wait till the angels shall come
To bear me in chariots away,
To mother, my rest, and my home;
Yes, I'll wait for that glorious dawn,
Wait till the morning shall come,
And there with the loved ones aye,
In Heaven's bright mansions we'll roam.

SAMUEL BURLEIGH MILTON

BORN: WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 30, 1860.

WHILE still a youth Mr. Milton published a small school paper. He has written mostly prose and several fine serial stories have appeared from his pen. Mr. Milton has been a correspondent for several leading dailies and is at present engaged in journalism and the publishing business at Redfield, S. D.

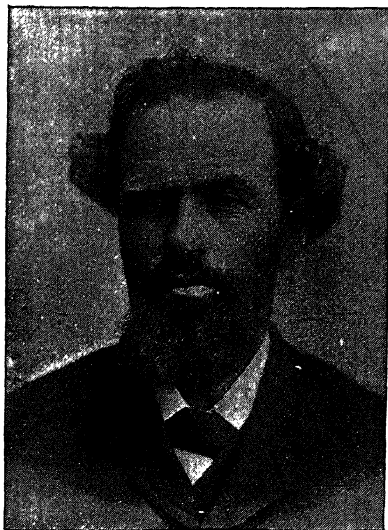
A VALENTINE.

Beautiful Valentine!
Chosen by me;
Heart of my heart — life of my life —
Sweetheart art thee.
Sweetest of girls!
Womanly too;
Pure as an angel — heart just as true —
Sweetheart to woo.

ELIAS BOYNTON.

BORN: PETERBORO, N. H., NOV. 30, 1832.

AFTER graduating at the Peterboro Academy Elias Boynton taught school in that city and in Delevan and Lisbon, Wisconsin. About a hundred poems have appeared from the pen of this poet, many of which were written by



ELIAS BOYNTON.

request and for public gatherings, which have always subsequently appeared in the periodical press. Mr. Boynton has been justice of the peace, supervisor and town clerk in Lisbon, Wisconsin, where he is engaged in mercantile business. He has also been secretary of the American Boynton Association, which annually meets in Boston or some other eastern city.

ACROSTIC.

Earth takes back its precious gem,
Mortality repeats itself by turn,
Each organization must surely die,
Life at longest, is but a sigh.
Industrious, frugal, she done what she could,
Never weary of doing good,
Eternal rest, a rich reward.
Heavenly Element! Spark of life!
Age seemed brightening for a useful strife,
Little innocent! Is this your calling?
Budding and withering, coming and going?
Eternal Parent! thy goodness and worth,
Reminds the wayward the surety of death!
Taking purity from the sins of earth.

THE TEMPLE OF INTELLIGENCE.

This Temple of Intelligence is abandoned to-day;

A matchless soul enters the boundless wave
With suppressed emotion at this funeral far—
Our hearts recoil at the open grave! [ray,
A thrilling voice hushed! A great mind vanished!

Mysterious death closes a brilliant career,
At the meridian of life our hopes are banish—
While a distant city mingles her tears. [ed,

Speaker, scholar, patriot and guide;
Our city's champion in the intellectual field.
Counselor and peacemaker, with a religious side;

A worthy classmate of President Garfield.

The child and statesman his influence felt,
The church his thoughtful rules; [dwelt,
A vigilant searcher where improvement
We tremble for our city schools.

The world is better for lives like this,
That separate evil from good;
Belief and Faith may be a bliss,
When lives develop this food.

JESSE D. WALKER.

BORN: ELKHART CO., IND., MAY 5, 1852.

WHEN two years of age the parents of Mr. Walker removed to Linn county, Iowa, where the subject of this sketch resided until 1888, when he removed to California. The poems of Mr. Walker have appeared in Literary Life, Ballou's Magazine and other publications. He was married in 1875 to Miss L. Prescott Harvey, grand-niece of Prescott, the historian. Mr. Walker is engaged in mercantile pursuits in Santa Ana, California, where he resides with his wife and family.

FAREWELL TO DREAMS.

Farewell, O song and vision!
In forest vales elysian

I wandered far with thee;
Farewell; O dreams of morning:
The storm-cloud utters warning,
And night comes o'er the sea.

We may not dwell forever
On the islands in the river
Of the lands of dreams.
The sunlight of to-morrow
Will cast on joy and sorrow
Its full and equal beams.

The lofty and the lowly
Shall be forgotten wholly
In days that are to be.
O Time! thou art an ocean,
Of tempest and commotion,
And all are lost in thee.

HARRY C. BURNS.

THIS gentleman has written many fine poems for the periodical press. Many of these poems were written for Grand Army reunions



HARRY C. BURNS.

and for special occasions. During the war he served in Company H, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Pittsburgh, in which city he still resides.

NINETEEN HUNDRED.

The year, perhaps, we'll never see,
In nineteen hundred;
But our fair land will still be free,
In nineteen hundred;
The world may come, with fire and flame,
They'll find us ready, just the same;
We'll send them back, not as they came,
In nineteen hundred.

Our starry flag will float on high,
In nineteen hundred,
O'er hearts that do not fear to die,
In nineteen hundred;
Ere Freedom's sons will take the yoke,
They'll die within the battle smoke,
With steady arm and sabre stroke,
In nineteen hundred.

The law shall rule our happy land,
In nineteen hundred,

Nor bow before a traitor band,
In nineteen hundred;
The Nation's arm shall strike for all,
And who oppose its right, must fall,
Their coward faces to the wall,
In nineteen hundred.

Then give three cheers for Liberty,
In nineteen hundred,
And three times three for unity,
In nineteen hundred;
Let those who live to see the fray,
Unto the God of battles pray,
For right, not might, will win the day,
In nineteen hundred.

THE EXILES' FAREWELL.

See the tear-dimmed eyes
And the pleading face
Of the parting friends
Of a noble race;
While they stand in gloom,
And Heavenward gaze
With a silent prayer,
And a song of praise.

CHORUS.

As the exiles sailed
From the rock-ribbed shore,
Many fond farewells
Back the breezes bore
To the long loved friends
They no more might see,
For they sailed away
To America.

As the noble ship
Through the waters flew
With the hero hearts
Of this exile crew,
There were willing hands,
As the sails unfurled,
And the vessel sped
To another world.

Many lengthened days
And the morning came,
While the glad shout land
Like a leaping flame
O'er the bowed hearts rose,
They were slaves no more
And the chains were cast
Upon freedom's shore.

MRS. ANNA K. THOMAS.

BORN: AUGUSTA CO., VA., MARCH 9, 1847.

THIS lady has led an eventful life and has traveled in many of the states of the union. She was married in 1872 to Ansell M. Thomas, and in 1881 settled in Battle Creek, Mich.,



MRS. ANNA KEAGY THOMAS.

where she now resides. This lady has always been active in temperance work. Mrs. Thomas has contributed both prose and verse to the Musical Million, Gospel Trumpet, Cincinnati Christian Standard and in many other religious and temperance publications.

ODE TO A SPRAY OF WILD ROSES.

Thou sweet, frail child of earth we greet
Thy smiling grace with gladsome heart—
The tears, which night weeps gently o'er
The grave of day's departed beams,
Hung dewy pearls about thy form,
And fresh with morning's early breath
They linger yet to give us cheer.
We bless the little eyes, that sought
Thee in thy quiet bower, and looked
With pleasure on thy beautiful tint—
We bless the little feet that led
The way through tangled, trackless shrub,
To reach the place of thy abode—
We bless the little hand that snatch'd
Thee from the thorny fate that bound
Thy spotless, stainless life to earth—
God bless the little heart that felt,
And loved thy modest worth, and paid
Due homage to the charms which drew

Her fondly to thy side, to kiss
Thy blushing cheek—but ah, too soon,
Thy petals, one by one, shall fall
From out the tiny cup, which binds
Their fragrant lives in one grand scheme,
And leave, at last, a crownless stem
To bloom again, no more—no more?
Aye, but thy mem'ry dear shall live
Again, so, too, the love that cull'd
Thee in thy native dell, and placed
Thee near the couch of her who gave
It birth shall glow a living flame
While ceaseless rounds of ages roll—
The cruel fiend which held the cup
Of pain, to parch'd and fever'd lip
Dropt quick, the pois'nous draught and fled
At thy approach; and in his stead
A calm and holy peace reign'd o'er
The tortur'd form. So not in vain
Is thy short life—thy mission done.
Go rest thee in the quiet tomb
Which nature carry'd; but e'er thou go'st
Breathe into the tender life of
Her who bore thee from thy wild-wood
Haunts—nobler service to perform—
Thy own sweet spirit's mystic pow'r
That she may tread with joyous step
The peaceful path of wisdom's way
And find at last, when pluck'd from earth
A grander sphere, a higher life!

A DECLAMATION.

These enchanting rhetoricals
And fine metaphoricals
All tinctured with eloquent lore,
May serve for embellishment
To those who have relish lent
To gilded belles lettres' full store.

But a modest, shy school-maiden,
Coy, timid and blush-laden,
Bedecked with confusion and fear,
Has not the facility
And lacks the ability
Delectable points to make clear.

Now decrees of the faculty
With seeming alacrity
Enlist lad and lassie perforce;
So here's a predicament—
To solve it I'm fully bent,
We'll borrow ideas—of course.

So these prosy rhetoricals
And dull metaphoricals
Compact in my brain shall all be;
We'll buy a capacity,
Then there's no necessity
To trouble our neighbor, you see.

ELISE BEATTIE.

BORN: NEWBURY, VT., FEB. 27, 1858.

THIS lady received her education at the State Normal School at Trenton, N. J. She lost her father the first year of her birth, and was left motherless in 1873. Since 1876 this lady has resided in Atlanta, Ga., where she



ELISE BEATTIE.

learned the profession of a stenographer. The poems of Miss Beattie have appeared in the Constitution and Atlanta Journal of Atlanta, Ga., and various other publications, and is the author of a volume of poems entitled Echoes, which was published in 1873, and received high praise.

SYMPATHY.

A clouded summer sunset
Its broken radiance shed
O'er ancient cross and column
In the city of the dead.
It moved in shadowy splendor,
And lit with tender gold,
Words of love and sorrow,
A hundred summers old;
Words half unseen, and hidden,
Filled with the rotting mold,
And my heart was stirred with pity
For griefs a century old;
When lo, a passionate weeping
Jarred on the quiet way,
As a mother bent in anguish
O'er her baby who died to-day.

Then down, from the golden sunset,
Or up from the rotting mold,
There joined that mother's weeping,
Tears a century old.

A SIMPLE STORY.

The winter wind went wailing
Through the leafless trees,
It sobbed upon the mountain,
It moaned along the leas;
And we, all safely sheltered
From the "wolf-month's" wrath,
Pitied those so lonely
In the storm-wind's path.
The scene was all of winter,
But winter at its best,
And we welcomed, laughing,
A bright and pleasant guest;
Yet he brought a story
From fair, tropic bowers,
A tale of love, not glory,
From the Land of Flowers.
A sad and simple story,
Doubtless many more
Came to that fair city
Ere the plague was o'er.
Of two lovers plighted
In the summer days,
And the sunlight blest them
In the fragrant ways.
Then the plague came, scourging
The wretched and the blest,
And he plunged his arrow
Into love's warm breast;
And the lover languished
Through sad day and night,
Till, at last, recovery
Made the world all bright.
But brief, alas, their gladness,
For the poison breath
Touched the maid — she faltered
In the arms of death.
O rash and fated lover,
Was it worth thy while
To gain thine own death-pang
For a maiden's smile?
True love asked no questions,
But hastened to her side.
He saw her — kissed her — faltered —
Was it from joy he died?
L' ENVOI.
The winds of winter whistled
All about us still,
The winter sunlight lingered
On the barren hill;
Yet did there tremble to us,
Through our careless ease,
A maiden's plaintive weeping
'Neath blossomed orange trees?

MY FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

O youthful, fair and noble face,
 True scion of a lofty race.
 Eyes of this same glorious hue
 Once swept the broad, empyreal blue
 In Scotland's days of old romance,
 Of armored knight, with sword and lance,
 Or, visor doffed, shone softly bright,
 On maiden face, with love alight.
 Yet fled that gay and gallant scene,
 Years and seas now intervene;
 Fled, those large ancestral halls,
 And now from stern old Derry's walls,
 They flash, these eyes of radiant brown,
 On foes a full defiance down.
 And through the years, whate'er the cause,
 These eyes have gazed on honor's laws,
 And drawn their glances, high and bright,
 From steady eyelids on the right.
 O youthful, fair and noble face,
 Eight hundred years have lent thee grace.
 Oh youthful eyes, in full hope seeing
 The glory and the use of being—
 Alas, alas thy race should close,
 Before thy sun to zenith rose.
 Yet father not in vain thy life,
 Not vain thy strong and noble strife.
 No "fitful fever," ended well.
 No broken fount, from which upswell
 Waters salt, and full of tears,
 Wrung from the eyes of dying years,
 A struggle—but the triumph's sure.
 A single night the tears endure.
 The life you gave will still be true,
 Your child is faithful unto you,
 And on her heart will ever bear
 Those you loved with tender care.
 Your work be mine, and, when 'tis done,
 When o'er my grave the shadows run,
 They with thine own shall meet, and be,
 In God's grace, changed happily,
 And, in the heavenly country bright,
 Behold, one ray of glorious light.

AS BONNIE RUTH GOES BY.

The day-dawn pure, confessing
 Her love-song to the sky,
 Gives richer sense of blessing,
 As bonnie Ruth goes by.
 The perfume of the Maying,
 The murmur of the bees,
 And all sweet things are staying
 For bonnie Ruth's decrees.
 Azalia of the mountain,
 Sweet violet by the lake,
 The lily of the fountain
 For bonnie Ruth awake.
 A glance from brown eyes tender,
 Half daring, and half shy—

The morn has dearer splendor,
 As bonnie Ruth goes by.
 The red rose' pure completeness
 Of scarlet petals' tips
 Is dim beside the sweetness
 Of bonnie Ruth's red lips;
 The fairies in the gloaming
 Earth's whitest thing do seek—
 Naught whiter find they, roaming,
 Than bonnie Ruth's soft cheek.
 Life's passing days grow sweeter,
 Its purposes more high,
 And all our life completer,
 As bonnie Ruth goes by.

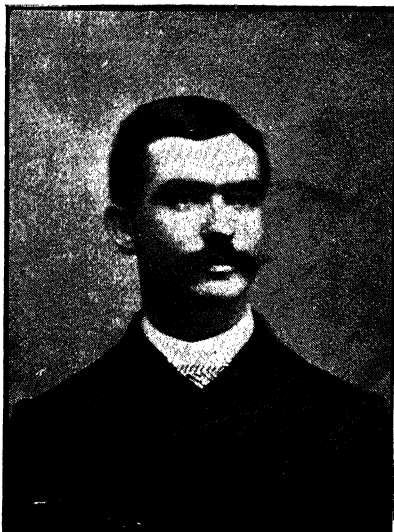
MY MOTHER'S FACE.

The sunshine of the summer noon
 Lighted all the quiet room,
 And it touched, with tender grace,
 The youthful, fair and noble face,
 That they hid from human sight,
 When my own eyes deemed the light
 But a plaything to be kist,
 Caught and held in baby fist,
 All unknowing of the time
 When those rays, divine, sublime,
 My sad eyes would wish were dark,
 In the grave-dust hid, their spark.
 Tender scene, yet full of power,
 It lighted labor's weary hour,
 Yet through the toiling of to-day,
 I had a dream of far away.
 Beside that youthful, noble face,
 Rose another, full of grace.
 Eyes of heaven's softest blue,
 Just as pure, and just as true,
 And the smile that in them lay
 Lighteth still my path to day,
 The mother's smile, divinely given,
 'Twas naught of earth, 'twas all of heaven.
 (And still the sun rays went and came,
 On pictured face, on gilded frame,
 But round her face, so saintly fair,
 A halo trembled in the hallowed air).
 O parents dear, though sore bereft,
 Your noblest part to me is left;
 All your goodness, and your truth,
 All the sweetness of your youth,
 All the struggles of your life,
 Where you conquered in the strife;
 All the glory and delight
 Yours for aye on heavenly height,
 All the hope to meet you there,
 In that clearer, purer air—
 All is mine, and only waits
 Death's touch upon the life-barred gates
 To be mine without alloy
 In a world of perfect joy.

REV. G. W. KILDOW, JR.

BORN: BLOOMINGTON, MD., FEB. 22, 1866.

YOUNG Kildow has traveled extensively in nearly every state of the union, and is now residing at Nashville, Tenn., where he is a



REV. G. W. KILDOW, JR.
Presbyterian minister. His poems have appeared in the Richmond Herald, and others.

TO BENA.

When Aurora rises up,
Heralding the god of day,
Then up from my couch I rise
And my thoughts flee far away;

Far away to other lands,
Where a lovely maiden dwells,
With a bright and happy smile
And a voice like mellow bells.

And when Phoebus, in his car,
Drives Old Sol thro' eastern sky,
Then again my soul desires
On the wings of love to fly
To this maid of tender heart,
Far away o'er land and sea,
To this maid of form divine
Who, I trust, loves only me.

And when Sol, down western skies
In his robes of state descends,
Then again to that fair clime
All my soul in rapture tends;
Yes, desires its way to wend
To this maid so true and pure,
For in Cupid's toils I'm bound
And her beauty doth allure.

And when Luna treads the skies
In her robes of starry night,
Then again my soul desires
To mount up and take its flight;
Thro' the regions of the air,
Far away o'er land and sea,
On the wings of love to fly
And bow down, fair maid, to thee.

RETROSPECT.

I am thinking to-day of my youth,
And the castles I built in the air;
When the world was a world of truth
And deceit was a thing most rare.

Of the maiden I fondly loved,
A vision of beauty and light,
In whose presence I strangely was moved
And filled with a sense of delight.

Of the men of my youthful dreams
Who were pillars of love and truth,
But Ah! I have learned many things
Since those halcyon days of youth.

Then the world was a world of love,
'Twas a Garden of Eden fair,
Filled with flowers, thro' which to rove,
Breathing perfume upon the soft air.

But to-day as I sit and dream,
Under the blue of the sky,
About me on every hand

My youth's air-castles lie,
Shattered and sundered by time,
By the lapse of a score of years,
By winds from a stormy clime,
By blasts from the vale of tears.

And the maiden I fondly loved
Is laid away in the tomb,
And over her grass-grown grave
The roses and lilies bloom.

And the years of which I dreamed
With her as my loving wife
Have been passed with a heavy heart,
And a lonely saddened life.

And the pillars of love and truth,
The men of my youthful dreams,
Have swindled me oft since my youth,
With deceit and cunning schemes.

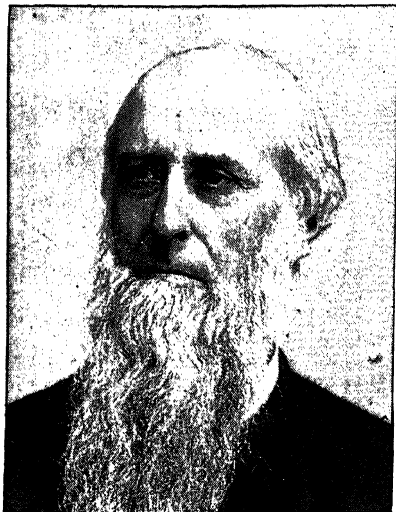
And the world of blooms and flowers
Has been filled with sneers and scorns,
And my beautiful blossoming bowers
Have been filled with thistles and thorns.

And instead of glory and fame
And positions of honor and trust,
Scarce any have heard of my name
And I still plod along in the dust.
But out of the darkness and clouds
Comes a ray dispelling my night
As thro' a rift I perceive
The heavens resplendent with light.

MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH, D.D.

BORN: CHARLESTON, PA., DEC. 29, 1821.

AFTER teaching for some years in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Mr. Sheeleigh pursued a course of study in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, and in the Lutheran



MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH, D. D.

Theological Seminary at the same place. In 1852 he entered the ministry and has filled pastorates at Valatie, N. Y., Minersville, Pa., Philadelphia, Pa., Stewartsville, N. J.; and during the last twenty-one years at Fort Washington, Pa., in a pastorate consisting of two congregations at Whitemarsh and Upper Dublin. In 1859 he was married to Miss Sabina M. Diller, and now has a family of several children. Dr. Sheeleigh has written about one thousand poems which have appeared from time to time in current literature. He has also published several works in prose on various subjects; and since 1860 has efficiently edited the Lutheran Sunday-School Herald. Dr. Sheeleigh has gained a national reputation as a poet and author.

THE VAST WORLD.

How grandly built this glorious circling world!
Such breadth of vale and rolling hills in view,
The snow-capped heights, with clouds about them furled;
And lofty dome of blue!

And hence to utmost rim of skyey glass
Stretched out abroad from this extended shore,
The restless, heaving waters of the ocean mass,
With voice of ceaseless roar.

All these in endlessness of wonder wrought,
Of varied form and grace of hue and tone,
Stand out before me a stupendous thought
From Heaven's exalted throne!

A SUMMER MORNING.

I'm sitting on this beauteous morn,
'Mid fields of corn,
Where gladsome hills all forest-crowned,
In gentle-shaded summer hue,
On skies of blue,
The valley clasp around.

Astir the robes of trembling trees,
Breaths of the breeze
Upon the cheek in fondness fall,
And from the spaces everywhere,
The echoing air
The birds make musical.

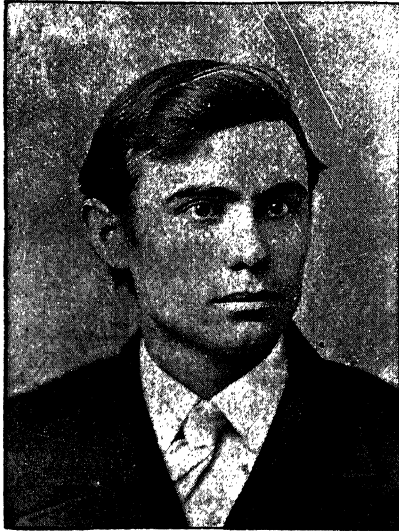
Amid such life in this pure sun,
Feeling as one
With things of God's great goodness rife,
A pulse of joy and love awakes,
And music makes
Unto the source of life.

THE SENTINEL OF POMPEII.

There stood he at his post of duty fast,
When first was heard the mountain's warning sound;
As louder broke beneath, above, around,
The thunder's voice and sheets of lightning cast
Their glare o'er all the sky till shrank aghast
The stoutest hearts, yet steadfast was he found;
While earthquake throes rocked all the solid ground
Each terror still surpassing far the last,
While from the sky clouds of destruction fell,
The very city with its pomp and life,
To wrap and bury, like as though the knell
Of time were rung, firm stood he 'mid the strife:
Now, ages gone, as comes to light his post again,
See still his form a type of faithfulness remain!

THOMAS ROMAN MORE.

BORN: SANTA BARBARA, CAL., SEPT. 27, 1856.
GRADUATING from the Ann Arbor High School, young More then attended the Michigan University. At the end of a year, however, he was called home to California.



THOMAS ROMAN MORE.

because of the death of his father, and he had the double misfortune to lose his mother one year later. He is now kept busy looking after his ranches and stock; he is very fond of horses, on which he is a great authority. In 1880 he was married to Miss Mary B. Den, and now has a family of several children.

TO INEZ.

Italian skies no longer soothe my heart,
And though they be as blue and full of rest,
Their quietness can mollify no part
Of this deserted soul, and on my breast
No longer sleep sweet mem'ries once so blest,
Of thee Inez. When I thy name recall
My soul with madness doth upstart in quest
And struggles to be free from every thrall
That held me once when thou wert all to me—my all.

Come wing'ed spirits of the great unknown,
And take with thee my soul, but leave behind

The power of grief to this deserted, lone
And broken heart to its sad fate resign'd,
That it might wander like a wounded hind
That seeks the densest forest there to die,
Yet warning on its way whom it may find.

I call upon thee spirits of the sky
To free me from this world of insincerity.

Perchance ye think that I shall soon or late
Forget the love I bore to sweet Inez,
And once again love stronger than I hate;
But that can never be, since dire distress
Has wounded my sad soul and happiness
Is but in heaven, for the magic wand
No longer comes, as once, to my redress.
So take my restless soul to thy fair land,
Whose varied pleasures are by angels ever planned.

I seem to hear thy voice to-night Inez,
And once again with open heart and soul
I stand before thee full of happiness,
And by that magic spell that did control
With wondrous power, my existence whole,
I feel myself surrounded. From the skies
Sweet spirits come and urge me to be goal.
I kneel before thee and with ardent sighs
I do confess my love and thou dost bid me rise.

SLEEP.

Sweet, living sleep; thou wert my constant friend.

What have I done? wherein did I offend?
That thou shouldst now forsake me when I find

Thou hast the power to soothe my wandering mind?

Forgive me, kind and tender friend, forgive,
And if I wronged thee, let no longer live
Thine anger!—for I love thee as a friend
From whom I would not part, much less offend.

How well do I remember when a child,
I wandered through the forests dense and wild;

And when my limbs would ache thou cam'st to me

And wrapped in thy mantle till I'd be
No longer weary and, from suffering free.

EXTRACT.

Though thy joys seem without end,
Thou canst not thy sorrow find,
That must come to thy false heart
Ere thou from this world depart.
Thou shall feel thy friends forsake thee,
And no spirit shall awake thee,
Till thou art beyond that power
That hath held thee to this hour.
I have loved thee and would die
To save thee from thy destiny,
But that power that chained me here,
Loosens not its grasp of fear,
So intent is its desire,
So unmerciful its ire.

MRS. MARY H. HUNTINGTON

BORN: OSWEGO, N. Y., 1840.

In 1862 this lady was married to Capt. I. L. Huntington. Mrs. Huntington is in the millinery business, but spends her leisure moments in writing poetry, and in painting



MRS. MARY H. HUNTINGTON.

and music. Her poems have been written on special subjects, and have received extensive publication. Mrs. Huntington is now a resident of her native state at Watertown, where she is very popular.

LITTLE ACORN.

I'm nothing but a little acorn,
Not much bigger than a bee;
But mama Oak-tree tells me that
I will grow as big as she,—
I can't see how — but she says some way
I will pop out from my shell,
A little sprout will greet the sunshine,
Starting up, and down as well.
I'll keep growing, bigger, higher,
Spreading out my branches wide;
And will never stop to wonder
Till I stand up by her side.
Then I'll look down on my sisters,—
For there were a lot you see,—
Some who said they knew they couldn't
Ever sprout and be a tree.
So they never made an effort,—
Did not try "and try again;"

There was nothing that could make them,
Though nature taught their duty plain.
But I am happy as I can be —
Keeping laws of God and man —
Now, can't you learn a lesson from me
Growing upward all you can?

CONEMAUGH.

Pent up high, amid the mountains,
The death-agent lay in wait,
Till with a crash the mighty fountain
Opened wide the fatal gate.
High toward Heaven it leaped in madness
Ere it struck the mountain side.
With a voice of many earthquakes,
All man's puny strength defied.
As the mighty waves plunge downward,
Crushing, smashing in their flight,
Gullyng out their paths of ruin,
Naught they leave but death and blight.
Surging high, the angry waters
Grasped our loved ones here and there,
Hurled them out amid the wreckage,
Echo only answers — where?
Where's our darling, from the cradle?
Where the mother, wife and child?
Where the husband, son and neighbor?
Where our homes in which love smiled?
Crushed and dying, torn and bleeding,
Struggling there 'mid life and death,
In the mass of floating debris —
Grasping, gasping for their breath.
Calling vainly names of loved ones,
Clinging to a dear one's form;
Prayers that ne'er before were uttered
Rose amid the wreck and storm.
Oh, that night of awful horror!
Oh, the wailings of despair!
Fire and darkness did surround them,
Shrieks of dying filled the air.
Groans for help when none could succor:
Prayers to God, who did not save
From the dreadful death by fire,
Or the foaming, strangling wave.
Soon the gloom of night o'ershadowed;
Soon the dying groans were hushed;
Chaos reigned throughout the valley.
As the waters onward rushed.
Leaving naught but desolation,
Broken hearts, and lost hearthstones;
Shattered lives without protection —
Father, hear their piteous moans!
As they look to Thee for refuge —
The sole source whence aid can come —
Help them bow in meek submission,
And humbly say, "Thy will be done."

MRS. BELLE H. SHORTRIDGE.

BORN: CACTUS HILL, TEXAS.

THIS lady was the first white child born in Wise county, Texas, and at the reunion of the pioneers she is generally requested to be present and given a place of honor. She has written several hundred poems of merit



MRS. BELLE HUNT SHORTRIDGE.

which have appeared in the Dallas News, Fort Worth Gazette, Mirror, Galveston News, Times, Democrat, the New York Sun and various other publications. As a prose writer she has gained a wide celebrity. It is understood that Mrs. Belle Hunt Shortridge is engaged in recording the History of Texas in ante bellum days.

FOREBODING.

Last night I idly drew thy face
Against the lamp-lit wall;
Outlined upon a paper white,
A profile—that was all.
And yet, to-day, as here it lies
Upon my desk, so still
That calm, familiar, silent face—
I feel a sudden chill—
I think “so would my darling lie
If she were cold and dead.”
The fine-cut face, the tender mouth,
The broad, high, white forehead,
So lie the long dark lashes on
The pallid cheek—ah me!

It is a gruesome fancy, dear,
And fraught with agony!
I cannot write, nor read, nor think,
With thy dead face so near.
I am a foolish creature! Yes—
A woman is a queer
And unsolved problem, and her nerves
Sensitively attuned,
To draughts blown from the spirit world.
Too easy—far—to wound,
But, easy too, to cheer and thrill
So—chide me not, for this,
It is a foolish fancy, well—
Dispel it—with—a kiss!

LOVE'S DEFIANCE.

What! here again with thy mocking eyes,
Thou beautiful wraith of a buried past!
Thou half-guessed breath of a pressed white
rose,
Of a summer too fleet and fair to last.

Ah, me! since then I have learned so much
Of the ways of the world and the ways of
men,
I had dreamed I was stoical, worldly-wise,
I did not think I would stumble again.

I have told my heart that it all was best.
My heart has looked in my eyes and smiled—
A smile incredulous, sensuous, rare,
Till it, somehow or other, my faith beguiled.

I had stood by the bier of that sweet old love
And watched it die as a mortal may.
I had closed its eyes with a reverent touch,
And folded the still white hands away;

And I smiled with the death dew lingering
yet
On my finger tips; I was sore beset
With the horror that some one would see and
know
That my idol was clay! I cannot forget,

Though I have forgiven. Ah! living or dead,
Or buried, or thrilling with life's red wine,
Thou art my love and my own heart's blood.
Thou art mine own and I am thine!

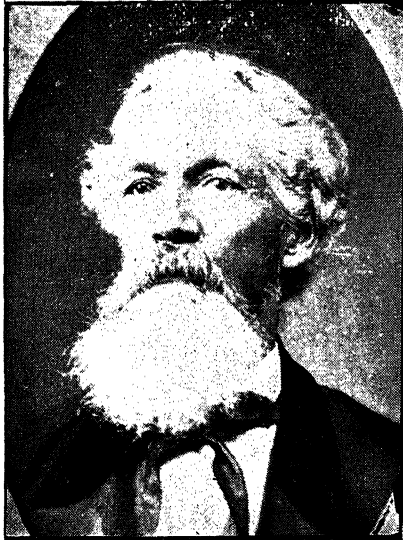
See! 'tis a miracle, solve it who can,
A woman's heart is a wonderful thing!
The world is its kingdom, it reigneth su-
preme,
And Love is its vanquished rose-yoked king.

Come to thy throne in my heart's deep core,
Kiss me straight on the lips anew;
Down on your knees and homage pay
To the woman who conquers a man like you.

CHARLES CASE PARSONS.

BORN: FLORENCE, OHIO, MARCH 17, 1820.

THE subject of this sketch was married in 1852, but is now a widower with a family of



CHARLES CASE PARSONS.

four living children. He has written quite a few poems that have appeared from time to time in the local press.

LIFE.

Say what is life with all its charms,
Its beauty and its glow;
Say ye who rest on pleasure's arms
Or drink the stream of woe?

'Tis like the fragrant rose of May
That withers in its bloom,
For beauty ne'er can shun decay
Nor triumph o'er the tomb.

'Tis like the sun so bright,
Cheers us through all the day,
Then sinking midst the night,
His glory dies away.

So man in all his gaudy pride,
With haughty steps moves on
Till lost in life's o'erflowing tide,
His flattering hopes are gone.

Life is a scene of toil and care,
Of pleasure mixed with pain,
'Tis light and fleeting as the air
And all its joys are vain.

The sons of wealth and power
Shall slumber in the grave,
None can escape the fatal hour
Nor might nor wealth can save.

The needy with the rich must fall
And yield their gasping breath,
The silent grave is made for all,
And all are born in death.

Then why should we aspire to wealth
And gain the gold we love,
Since we must leave it all ourselves,
And go so poor above.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Wake up your thoughts, wake up your soul,
Survey this globe from pole to pole.
To what employment will you bow,
Pursue the arts, or hold the plow?

By a just and strict attention,
The plow appears a high invention;
Your wealth arises from the clod,
Your independence from your God.

Now if the plow supports the nation
And men of every rank and station;
Let high officials to farmers bow,
And never speak against the plow.

Let our young men please think of this,
For wheat and corn won't come amiss;
It will help make a happy home,
And money you will have to loan.

Too many seeking for position
Leaves the farm in bad condition.
I hope you'll see this great mistake
And go to work, be wide awake.

Your wealth will come from work and care,
And, if faithful, you'll have a share;
And when you're laid away to rest,
You will be counted 'mong the best.

EXTRACT.

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears;
And the autumn time is coming,
With its weight of weary years.
All our joys and hopes are fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care;
And youth's first dreams of gladness,
Have perished darkly there.

When bliss was blooming near us,
In the heart's first burst of spring;
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing.
Like the foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er;
Those hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

CLARA PIERCE.

BORN: WIER VILLAGE, MASS., SEPT. 5, 1859.
 IN 1875 Clara removed with her parents to New Bedford, Mass., where she has resided ever since, with the exception of a year



CLARA PIERCE.

spent in Florida for her health. Her poems have appeared in the Sunday School Herald of Dayton, Ohio, New Bedford Standard and Mercury, the Portland Transcript, Cottage Hearth and other publications.

TO MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

"Only waiting," sweet the cadence
 Of the faith-inspiring words,
 Like some low æolian measure,
 Thrilling as the song of birds.
 Breathing hope in every sentence;
 Throbbing pulses join the strain,
 Hearts bowed down with weight of anguish
 Rise in rapture o'er their pain.
 "Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown;"
 E'er we hear the longed-for welcome
 To our bright eternal home.
 Even now we catch the radiance
 Of the promised land afar,
 And a sweet prophetic vision
 Rises up, as bar on bar.
 Falls the soft and plaintive music
 Like a benediction down,
 Till our every cross forgetting,
 We perceive the waiting crown.

Jordan's flood no more appalls us,
 Undismayed we seek its tide;
 Straining eyes o'erlook the billows
 Surging darkly at our side.

For we only see the glory
 Of the Land beyond the wave.
 What to us the sting of dying?
 What the victory of the grave?
 Hark! The music throbs no longer,
 Trembling hands and tear-wet eyes
 Pay their sweet and holy tribute,
 As the hymn in silence dies.

FANCY'S VISIONS.

I live in a world of fancy,
 A world that is all my own,
 From the emerald turf beneath me
 To the blue of the arching dome.

Bright flowers in my pathway springing,
 The song-bird's tuneful lay,
 The throb of the music ringing,
 Glad all my joyous way.

The fountain's crystal waters
 In their marble basin dash:
 Each drop is a tiny rainbow—
 Their brilliant colors flash.

The waterfall swift leaping
 Adown the rocky height,
 Is lost below in waters
 Of sparkling beauty bright.

The stately river, sweeping
 In majesty and pride
 Through meadows green, and forests,
 Becomes old ocean's bride.

The lofty mountain lifting
 Its crested head to heaven,
 Shook by the thunder's cannonade,
 By lightning's flashes riven.

The clouds that float above me,
 The very air I breathe,
 Have power around my heart-strings,
 And through my life to wreath
 Sweet thoughts and glowing visions,
 That never shall depart,
 Till death with icy fingers
 Has chilled the throbbing heart.

EXTRACT.

I fain would grasp my idle pen
 To while the weary time,
 And hedge my wandering fancy in
 With rude uncertain rhyme,
 But what to-day shall be my theme?
 Whose praises shall I sing?
 The knights of Arthur's table round?
 The fairies' magic ring?

MRS. DELLA T. RUTH.

BORN: LONE TREE, IOWA, AUG. 28, 1864.

IN 1883 this lady was married to Dr. C. E. Ruth, an eminent physician, who for a time was professor of anatomy at the Keokuk Medical College, Iowa. The poems of Mrs.



MRS. DELLA T. RUTH.

Ruth have appeared in the Muscatine Daily Journal and other publications. She now has a family of three children, and resides in Muscatine, Iowa.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Oh! for the days of our childhood,
The days that we ne'er can forget,
And fondly we dream of them ever,
And sigh with a lasting regret.

Regret that we cannot live over
Those bright halcyon days of the past,
When we thought not of care, but of pleasure,
For it seemed that joy always would last.

When we dreamed that the beautiful flowers,
Strewn around, made our pathway so
bright,
And we thought not of the trials and sorrows
That might change all its brightness to
night.

And we grasped with a hand so tenacious
The treasure we deemed so secure,
And we wakened to find it had vanished
Like others that were equally sure.

We think of the hills and the valleys
Where we roamed with delight when a child
And we tenderly dwell on the murmurs
That we heard in the forest so wild.

And we'll never forget the sweet songsters
Where'er they've been seen or were heard,
Nor the brooklet that sparkled so gaily
As it echoed the song of the bird.

Alas! for the dreams and the fancies
Of youth's morn, when its borders we reach,
For we dimly foresee in the distance
The duties and life-work of each.

We can only distinguish the outlines,
And we are hurried along with the throng,
But we realize then with misgivings,
That we've started, and must go along.

How wisely our Heavenly Father,
Kept the future veiled safely from sight,
For the knowledge might slacken our labors,
And our souls left to grope in the night.

So we try to be cheerful and happy,
As poor mortals like we ever can,
And to do as our Savior commanded
To work out his glorious plan.

But still to our minds retrospection,
(Try to do and to hope as we may),
Comes with childhood's and youth's recollections,
As slowly we go on our way.

LIFE.

EXTRACT.

The problem of life is a mystified one,
Of ups and downs and uncertainty ever,
And with all we can do, or might have done,
With all that others may do and endeavor,
The race is still human, our foibles the same,
Our cares will be manifold and bear the old
name.

We may drift about on the ocean of life,
We may float along with the tide,
And seem to forget that our journey is rife
With sin and dread sorrow which go side by
side;
But we're startled at last from our deep
lethargy
And realize more the perils at sea.

MRS. ANN E. MAINS.

BORN: SUTTON, VT., JUNE 7, 1840.

THIS lady was married in 1863 to Geo. H. Mains, the publisher of the Wakeman Press, of which publication Mrs. Mains was for a number of years assistant editor. She has



MRS. ANN E. MAINS.

written quite a few poems which have appeared in the periodical press, and still resides in Wakeman, Ohio, with her children. Mrs. Mains is very fond of flowers, of which she has quite a large variety.

DEAD HOPE.

I stood beside a silent bier,
Spread with a sable pall,
No other mourners gathered near
In the dim lighted hall.

Friends of my youth had fled away,
And all the dreams of yore
Were but as idols made of clay,
Cherished by me no more.

Ambition that my bosom stirred
When youth was fair and bright,
Down the dark corridors of time,
Had vanished from my sight.

And love long since had folded up
Her silken wings and fled;
Now the last drop had filled the cup,
For Hope, fair Hope was dead.

CROWN JEWELS.

Unto your keeping, mother, is lent
A casket of jewels rare,
To wreath for your head a diadem,
That no other brow may wear.

To your hand is given the task to shape,
And mold their form to your will,
Shape them to fit the place in your crown,
The Master wished them to fill.

Do well your task, lest in other years,
Their radiance shall grow dim,
And the Master shall take thy work in hand,
He gave you too for Him.

Sure He will ask them of you again,
It may be later or soon,
Some He may want at even-time,
And some before it is noon.

And some in the brightness of morning,
He recalls ere scarcely given,
To place them, safe, for the tiny pearls,
In your mother-crown in heaven.

THE SONGS OUR MOTHERS SANG.

The songs our mothers used to sing,
In old times long ago,
Down through the fleeting years will ring
In cadence soft and low.

We hear the soothing cradle hymn
That hushed us oft to rest,
When evening shadows gathered dim,
In the fast fading west.

Our head was pillowed on her breast,
A sacred resting place,
And round our form her arms were pressed,
In a close, fond embrace.

What memories the songs bring back,
From out the dreamy past,
Shedding soft radiance on the track
Our feet are treading fast.

Where'er our weary heads may lie,
On thorny pillows pressed,
We hear in dreams the lullaby,
That hushed us oft to rest.

Then, mothers, sing the simple lays
Your children love to hear,
That they perchance, in other days
May help sad hours to cheer.

The songs may prove a bond to stay
Their feet from evil ways,
When they have wandered far away
From home and happy days.

Yes, mothers, sing the songs again
You oft have sung before;
The soothing, cheering, soft refrain
We fain would hear once more.

MRS. LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

PORN: ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.

At an early age this lady became a teacher and voluminous magazine and newspaper writer, and her poems and sketches have appeared in Frank Leslie's, Scribner's, Waverly, Chicago Tribune, Advance, House-



MRS. LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

keeper, and numerous other publications. Many of her poems have been used as recitations in public, while others have been set to music. In 1871 she was married to Joseph M. Hardy and is a resident of Red Cedar, Wis.

MY NEIGHBOR.

Love your neighbor as yourself —
Thus the Good Book readeth;
And I glance across the way
At my neighbor Edith,
Who, with garden-hat and gloves,
Through the golden hours
Of the sunny summer-morn,
Flits among her flowers.

Love your neighbor as yourself —
Winsome, blue-eyed girlie,
Golden gleams of sunny hair,
Dimpled, pink and pearly.
As I lean upon the stile
And watch her at her labor,
How much better than myself
Do I love my neighbor?

Love your neighbor as yourself —
How devout I'm growing!

All my heart with fervent love
Toward my neighbor growing.
Ah! to keep that blest command
Were the sweetest labor,
For with all my heart and soul
Do I love my neighbor!

HAUNTED.

There are spirits abroad in the air to-night,
I can hear the sweep of their wings,
There's a weird gleam in the moonlight white
And a whisper of wonderful things.
You might think perhaps 'twas a summer
breeze

That is murmuring such mystical rhymes;
Through the quivering sprays of the linden
trees,

Or the boughs of the sighing limes;
But I know it's the rustle of spirit wings,
For I hear them whisper such wonderful
things.

There's a faint perfume in the air to-night
That is borne from the Isle of Dreams,
On the glittering pinions and garments white
That glint in the moonlit gleams.
You might say perhaps, 'twas the mignonette
In its nook by the garden wall;
Or the heliotrope with night dew wet,
Or the oleander's ball.
But I know it is wafted from fairy wings
For I hear them whisper such wonderful
things.

There are wonderful spirits abroad to-night,
They are telling me strange, sweet things,
And I dip my pen but I cannot write,
For the sweep of their silver wings.
Such beautiful poems and wordless psalms,
Such symphonies quaint and rare,
Such glittering pinions and fragrant balms
As are borne on the haunted air.
For the spirits are holding a revel to-night,
And I poise my pen but I cannot write.

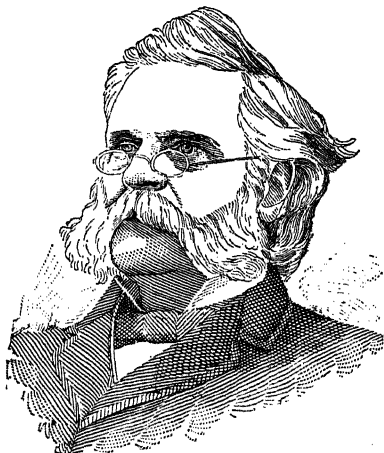
ROSES RED AND MIGNONETTE.

Oftentimes a rare, sweet memory
Thrills me with a vague unrest,
As I watch the purple shadows
Drop from out the amber west;
And I wander to the garden,
With the night dew gleaming wet,
Gathering—in a fragrant cluster—
Roses red and mignonette.
In a fragrant, dewy cluster—
Just as in the long-ago
Dainty fingers often twined them,
With quaint words and laughter low—
Quaint, sweet words and girlish laughter,—
Golden gleams of sunny hair,
Lustrous eyes and drooping lashes,
Star-white face—oh, memory rare!

REV. J. K. MASON, D. D.

BORN: BETHEL, ME., SEPT. 20, 1817.

THIS gentleman received his education in Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and was ordained a Congregational minister in 1849. He was married the same year to Miss Susanna R. Twitchell, by whom he has several children now grown to



REV. JAVAN K. MASON, D. D.

maturity. The Rev. J. K. Mason has filled pastorates at Hamden Congregational church for sixteen years; Thomaston for thirteen years; nine years at Fryeburg, and is now pastor of the Congregational church at Herndon, Va. This minister has also been chaplain of the Maine State prison; overseer of Bowdoin College for twenty-five years, and also one of the class examiners, besides serving on other important committees. In 1872 Mr. Mason was the Maine commissioner in the International Penitentiary Congress held in London, after the adjournment of which he made the tour of Europe. He has also been honored with other positions of trust.

AN IMPROMPTU.

„What is Life?"

'Tis a vapor;

Once appearing;

Soon dispell'd;

Yet upon it hangs a Future,

Now but partially unveil'd.

Then improve it;

Make it useful:—

Waste it not in idle dreams;—

For the moments—

Swiftly passing,

Bring you to th' Eternal Shore:—

Near that Future,

Jesus helps for—

You will dwell in Evermore.

RECEPTION SONG.

Savior and dearest friend,

On whom my hopes depend;

Thou lamb divine;

I come to thee to-day,

To follow as I may.

O, let me ever say,

Thine—wholly thine!

I take thy cross—to bear;

And would thine image wear

Thro' life's dark way.

Let me behold thy face,

And live in thine embrace;

Nor fail of thy rich grace.

Be thou my stay!

My heart to thee I give,

Help me for thee to live,

Almighty One!

Do thou my soul inspire,

Fill me with holy fire,

To lift thy banner higher,

Till victory's won.

This day I thee confess,

And humbly trust thy grace;

Incarnate God.

O lead me on I pray;

Keep me from sin's foul way;

Wash all my guilt away,

In thine own blood.

Accept the praise I bring,

While to thy cross I cling—

Borne for a world!

How glorious is the throne,

Whereon „Thou art sat down:”

O welcome me—thine own!

Jesus—my Lord.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

I'm a book! and I've pages fair,

Having lids that are tinted with colors rare;

I am white, nor black, nor red, nor green,

And shall afford no sanctum for anyone's spleen,

Nor a line for a flatterer's pen.

I'm a gift! and I've language true,

From a heart transparent as crystal dew.

I am yellow, nor brown, nor gray, I ween,

And contain no corner for anything mean;

Nor a page for what is vain.

MARY ELLA NOBLE.

BORN: LOUISBURG, N. C., JAN. 3, 1865.

THE subject of this sketch follows the profession of school teaching, and is a resident of Athens, Ga. Her poems have appeared in



MARY ELLA NOBLE.

the Atlanta Constitution, the New Orleans Picayune, the Richmond Dispatch, and other publications. Miss Noble hopes to publish her poems in book-form in the near future.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

With visions and fancies,
My restless brain dances,
And builds me a castle so fair and so fine:
Of hopes it is builded,
With dreams it is gilded,
This castle of air in the summer sunshine.
Like as perfumed odors
Through ivory pagodas,
That float from the gardens of spices and myrrh;—
Are the dreams full of glory,
That light up each story, [her.
And fill all my castle with sweet thoughts of
I see with each vision
Of pictures Elysian, [blur:
Just one that is perfect without blemish or
It hangs on each ceiling,
Of worshipful feeling,
The glorified picture I paint me of her.
As silver bells ringing,
A sweet voice is singing,

That thrills through my bosom and all my heart stirs;—

And the rapturous longing
Says to whom 'tis belonging, [hers.
And I know the sweet voice and its music are
And I am her vassal
Who lives in this castle,
And she, my dear sovereign, whose rule can not err:

Her wish is my pleasure,
Her heart is my treasure,—

This castle "Sans-souci" is builded for her.

Will it fall with the gloaming?

With the night that is coming?

Oh! Prophet of Amours, Oh! say'twill not be,
For if it fall over,

I pray that it cover,

I pray that it cover my darling and me.

THE FAR PASTURE.

There are Water-cress and Brindle and Bess,
But where is my Bonnie Kate?

Though I am to mind her,

Nowhere can I find her,

And now it is growing late.

Over the meadows and through the dark shadows

I have sought her long and well.

At last I have found her,

Tall grasses around her,

A down in the fragrant dell.

She had gone astray, and had lost her way
In the clover-blossoms white:

The cool, sweet clover

Had tempted her over

To the pasture far to-night.

I tenderly led her, through valley and meadow,—

(To lead and not drive seemed but right.)

'Twas the sweet, white clover

That tempted her over,

And who of us always does right?

And the strangest feeling is over mestealing,

And seems through the shadows to come,—

As beneath the wide bars

And the silvery stars,

Bonnie Kate and I go home.

The damp dew is falling, dear voices are calling:—

I too, have strayed off from the right;—

For the sweet, white clover

Has tempted her over,

I'm in the far pasture to-night.

But oh! will He blame me, or seek to reclaim

If I call to him now will He come? [me?

And over the meadows,

And through all the shadows,

Lead His poor wanderer home?

MOLLIE MARTIN.

BORN: KNAWEA CO., W. VA., JAN. 17, 1844.

THIS lady has written poems on various subjects—sacred hymns, songs of home, temperance and patriotic songs, which have ap-



MOLLIE MARTIN.

peared in Peterson's Magazine and the periodical press. She has also taught school.

ODE TO CHARITY, OR CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Sweet Charity, fair angel guest,
Come in and bide with me,
Sit thou enthroned within my breast,
Bid selfish feelings flee.

CHO.—Come in, come in, come in,
Thy peaceful reign begin,
Come in, sweet Charity, come in,
Come in and bide with me.

Then chords of sympathy will wake,
My heart with pity glow,
I'll freely give for thy sweet sake,
Will I thy alms bestow.

I'll aid the suffering, help the weak,
The sorrowing cheer and bless,
Unto the erring kindly speak,
And my own faults confess.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

I'm thinking of a playmate,
Who made my childhood blest
Within the quiet churchyard
She peacefully doth rest.
Light as the winged zephyr,
Free as the birds of air,
We roamed the hills and valleys
When summer skies were fair.

Sweet little brown-eyed Effie,
Her heart with love did glow,
She seemed to live for others,
That's why I loved her so.
That sweet unselfish being,
Was like a cherub bright,
That winged her flight from Heaven,
To guide my feet aright.

Throughout the joyous summer
She wandered by my side,
And like a gleam of sunshine
Into my life did glide.

Oh, friend so true and faithful,
Oh, playmate kind and dear,
Blest with thy sunny presence,
Heaven seemed very near.

Her little feet grew weary
Along life's rugged way,
She laid her down to slumber,
One lovely autumn day.
A strange unearthly beauty
Over her features spread,
Then up the golden gateway
On snowy wings she sped.

Where night-winds softly whisper,
And stars their vigil keep,
And streamlets gently murmur
We laid her down to sleep;
While I life's storms have breasted
Through all these weary years,
My playmate dear has rested
Secure from grief and fears.

MY MOTHER.

My beloved Christian Mother,
Who had trained my feet to tread
In the peaceful path of virtue,
Now is numbered with the dead;
What a pang doth rend my bosom
When I see her vacant chair,
Then I turn my thoughts to Heaven,
For I know my mother's there.

Now my pathway will be lonely,
Chords of sadness shade my brow;
None to share my joys and sorrows,
For I have no Mother now.
Safely o'er the waves of Jordan
Thou was borne on pinons white
To that pure celestial region
Where the skies are always bright.

Farewell kind and loving Mother
Since the Savior saw it best
For to call thee home to heaven,
There to mingle with the blest.
When life's toils all are over
Then I hope with thee to meet,
Where the tree of life is blooming
We will join in converse sweet.

GARDINER S. PLUMLEY, D.D.

BORN: WASHINGTON, D. C., AUG. 11, 1827.

THIS gentleman is a clergyman, well-known in the religious world. He has composed many poems and also composed music for many of his hymns. Besides being pastor at



GARDINER SPRING PLUMLEY, D. D.

Greenfield Hill, Conn., Dr. Plumley writes constantly for the press, and is editor of the *Learner and Teacher*, an educational magazine published in New York City. The poems and hymns of G. S. Plumley, D. D., F. S. S., have received extensive publication in the religious and secular press of America. Mr. Plumley was married in 1850 to Miss Emily Augusta Fisher, daughter of the celebrated artist Alvin Fisher.

DOLLY.

LADDIE'S LETTER.

Dear Aunt Emma:—Papa and Mama Came back from their journey in May, And they brought in their carriage so far A dear little lamb all the way.

Such a beautiful lamb you ne'er saw,
Her fleece is as white as can be;
When she wants to come in she will paw,
And stamp on the door-step for me.

On her neck a red collar she wears
With a bright silver plate for her name:
It is Dolly, and quickly she hears
When we call her to join in our game.

She fears not to eat from my hand
Oats, lettuce, grass, clover and hay,
And I think you would say it is grand
If you could but see us at play.

She plays "tag" with us down by the creek,
But the funniest caper of all
Is that as we play "hide and seek"
She hunts all around when we call.

But this morning we've all been so sad,
And crying to think we must part;
I never knew lambs could be bad,
And I'm sure it will quite break my heart.

For Dolly begins to grow wild,
And to knock down poor Rollo and me;
And acts like a real naughty child,
So Papa says we'll have to agree—

To send her away to be sold,
And to-morrow the farmer will come
To take her away to his fold;
With his sheep must be Dolly's new home.

AUNT EMMA'S REPLY.

Dear Laddie:—I'm sorry to hear
That Dolly is going away,
For from what your note tells me, I fear
You will all miss her much in your play.

Besides, when one leaves a nice place
Where his home has been pleasant and bright
To see him sent off in disgrace
Is surely a pitiful sight.

But how would you like it, my child,
If Papa to dear Laddie should say:
You are growing so naughty and wild
That I'm going to send you away.

I am sure you are far more to blame
Than Dolly so active and strong, [name,
Though she comes when you call out her
She knows not, like you, right from wrong.

Were you thus sent away, you would roam
Thirsty, tired and hungry for food;
And if only once more safe at home,
You would promise, I'm sure, to be good.

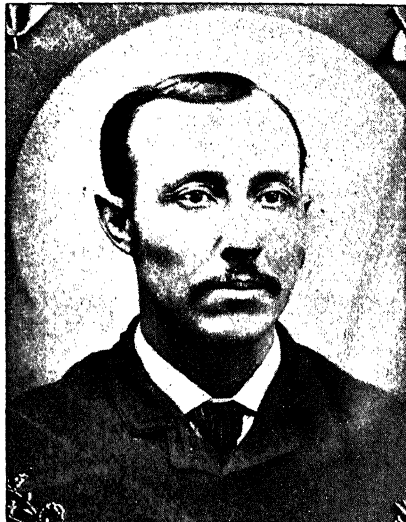
And the reason you're not punished so
Is because your dear parents are kind;
They hope that as older you grow
You'll learn to do right and to mind.

You ought then to love them each day
More and more for their kindness to you,
And to Jesus sincerely to pray
That He all your sins will subdue.

Lamb of God! He will prove to the end,
Ever gentle, and loving, and mild,
The Refuge, the Guide and the Friend,
And Savior for each little child.

HORACE MCINTYRE.

QUITE a few poems have appeared from the pen of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Mc-



HORACE M'INTYRE.

Intyre is a resident of Ainsworth, Neb., where he is engaged in publishing.

THE JOY OF KNOWING.

Dark and gloomy were the days, for sad
were his surroundings,
When an angel in her ways, touched his
heart to quick reboundings,
He could not tell from whence she came, for
silent was her coming,
But he softly breathed her name in his heart
song's soulful humming.

Eagerly he sighed in wonder at the mystic
message pouring,
Soft as zephyrs — deep as thunder — from a
distant storm cloud roaring.
Then again to silence lapsing. In his heart a
prayer upheaving,
Bore his soul away enraptured — mortal for
immortal leaving.

Back again, to earth returning, all, he pondered,
is not venal—
Adding fuel to the burning yearning in his
station regal,
For, while power to him was granted, all his
mandates would be vain,
Save his life be all recanted and at Jesus'
feet be laid.

Tenderly another message by his angel
Love is given,
Bearing unto him a preassage of that happiness
in heaven.

That 'twas given with assurance of a heart
as pure as rare,
Pressed his life beyond endurance, unto
bliss beyond compare.

"Hold," he cried, "your beauty smites me
with a force I can't withstand;"

"Hold," my conscience almost blights me;
by your kindness I'm unmanned.

"Why should you to me, a stranger, such
rare sympathy reveal?"

"Why should you entail such danger as
with wayward souls conceal?"

But through tears and smiles she beckoned
"Come up higher, you're not lost!"

"Time to you my friend is reckoned; but a
dark vale must be crossed."

Then with innocent expression she explained
how it was done,

And with frankness and confession viewed
her battles lost and won.

Then a mist arose before him, for his eyes
were dimmed with tears,

And a shadow hovered o'er him, mingling
doubt and hope and fears;

And he prostrate fell before her, "For my
joy I look to thee—

"Be my guide," did he implore her. But to
Jesus pointed she.

"All my hopes have fled," he faltered, "for
I am, alas, so weak;"

"All my ways she deftly altered, now I die—
she will not speak;"

"Weak and vile and sad, forsaken, broken
hearted, bruised and sore;"

"By her hand my faith is shaken, all her
kindness I deplore."

"Chide me not," she faintly pleaded, "for
I'm weak as well as you;

"Moral strength I've sadly needed—Jesus is
my All, my True—

"To his guidance I command you, turn to
him yet while you may,

"And my fervent prayers I lend you—will
you not?—I pray you, pray."

Silence reigned supreme, but in his heart he
felt that all was well;

On his brow the warmest beam of angel sun-
shine rose and fell;

Tenderly it firmly drew him toward the
Realm of endless day;

And the very hand that slew him tunes his
harp and lights his way.

LOU VALERIA WILLSON.

BORN: PULASKI, MICH., SEPT. 23, 1866.

MANY of the poems of Miss Willson have appeared in Peterson's, Saturday Night, Cottage Hearth, Detroit Free Press and other



LOU VALERIA WILLSON.

publications. Besides writing poems she is the author of several stories and sketches which have found their way into print. This artist and writer resides with her parents in Jackson, Mich.

IT NIPS US A'.

At yester morn it was nae cauld,
At e'en it seemed nae cauldier;
But as the mirky nicht cam' on,
The frost it then grew bolder,
An' nipped the bonny posies a',
Poor, chittering posies! nipped them a'.

Ah weel, ah weel! 'Tis ever sae
With flowers an' men. Sae surely
As days are bricht an' suns are warm,
An' we dwell maist securely,
The frost comes on an' nips us a'!
Baith blooms an' men it nips us a'!

MOTHS, BEWARE.

"Her eyes are blue, of gold her hair;
She has a face divinely fair,"—
Oh yes, I know.

"Her cheek just shows a tint of rose!
Red lips the whitest pearls disclose,"
Just so, just so!
You love this dainty maiden fair?
Beware!
To be "her slave" you're nothing loath?
You'll singe your wings, my pretty moth.
Take care!

"Her form displays a witching grace,
That matches well her flower-like face,"
Oh yes, I know.
"Her smile is like a sunbeam bright,"
She is, you say, "your life and light."
Ho, ho! Just so!
You think to win this maiden fair,
Beware!
Girls often are such fickle things —
You foolish moth, you'll singe your wings.
Take care!

She smiles, you say, and smiles on you,
And love beams from her eyes so true,
Ho, ho! I know!
To all, the candle gives its light,
All bask within her smile so bright.
Oh, yes, 'tis so!
And though she is divinely fair,
Beware!
Full many a victim has she slain,
Think of your wings, oh moth, so vain.
Take care!

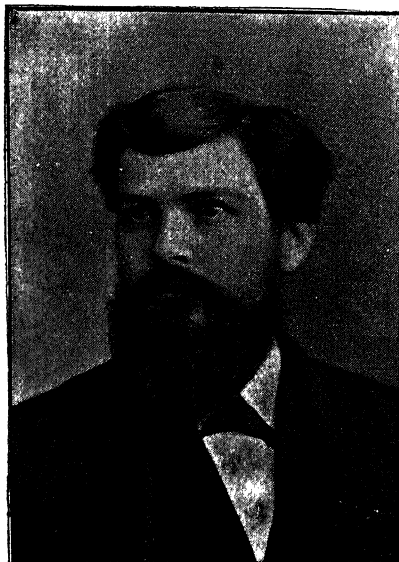
And as to smiles, you silly elf,
She's laughing at your foolish self—
Ho, ho! 'tis so!
The merriment she scarcely tries
To keep from out her laughing eyes,
My friends, I know.
Avoid those curls of golden hair—
Beware!
Avoid those merry eyes of blue,
Or with scorched wings your fate you'll rue.
Take care!

What now! What means that look of woe?
And was I right? And is it so?
Pray let me know!
We have not met these many days.
The moth has felt the candle's blaze?
Ho, ho! just so!
Well, limp away, for lights more fair
Are there,
The harm is slight, 'tis very clear,
Your wings will grow again, no fear.
And then, beware!

W. SCOTT GARNER.

BORN: PRESTON CO., W. VA., JAN. 16, 1848.

MR. GARNER was educated at Kingwood Academy and is now engaged in the publishing business and as editor of his publications. He has written over a hundred poems.



W. SCOTT GARNER.

many of which have appeared in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, Preston County Journal, Grafton Sentinel, Kingwood Herald, Garner's Herald and other periodicals. Mr. Garner was married in 1881 to Miss Mary Kay of Niles, Mich., and now resides with his wife and children at Tunnelton, W. Va.

ONE POET.

He sat within his lonely room,
A prey to grief and care;
His brow was veiled in deepest gloom,
And stamped by wan despair.
Yet on his noble features shone
The light of love and truth,
For life's grand passion he had known,
Though still in manhood's youth.

Disease had stolen from his cheek
Health's badge of roseate hue,
And dimmed the luster of his bright
And sparkling eyes of blue.

Yet intellect held firm her throne,
And genius wove her spell,
Which happier hearts would gladly own
And coming ages tell.

Fame's laurel wreath had ceased to charm,
His early hopes had fled;
The one bright being he had loved
Was numbered with the dead;
And so he turned from earthly life
With weary heart and brain,
And sought the rest that follows strife—
That frees from care and pain.

Thus fade the poet's dazzling dreams
Of honor, love and fame—
Shattered by Fate, at one fell stroke,
The shrine that held his name!
But in that land unknown to men,
Those dreams shall live anew!
Each bud of thought shall bloom again
Brighter than erst it grew!

FIGHT BRAVELY.

Fling your banners on the air!
You must fight the battle through
Life is full of anxious care—
Wonder not it comes to you.

Breathe your prayer for victory
While you're standing mid the strife!
Swear eternal fealty
To the higher aims of life!

Step with both eyes bent above
On the world's broad battle-field;
Dare to do and die for truth—
Never once the battle yield!

Heed not what the world may say
To your inner self be true!
And when dawns that better day,
God and men will honor you.

Let the sland'rer's venom'd tongue
Do its worst to blight your fame—
Scandal's foulest drops be wrung
On the shrine that holds your name!

Still look upward! Heed them not!
Rally where your standard waves!
You shall live when they shall rot
In their foul, forgotten graves.

Stand for truth, and do the right!
See! the high command is given!
Join you to this righteous fight,
As you value God and Heaven!

JENNIE H. RASMUSSEN.

BORN: DENMARK, OCT. 2, 1867.

JENNIE was brought to this country when a babe, and now follows the occupation of bookkeeper at Albert Lea, Minn. Her poems



JENNIE HELENA RASMUSSEN.

have appeared in the Interior of Minneapolis, Enterprise and Standard of Albert Lea, and other publications.

YOUTH.

Youth is pleasing, youth is charming,

There is something, O, so free,
In its movements, in expression,
Bubbling out from inward glee.

Age can charm us for a moment,
When it does itself forget,
But it lacks the gentle lightness,
Of a heart for joy just set.

Youth is richness, youth is glory,
Wrapped within, celestial bliss,
Spanned by heaven's and earth's affection,
Circled by the Maker's kiss.

Love and kindness, all spontaneous
Bursting out from inward store,
Has no bound, no form, no measure,
Empties out yet still there's more.

Youth where virtue reigns exclusive
Knows no self-created sin,
Has not reached to the painful knowledge
Of a rebel host within;
Freely acts from inward motives,
Does not stop to calculate,

Often uttering truths so precious,
Truths that chide and animate.

Youth's a blessing, heavenly blessing
For reflection, dark and deep,
When the youth matures to manhood
And the sins seem grim and steep.
Then O childhood! blessed childhood!
Wafts a peace naught else can bring,
Breathes a rest almost unearthly,
Borne as on angelic wing.

IF 'TIS ONLY THEE.

I will not mind, dear Father,
What grievings I may meet,
The many thorns and briars,
That hurt my tender feet,
If 'tis only Thy hand that leads.

I will not mind the suffering,
What weights that o'er me roll,
The racking pains of body,
Or wrestlings of the soul,
If only Thy will be done.

I will not mind the darkness,
The cloud that hides Thy face;
That veils those loving smiles,
And sends me gloom in place,
If only Thou art smiling above.

E'en though the rod be lifted,
And falls with crushing blows,
I'll rise and call it blessed,
To feel these earthly woes,
If 'twas only Thy hand that smote.

The world may try to turn me,
Lay snares for many a fall,
But I will gain my object,
And conquer over all,
If only Thy arm uphold me.

GRIEF.

O, is there a mortal, who's onward in years,
That does not carry a grief?

O, is there a heart with feelings at all,
That has not sighed for relief?
We look at their faces—the mirror of hearts,
And what a difference we see,

Some carry their sorrows so silent and calm,
Approving it so should be;

Others so lightly and carelessly chase
Their grief and sorrow away,
They do not allow one hour of their life,
To pass in gloom and dismay.

O, life is a problem we can not explain,

Eternity only will tell [tress,
The why and the wherefore of mortal's dis-
And show 'twas infinitely well;

So wise is the mortal and noble is he,
Whose fate 'tis to carry a grief,
Who can smile at the clouds that threaten a
And in waiting find a relief. [storm,

ARTHUR E. SMITH.

BORN: GRANVILLE, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1866.

THE poems of Mr. Smith have appeared in Peterson's Magazine, New England Homestead, American Rural Home, Chicago Ledger, Albany Journal, Arkansas Traveler,



ARTHUR E. SMITH.

Christian Nation and numerous other publications. He has written over six hundred poems, many of which have received very high praise from the press and public generally. Mr. Smith is engaged in mercantile pursuits in the state of New York at Belcher.

THE BONNY MAIDEN.

Sweet summer send your softest gale
To greet a lover's ear,
For there is coming up the vale
A bonny little dear;
The daisies blossom 'neath her feet,
Wild roses by her path,
While thrushes answer — oh, so sweet —
Her merry, merry laugh.

Ye sunbeams play across the lea;
Ye willows fondly sigh;
For there's no fairer maid than she
Who now is drawing nigh.
Her sparkling eyes are like the dew
Upon a wild-wood's flow'r,
And o'er her cheeks of crimson hue
Aye smiles like sunbeams pour.

Sweet sing ye brooks within yon glade,
A melody divine,
For there's no fairer rural maid
Than bonny Nellie mine;
Ye zephyrs kiss her lips rose-red
And fan her lily brow;
Ye gentle violets hang your heads,
And low before her bow.

Sweet summer send your softest gale
To greet a lover's ear,
For there is coming up the vale
A bonny little dear;
She's coming now to meet her love
Beneath the trysting-tree,
While voices from the maple grove
Make joyful melody.

BENEATH THE FOREST'S SHADE.

Beneath the forest's shade I rest,
Wearied by the noon's sultry heat,
And hear the breezes from the west
Amid the tall pines singing sweet.

Above me in the heated sky
Like a huge ball hangs the bright sun:
While over all the mountains nigh
The haze of noon-tide settles down!

Oh, glorious is the realm outspread,
The realm o'er which fair summer reigns,
The wooded hills, the skies o'erhead,
The meads and broad extended plains!

There o'er its channel deep and wide
The streamlet seeks the distant west;
And o'er it softly the warm winds glide,
Tossing in ripples its silvered breast.

I would that life would be as sweet,
Always at this noon-tide hour;
But joy must die as at my feet
Must die sometime yon lovely flow'r!

I would that life would glide as smooth
Betwixt its channels as yon stream,
And that life's sunset hour would prove
To all more fair than poet's dream!

THE OLD TRYSTING TREE.

When the dewdrops are falling
O'er the green, grassy plains,
And the night-birds are chanting
Their gladsome refrains,—
Then I think of the maiden
So dear, dear to me,—
And I go forth to meet her
'Neath the old trysting tree!

CHO.— Oh, the maiden I love,
So loving is she!
There's joy when I meet her
'Neath the old trysting tree!

M. VICTOR STALEY.

BORN: OMRO, WIS., DEC. 19, 1866.

IN 1880 the subject of this sketch removed to Oshkosh, where he received the rudiments of his education. He has since studied at Lawrence University of Appleton, Wis., earn-



M. VICTOR STALEY.

ing the necessary means to do so during vacation time. The poems of Mr. Staley have appeared in the Chicago Ledger, Home Journal, the Oshkosh and Appleton papers.

THE AGE OF REASON.

When this world awakes to reason,
 Shall the worth of man be told;
 Not by jewels and silken garments,
 Nor the glitter of his gold;
 But by noble deeds of kindness,
 Actions pure, and free from sin,
 Then shall every wrong be righted —
 Right shall conquer, truth shall win.

Then no more shall kings and princes,
 Men of wealth and titled names,
 Claim the homage of the people,
 While they live a life of shame;
 Then no more shall they be honored
 As the foremost of their time,
 While their hearts are black as midnight,
 And their souls are steeped in crime.

When this world shall wake to reason,
 He who struggles for the right,
 Down whose pathway deeds of kindness
 Cast their rays of golden light;

He who speaketh words of comfort,
 Hearts to cheer when dark the days,
 Shall receive the people's blessings,
 And the world's unstinted praise.

DELORA.

Oft have I stood by the purling stream,
 'Neath the leafy shade of the forest tree,
 Where warbled the birds in their merry glee,
 And watched with pleasure the golden gleam
 Of the waning sun as it sank to rest
 Behind yon hill that towers in the west —
 That rises just west of Azora.

Azora, whose waves of peaceful blue
 Ripple gaily along the pebble shore;
 While they whisper low of the days of yore,
 Recalling to mind one whom I knew —
 One whom I have watched as she gamboled
 free,

As she laughed aloud in her childish glee;
 She, my fair-haired darling, Delora.

But ten short summers of added bloom,
 Had deftly imprinted its beauty there,
 On the face and form of that elfin fair,
 When cruelly dark yawned the silent tomb;
 And I missed the form I was wont to see,
 And the merry laughter of childish glee,
 The innocent glee of Delora.

My heart is sad for 'neath yonder mound,
 Now, almost kissed by the murmuring
 stream,

Tinged fair with the glow of the sunset
 gleam,

Where the wildwood flowers in beauty
 abound,

Lies the slender form of that fair young
 maid,

Yet, never shall out from my mem'ry fade,
 The remembrance of sweet Delora.

THE SPIRIT QUEEN.

EXTRACT.

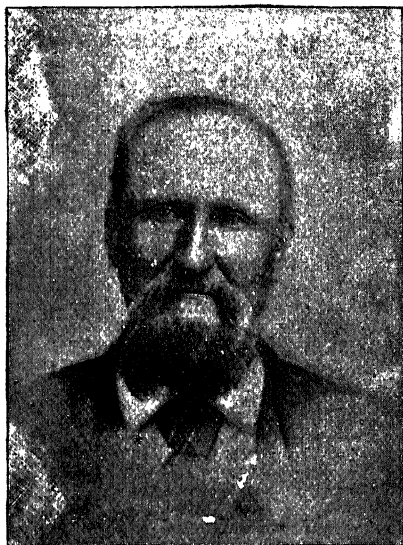
And she did as he had bade her,
 Ruled for years the tribes around,
 Till the Manitou, her spirit
 Called to happy hunting-grounds.
 On the shores of the "Capole,"
 Smiling in its verdure green,
 There her tribe laid her in splendor,
 As became their Spirit Queen.

On the night of her interment
 O'er her grave a storm arose,
 And the spirits from the waters
 Placed a rock o'er her repose;
 While, for many years her people,
 O'er her mound of tender green,
 Said peace-offerings to their idol,
 Wau-we-tee, the "Spirit Queen."

EMERSON C. HOUSTON, M. D.

BORN: FRIENDSHIP, ME., FEB. 17, 1831.

AFTER attending the Oxford Academy, Mr. Houston studied medicine at Cleveland, O. Dr. Houston has written about two hundred poems, many of which have appeared under



EMERSON COLEMAN HOUSTON, M. D.

a nom de plume. The title of his longest poem is Fountain Dell, a romance in twelve cantos. Dr. Houston follows his profession of physician and surgeon at Fullerton, Neb., where he resides with his wife and family.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Sweet home of my childhood I greet thee with tears,

How blest were the hours at the hearth!
Restrospective views of those innocent years
Show my happiest moments on earth.
My heart glows at sight of the old house at home

And throbs like the waves of the sea;
Will anyone thinking, "I wish he would come,"

Be waiting and watching for me?

My fond heart received its first lesson of love
From a kind mother's eloquent kiss;
Nor do I believe even angels above
Could have tasted more exquisite bliss.
The crystalline tears of my infantile years
Were tenderly soothed on her knee,

Will she in the hall, when my footsteps she hears,
Be waiting and watching for me?

My venerable father who loved me before
My tongue learned a sentence to frame!
Gave his last blessing to me at the door,
And tenderly uttered my name—
Tho' burden'd with years will he cordially come

With welcome familiar and free,
And say, he has long at the dear happy home
Been waiting and watching for me.

How sweet 'twere to greet the glad group at the hearth,
In childhood so trusting and true!
My sisters, whose hearts are as pure as the earth

In the days of its infancy knew;
My brothers who led me about by the hand,
And shared in my innocent glee,
And know that each one of our family band
Were waiting and watching for me.

How sweet is the thought, I am coming once more,

The friends of my childhood to greet.
O say, will they meet me as erst at the door,
With welcomes as cordially sweet.
How wild my heart throbs with delicious delight!

What objects familiar I see!
Will every dear friend who expect me to-night
Be waiting and watching for me?

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

EXTRACT.

'Twas a wild, dark night, and the dreary blast
Came howling over the prairies vast;
For the storm king came in his icy car,
O'er the Arctic sea, from the polar star,
Like a demon sent from the shades of death
To congeal the heart with his frozen breath.

'Twas a sudden change, when we bade adieu
To the garden city, and glad withdrew
From the busy street, pav'd white with snow,
Every heart was light, as the bounding roe.
Then the engineshriek'd out a shrill farewell,
Our laugh rang clear as a golden bell.

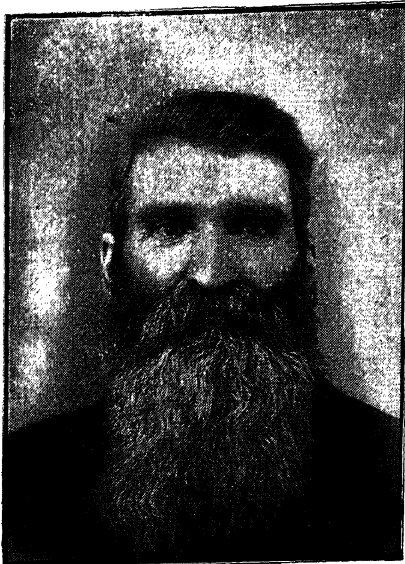
We had come from where the Atlantic waves
Have a land that never was curs'd by slaves;
And one from the State of the evergreen pine,

Where the "hundred lakes" in her lap recline,
Who had bathed in Mansfield's o'erhanging cloud,
Climb'd Alleghany and the Alpines proud.

THOMAS MOORE COLEMAN.

BORN: PARKE CO., IND., MAY 15, 1830.

IN 1852 Mr. Coleman removed to Glendon, Iowa, where he has resided ever since. For nine years he was a member of the county



THOMAS MOORE COLEMAN.

board of Supervisors, seven years justice of the peace, and has been county surveyor and held other positions of trust in the religious and political work of his county.

REAL TREASURES.

How often men fret over losses they feel,
And think they are heavy and stagger and reel,

And many times fall:
When nothing worth having or keeping is lost.

Like a ship in a storm they're driven and tossed,

For nothing at all,
But bits of dross,
Exceedingly small.

'Tis not the real loss that worry us most,
Many times out of our casket jewels are lost,
And we notice it not.

The heart's best affections so oft'n are soured
Impulses generous for good are devoured,
While anger is hot;
Humanity lowered—
Real treasures forgot.

Real treasures last ever, will give us real joy,
That nothing can sever, that nothing can
Thy never take wings [cloy,
And leave us alone—they give sweeter relief,
Are much better than gold, for never a thief
Can rob us or bring
Sorrow and grief;
They give us no sting.

A good deed or kind word, a generous
thought, [sought
Is worth more than money, had better be
Than silver or gold.

The one who treasures these up is richer far
Than the millionaire riding in mammon's
bright car,
He sordid and old,
So soon stript bare,
Is poor with his gold.

And yet the scramble for some bauble goes
on [throne.
With the beggar as well as th' king on his
The real is unsought.
And those jewels that shine as stars in the
skies,
By most are considered too unworthy to prize
Not giving one thought,
To the flimsy disguise,
In which evil is sought.

But give me the real gems that never will
fade,
So that when gold and fame and wealth have
decayed,

I shall have treasures in Heaven.
For though you should have all the baubles
of earth [birth.
With these only you are poorer at death than
Your happiness riven
And nothing of worth,
For all you have given.

Strive for riches that last, consider that best
Which strengthens the good and gives con-
science sweet rest,
Then blessings will come.

And light to your pathway though earth be
dreary,
With Jesus for a guide, loving and cheery.
Though trials do come,
You may be weary,
But will safely reach home.

There safely housed beyond mortality's
shore, [more
Where sickness and sorrow can reach us no
And death none can sever; [bliss,
There with our loved ones in perfection of
In a beautiful world brighter than this,
To leave it never,
Where God our Savior is,
We'll live forever and ever.

GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN.

BORN: NEW YORK CITY, SEPT. 8, 1840.

AFTER receiving his education at Columbia College, Mr. Griffin studied engineering. After working at that profession for several years he returned to his native state, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1860. For a time he was employed as a historical writer



GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN.

in the Bancroft Library. He has held several prominent positions as civil engineer, and was chief of staff to James B. Eads while getting a concession for a ship railway across the isthmus in Mexico. Mr. Griffin has traveled extensively in Europe as well as in North and South America, and is a profound classic, English, Spanish and French scholar, and a thorough historian. He is first vice-president of the Historical Society of Southern California, of which he was a founder. Mr. Griffin has a pleasant home in Los Angeles, with a botanical garden filled with exotics and plants rare and curious. He has collected a choice and excellently selected library of more than three thousand volumes. His eldest daughter, Eva, is developing a remarkable talent for sculpture, and has modeled some very fine busts from life, and the portrait of Mr. Griffin, here given, was taken from a bust modeled by her.

LOS ANGELES.

O queen of all the summer lands,
White-gleaming 'mid the ebon bands

That fully wreathe thy brow's swart tint,
The bridal blossoms ever glint!
For thee the balmy western breeze,
To perfume of the orange trees
Upon the verdant hills that stand, [strand
Grouped 'round thy throne, of Ind's far
The odor weds. All through the night,
With music like the laughter light
Of merry girls, is frequent heard
The song of some half-dreaming bird.
Ah, who would dwell 'mid Gul's perfumes,
Or where the feeble lotus blooms
Upon the wearied senses pall,
And through an air as languid fall!
Or who that's free to work his will
Would brave the winter's biting chill
In lands that gird the farthest pole,
Where icy terrors freeze the soul!
Give me to dwell with thee, my queen;
And, when to all th' endearing scene
I needs must close these loving eyes,
To me the life of paradise,
Lacking thy smile, will seem but tame —
And Eden only in the name.

A CRADLE SONG.

Far out in the glowing west
The laughing waves of the sea,
As the sun sinks to his rest,
For a kiss leap merrily;
And the mocking-bird's low strain
From the tree-tops come again —
So sleep, my baby, sleep.
The flowers in the garden beds,
Like the children, are at prayer,
And their vesper odor spreads
As a benediction there;
While the night-wind's tender sigh
Is my darling's lullaby —
So sleep, my baby, sleep.
Now the gentle harvest moon
Climbs in the brightening east,
And the stars come one by one,
Afloat 'mid the silvery mist —
Angel wards, a watch to keep
O'er all little ones asleep —
So sleep, my baby, sleep.

A GOLDEN-WEDDING-DAY SONG.

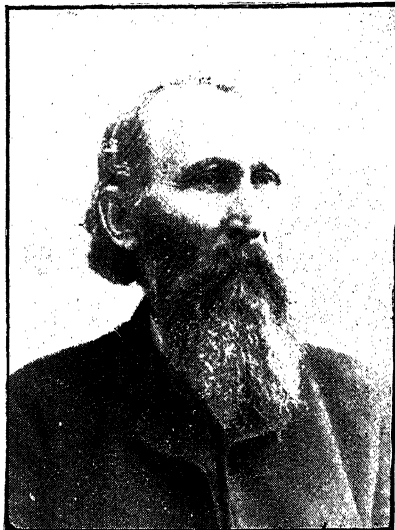
EXTRACT.

'Twas then her witching eyes
With hues of tropic skies
Seemed to glow;
Now wrinkles hide them quite,
'neath eyebrows that are white
As the snow.

THOMAS ALDIN CRABTREE.

BORN: FRANKLIN, ME., MARCH 17, 1830.

AT the age of twenty-three Mr. Crabtree commenced teaching school. He is now en-



THOMAS ALDIN CRABTREE.

gaged in evangelistic work and lecturing on temperance, and resides in Bangor, Maine.

LEGEND OF MT. DESERT.

The chief stood on the mountain's height,
As shadows long betoken night;
His red right hand was raised high,
As if he beckon to the sky.

His robe he wrapped around his breast,
His dark eye scanned the glowing west,
Then in a voice of thunder bold,
The glory of his nation told!

"I'm Chief Conaught; there's none so great,
My trusty braves my mandate wait,
And mountains high and rolling sea,
Shall ever own my sovereignty!

"The sable's coat my robe shall be,
And shining pearls from out the sea
Shall gem the plume upon my head,
And sparkle on my downy bed!

"My trusty arrow, and my bow,
Shall send destruction to the foe,—
With thongs I'll bind his puny hands,
And scar his flesh with burning brands.

"His writhing form I'll laugh to see,
His dying song shall music be,—
His ashes with my red right hand,
I'll scatter on the ocean's sand."

Just then, the sun, low in the west,
His mantle drew, and sunk to rest,
And then like light a rolling tide
Of darkness wrapped the mountain's side!

The wild winds roared, and darkness deep,
Soon wrapped each vale, and craggy steep,
While down the rugged mountain's side
Was heard the rolling rushing tide!

Amazed he stood, this vaunting chief,
He knew not why; but darkest grief
Poured in his soul a torrent deep—
He trembling, lost himself in sleep!

In dreams he wandered sad, alone,
His food was herbs, his rest a stone,
His kindred and his warrior band
Had wandered to the spirit land!

The green plot where his children played,
The mountains green and flowery glade,—
His bark that floated in the bay,—
And all things else had passed away.

In dreams he saw a waving hand,
And kindred in the spirit land
Were calling, calling, "come away,—
Come to this land of brightest day!"

"I come," he cried, "behold your chief,
Long have I wandered here in grief."—
He leaped away in slumbers deep
And headlong plunged the mountain steep!
The sun rose smiling from the sea,
The sea-bird sung with woeed glee,
The red deer leaped upon the hill,
But Chief Conaught in death was still!

MY OLD, OLD HOME.

My old, old home—I love thee still—
Each rock, each nook, each bounding rill,
The wide old field, and flowery lea,
Bring back my youthful days to me.

Though other hands, thy bounties reap,
And other eyes their vigils keep,—
A sigh, I wipe the falling tears,
Remembrance of receding years.

The little laughing, sparkling brook,—
Where oft I've dropped my line and hook,
Is laughing still—no older grown,
Though many, many years have flown!
The old oak tree I used to climb,
Is standing yet; though scathed by time,
The road, that leads down to the mead,
Is overgrown with grass and weed.

My mother's voice no more I hear
In tuneful songs, both loud and clear,
And kneeling at the old arm-chair,
No more I hear her evening prayer.
But sometimes, in a fancy dream,
Bright vistas ope to the unseen,—
Angelic songs float on the air,
And mother's voice is mingled there.

MRS. JULIA CLARKE CHASE.

BORN: NEOSHO, WIS., APRIL 9, 1856.

JULIA and her youngest sister, Medora Clarke published a volume of poems called *Driftwood*; these ladies are well known in western literary circles as the *Sister Poets of Wisconsin*. At the age of twenty-two Miss Julia was married to Lieut. Geo. N. Chase of



MRS. JULIA CLARKE CHASE.

the U. S. A., who for the last four years has been aide de camp on Gen. Howard's staff. Mrs. Chase has lived in Milwaukee, Chicago, New York City and San Francisco, and has constantly contributed to the press of those cities. She has had but one child, Thorington Clarke, born in 1879, who won the West Point class cup of '87, and who promises to be a fine violinist. Mrs. Julia Clarke Chase has written about one thousand poems, besides a great deal of prose, stories and sketches for children. Several of her longer poems have won the highest praise from J. G. Holland, P. D. Aldrich and literary critics, and have received extensive publication in the press. She numbers among her ancestors Samuel Huntington, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Theodore Grace Greenwood, Richard Henry Stoddard, James G. Clarke, and other literary stars of the present day. Mrs. Clarke's residence in future will be Los Angeles, Cal.

DESPOILED.

Down in the dust and the grime and the heat,
Cruelly flung there to die in the street,
Lies a wood-violet tender and sweet.

Who in his selfishness bore thee away,
Frightened and silent one ominous day,
Only to leave thee droop and decay?

No one will cherish thee now, broken flow'r,
Recklessly torn from thine æstival bow'r
Only to pleasure some eye for an hour.

Up at her window a maiden I see
Looking regretfully down upon thee,
Feeling thy fate and her own to agree.

Innocent blossom and innocent maid,
Torn from the woodland, the fragrance and
shade,

Thrust in the filth of the city to fade.

NIL ANXIETAS.

I've lived a life of summer hours
Amid the butterflies and flowers;
Alike the sunshine and the rain
Seem tuned to pleasure's sweet refrain.
My heart is always light and free,—
The days so glad and bright to me.
Why should I brood o'er future ill
The while for me the gods distill
The sweets of life, in flowing draught,
As pure as mortal ever quaffed?

No, let my fate be what it may,
I'll drink the nectar of to-day,
No echo of a minor key
Shall haunt me with a melody
To hush the music of my soul;
The seasons, in their onward roll,
Shall grant the only boon I ask,
Within the rays of love to bask,
A life sincere to live and die
Without one bitter tear or sigh.

LITTLE JACK.

A winter day hung o'er the earth
And filled our childish hearts with mirth,
For on the newly fallen snow,
The sunbeams lay like gems aglow.

Along the lake shore by the mill,
We children coasted on the hill,
And with our voices full of glee,
We woke the echoes glad and free.

My heart was full of selfish pride,
As down the long hill's sunny side,
With merry shout I gayly sped,
Upon my brightly painted sled.

And toiling up the hill once more,
I heard a plaintive voice implore:
"Oh, Harry! let me have a ride?"
I rudely pushed the boy aside.

SAMUEL LEANDER WHITE.

BORN: GROTON, MASS., APRIL 9, 1828.

AFTER taking a course in penmanship, mathematics and bookkeeping in Comer's Commercial College of Boston, Mr. White entered mercantile pursuits. In 1859 he was married to Miss Nancy P. Barker, and soon after re-



SAMUEL LEANDER WHITE.

turned with his wife to his old home in Groton. Three years later Mr. White removed to Leominster, Mass., where he worked in a piano manufactory for eight years; then removing to Boston he again entered a piano establishment where he worked for eleven years. Mr. White is now residing in Wakefield, Mass., where he is quite a prominent church member and a deacon in the First Baptist Church.

THE BIRDS.

And now the bluebirds' flute-like notes are heard,
While yet the wasting snowdrifts can be seen; [wings,
Thrice welcome! lovely bird with azure
Thou bringest Spring ere earth is clothed
with green.
Perched on some budding shrub near by
the door,
The sparrow sings his cheerful little tune;
His dress is plain, and modest are his ways,
But sweet his song as fragrant airs of June.
The "robin-red-breast" chants his praise at
eve,

In yonder tree toward the setting sun;
While flocks of blackbirds on the river bank,
Their daily evening concerts have begun.

Fast, fast the feathered songsters now
arrive,

And nature's music all the air pervades;
The mavis cheers the farmer at his toil,
The wood-thrush sweetly sings in forest
glades,

To me, in youthful days, this warbler seemed
Like some lone minstrel from celestial plains,
Who, longing for his angel home afar,
Relieves his heart in sweet, yet plaintive
strains.

Down in the mead where growing grasses
wave,

"Robert of Lincoln" pours his joyous notes;
While soaring far above in morning's light,
The meadow lark on rapid pinion floats.

At eve the night hawk, cleaving azure
depths,

With booming sound, sweeps downward
'neath the hill,

While yonder in the dusky woods is heard,
From eve till morn, the loud-voiced whip-
poorwill.

How sweet to wander in the quiet woods,
And listen to the thousand warblers there;
To breathe the fragrant odors of the pines,
And lift our grateful hearts to God in
prayer!

How cheerless would the lovely spring-time
be,

How silent all the hills, the vales, the fields,
Without the charming music of the birds,
Without the joy their loving mission yields!

VOX POPULI.

From the cold wilderness of northern Maine
To California's genial skies,
From Oregon to fields of sugar cane,
I hear the people's earnest voice arise.

"O give us honest men to rule," they say,—
"True men who never can be bought with
gold—

Pure men whose acts will bear the light of
day,
Whose noble aims their daily lives unfold."

How sad, how soul-depressing is the sight
Of men engaged in strife for office, or for
self;

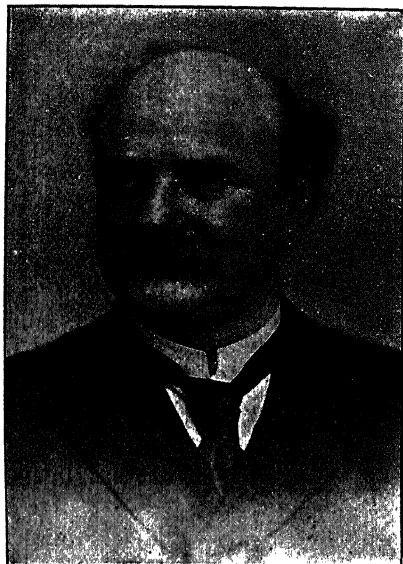
Who have not moral strength to do the right,
But worship at the sordid shrine of self!

"Where shall we find a man of honest make,"
The patient, suffering people still implore,
"Shall we like Diogenes a candle take
And search America from shore to shore?"

REV. GEORGE R. KRAMER.

BORN: BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 26, 1839.

THE poems of the Rev. George R. Kramer have appeared quite extensively in the *Portland Argus*, *Brooklyn Times*, and the period-



REV. GEORGE ROBERTS KRAMER.

ical press generally. As pastor of the Brooklyn Union Ave. Baptist church, this gentleman has gained a national reputation as an eminent divine. He was married in 1865.

SITTING IN THE AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

Sitting in the Autumn twilight
Of the sad November day,
Thinking of the happy moments
Which with summer passed away,
Thinking of the golden sunshine
Of those bright and blessed hours,
Calling up that form of radiance
That faded with the flowers.
Gleaming waves of roaring ocean
Breaking on the shining sand,
Mem'ries of the isles and gardens,
Edens of the sea and land.
Mournful winds the leaves now tossing,
Wail the splendor which had fled,
And o'er the fields and through the forests
Hymn the requiem of the dead.
Silver clouds in glory floating
Gilded with the sunny rays,
Dreaming as we saw your beauty
Of the coming brighter days.

Hoping in the fields of verdure
All our hopes, alas, were vain —
Faded like the leaves now scattered
By the cold Autumnal rain.
Singing yet of fadeless grandeur
When the leaves shall never fall,
Hearing voices of the Blessed
At the Resurrection call —
Christian Hope sings of a Summer
That shall never pass away —
Singing in the Autumn twilight
Of the sad November day.

THE DEMON OF THE NOON.

Now comes the hush of noon; a sabbath hush
In summer time; upon her throne this hour
Sweet silence sits. Yet many sounds are
heard, [sounds
But such as stillness ne'er invade; those
Which welcome find within the realm of peace
And quietude. The dreamy buzz of bees —
Hymns of the birds — Harps of soft forest
winds — [rocks,
And singing brooks which glide o'er mossy
Are but the ministers of Silence; not
The rivals of her reign.

Oh! let me linger and enjoy this calm —
I'll sin more. My soul is peaceful, like
Yon lovely stream. I feel no tempter near, —
No! darkness is the hour to fiends belongs;
In gloom their wings they flap; the light they
shun —

Their deeds of evil cannot stand the day.
Oh! let me while away, in reverie sweet,
An hour. All foes are far, I know no fear,
„At noon His flock may surely rest," so sings
The royal Hebrew bard.

What fancies steal upon my trembling soul?
Enchantment — witchery around me creeps,
Resisting, passive, tell me which am I?
Now see — on gleaming boughs before me
swing

The gay, forbidden fruits!

I do so well remember now, that while;
The pestilence in darkness walks, so grim;
Destruction in the noonday wastes.
Ah! yes, the life it saps — the soul it wastes —
The fiend, indeed, is in the darkness camped,
Yet to an angel of the light, himself [noon.
Transforms, and thus he walks in shining
O, Christ! upon the verge of sin I stand,
And tremble o'er the deep and awful gulf.
Me keep in innocence. Me keep in life.
My will I shall not praise. I look to Thee.
I whirl above the flood — I have no strength!
I reel above the fire — I know no will
Safe! Now I rest amid the pastures green —
A poor, weak sheep; yet how secure I am!
All honor to "the Everlasting Arms."

MRS. OLGA LOUISA STURM.

BORN: GERMANY, JAN. 12, 1846.

MRS. OLGA STURM was educated at Cleveland, Ohio, and in 1869 was married to Bernard Sturm. She was left a widow in 1880, with a



MRS. OLGA LOUISA STURM.

family of four children living. The poems of Mrs. Sturm have appeared in the Cleveland and Boston papers, and the periodical press generally.

THEMES FOR SONG.

Oh, sing me a song of the morning,
 A free and glad some lay!
 Oh, sing of a bright and glorious dawn
 That swept the shadows away!
 Oh, sing of the breezes, gentle and mild,
 That follow the winter's chill,
 Of the happy time when the violet blooms,
 And the woods with melody thrill!
 Oh, sing me a song of triumph,
 A clear, exultant strain,
 Of faith, which could o'er shattered hopes
 To loftier heights attain!
 Oh, sing of love which had power to bless,
 Yet with its latest breath,
 Of hearts that sank with unwavering trust,
 E'en into the arms of death!

A POET.

Among the singers of the land,
 You will not find his name enrolled,
 For how he hoped, aspired, and strove,

Has never to the world been told.
 He was a poet, though.

His life was lowly, full of care,
 And toil and hardships were his lot,
 He had his hearth, his love, his God,
 For fame and honors cared he not
 Yet was a poet he.

The gathering storm, the sunset glow,
 The little flow'ret, at his feet,
 Had pleasures for him, all his own,
 That made his life of labor sweet.
 Was that no poet's soul?

Naught had he learned of music's art,
 Yet tones to him a language spoke,
 Which, deep in his impassioned soul,
 A yearning, lingering echo woke.
 He heard with poet's ear.

For him were whispers in the brook,
 And voices in the storm wind's moan,
 Soft breezes sighing through the trees
 Had language for him, all his own,
 Which stirred his poet's soul.

Storms gathered round him at the close,
 And o'er his path, swept gale on gale,
 Yet, steadfast, with ne'er faltering trust
 He passed into the shadowy vale.
 His was a poet's death.

GO DRY THY TEARS.

Go, dry thy tears, be brave, and still plod on,
 The way is dark and steep, and tears are
 blinding.

Thy heart is faint, thy meagre strength is
 gone,

Thou find'st thy path through thorny hedges
 winding,
 And storms grow frequent with the passing
 years,

But, dry thy tears!

Yes, dry thy tears, let none thy weakness
 see!

The world is stern and hard, and tears
 despises,

If in life's fight thou would'st victorious be,
 Put on the semblance, which she recognizes,
 A sturdy front, kept to thyself thy fears,
 And dry thy tears!

Ay, dry thy tears! Thou hast not time to
 weep,

Thou hast thy work to do, for grief no
 leisure.

What though thy progress slow, but courage
 keep,

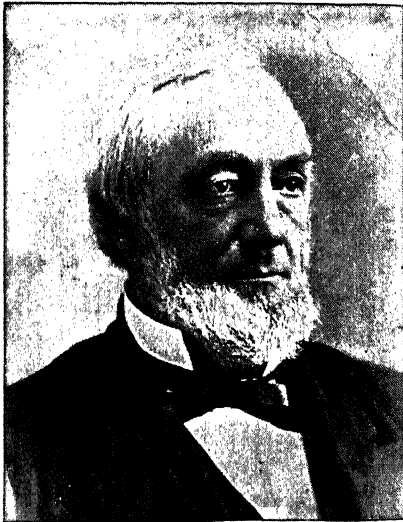
Thou shalt at length the weary distance
 measure,

And reach the goal where thy horizon clears,
 So, dry thy tears!

GILBERT S. BAILEY, D. D.

BORN: DALTON, PA., OCT. 17, 1822.

AFTER graduating from the Oberlin College of Ohio, he started a select school at Waverly, which soon grew into Madison Academy with one hundred students. Resigning this charge he was ordained to the ministry and the same year married Miss Sarah E. Bunnell.



GILBERT S. BAILEY, D. D.

He has one daughter and five sons grown to maturity — Mrs. Eulalia A. Brink, his daughter, whose husband died in California, is a teacher in Pomona; Prof. G. E. Bailey, Ph. D., his eldest son, is geologist and professor of Metallurgy in the South Dakota School of Mines, Rapid City; Wayland Bailey, A. M., is in the United States Signal Service; Howard Bailey, a civil engineer, died in Colton, Cal., December 23, 1889; Charles A. Bailey lives in Pomona, engaged in musical pursuits and fruit business; Will C. Bailey is editor and proprietor of the Colton News. The Rev. Gilbert S. Bailey has filled pastorates at Canterbury, on the Hudson; Springfield, Tremont, Pekin, Metamora and Morris, Ills., besides holding numerous other positions of trust. Mr. Bailey is the author of several volumes, and about twenty treatises; and he has written numerous poems which have appeared from time to time in the periodical press. Dr. Bailey and his wife live in Pomona, Cal., and both are very zealous Christians.

HERE AND THERE.

Here we toil and weep and groan,
There no pain is ever known;
Here we languish, gasp and die,
There we dwell with Christ on high.
Here we grope in gloomy night,
There we shine in endless light;
Here life's deepest sorrows bear,
There in Christ's own glory share.
Here temptations sore annoy,
There we live in endless joy;
Here our sins and guilt distress,
There we have Christ's righteousness.
Here our Savior bled and died,
There He reigns, the glorified;
Here we serve our Lord and King,
There His endless praises sing.

METHUSELAH.

Methuselah was but a boy
When he was forty-seven;
I wonder if he skipped and played
As boys do now at 'leven!
Was he his mother's pet and pride,
His pockets full of candy?
Did he do chores, drive up the cows,
And whistle "Doodle Dandy?"
Catch fish with pin-hook in the stream
That ran down through the meadow?
And slide down hill in winter time
And sometimes bump his head? oh!
When he chased squirrels, hares and things
With sling-stones on the hot run,
How nice for him if he had had
A double-barrelled shot gun!
I wonder if he went to school?
Had books, and pen and paper?
Was teacher kind, or cross and stern
If he once cut a caper?
Was Hebrew, Syria or Chaldee
The language of his study?
Did all his thoughts run clear and bright,
Or were they sometimes muddy?
Did fractions, roots and puzzling sums
Torment his brain, or lead on
To squares and cubes until he found
The Parallelopipedon?
He did not use the filthy weed
Like urchins now a puffing
The cigarette, with strut and swell,
Their brains with smoke a-stuffing.
He did not ride on railroad then,
But made his journeys, walking;
Nor did he speak through telephone,
But did his own plain talking.
The steamboat did not course its way
Across the briny ocean,
He paddled his own canoe about
Where e'er he took a notion.

His father never paid a dime
 For telegraphic message,
 Nor two cents postage when he wrote,
 Nor fifty cents expressage.

His mother had no queer machine
 To mend his ragged breeches,
 Her loving fingers patched the hole
 With just the nicest stitches.

At hundred years, a nice young man,
 He thought he'd go a courting;
 His beard was growing finely then;
 A mustache he was sporting.

A sprightly lass of ninety years
 Had set his heart a flutter;
 But still he wisely looked about
 And thought of bread and butter.

No haste to wed, like modern swains,
 He thought the matter over,
 And kept on courting eighty years,
 And lived that time in clover.

The wedding came, no hasty match,
 He thought he'd take the chances:
 The dudes she did not try to catch
 Nor go to balls and dances.

At age one hundred eighty-seven
 He saw his first boy baby,
 He trotted Lamech on his knee
 And sung "Hi-doo-da-da!"

Then at three hundred sixty-nine
 He welcomed grandson Noah,
 And lived with him who built the ark
 About six hundred more.

How did they get the daily news?
 Base ball, prize fights and 'lections?
 No daily press nor telegram
 To tell of bank defections.

But hold a bit: Methuseiah
 Could tell a wondrous story:
 Three centuries and a third he lived
 'Till Adam went to glory.

He heard the tale from Adam's lips
 And told each generation
 Of man's creation and his fall!
 How sad was the narration!

In his last year the work of Noah
 On ark was nearly ended:
 But he went home to glory just
 Before the flood descended.

We live less years than men did then,
 But we are living faster;
 Our years compress ten into one
 In service of the Master.

Then speed our time and speed our work,
 Till rest from toil is given:
 We hail the day that calls us home
 From toils of earth to joys of heaven.

MRS. ETTIE C. STAMBAUGH.

BORN: ASHTABULA, O., NOV. 6, 1844.

IN HER sixteenth year this lady was married to W. D. Stambaugh. She has taught school in Illinois and Nebraska, and has



MRS. ETTIE CROSS STAMBAUGH.

written about fifty poems which have appeared in the local press. Mrs. Stambaugh is now a resident of Herman, Neb.

MAMA'S PET.

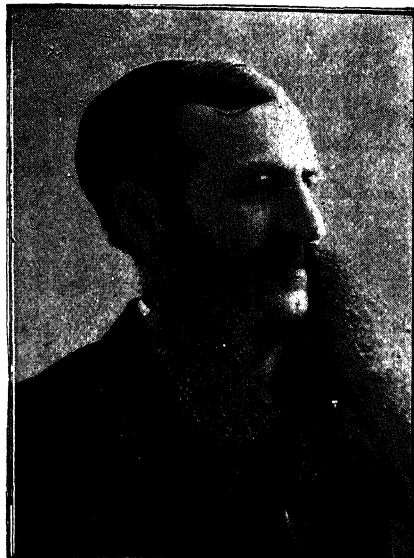
Mama's pet just one year old,
 Eyes of blue and curls of gold,
 Cheeks with little dimples in,
 Rosy mouth and double chin;
 Fingers into mischief creeping,
 Little feet their company keeping,
 Running here and running there
 Never minding when nor where.
 Mama's pet and Papa's joy
 This our precious darling boy.

Savior Dear, a watch can keep
 O'er those little tottering feet,
 Guide them safely, Father do,
 All their weary journey through,
 And at last a rest prepare
 In Thy Kingdom bright and fair
 For our little darling boy,
 Mama's pet and Papa's joy.

MARINER J. KENT.

BORN: BOSTON, MASS., MAY 26, 1846.

WHEN eighteen years of age Mr. Kent entered the United States service. At the close of the war he commenced his journalistic career, and has since been on the staff of the Gazette and the Chronicle, of Wash-



MARINER J. KENT.

ington, D. C.; the Sun, Times, Star and Bradstreet's Journal, of New York City; Times, of Chicago; Golden Era, Post and Examiner, of San Francisco; Herald, and Life of Los Angeles; and he is now known in newspaper work as special and editorial writer. Mr. Kent has written quite a number of fugitive poems, which have been a valuable acquisition to current literature.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

Thanksgivin' day! Ah! yes, fur some;
But not for we 'uns of th' slum —
Not for me, a wretched an' batter'd man,
Tatters an' rags, with rusty can
Drainin' th' soured lees, in fear,
From th' emptied bar's for beer.
Great God! how my sodden brain burns,
As mem'ry to a bright an' past time turns;
Time when my heart wuz! light an' free,
When I watched, with boyish glee,

Th' roastin' turkey, as it brownin' glint,
With mother's famous stuffin' in't.

What ails me? T'aint no use to think
When a feller's over th' brink
So fur that there's no gittin' back agin
When th' slough he's layin' in, of sin,
Is so deep an' wide an' so black,
There's no hope of findin' th' right track.
Ah! happy those Thanksgivin' days,
Those joyous days when with boyhood's
amaze,

When with abidin' appetite,
I waited, longin' fur a bite
Of roasted turkey, brown an' rich in tint,
With mother's famous stuffin' in't.

What's th' use fur me to recall
Lost youth's fair hopes an' manhood's fall?
To bring back th' days of a better life
Before evil, weakness an' strife,
Ere trickery, debauchery an' sham
Had made me th' vile thing I am.
What, crying? Crying like a chit?
Where's th' can? I must drink! I must forgit
Th' dear, th' olden pleasant ways;
Forgit th' old Thanksgivin' days,
Forgit th' turkey, brown an' rich in tint,
With mother's famous stuffin' in't.

THE BLACK FLAG OF HUNGER.

Bathe poverty in bloody sweat!
Lust of gain thy task hath set,
Reek at night; let each to-morrow
See the faint and pallid rise.
Drain the aloes of sacrifice;
Steep with care thy soul and sense;
O'er thy lowly home of sorrow,
'Mid disease and pestilence,
Black floats the flag of hunger—
Symbol of the woe and want,
Signal of the pauper's gaunt.
Oh, the binding and the grinding
Of the toilers starving under!

Still have thee, wealth, in pleasures new!
In rich robes of fairest hue
Deck thy dainty form and tender,
Safe from touch of toil and strife;
Unmixed with thy red wine of life,
The sour dregs and bitter lees,
Yet, in the pall of splendor,
Near thy home of dreamy ease,
Black floats the flag of hunger—
Token of the people's woe,
Harbinger of justice slow.
Take ye warning, ere the dawning,
O men of might and plunder.

HART VANCE.

BORN: MEMPHIS, TENN., MARCH 7, 1853.

FOR several years the subject of this sketch attended the Indiana University, after which he took up civil engineering. For a while he was a reporter, and also taught school. Since 1873 he has filled many positions of



HART VANCE.

trust, as civil engineer and surveyor. Since 1880 he has been a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. He was married in 1887 to Miss Myra Lomax and has two children

IDENTITY.

A tender awe, an imminence of tears,
Boded our meeting, and our hand-clasp starts
The old heart-fire, but a formal phrase, that
parts

Our souls more fatally than all the years,
Is either's greeting. Placid wont inheres
In voice and aspect, and our very hearts
Are quenched with modern dignities and arts,
Memory recoils, and no romance appears.

A boy and girl bent down at once one day
To pluck one wildflower, and her bondless
hair

Was softly blown across his face, and he,
Lifting his eyes — love's blazon — caught a
ray

Of Heaven through hers, and both glowed
spell-bound there —

Are we these two? Or have they ceased
to be!

JOY.

Through shadowy sleep her eyes appear,
And heaven seems half-bespoken,
Her sweet lips, warm and fond, drew near,
Touch — and the dream is broken.

Whenever I seek a dewy wood
In May, she flits thereunder,
A spellful doubt of solitude —
A passion and a wonder; —

Something escaped from happy dreams,
Still nearly overtaken. —

Now here her fairy covert seems, —
I come, — and 'tis forsaken!

Now there she waits with arms outstretched
A phantom that the dew leaves,
A subtler beauty somehow sketched
In sunshine under new leaves;

But still the phantom will not brook
Pursuit, approach, or beckoning,
Nor even the shadow in my look
Of memory, doubt, or reckoning.

When thought, in brief exalted moods,
Its mortal cumber loses,
She whispers through my solitudes
The spells of all the Muses;

But when I turn for nearer bliss
To lips as sweet as dreaming,
The mere conception of my kiss
Dispels the lovely seeming.

Anon I find her at my side,
Amid some gay throng's shifting,
And life's last shadow seems to bide
Just her fair eyelids' lifting.

I bend above their shy ecstase
Of all my hopes and holies,
They rise and their apocalypse
Is greater than my soul is.

Surcharged with new delights, my heart
Their culmination misses,
Left sad for some divinest part
Not compassed with its blisses.

And lo! my spirits rallying while
Has dimmed the empyreal presence: —
The glowing of the seraph's smile
Exhales the seraph's essence. —

O phantom, have I any good
Of thee with all thy sweetness?
Still ledest thou, not understood,
Toward some divine completeness?

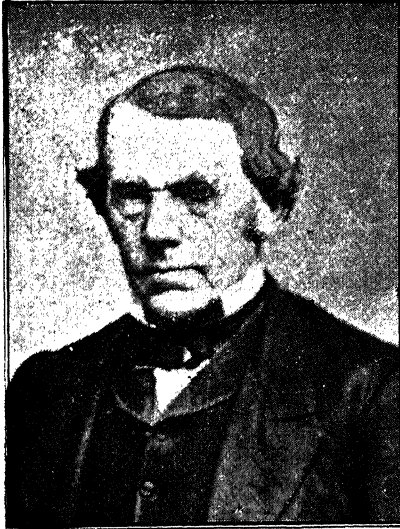
Am I the stronger that pursuit
Makes life one upward hastening?
Is our desire, forever moot,
A true behoof of chastening?

O joy, just once with me — and youth —
Transcend this mere suggestion! —
Or is it, that thine utmost truth
Is an eternal question?

JAMES MCCAULEY.

BORN: CECIL CO., MD., AUG. 23, 1809.

THIS gentleman is a land surveyor by profession, and now chief judge of Orphan's court. He has contributed quite extensive-



JAMES M. CAULEY.

ly both prose and verse to current literature. Mr. McCauley has been county surveyor, register of wills, member of the legislature, and five times elected judge.

HOPE.

When storms arise, and tumults jar,
And wreck thy mortal form,
There is a bright, a lovely star
That shines above the storm.

'Tis hope that buoys our spirits up,
Along the checkered way,
And when we drain the bitter cup,
It points a brighter day.

Though all the ills of life stand by,
It proffers still to save,
And when the shades of death are nigh,
It looks beyond the grave.

WORK TO-DAY.

Youth's the time, youth's the season,
Learn and labor while you may,
Hear the voice of age and reason,
Work to-day.

Labor hard in mornings prime,
Hasten on without delay,
Make the most of early time,
Work to-day.

Up betimes, nor let the sun,
Find you sleeping or at play,
Sleep enough when life is done,
Work to-day.

Cull the sweets from ev'ry flower,
Seize the moments while you may,
Nor idly pass one sunny hour,
Work to-day.

HENRY CLAY.

He needs no monument, no marble pile,
'Tis vain thus to commemorate a name,
That must endure in noble grandeur while
His country lives — the temple of his fame.

REV. DAVID F. PIERCE.

BORN: SOUTH BRITAIN, CONN., APRIL 27, 1840.

IN 1871 Mr. Pierce was married to Miss Eliza Bradley. In 1888 he was ordained as a Congregational minister, but had been a minister for many years prior to that time. Rev. David French Pierce has written enough poems to fill a large volume, which he hopes to publish in book-form in the near future.

NIAGARA.

O mighty scene of nature,
Whose solemn-sounding power
Rebukes man's pride as nothingness —
The shadow of an hour.

The eye of man, astonished,
Beholds the deep profound,
And the spirit melts with faintness
At the thunder of thy sound.

The tongue of man is feeble;
Words cannot paint thy praise;
O thou unrivalled wonder,
Vocal through countless days —
The smoke of thy vast torrent
From the deep gulf ascends,
On the viewless ether rising,
Till with the sky it blends.

Fit type of a mighty soul,
Whose giant power pours forth
A never-ceasing stream of thought,
Resounding through the earth;
As roar of lesser torrents
By thine are cast in shade,
So in his presence lesser lights
Grow dimly pale, and fade.

The soul of man with something
Of earth claims kinship here;
Behold, what 'tis most moves him,
And such will be his sphere.
But thou, the lone and peerless,
What soul of man may claim
In thee a kindred emblem,
To shadow forth his fame.

ROLAND ALBERT NICHOLS.

BORN: SHALERSVILLE, O., AUG. 1, 1865.

AFTER receiving his education at the Hiram College, Roland has been engaged in teaching, and also as a minister, which latter profession he intends to follow. His poems



ROLAND ALBERT NICHOLS.

have appeared in the Toledo Blade, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Christian Standard, and the local press. In 1889 Mr. Nichols was married to Jennie F. Sefton, and now resides in Hiram Ohio.

ALONE.

Full many a shipwrecked sailor
Has lived on a shore unknown;
Full many a desert traveler
Has walked o'er the sands alone;
But of all earth's desolation
And bitterness I ken,
The dregs are for him who lives alone
Among his fellow-men.

DRIFTING.

A boat on Niagara drifting,
Merrily gliding along.
See it joyously ride
O'er the silvery tide,
How beautiful, free and strong!

But look! the boat's in the current,
Tossed at the sport of the wave,
By the mad waters lashed,

'Gainst the cruel rocks dashed,
'Tis helpless and naught can save.
One moment it pauses and trembles;
One moment and all is o'er,
The short voyage ended,
To ruin descended,
Engulfed 'midst Niagara's roar.
O you who are carelessly drifting:
Dark, treacherous currents are rife.
Soon the rocks will appear;
Soon will ruin be near;
Beware of an aimless life.

A PICTURE.

Only an idle moment,
Only a thoughtless son,
Spurning a mother's counsel,
And the work of ruin begun.
Only a small beginning,
"A glass for friendship's sake,"
That will lead him on to his ruin,
And many a teardrop make.
Only a mother weeping
For a reckless, wayward son;
All of her bright hopes shattered
And fading, one by one.
Only a bar-room quarrel;
A fight that began in ruin.
The fatal blow is given,
And the fearful work is done.
Only a heart-broken mother,
Homeless, and roaming the street.
Only a newly made grave,
And there is the picture—complete.

THE POSITIVE MAN.

I honor the positive man,
The man with a mind of his own,
Who, having a thought will express it,
A purpose, will dare make it known.

E'en though our opinions may differ,
I hold him a true, noble man,
Who stands for right as he views it,
And scorns to do less than he can.

The world rejects and despises
The man of weak purpose and heart,
Whose only claim on humanity
Consists in his being a part.

But he who adversity strengthens,
Whom trials and hardships assail,
Yet who stands for right and his purpose,
At last over all will prevail.

And after a life long and useful,
Spent in doing for men what he can,
The world will respect and will honor
The strong and the positive man.

MRS. IDA F. WATERMAN.

BORN: NEAR GALESBURG, ILL., MAY 4, 1855.

WHEN sixteen years of age Ida began teaching school, which profession she followed for eighteen years with great success in the public schools of Iowa and Dakota. She



MRS. IDA FERRIS WATERMAN.

emigrated to Dakota in 1883, and the following year was married to F. B. Waterman, and now resides with her husband, son and daughter at Frankfort, S. D. Mrs. Waterman has written about a hundred poems, which have received extensive publication in the periodical press.

A TRIBUTE.

The little home beyond the bridge
Is lonely now and still;
With saddened hearts we pass it by,
Or softly cross the sill.

Our dear grandparents both are gone,
No snow-white cap is there,
There's not a picture on the wall,
Nor even his empty chair.

The little room where mother passed
Her days when he was gone,
Bears not a trace of her dear hand,
For strangers fill the home.

Her face was ever fair to see,
Her voice so sweet to hear,
No heart so warm and tender,
No life so full of cheer.

A kind word ever on her lips,
So full of God's own grace;
Our dear, old-fashioned grandmother,
With her sweet love-lightened face.

We see her setting by the stove
With her bible on her knee,
Or slowly tottering to the door,
To welcome you or me.

The little hand so soft and warm,
With a welcome sought your own;
While lovingly you print a kiss
On the cheek like eider-down.

Her memory is dear to us,
And shall be to the end;
None knew her but to love her,
And be her life-long friend.

A RAMBLE.

I've been taking a ramble to-day, cousin,
To the old house on the hill,
And to witness the changes Time has wrought
It made my heart stand still.

I cannot picture to you, cousin,
A sight of that dear old place,
With walls torn down and roof sunk in,
As it stands there in disgrace.

I wandered about the yard, cousin,
And climbed the old rickety stair,
And fearful lest it should tumble down,
I took each step with care.

For they creaked and groaned beneath my
weight,
And my heart beat faster, too,
As I thought of the many, many time
I had climbed the same with you.

And my thoughts went back to childhood
days,
As they oft had done before,
And how I longed to see your face
Appear in the kitchen door.

Ah, never again, I truthfully said,
As a tear stood in my eye,
And slowly turning my steps away,
I bade the old place good-bye.

MARY AUGUSTA M'MAKIN.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUG. 30, 1833.

THIS lady is the daughter of Andrew M'Makin, formerly editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. After graduating she was for a time associated with her father in editing the Woman's Department of that publication, under the pen name of



MARY AUGUSTA M'MAKIN.

Bessie Beechwood. She also contributed occasional short stories to Peterson's Magazine and Frank Leslie's publications. For some years this lady was engaged in teaching and in literary work for the American Baptist Publication Society. Miss M'Makin was secretary to the first Regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Subsequently she was appointed to a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, which she still occupies.

WHO IS IT?

A dainty maid
In freshest verdure decked,
Her golden head
With fitting sunbeams flecked,
The fairy dyes
Of apple-blossoms her cheeks
And in her eyes
Blue myosotis speaks.
Rich daffodils
Her sunny tresses crown.

Frost lingering chills
The breezes round her blown
Hope in her mien,
So sweetly, shyly gay,—
How name her? Queen?
No, only May, sweet May

COLUMBIA'S CHOICE.

There's a murmur and stir in the garden bed,
A contest troubles that peaceful nook;
Pink and white and yellow and red
Shake their bright heads with an anxious look.

Who shall win in the coming choice?
Who be borne on the nation's shield?
Who will come at Columbia's voice
From mountain or brook side, from valley or field?

Whom will she place in her girdle strong
When she gathers her children for fun or fray?

Who will bloom in the festal throng,
Wreathing her banners with bud and spray?

Fair Arbutus, as shy as sweet,
Shivers to think of the surging crowd;
But sturdy Daisy would fain compete
And the gaudy Sunflower laughs aloud!

The mountain Ash, unawed by storms;
The Violet shrinking beneath her shade;
The Water Lily, whose vestal charms
Would shame a nation for strife arrayed.

Many and fair are the buds and blooms
That national honors so warmly crave;
Among the proudest the sunny plumes
Of the Golden Rod serenely wave.

"Peace, rash blossoms!" Columbia cries,
"Nor like humanity waste your powers.
Shall we for an emblem spoil our eyes
While all the flowers on earth are ours?"

"The Lily of France and the English Rose,
The Shamrock, the Thistle (that strange device)

The German Corn Flower and, from the snows,

The Switzer's Alpine Edelweiss.

"Bind them up, with a score beside,
And mingle sprigs of the Northern Pine.
Who dares question my honest pride
In this bright cluster, and all are mine!

"Quarrel who will for a single flower,
No lance I break in a needless fray;
The sweets of earth are Columbia's dower;
She wears on her bosom the whole bouquet."

MRS. MARY E. WARREN.

BORN: GALWAY, N. Y., MARCH 14, 1829.

THIS lady has been a member of the Baptist church at Fox Lake, Wis., for thirty years. She is a prominent member of the W. C. T. U., and has been actively engaged in the Independent Order of Good Templars for thirty



MRS. MARY EVALIN WARREN.

teen years, and has been Grand Vice Templar three times. Mrs. Warren has published three books, two in pamphlet form entitled *Our Laurels*, and *Little Jakie*; and one large volume entitled *Compensation*, a temperance story founded on fact. This lady was married in 1847 to George Warren, a farmer, and now resides at Fox Lake, Wis. She has three sons now grown to manhood. The poems of Mrs. Mary E. Warren have appeared extensively in the temperance papers and the local press generally.

HARVEST O'ER.

Again our harvest toil is o'er,
The sheaves are garnered dry,
Now, we may rest from weary toil
And lay our reapers by.
Our horses too may rest again
And nip sweet clover tops,
And brush the flies with dignity
From off their dappled coats.
The farmer fills his easy chair
And looks upon his fields
With satisfaction beaming forth
For what his labor yields.

The wheat and tares together wait
The thresher's noisy whis,
And thus the wheat he'll separate,
The tares leave for the fire.

God's harvesters are too at work,
His agents never tire,
Death always has his sickle bright
When for us he inquires.

We are God's sheaves, his wheat and tares,
Together we are growing,
And when he will us separate
Is not for human knowing.

Among the wheat let us strive to be,
And when chill death shall come
We will go with him to meet our friends
In our upper and better home.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

We started for home at a brisk round trot,
The sun had gone, but we heeded it not,
The moon had appeared, and bright over all
Was relieving the gloom of night's darkening pall.

I turned around for a backward glance
And gazed upon nature's lovely expanse,
A neat little cottage of oaken shade
Looked cheerfully down from the green hill side.

A beautiful orchard, with hickories a few,
Lay back of the cottage and full in view.
The beholder enraptured gazed on the fair scene

By the aid of the moon in his silvery sheen.
Tall poplars in front of this bright little home [to roam
Seemed "towering" their heads as if trying
Amid the bright in the heavens so blue,
While drinking new life from the perfume laden dew.

Broad fields and rich groves — proofs of
God's lavish hand —
Encircled this home of a bright happy band.
Happy children were sporting around in the yard —

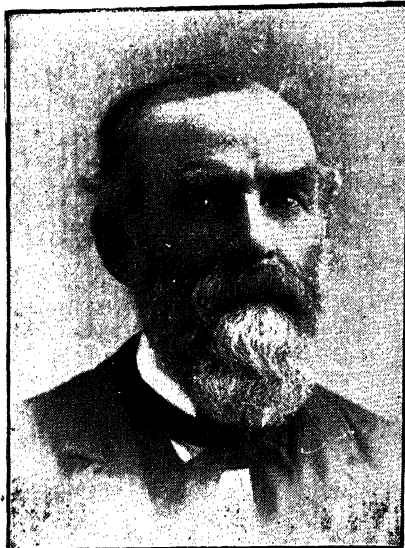
Their pleasant "sire" stood watching as if
to keep guard.

Their dear mother, who ever is thoughtful
and kind, [in mind —
Appeared cheerful and happy and contented
A blessing to all she has proved herself there.
Ought she not to be happy with her dear ones all near?

A bright cheerful daughter, with sweet winning ways,
Completed the picture, and I ceased to gaze.
I turned with a sigh and left the fair scene,
While wishing each glance on the past as
fair might have been.

JOHN COTTER PELTON.

MR. PELTON was the first superintendent of schools in San Francisco, but since then he has seen a great deal of trouble and has been very greatly harrassed by the loss of a part of his property. Mr. Pelton's ability as a



JOHN COTTER PELTON.

poet is well known on the Pacific Coast, and his poems have been copied far and wide by the periodical press. Mr. Pelton is a scholarly gentleman and has resided for a number of years on his ranch at The Glens, in San Diego county, Cal. He is blessed with a wife of rare literary taste, who has always taken a great interest in his poetical works. Mr. Pelton hopes to publish his poems in book form in the near future.

WHAT THEN?

"What am I?" I sigh,
As the world goes by,
But a lamp just dimly burning.
Convenient, 'tis true,
For a moment or two;
But the light out-blown,
And the spirit out-flown —

What then?

Extinguished the flame,
Forgotten the name —

What then?

With a still reckless ken,
The world hastens by,
Without tear or a sigh,
Nor tarries to ask, "What then?"

But hastily lispeth "adieu,—good-bye,"
Then onware speedeth its whirling.
Aye, small is one bee,
In the world's vast hive,
Where each for himself,
(For lucre or pelf,) —
Is ever so eagerly stirring.
But a sand is he!
In the depths of the sea!
If a billion were gone,
As many were born —
While the world whirls on
With its reckless ken,
Nor thinks "what then?"
But onward keeps its whirling.
Nor with tear or sigh,
But still rushes by,
With a hasty good-bye,
And on, and on keeps whirling —
And then — What then?
Not the tongue of mortal —
Naught but infinite pen
Shall answer this query
Quite safely: "What then?"
But as time fits by
We live and we die,
(We scarce know for what, or why,)
And then? God knows, what then?
Yet rush we along,
'Mid the world's giddy throng;
Nor tarry nor tire
Till the lamp of life
Doth final expire;
Nor stop we for a moment
To ask or to think — "What then?"

NIL DESPERANDUM.

My weary, toil-worn, murmuring friend,
Let faith and hope with patience blend,
And keep your colors flying.
If grudging fate small bounties send,
And grov'ling life few pleasures lend,
There's little use in sighing.
While 'long life's thorny path you wend —
(Oft rough, there's no denying) —
No tears nor plaint will matters mend,
Nor soothe nor smooth its rugged trend —
Then where's the use in sighing.
If fortune deals with sparing hand,
Your meager wants supplying,
If she sore toil and care demands,
Nor yields one jot her stern demands,
You nothing gain by sighing.
If sorrow lays her heavy hand
And severs rude love's holiest bands,
You gain no strength by pining.
If wreck bestrew life's stormy strand
And grief shall hasten out its sands,
You better naught by sighing.

MRS. FRANCES REYNOLDS.

BORN: MT. CARMEL, ILL., DEC. 4, 1853.

IN 1879 this lady married Mr. A. Reynolds, editor and publisher of the *Mariposa Gazette*, which paper she has edited and managed successfully since the death of her hus-



MRS. FRANCES A. REYNOLDS.

band. She has a collection of about seventy poems which have appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, *San Jose Mercury*, *Mt. Carmel Register*, *San Francisco Call*, and other publications. Mrs. Reynolds has a son and daughter, aged ten and six years respectively.

REMORSE.

Cool blows the wind across the lea,
 Low sings the lonely whippoorwill;
 Soft flutters the leaves on the old oak tree,
 A moment rustling, a moment still.
 I wait for one who ne'er will come
 To meet me, as in days gone by,
 I wait while she's dreaming
 Under the gleaming
 Stars of the southern sky.
 The August moon comes o'er the hill,
 Giving a radiance, pure and rare,
 More plaintively the whip-poor-will
 Breathes out his song on the soft air.
 And 'mid the memories that will rise,
 Of nights like this, forever fled,
 My soul with sorrow
 Longs for the morrow
 To rest me with the dead.

A cloud hath wrapped the pure white moon
 (As clouds so long have wrapped my soul),
 No ray of light comes through the gloom,
 And fearful peals of thunder roll.
 Ah! memory comes with truthful page,
 More dread to me than voice of doom,
 Of cruel words spoken,
 A fond heart broken,
 A fair form silent in the tomb.

INDIAN SUMMER.

All the world is warm and glowing
 With the vivid gold and green,
 And the mottled brown and crimson
 Of the autumn's regal sheen,
 And the air is filled with splendor,
 Music lading every breeze,
 Caught from rustling gold-edged banners,
 Fluttering on the forest trees.

The hills are robed in softest colors,
 Wrapped in filmy, purple mist,
 The vales are rosy hued and golden,
 As downy peach by sun's rays kissed.
 Royal robed purple asters,
 By the wayside sway and nod,
 With the crimson tufts of sumach,
 And the haunting golden-rod.

All the orchard trees are bending
 With their wealth of red and gold,
 Giving more abundant fruitage
 Than the flowers of spring foretold.
 In the field the quail is whistling,
 With a cheerful, daring sound.

And the timid, frightened rabbit
 Leaps the path with graceful bound;
 Apple-cheeked country maidens
 Laugh and shout in wildwood free,
 Supple-sinewed lads are shaking
 Treasures from the chestnut tree.

Blessed time of Indian summer,
 Born from the midsummer's sun,
 Fitting us for blasts of winter,
 By love's victory newly won,
 Giving us last, lingering visions
 Of the golden warmth and light,
 Of the summer and its glories,
 Crowned with blessings rich and bright.

A JUNE ROSE.

I wonder if in thy tenderest feeling
 Thou wilt guess the secret I most dread re-
 vealing,
 Like perfume from water-lilies stealing,
 Just as they close.
 Thou art fairer than the loveliest flower,
 And richest graces are thy dower,
 On bended knee I own thy power,
 O sweet June rose.

MRS. ADA SMITH NICUM.

BORN: RICHMOND, IND., FEB. 8, 1864.

MRS. NICUM is the daughter of a noted physician. She was married in 1882 to W. V. Nicum, and now resides in Cincinnati, Ohio, with



MRS. ADA SMITH NICUM.

her husband and daughter. She has written many fine poems and several prose articles, which have appeared in the periodical press.

SOLILOQUY.

The lingering sunset still is bright,
But comes apace the falling night,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Is singing to the solitude,
Through dogwood blossoms late I stray.
Ah! wonderful the charms of May!
Sing little minstrel, do thy best
To drown the music of the rest,
Where violets flood the turf with blue
And evening fills their cups with dew.
I'll ponder on the wicked fate
That robbed me of my promised mate.
Angel now bathed in heaven's rays,
Gone with those dear departed days,
Could I but reach thy realm sublime
To dwell with thee, nor reckon time,
As with one voice we'd praise our king,
And heaven's enchanted carols sing.
Lord of all beings, throned on high,
O let thy death-angel swiftly fly,
And bear this storm-tossed soul to rest,
Where it shall linger doubly blest.

Ye laughing riverlet bounding high,
Why mockest thou my weary sigh.
Thou art nigh bubbling o'er with fun,
But I, my race of joy have run;
Thou ripplest on to some great sea,
I, fain would reach eternity.
Pale, pale the moonbeam's waning light,
That kisses the darkness of the night.
Soon o'er the hill and budding brake.
The morning light begins to wake.
For down the vale, chimes from the tower
Ring up to me the midnight hour.
Earth is wrapped in a vale of dreams,
And my bereavement — jest it seems.

TO LOUISE OF SAVOY.

Fair, nobly fair, Therese Louise,
True daughter of the blood.
Thy eyes like bluebells dropped in snow,
Thy hair a golden flood.
Thy form so perfect in each line,
By angels coveted.
A child in years, in stature tall,
Lithe as a willow bough.
With heart full ripe in tender love
Would thou wert 'mong us now.
That tender heart so cruelly crushed,
Wrecked by a marriage vow.
The chill of death clung to thy gown;
Thy tears fell all the while,
When 'mid the pomp of Bourbons great,
Thou wore'st the bridal veil. [stood,
Wrapped in despair the bridegroom
With ne'er a word or smile.
The vision of fair Genevieve,
Stood sadly by his side.
Forsooth thou wert his princess, she,
His darling peasant bride,
And o'er her grave, though wed to thee,
Prince Lamballe wept and died.
Princess Therese Louise de Lamballe,
Thy brave deeds, nobly done, [heart,
Have strengthened many a fainting
Guided an erring one.
A beacon bright thy name remains,
Till time her sands shall run.
Thou lived'st in a wicked age
When crime and carnage ruled.
Thy sweet young voice that cheered the
doomed,
Thy hand their temples cooled,
Thy noble heart surrendered life,
For love as't had been schooled.
God's peace be with thy sainted dust,
Though scattered far and wide,
E'en quiet grave denied, in which
Thy broken heart to hide.
Daughter of Savoy, naught but woe
Thy portion as a bride.

SYLVESTER FOWLER.

BORN: WILLIAMS CO., O., MARCH 2, 1853.

AS EDITOR of the Pottawatomie County Times of Louisville, Kan., Sylvester Fowler has gained quite a reputation as a forcible writer. He has contributed poems to the Topeka Capital, Kansas City Times, Chicago



SYLVESTER FOWLER.

Ledger, New York Tribune and other equally prominent publications. Sex and Other Poems is a small volume from the pen of this editor and poet, which has received extensive notice. Mr. Fowler was married in 1880 to Miss Elizabeth Shaw, has three children, and resides at Louisville, Kansas.

TWO PICTURES.

There hangs a picture in my room,
A battle-clouded sky,
Cannon that belch athwart the gloom,
And charging cavalry.

The field of Austerlitz — the sun,
Smoke-swathed, but dimly shines,
The peasant-prince, Napoleon,
Leads on the thinned lines.

The scourge of Europe, on his face,
Implacable and stern
As hate, the excitement of the chase
Most clearly I discern.

Blood-tinctured is the battle plain,
Gore streams a rising flood,
In the picture — oft I fear 'twill stain
The walls o' the room with blood.

Another picture I possess —
Though wealth is not my boast
I love art's treasures none the less —
The last I value most:

Pine woods, a cabin, (true such scenes
Are common) hills beyond
A lake, and Thoreau hoeing beans
By Walden Pond.

MILTON W. REYNOLDS.

O pioneer!
Or there or here,
Or far or near,
It seemeth clear
Thy tireless brain
Must still remain
Active: we have no fear
For thee, though dark and drear
Thy path, and sad the bier,
And hot the falling tear:
Eternity's new year
Will find for thee some work,
Who never yet didst shirk,
O pioneer!

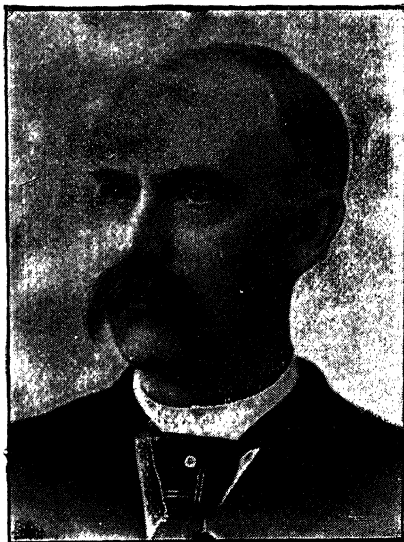
Beautiful was his soul,
And clean as whitest light —
He never reached a goal
By treachery to right,
Or homage paid to might;
No servile fawner he,
On bended knee,
He never warped the truth
In any cause forsooth,
Untarnished on his page
It shone to shame the age;
His manly gentleness
Grew never less,
He pitied all distress,
And to the needy gave
From out his scanty hoard
More than he could afford,
To succor and to save.

Though folded are the hands,
In Oklahoma lands;
Though closed the kindly eyes,
That beamed with sympathies;
Though idle the swift pen,
Keener at times than saber,
His name so long has been
Allied with thoughts of labor,
As student, satirist,
Self-poised diplomatist,
Equipped journalist,
Philosopher, that we
Believe intuitively
That somewhere still he strives,
For good that shall increase,
For progress, knowledge, peace,
And better, nobler lives.

LUCIUS P. HILLS.

BORN: BENNINGTON, N.Y., JUNE 16, 1844.

LEFT an orphan at the age of eleven, Lucius shortly afterward removed to a farm, when in 1861, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the 10th New York Cavalry, going through three years of active service. In 1869 Mr.



LUCIUS P. HILLS.

Hills entered the law department of the University of Michigan, graduating in the class of 1871, and practiced successfully in northern Michigan. Since 1875 he has made his home in Atlanta, Ga., where by judicious investments he has accumulated quite a little property. The poems of Mr. Hills have appeared in the Buffalo Express, the Atlanta papers and other publications, while many of them have been written for private recitations.

THE MAID OF CHRISTIAN HILL.

'Twas Sabbath morn, the sun shone bright,
And sacred quiet reign'd around,
While bands of worshippers obeyed
The tolling church-bell's solemn sound;
As idly strolling through the town,
I crossed the river, passed the mill,
And wandering aimlessly along,
I reached the foot of Christian Hill.

As up the slope I slowly strayed,
I met a maiden, wonderous bright,

In whose dark eyes the sunbeams played
With ever shifting, changing light;
With form and face of perfect mold,
Displaying nature's utmost skill;
A flower of rarest beauty, formed
To deck the brow of Christian Hill.

Often in poem or romance
I've read of maids divinely fair,
With eyes whose hue was heaven's own blue,
And sunlit waves of golden hair;
Of these let poets madly rave,
And sing their praises as they will,
I'll ne'er forget the dark brunette,
Whom first I met on Christian Hill.

No poet's pen could e'er describe
The nameless magic of her grace,
No artist's pencil could portray
The charms that centered in her face;
Her smile was bright as morning light,
Its witching beauty haunts me still,
And bids me ever bless the fate
That led my feet toward Christian Hill.

In happy visions of the night
Her radiant face I often see,
And with the morning's breaking light
Her image still revisits me.
Or, when meandering through the tow
With what wild joy my pulses thrill,
If on the street I chance to meet
That dark-eyed girl of Christian Hill.

I know not what strange power it is
Which thus my wayward heart can move,
'Tis surely more than friendship's spell,
And yet, I dare not name it love;
But this I know, where'er I go
No other love my soul can fill,
Since I have seen fair beauty's queen
Who sits enthroned on Christian Hill.

But time is passing swiftly by
And these bright days will soon be o'er,
When I shall leave these happy scenes,
Perchance to visit them no more;
But when in distant lands I roam,
Life's sterner duties to fulfill,
Fond memory will revisit oft'
One little cot on Christian Hill.

Fair girl, where'er my path shall lead,
While life is mine, thou hast a friend,
And e'en upon my dying bed
One prayer for thee shall still ascend;
And when above my grave, shall sing
The nightingale and whippoorwill,
My lingering spirit still shall haunt
Thy sacred home on Christian Hill.

MARY GRACE MAHONEY.

BORN: IRELAND, 1860.

As THE author of *Marmaduke Denver* and *Other Stories*, Miss Mahoney already occupies a prominent place in the world of literature.



MARY GRACE MAHONEY.

Her poems have appeared in the *San Francisco News Letter*, *Argus*, and *Call*. She emigrated to this country in 1875, and is now engaged as a typewriter in San Francisco.

MY PICTURE.

Do you want to see my picture,
The one I love the best?
It comes when dying sunbeams
Lead nature to her rest.

The background to my picture
Is a mountain towering high,
Whose rugged peaks are softened
In outline 'gainst the sky.

The stars look brightly downward,
I see them in the lake,
And of its silvery whiteness
A magic mirror make.

With giant limbs extending,
Behold my noble trees,
Their branches gentle bending
To softest perfumed breeze.

The flowers have closed their dainty cups
And try to hide from sight,
The moonbeams touch the tree-tops
And paint them glistening white.

Oh, Artist! can'st thou paint me
A scene like this of mine,
Can'st make the dewdrops glisten,
The silvery moon to shine?

Oh, paint me little flower-cups,
Whose perfume fill the air,
Bedew their lovely petals —
Display their beauty rare.

The stars — my living diamonds —
Those brilliant eyes of night —
Can'st draw their shape, Oh, Artist!
Their colors, too — their light?

The brush divine that painted this
Is not to mortals given —
The colors and the Master Hand
Are only found in Heaven.

FLOWERS FOR THE FAIR.

Flowers are fit for the young and fair,
Roses and lilies and jasmine,
Blue forget-me-nots, daisies bright,
Wreath them together with golden hair,
Match young eyes with those blue-bells sweet
Shade the cheeks with carnations bright,
Take those blossoms of satiny white
And lay them against some bosom fair.
Take them away, for I would not place them
Over a heart that is chill and drear.
Ivy is fittest to wreath with ruin —
And wreck of a life that is soulless here.
Take them away for they breathe a tale
In soft, low accents that cruelly steal
Into veins that are cold and chill —
Opening wounds that I fain would heal.
Know you a pearly dewdrop lies
Deep in the heart of that fair white rose?
Oh, could it but fall on my weary heart
Like rain to the burned and parched sod,
For my pain is that of a banished soul
That thirsteth for a sight of God.

VENICE.

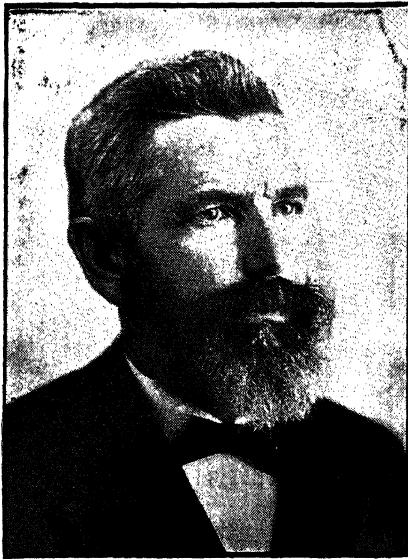
In Venice, when the sinking sun
In blushing beauty seeks the West,
When purple shadows softly blend
Their colors with the deep blue sea,
A sound comes stealing near and near,
Until it rests within my heart,
And of its pulses seems a part —
The singing of the Gondolier.

When tender flowers droop and swoon
Beneath the perfumed pall of night,
And trembling trees show leaflets white,
All silvered by the pale moonlight;
Now faint and far, now deep and clear,
A lingering memory ever dear —
The music of the Gondolier.

REV. STEPHEN B. CARTER.

BORN: BROOKLYN, CONN., SEPT. 2, 1839.

For three years Mr. Carter worked as an iron molder in one of the foundries of Westminster, when he resumed the work of teaching. In 1879 he was ordained a min-



REV. STEPHEN B. CARTER.

ister of the Congregational church, and has filled pastorates at Ekonk, and at Westminster, where he is still engaged in preaching. The Rev. Stephen B. Carter was married in 1865 to Miss Louisa Button, and now has two children — Edwin, born in 1870; and Annie, in 1873.

HOPE.

Glorious Hope! forever cheering
Wanderers o'er life's thorny way,
By its pure and holy gleaming
Pointing to a better day.

Often to the heart when riven,
When naught else can give relief;
Does it tell us of a future,
Free from trials, pain and grief.

How it cheers the soul when smitten
Rudely by affliction's hand,
Or when cast by howling tempest
Lonely on some foreign strand.

'Tis the star which breaks the darkness
Of lone sorrow's cheerless night,
Telling us a bright to-morrow
Waits us with its cheering light.

What tho' clouds may round thee gather,
Trials cluster round life's way;
Still it bids us hope to-morrow,
May be brighter than to-day.

Let its pure celestial radiance,
Though dark storms of trouble rise,
Point us all when life is ended
To that home beyond the skies.

THE HARVEST GOD.

Hark! The harvest call is ringing,
Sounding loud from God and man;
Bidding us to grasp the sickle,
And be reapers in the van.

'Tis God's harvest and His vineyard,
Will ye not be helpers there?
Can ye, can ye idly slumber,
Deaf to every frantic prayer?

See the tyrant waves his banner,
Filling earth with fear and dread;
Blasting peace, dethroning virtue,
Laying thousands with the dead.

Onward still the demon marches,
Blighting earth with sin and shame,
While his ruthless hands are dripping
With the blood of victims slain.

Aye, behold them gashed and wounded,
Steeped in infamy and vice;
On the wine-god's altar bleeding
Lays the broken sacrifice.

All along our country's borders,
From across the briny wave,
Comes one wild, deep wail of anguish,
Calling upon us to save.

'Tis the cry of orphans sobbing,
Wild with agony and pain;
And the widow's wail grows wilder
Over every victim slain.

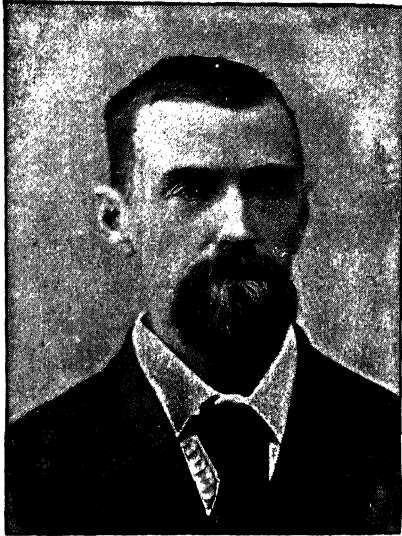
Rise to crush the demon monarch,
Be to earth his scepter flung;
Broken be his crown which glitters
With the hearts by sorrow wrung.

Haste to gather up the harvest,
Let no sheaf neglected be,
Till as reapers home returning,
Ye can shout mankind is free.

EDWIN MOORE BRYANT.

BORN: GALVESTON, TEXAS, NOV. 27, 1845.

THE poems of Mr. Bryant, which number about a hundred, have appeared in the Houston Transcript, Galveston News, and the local



EDWIN MOORE BRYANT.

papers of Texas generally. For a while he was a sailor, but is now engaged on a farm at Corpus Christi, Texas.

MOONLIGHT OF THE WEST.

In the silent midnight,
Watching weak and weary,
In the lonely sick room,
All was dark and dreary,
To the patient watcher,
Thus deprived of rest,
But for the bright moonlight,
Of our lovely west.

Oh indeed 'tis cheering,
All is bright as day,
As the silvery moonbeams
Kiss our lovely bay,
Shine o'er hills and valleys,
In their verdant dress,
Universal comfort,
Moonlight of the west.

Through her cloudy canopy,
Brightness ever bringing,
While the murmuring night wind,
Music sweet is singing;
Sad and weary mortals,
With their cares oppressed,
Bless the silvery moonlight,
Moonlight of the west.

On joy and sorrow shining,
Alike on bond and free,
Upon the lonely mariner,
Tossed on the stormy sea,
And gives the lonely traveler,
Sweet dreams of home and rest,
Cheered by the silver moonlight
Of our lovely west.

Oh indeed I prize it,
And when I shall be
From earthly troubles summoned
To dread eternity,
The wind, my only requiem,
In some wild grove I'd rest,
Beneath the silvery moonlight,
Moonlight of the west.

A LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Accept my winsome friend of me,
My thanks for this sweet flower —
So typical of youth, and thee,
(Emblem of childhood's hour);
No costly garden-bed, I ween,
Could give it greater power;
Unrivald on its native green,
A simple Prairie flower.

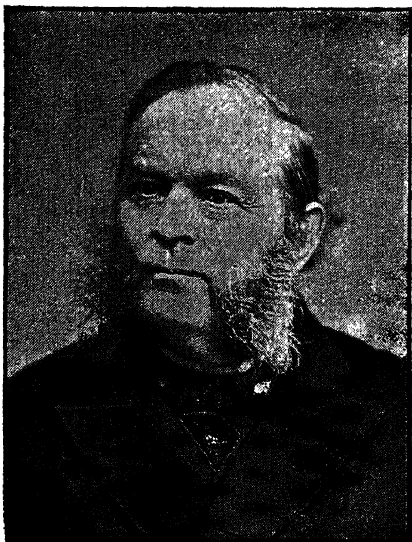
Plucked from the prairie everywhere,
Adorned with crimson hues,
The glorious colors that compare
With art's most costly views;
No hand of man bestowed on them
Simplicity or power —
Sweet nature's simplest diadem,
The lovely Prairie flower.

Soon will its fragrance fade and be
With life's brief season o'er;
But may I hope long life for thee,
To gather many more —
And may sweet innocence and truth
Attend your latest hour,
Renewing each bright charm of youth,
Sweet, lovely Prairie flower.

REV. KIAH B. GLIDDEN.

BORN: NEW CASTLE, ME., APRIL 19, 1819.

IN 1857 Mr. Glidden decided to take a theological course at Bangor Theological Seminary, which he completed in 1860, and was ordained a Congregational minister. He has filled



REV. KIAH B. GLIDDEN.

pastorates at Westmoreland, N. H., Enfield, Conn., Redding, Conn., and Mansfield Center, Conn. In 1884 Mr. Glidden was a member of the state legislature. He has contributed numerous articles of literary, religious and historical nature to the periodical press, together with several short stories which have always been well received. He was married in 1842 to Miss Caroline A. Hitchcock, by whom he has several children.

AUTUMNAL EMBLEMS.

A thousand bright and pleasing tints

Adorn the autumn painted leaves,

As sparkle stars in varied glints —

Emblems of life's ripened sheaves;

For many pure and shining gems

Of love adorn our earthly way,

And shimmer in the diadems

Of heaven's bright eternal day.

But if like the first stricken leaf,

We often bear the Master's rod,

Know we well that all our grief

Comes from a loving, gracious God.

He tries us only to refine,

As roughly taken from the earth

Lapidarians cut the gems

Before the owner knows their worth.

If as the leaf we all must fade,

If strength and beauty both must wane,

Brighter glory shall crown each head

When freed from sorrow, care and pain,

For Autumn's colors rich and rare,

Are emblems of the life above,

Where every soul is young and fair,

And every thought is tinged with love.

REV. C. P. FLANDERS.

BORN: NEW HAMPSHIRE, NOV. 25, 1834.

AFTER graduating in 1861 Mr. Flanders spent some years in teaching, first at the Springfield Wesleyan seminary and Female college, and afterward at Bellows Falls; then at Passaic, N. J., and finally at the New Hampshire Conference seminary. Rev. C. P. Flanders has been preaching since 1867 and is now pastor at North Truro, Mass. He was married in 1864 to Miss Mary M. Barrows, and has three children living now grown to maturity.

THE TWO ARTISTS.

A famous artist day by day

Wrought carefully and patiently;

Sometimes in hope, sometimes in fear,

He wrought for many a weary year,

Till on a canvas blank and bare

He limned a face, so sweet, so fair,

So pure, it seemed to mortal eyes

A visitant from Paradise.

As came the wise men from afar

To Bethlehem, led by a star,

To see the Christ, drawn by its fame,

So men to see this picture came:

And while they gazed, upon them fell

A holy influence like a spell.

Another artist day by day

Wrought carefully and patiently.

His instruments were voice and pen,

And generous deeds; in hope and fear

He wrought for many a weary year.

At last he won the hearts of men.

Through him the wicked changed their ways;

From profane lips rose songs of praise:

Doubt, greed, and envy shrunk away

Like snow before the breath of May;

And Christian graces grew like flowers

Refreshed by summer's genial showers;

And all around fear and distress

Gave place to hope and happiness.

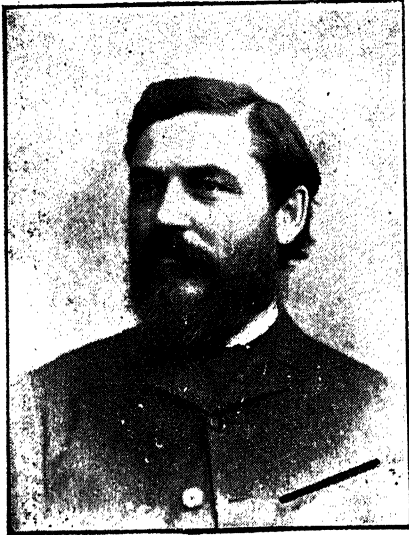
These men were gifted artists. Well,

Which was the greater, who can tell?

REV. AMOS JUDSON BAILEY.

BORN: CHICAGO, ILLS., JUNE 9, 1843.

AT AN early age the subject of this sketch removed with his parents to Palatine, where he learned telegraphy. He then spent five years in Wheaton College, and three years in the Chicago Theological Seminary. Mr. Bai-



REV. AMOS JUDSON BAILEY.

ley was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1871, and has since filled pastorates at Bloomington, Union Grove, Hennepin, Waukegan, Lake View, Illinois; and at Monroe, Wis.; and Ogden, Utah, where he is at present located. The Rev. Amos J. Bailey has been eminently successful in his religious labors, and has many warm friends and admirers. He has a wife and several children.

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Every life needs some refreshing
From the springs of other lives;
And to each there comes a blessing,
Who another soul revives.
True, tho' seeming contradiction,
Giving most is getting most;
And by facts more strange than fiction,
Every guest may prove a host.
With the jesting and the laughter,
Or with logic grand and grave,
As with wheels, or 'neath church rafter,
Honest he who proves a knave.
The fools are wisest keeping still,
The wise by silence may be fools;

Convictions having, conscience, will,
Use who can, but be not tools.

On the Utah field of battle,
In this bivouac of life;
Truth must be for cannon's rattle,
Love the hero in this strife.
Days or years it may not matter,
Harvest comes where seed is sown,
Other harvests, rich, may flutter;
Patient wait — as rich our own.
Wit and wisdom — let them mingle,
Care forgotten by to-day,
Those are strongest whose hearts tingle
With the pleasure of the way.
Cheery hearts are much the strongest, —
And the work demands full strength;
Sunny days are far the longest,
Clouds to-night do add their length.
Of thy knowledge bring the gravest,
When the hour to bring be come,
Of thy wisdom if thou savest,
Thou has made experience dumb.
Harvest hours we only sadden
When we pluck the bud ere blown;
Other hearts we help to gladden
By the sunshine of our own.
Bring your light and let it glisten,
Bring your logic and your lore;
If you speak of if you listen,
Welcome to this council floor.

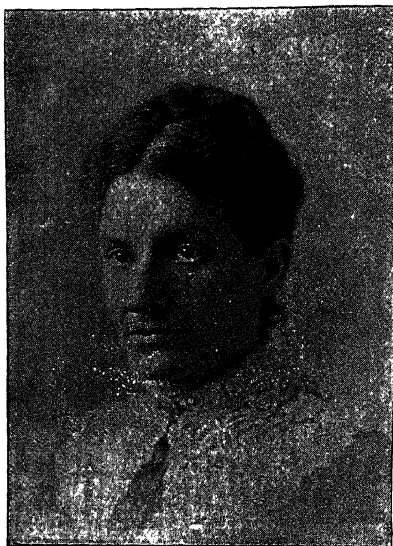
CLOSE OF AN EASTER SERMON.

O world withdraw: O heaven come near;
Decay and death depart forever.
My Lord is risen. I need not fear,
No death from me my Christ can sever.
The dust of earth to earth may fall
As leaves that on the trees do quiver;
My soul shall answer to God's call,
And rise again to meet life's Giver.
New life in Christ my soul hath found,
A life no cold of death can shiver;
Some leaves may tremble to the ground —
Life's tree grows either side the river.
The hand that reached my soul in death,
Reached from a throne forever vernal;
The God who gives the body breath,
Gives to the spirit life eternal.
The grave may claim its little clod,
And yet to die is no disaster;
We rise again to be with God
Since death is conquered by our Master.
O death to sin! O life in Thee!
O freedom from sin's power and prison!
'Tis life alone in Christ to be;
With Him who die, with Him are risen.

MRS. FLORENCE G. VARNEY.

BORN: NEW SHARON, ME., MARCH 5, 1854.

AFTER graduating from the Wendell Institute in 1874 Florence continued as assistant in the same school until her marriage in 1876 to Thomas Varney, of Windham, Me., where



MRS. FLORENCE G. VARNEY.

she now resides with her husband and family. Some of Mrs. Florence Varney's unpublished Lullabies have been set to music by M. B. Sargent, a well known music composer.

AN EARLY PICTURE.

One picture sketched by Memory's pen
So on my heart has grown,
That though I walk the ways of men
I see this path alone—
It crosses o'er a sandy stream
Through bridge with covered dome,
Until it leads—as in a dream—
Up to my early home.
No stone is missing from the wall—
Where once the squirrel frisked,
Ready I answer to my name
By baby sister lisped!
The maples by the picket gate
Are standing just the same;
A school boy passes all too late
To answer to his name.
The very school-house; where the girls,
Or boys—now grown-up men—
Rejoiced to pull my snarly curls—
But I forgave them then.

I see the busy swallow search
A place to build her home,
And find it by the Belfried church!
Too soon, alas, she'll roam—
For merry lads and lassies, dare
That dizzy height to climb;
And by their careless mirth, to scare
This bird of Summer time.
And if from out that country home
Comes no familiar form;
Yet clearly on my heart has grown,
The place where I was born.

DO WE FORGET?

Although the winter nights are long,
And hushed the sound of silver stream;
Do we forget the wild bird's song,
Or Summer noon-time's golden gleam?
Though long the path from youth to prime,
And seldom blows the cardinal flower;
Do we forget Love's Summer-time
Because of storms or passing shower?
Then not of Lenten eves we'll sing,
While slowly grows the violet;
Each winter brings a fragrant Spring;
Life's Easter comes? Do we forget?

WHEN WILLOW-TREES BLOOM.

A memory sweet of other days
Comes back with the willow-tree's bloom;
My little child with grown-up ways
Plays again in my silent room.
She rocks "kitty-willows" to sleep
With the words of that childish tune,
"Praying the Lord her soul to keep"
Softly sounds her motherly croon.
So now when the graceful willows bloom,
I remember her answered prayer,
I whisper low, with smiles, "Ah soon"
Sweet child, I will meet you up there."

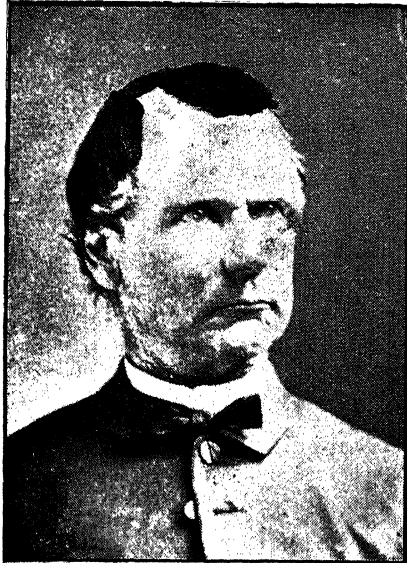
SEVEN TIMES THREE.

The buttercups glint in the sunlight,
Tall daisies sway forward and fro;
The mother-bird croons in the twilight
A lullaby gentle and low.
The breath of the clover and grasses
Comes sweet on the breezes of June;
A school boy sings as he passes
The first line of an olden tune.
Do they tell us the roses will wither?
The robin forget her soft nest?
Cold winds sweep up from the river [rest?
On whose green banks we once loved to
Each season hath joy in its dawning,—
The dear Lord sendeth to each;
And the hope of girlhood's bright morning
Finds in womanhood utterance of speech.

REV. JOHN WAUGH.

BORN: ENGLAND, MARCH 21, 1814.

THIS gentleman is a Presbyterian minister and resides in Cohocton, N. Y. He was married in 1842 to Miss Charlotte Rogers. In 1888 he published a volume entitled *Messiah's*



REV. JOHN WAUGH.

Mission, a similar work to *Paradise Lost*. The poem is an Epic of the Savior's mission and deeds, unique in its design and execution. It is in nine books and exhibits a wealth of erudition, geological, methodological, and biblical learning.

ABODES OF WEAKNESS.

FROM MESSIAH'S MISSION.

The air is tainted as we pass along
With fetid odors on its wings, and sounds
As from Lazar-house of pain, are borne
In still increasing meaning to the ear;
As near at hand and through a battered door
The Abodes of Weakness meet the half closed
eye;

On narrow couches, which Indulgence laid,
The victims lie in utter helplessness,
Where Vain Regret, Weak Purpose and False
Trust,

Followed by Lying Hope, obsequious wait;
Where wakeful Memory, with broken vows,
Offended Right, and Conscience stirred to
wrath,

Glide after them, executors of law,
With soft, yet steady and unfalt'ring tread.

Here lie the former heroes of the world,
The men of might, the Anaks of their age,
The mighty hunters of renown and power,
Whose breath was empire; whose ambition
gains; [Self;

Whose motive, pleasure; and who worshiped
As if 'twas man's sole mission in the world
To feed his senses, pamper every lust,
And serve all other deities but God.

Here sighs arise—not from devotion's search;
Here tears are shed—not from repentance's
pain;

Here prayers are offered—not for innocence;
Laughter is here—but not of conscious
mirth; [God;

Thought wanders everywhere—but not to
Sorrow is here—but not for guiltiness;
And change is here—but not from wrong to
right

Made hence unchangeable in rectitude.
Amid the gloom's repulsiveness, we see
Foreboding shadows bounding every life,
Passing from couch to couch of woe-struck
forms,

The eye is pained by what it would not view,
Sons of the morning cast to deepest night.

Jubals are here, who can no longer touch
The harp or organ with a cunning hand;
Nimrods, who can no further speed the chase
Or near proud Babels on wide Shinar's plain;
Samsons, whose eyes are out, and cannot
bring

The mocking pillars of their Dagon down;
Asahels, whose feet, once like the bounding
Refuse their office, weak as infancy; [roe,
Abithophels, in counsel sought as gods,
Neglected lie with no consulting throng;
The Absaloms, that stole the hearts of pride,
Receive no recognition and no praise;
Goliaths mighty once in Shoho's vail,
Rest with their giant sons unmeet for war,
Swords, shields and spears and breastplates
cast away—

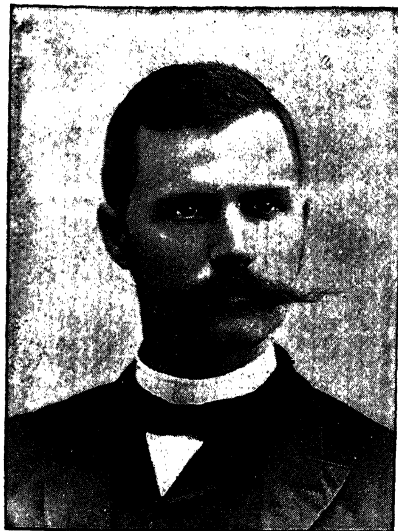
Authority is here, but gives no sign
Which waiting minions understand or fear;
And Enterprise, with glowing eyes, now
Finds no adventurers to heed his call, [dim,
Ambition, wearied has laid down his roll,
And zeal, and courage, baffled, sink to rest.
Dim are those eyes once set upon the prize;
The voluntary nerves are quite unstrung
And late obedient muscles will not move;
The wills, once strong, are paralyzed in
power,

And what was will not, is made cannot now!
There as they lie, an unseen hand is seen
Inscribing on the walls portentously,
"Ye sold yourselves for nothing, yet the pay
Though long delayed, was ever sure to come."

J. MALCOLMSON DUKES.

BORN: CHARLESTON, S. C., SEPT. 27, 1856.

IN his youth Mr. Dukes studied law and was elected county attorney of Bandera county. Since that time Mr. Dukes has been



J. MALCOLMSON DUKES.

principally engaged in real estate and mortgage loaning. He has written more than a hundred commendable poems, and in 1885 won a money prize from the dailies of San Antonio, for best Carrier's Address in verse. In 1888 he was married to Miss Lula Smith.

THE THANKSGIVING LAY.

To-day I shall die; my last gobbling
In life I must use to inveigh
Against man, who too long has been hobbling
With death and destruction our way!
We are birds of great worth to our nation;
Shall we let this extinguishment last?
We are needing strict class-legislation
Or must soon become birds of the past!
To-day is the Nation's Thanksgiving,
And mankind all over the land
Will return, for the blessings of living
Their praise to the Bountiful Hand.
They are gleefully counting their blessings
And running them over like beads,—
While their cooks are preparing the dressings
For the day's diabolical deeds!
The Saint in his closet is praying,
His eyes scarcely lifted on high;
And the Sinner at church is a-saying
His prayers, with a spurious sigh;
They are making fine show to be grateful

And good—but I know the deep sin
Of their hearts, for to-day by the plateful
They'll devour the choice of my kin!
I have seen them—the hypocrites!—kneeling
With faces all unctuously sad!
But I know, while to Heaven appealing
That their hearts are resolved on the bad!
For from President down to poor cobbler,
While devoutly to Heaven they pray,
They've but bloodthirsty thoughts for the
They ruthlessly murder to-day! [gobbler
They beseech that the choice gifts of heaven
Descend like a dew on their path
And fill up their souls with sweet leaven—
But mercy not one of them hath!—
For after they've sent up a good pile
Of prayers, they will cruelly tread—
Each one—with his ax, to the wood-pile
And chop off the poor turkey's head!
They will pray an eternal prolonging
Of lives much more harmful than ours;
That Heaven preserve them from roasting
When death shall determine their powers—
While the cooks in the kitchens are seated
In houses all over the town
To see that the ovens are heated
And the turkeys all done to a brown!
Should an heathen—desiring dinner—
Devour a christian or two,
He's pronounced a most damnable sinner
And decried for his criminal gout!
Yes! they hold up their hands in great horror
At the depth of the cannibal's sin,
Yet instantly turn round and borrow
His taste—when the turkey's brought in!
They will all against bloodshed and killing
Their kind most indignantly howl—
But when 'tis the turkey in question
Commit all these murders so fowl!
And will—with hypocrisy able!
In soft sanctimonious tones,
Even offer a grace o'er the table
At which they are crunching our bones!
They profess to subdue every passion,
(And probably do where that tends
To offer no check to "the fashion,"
The palate, or personal ends.)
They're above all morality murky,
From selfishness utterly free—
Yet should they want turkey, its turkey!
(Though they "never say turkey?" to me!)
Alas that such people are living!
That turkeys must suffer such cross
As the fraud of the people's Thanksgiving,
Its crime and its cranberry sauce!
I sigh for the day when the Nation—
No longer as heartless as stone—
May hold its Thanksgiving oblation
And let the poor turkey alone!

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

BORN: FORT MADISON, IOWA, APRIL 1, 1845.
IN 1873 this lady was married to Rev. I. M. Underwood, and now resides at Payton, Va., with her family. Over a hundred of her po-



MRS. LIZZIE HARDING UNDERWOOD.

ems have been published — some in music books and others in the Religious Telescope of Dayton, Ohio, and the periodical press generally.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

One sweet thought comes o'er me gently stealing,

As I sit alone;

Thoughts of home and home's bright joys revealing,

Sorrow's unknown.

I'm a pilgrim here; my days are fleeting —
Flying swiftly by.

To-day with pain or pleasure hearts are beating,

To-morrow we die.

To-day we waste our time and talent sighing
O'er joys that's past;

To-morrow in our winding sheet be lying —
Taste joys that last.

To-day with tireless watch we're weeping
O'er our silent dead;

To-morrow friends bend o'er us sleeping,
Weep in our stead.

To-day with friends of earth we're meeting,
Meeting but to part;

To-morrow friends in heaven be greeting,
Ever heart to heart.

AFTER.

After the darkness, cometh the light,
After the shadows, the sunshine bright,
After the storm-cloud, beautiful calm,
After the wounding, the healing balm,
After the sorrow, pleasure's adorn;
After the weeping, joy's blessed morn.

After the false one, sweet friendship true;
After the frost-king, heaven's own dew,
After the winter, summer's glad hours,
After the sharp thorns, love's sweet flowers,

After the river, the gate of gold,
After the dying — the bliss untold,
After the battle — victory will come;
After the death-sleep — waking at home;
After the parting, meeting above;
After that meeting, nothing but love.

FRIENDSHIP'S WREATH.

Friendship twines a wreath for thee,
Beauteous may the wreathing be,
Unsurpassed in Flora's bowers,
Humility's sweet-hued flowers —
Richly dwell in thy young heart,
Myrtle (love) a generous part,
Adorn thy pathway to the tomb,
Nor then forget, for thee, to bloom.

WHY?

Why is it in this world of ours,
Sunshine, then shade?

Why is it that the sweetest flowers
Bloom but to fade?

Why is it that the best-loved friends
Meet but to part?

Why is it that these partings here
Pain each true heart?

Ah! were it in this world of ours
Sunshine ever,

If earth's fairest, sweetest flowers
Faded never;

If friendship's closest, fondest ties
Need never part;

Or if these weary partings here
Pain'd not the heart;

Then might we not forget and stay,
Content with this,

And by our lovely dreams of earth
Miss perfect bliss.

LIZZIE EVELYN FLORENCE.

BORN: EDOM, TEXAS, FEB. 4, 1886.

THIS lady received her education at the Mills Point High School, and the Baylor University at Waco, Texas. She has written about fifty poems, many of which have appeared in the Guardian, of Waco, Texas; Texas Baptist



LIZZIE EVELYN FLORENCE.

and Herald, of Dallas, Texas; Mills Point Chronicle, and many other publications. Personally Miss Florence is very petite, with golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. She is now residing at Grand Salina, Texas.

CAN THIS BE LIFE?

This ceaseless struggle from day to day —
This striving for what we ne'er attain;
Watching the years pass slowly away,
And bearing a heavy weight of pain:
Can this be life?

This burial of fond hopes, once bright —
This placing of all things sweet away;
This bitterness, far darker than night —
This bidding farewell, the last bright ray:
Can this be life?

Gazing into eyes — like cornflower's, blue;
Finding your ideal — your king 'mongst
men;

The dreaming of dreams that ne'er prove
true,
And winning only the "might have been:"
Can this be life?

Watching the sun go down in the west;
Thinking sad thoughts when the shadows
fall;
Growing so weary — longing for rest;
Enduring the common lot of all:
Can this be life?

Fighting a battle with your own heart;
Bearing the woe of a woman's lot;
Striving, so bravely, to act your part,
And learning to "wait and murmur not:"
Can this be life?

O, can this be the "fair summer day,"
That the poet so blindly called life?
This sorrow and pain, from day to day,
And a constant, inward, bitter strife —
Can this be life?

THE PURPOSE.

Behold, how bare are the bushes to-day!
With no hint of the flowers they bore;
Nothing to tell how gorgeous and gay
Were spring time roses, in days of yore.

These old, brown stems — how little they
tell
Of days that are gone, days that were fair;
Of the flowers that I loved so well,
And fragrance that once laden the air;

Only thorns — where once the roses grew;
Winter's cold instead of summer rain;
Chilling winds — where wooing breezes
blew;
In my heart a desolate sense of pain:

For my life is cold and bare and sere,
And filled with the woe of winter's blight;
Nothing is left of the old dreams dear,
Or of the old days beautiful light.

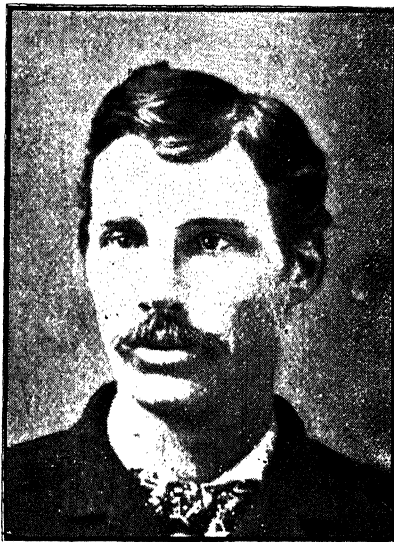
But 'tis best that youth passes away
After one lingering moment's bliss;
That night speedily follows the day,
And morn's freshness, at evening, I miss;

Best that spring-time roses do not last;
For death, I know, must come to us all;
And, maybe, with life's fragrance all past,
I'll not mind to respond to the call.

JOSEPH LAY STEVENS.

BORN: MAPLETON, MINN., APRIL 4, 1860.

THE poems of Mr. Stevens have received publication in the periodical press. He is



JOSEPH LAY STEVENS.

still a resident of Mapleton, where he is engaged in farming.

LONGING FOR SUMMER.

Ah my heart is full of longing,
 Longing for the summer;
 For the sunshine and the showers,
 For the green leaves and the flowers,
 Gladdening all the fleeting hours
 With the charm to them belonging,
 Thoughts of these come o'er me thronging,
 Till I'm weary with the longing,
 Longing for the summer.

Ah my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the summer;
 Blow March winds with frantic fury,
 Break old Winter's icy glory,
 Tell once more the old, old story,
 How the birds again are mating,
 Merrily their homes creating;
 Yes I'm weary with the waiting,
 Waiting for the summer.

Ever I am thinking, dreaming,
 Dreaming of the summer;
 Then no breezes drear and biting,
 No bleak prairies uninviting
 With the gray of winter's blighting,
 But the joy of song is beaming

On the face of nature, seeming
 All to me but dreaming,

Dreaming of the summer.

Why should I be thus repining

For the days of summer?

Even now the sky grows brighter,
 Day by day the snows are lighter,
 And the winding river's whiter;
 Now the sun is undermining
 All the landscape's winter lining,
 Yet I cannot help repining

For the days of summer.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

With the dawn we give the greeting,

Happy New Year!

With the old year yet retreating,

Happy New Year!

Laughing, shouting, each one trying

First to give and last replying,

Mingled with the old year's dying,

Happy New Year!

Dear old homes to-day united,

Happy New Year!

Kindred love to-day requested,

Happy New Year!

Enemies to-day forgiving,

Prodigals to-day returning,

Hearts for love and home are yearning,

Happy New Year!

Bring us hope and peace and gladness,

Happy New Year!

Banish pain and care and sadness,

Happy New Year!

Let once more a firm endeavor

Turn our ways from evil ever,

All the world a leaf turn over,

Happy New Year!

SPRING.

Oh joyous Spring! when fleeting clouds and
 silver rain

Bring back green leaves and flow'rs and
 wake the birds again,

When echoes sound, and bursting buds per-
 fume the air, [midnight fair;

When dews are on and moonlight makes the
 Oh time of promise! scattered seeds in fur-
 rows lie, [on high.

We plow, we sow, then wait and trust in Him

Oh quiet wood! oh varied landscape, fen and
 field!

What charms are there, what sweet delights,
 their haunts do yield!

There on the hillside feed the meek-eyed
 cows and sheep, [keep

And in the valley by, the frogs in chorus
 Their revels in the night, undaunted by the
 howl! [the owl.

Of some lone cur, or startling challenge of

CHARLES H. SCHROEDER.

BORN: BOEUF CREEK, MO., MARCH 16, 1858.

AFTER studying the normal course at the University of Missouri for three years, Charles first taught at New Haven in 1884 as principal, and later at Augusta, Mo., for four



CHARLES H. SCHROEDER.

years, and has since been principal of various schools. He is the author of a pastoral tale entitled *Enos and Aurelia*. Mr. Schroeder can compose in German as well as in English, and his poems have appeared in the leading publications of his state. He was married in 1885 to Miss Delphine Kenish, and now has two children—Blanche and Ralph.

THE EVERLASTING MONUMENT.

To make a monument that lasts for aye,
Brush but the dust of selfishness away,
Remove the sod of avarice and gain,
And all the clods of envy cut in twain;
Through discontent's deep loam, with busy
hand, [black sand;
Now clear a way, and dig through hate's
The flinty rock of malice cleave in two:
And see! love's pure, white marble shimmers
through.
With noble deeds now ornament this bright,
And many a picture on this marble write:
First sketch with precepts on its surface
raw,
Then with good actions deeply in it draw,
And with love's chisel deeply in it hew:
This monument will keep forever new.

SONNET TO J. G. WHITTIER.

The clover and the hazel-blossoms long
Had slept, lulled into sleep by cries and yells
Of our poetic Indians in the dells
And fields of pastoral and lyric song;
But when thou, Whittier, wert born among
The hills of Massachusetts, there where
dwells
The odor of the new-mown hay 'round wells
That, each one, sing "Maud Muller" in a
tongue
Which taught thy lyre the accent of the sky—
Lo! then each clover and each hazel-bloom,
A princess, spell-bound, wooed by the right
groom,
In the right way, did ope its tiny eye
To listen to that sweet, melodious thrill,
That freedom's land with freedom's song
should fill.

TO DELPHINE.

Since I have seen thee, beauty's favorite
mold
Seems blushing when compared with thy
mild beaming. [streaming
While from thy limbs mute harmony is
Into my pleased eye, all the rest seems cold
And trite, like stories that have oft been
told;
But thou the kernel of the world art seeming,
With all the universe around thee teeming,
Like ornaments or a mere shell to hold
Thee, essence, core, and soul of all emotion:
Thus stand the servants, eager for employ-
ment,
Around their queen in vigilant devotion—
Not thinking of their own, but her enjoy-
ment;
And thus the stars stand round the sun in
duty,
To be eclipsed, and thus augment his beauty.

SONNET ON SHAKESPEARE.

When Shakespeare stepped forth into na-
ture's light,
She smiled to see within his nature shine,
Like in a mirror, ground and polished fine,
Her form with all its shapes depicted bright;
And proud, she bade him of her beauty write;
Dictated word for word, till every line
Bore of her glowing form a glowing sign;
Then did she doom him to the grave's dark
night:
Thus flings the artist, when his work is done,
His negative into some darkling chest;
Thus, too, the warrior, when the battle's
won,
Resigns his sword and steed to endless rest;
And thus the sun dries up the friendly lake,
In which so oft he saw his image shake.

DEXTER SMITH.

BORN SALEM, MASS., 1842.

MORE than one thousand poems from the pen of this poet have been set to music, some of which songs have attained circulations running well into millions of copies, notably the lyrics: Ring the Bell Softly,



DEXTER SMITH.

There's Grape on the Door, Cross and Crown, Put me in my Little Bed, Darling Minnie Lee, and others. Dexter Smith is essentially the poet of the people—of the heart and home. Ring the Bell Softly has been translated into several foreign languages. Since 1865 Dexter Smith has edited continuously various musical journals, among them the Orpheus and the Boston Musical Record, which he now conducts. A volume of his poems appeared in 1867. He has also been successful in his writing plays, Zanita being performed for nearly three months at the Boston theater. The titles alone of Dexter Smith's writings fill twelve large pages in the catalogue of the British Museum in London.

BROKEN THREADS.

As the shuttle swiftly flies
Back and forth before our eyes,
Blending with its fingers light,
Warp and woof, till they unite
In a fabric good and strong,
Let us hear the weaver's song:—

Weaving ever day by day,
As the shuttles briskly play,
Broken threads how oft annoy,
And our precious time employ;
Warning us by sharp reproof,
We must watch the warp and woof.

Weaving in life's busy loom,
Mingling sunshine with the gloom,—
Warp and woof of deeds we blend
Till life's fabric has an end;—
Broken threads we often find
Burdening the noble mind.

Broken threads in life abound,
In each station are they found;
May Faith's kind and friendly hand
Help us to adjust the strand,
That, when life's last tide shall ebb,
There shall be a perfect web.

BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

There's a pair of little hands
Laid to rest forever more,
And two pearly, dimpled cheeks,
Whose rich blossoming is o'er.
Death has sealed two little eyes
That will no more smile nor weep,—
Tiny windows of the soul;—
Little baby's gone to sleep.

There's another bud removed,
Ere it felt the blight of sin;
Through the door the angels made,
Darling baby has passed in.
Far beyond the azure skies
Where the tiny star-eyes peep,
From all earth's sad doubts and fears,
Little baby's gone to sleep.

She will wake in fairer land
Where the angel voices sing,
There the flow'ret will expand—
There shall love perfection bring:
She has reached the golden shore,
Through the river cold and deep;
Angels bore her safely there;
Baby's only gone to sleep.

SUMMER SONGS.

On rosy wings the Summer comes,
A gleeful creature young and fair,
While by her side the wild bee hums,
And cherry-blossoms deck her hair.

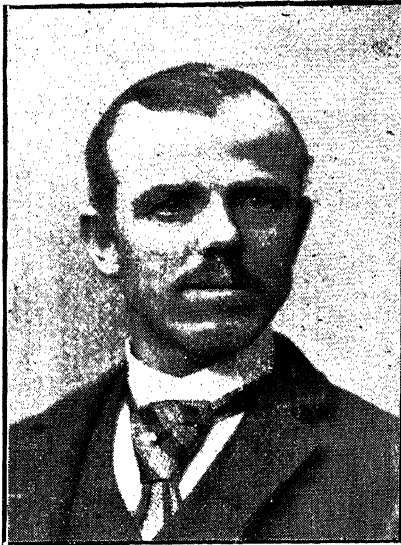
The blue-bird echoes her sweet voice,
The clover nods her path along,
While all in life with her rejoice,
Whose step is music—voice is song.

O Summer! slowly pass the hours
Before thy silv'ry voice is mute;
And teach my heart, with thy bright flowers
To wait for life's autumnal fruit.

FRANCIS M. BEHYMER.

BORN: BROWNING, ILL., NOV. 21, 1858.

LIVING in his native state until his nineteenth year, Francis then emigrated with his parents to Missouri and then to Arkansas in 1877. Since then he has traveled in many of the



FRANCIS M. BEHYMER.

western states, and has lived in Little Rock for nine years. He is a fair artist in crayon, water color and oil, and intends to make that his profession, although he is at present engaged as a contractor and builder.

OCTOBER.

The brilliant crown of all the year,
October's golden month in here,
Uncounted riches bearing.
Nature her storehouse opens wide,
And calls October to her side,
For her rich gifts preparing.

Abroad she comes o'er all the land,
And scatters with a lavish hand
Kind nature's hoarded treasure.
She spreads her table in the fields,
Laden with all her bounty yields
In unexhausted measure.

The earth in holiday attire,
With forests flaming red as fire,
Or golden, brown and yellow.
The mountain tops seem all ablaze,
While struggles through the purple haze
The sunshine soft and mellow.

In stubble fields the quail is heard,
The hardy, self-reliant bird,
His mate is loudly calling
The cricket chirps his notes so shrill,
The jaybird screams upon the hill,
While autumn leaves are falling.

The aster and the golden-rod,
And yellow sunflowers bow and nod,
The last of summer flowers.
The odor-laden southern breeze,
Is gently stirring, and the trees
Send down their golden showers.

The crow sits cawing in his tree,
Gone are the butterfly and bee,
The summer's slowly dying.
While mirrored in the placid lake,
The trees and rocks their shadows make,
Within it bosom lying.

Jack Frost has come, the nights are cold,
And nuts and acorns loose their hold,
Which are the squirrels treasures.
And many a hollow tree is stored,
While busy with their winter's board,
To watch them is a pleasure.

The farmer gathers in his grain,
Before the cold November rain,
Proclaims the summer perished,
Until the springtime comes again,
Of summer's joys their will remain
But memories fondly cherished.

And when our lives reach the decline,
And comes the golden harvest time,
May good deeds be recorded.
Then as we near its setting sun,
We'll hear the Master say, "well done,"
And we shall be remembered.

ATLANTIS.

EXTRACT.

When Greece was young and Rome un-
thought of yet,
Beyond those pillars in the farthest west,
Where broad Atlantic's swelling billows roll,
An island lay within the ocean's breast.

This island to the world was little known,
Except by dim tradition's stories told,
Phœnician mariners had seen its shores
While voyaging to Africa for gold.

'Twas here the Atlantides dwelt so remote,
And waged their distant wars with ancient
Greece:
They built strong cities, sailed the stormy
main,
And understood the arts of war and peace.

MARY STICKNEY HUSE.

BORN: DAMARISCOTTA, ME., JAN. 23, 1853.

SINCE the age of seventeen Miss Huse has taught school: for two years in a Kindergarten school at St. Paul, and now in the



MARY STICKNEY HUSE.

primary department at Princeton, Minn. Her poems have appeared in the Portland Transcript, Princeton Union, Minneapolis School Education, Chicago Ledger and the local press.

A MESSAGE.

Tumble, cascade,
And toss thy spray,
Tinted with gold by the sun's last ray
Over my blue-eyed maid!
Murmur the song
My heart doth tell
Over and over
"I love thee well!"

Warble, sweet wren,
And merrily soar
On the ocean of ether a melody pour,
Till my loved one lists again
To the wavelets of sound
As they rise and swell,
Fraught with the burden
"I love thee well!"

Fly, fleet breeze
With the wings of air,

On thy perfumed breath this message bear,
And repeat 'neath the list'ning trees
Till the grim gray rocks
Shall receive the spell
And resound with the echo
"I love thee well!"

Nature rejoice!
Let thy songsters raise
A hymn of triumphant, resounding praise;
List, away o'er the meadows a voice
Like the faint, sweet tones
Of a crystal bell —
'Tis the voice of my loved one,
"I love thee well!"

REST.

On the bosom of the prairie where nature's
verdant dress
Is touched by passing breezes with a soft and
sweet caress,
Lies a little silver lakelet in an emerald
frame enshrined;
'Tis the resting place of waters which
through meads have ceased to wind.

A drop of liquid crystal, it rests upon the
green,
Reflecting heaven's azure with its ever-
changing scene,
Till in its depths of brightness a mimic sky
we meet,
One "Arch Triumphal" o'er our heads, an-
other 'neath our feet.

Full many little streamlets have wandered
far and wide,
Refreshing wood and meadow with a cooling
crystal tide,
And flowing ever onward till at last all toil-
ing o'er,
They've met in peaceful union here to dwell
forevermore.

Thus must we — Earth's human streams —
be ever moving on,
Never ceasing in our labors till at last our
journey's done.
We shall hear the "Master's accents in the
regions of the blest,
"Well done, thou good and faithful, enter
into perfect rest."

EXTRACT.

I would find thee fairy queen;
Dreamest thou thine azure sheen
May conceal beneath its fold
Blushing cheek and hair of gold?
Nature's brightest, fairest dame,
I would find and finding claim,
Fairy queen.

MRS. LIZZIE DAVIS FIELDER

BORN: WYTHEVILLE, VA., JAN. 20, 1866.

FROM an early age this lady has contributed both prose and verse to the periodical press, including the *Courier Journal*, *Frank Les-*



MRS. LIZZIE DAVIS FIELDER.

lie's, *Nashville Christian Advocate* and the *Southern Methodist Review*. She was married in 1884 to Rev. B. W. Fielder, pastor of the Methodist church at Monroe City, Mo., and now has two children.

NOVEMBER.

Now stays the steps of the departing year,
A rest-place in its swift and noiseless flight;
As if she paused a moment here in fear
Of early breaking Winter's slumbers white.
Soft fell her steps as light as blossoms sweet
From flowering trees; and April tears too
soon
Were dried away in smiles where roses meet
Their scarlet lips beneath the skies of June.
And now the skies late veiled with golden
haze [they bear,
Grow dull and gray with weight of snows
And leaves whose falling filled the Autumn
days [air.
With music, whirl like snowbirds thro' the
November's chilling rainfall blows and beats
Upon the birdling's empty nest to-day;
The clinging leaves that hid their snug re-
treat,
Unpitying winds tear off and bear away.

A sudden gust of snowflakes fleck with
white [bare:
The sodden earth now grown so bleak and
And then upon November's blank we write
The first sweet lines of Winter's poem fair.

HELP ME TO WAIT.

Help me to wait Thy time, O blessed Father!
It may be long but I would patient be,
Until Thy will be done and there be opened
The doors of love, and joy, and light to me.
I wait for things that might have been, but
were not;
For holier joys than yet this hearth hath
known; [waiting,
They are my own by right of prayer and
And in God's time I yet shall claim my own.
Help me to wait, my prayers are not un-
heeded,
The wordless cry which goeth up to Thee
Shall answer bring in all the blessing needed,
If I but wait Thy time and patient be.
I wait to look on half-forgotten faces,
To hold the lost ones to my heart again,
To clasp their hands, to hear their voice in
greeting,
And all the years have taken to reclaim.
Thy better day! Help me to wait its coming,
When all these yearnings shall be satisfied;
When once again with loved ones reunited,
I shall forever linger at Thy side.

HE WALKS WITH US.

He walks with us, altho' to eyes beclouded
Unseen, 'mid cares that throng life's narrow
space,
Apart we walk, in selfish grief enshrouded,
And in the work with which our days are
crowded,
Unrecognized, we look upon His face.
He walks with us, though 'mid the din un-
heeded
His patient footsteps fall beside our own.
Unknown we take the good for which we
pleaded [ness needed,
Thankless, receive the strength our weak-
And weep that we have borne so much alone!
He walks with us, too oft the stranger going
Unbidden, as he first unbidden came,
And when the heart is sometimes strangely
glowing
With holy fire, we wonder never knowing
The stranger voice that fanned the heavenly
flame.
Walk with us still! for oft we journey sadly;
We need Thy presence all the way upon.
Talk with us too, for while we listen gladly,
Our sorrows melt like night before the dawn!

REV. JACOB FLOOK.

BORN: ENGLAND, APRIL 18, 1855.

GRADUATING in 1877 this gentleman was married the year following to Miss Ruth Parker, and now has a family of five children. In 1882 he emigrated to America, and has



REV. JACOB FLOOK.

filled pastorates in the Congregational church at New Haven, Mich., Atlanta, Ga., Cambridge, Ill., and Indianola, Neb., where he is at present officiating.

BLEST STAR DIVINE.

Blest star divine! so sweet and bright,
Shine on the nations thy pure light;
Let all mankind thy glory see,
And sinful hearts be drawn to thee.

In thy majestic orb rise high,
And reach the zenith of thy sky;
Chase sin, and want, and pain away;
Bring in the "Everlasting Day."

Into our hearts thy influence pour;
Inspire us all to love thee more;
Transform us by thy power divine,
And let each soul be wholly thine.

REV. JOSEPH RICKER.

BORN: PARSONSFIELD, ME., JUNE 27, 1814.

THIS gentleman is a graduate of the Colby University, and has been a minister of the gospel for fifty years. Mr. Ricker was editor of Zion's Advocate, Portland, Me., for nearly five years. In 1868 he was made Doctor of Divinity by Colby University, and has been trustee of that college since 1849. Ricker Classical Institute of Houlton, Me., was so named by legislative enactment because of the aid Rev. Joseph Ricker had given it and done for that institution.

POWER OF SOLITUDE.

Lone Solitude! how awful is her form
When gliding o'er the heath, or moaning in
the storm,

Or bending from the cliff at dawn of day,
To weave her toilet in the mountain spray!
But would you know her soul-subduing
power,

Go tread the streets where hoary ruins tower.
See here a temple, there a marble dome,
Where night birds flit and beasts of prey do
roam;

'Neath broken arches grope your lonely way,
And in the vacant square prolong your stay;

With wondering eye and palpitating heart,
Survey the proudest works of ancient art,
The crumbling buttress and the frescoed wall
The blackened tower just nodding to its fall,
The ruined moat, the moss-clad colonnade,
The gateway frowning in the musky shade,
The oak and hawthorn o'er the threshold
sprung,

The crazy casement from its hinges flung,
The fern and bramble swaying in the breeze,
And night's lone spirit sighing through the
trees.

Bethink you of the men who reared these
piles,
Who breathed this air and trod these dusky
aisles;

Bethink you of the surging tide of life
That filled these streets and lanes with busy
strife

Long time ago, in palmy days of yore,—
Now still as death!—now trod by men no
more.

Bethink you, while the wild flowers 'round
you wave,

You stand alone upon a city's grave!
This do, and sure you cannot lack the mood
To feel the weird-like power of Solitude.

MRS. MARIAM J. BREHM.

BORN: HINDSBURGH, N. Y., SEPT. 6, 1845.

IN 1878 this lady was married to G. W. Brehm, an attorney of prominence who has been mayor of his city. The poems of Mrs. Brehm have appeared in the Middletown Signs of



MRS. MARIAM J. BREHM.

the Times, Ohio Democrat, and the religious and secular press generally. Mrs. Brehm has a family of several children.

BEE'S SOLILOQUY.

I am a busy honey bee,
Culling sweets from flower and clover;
Then homeward fly laden with my fee,
Searching yards and fields all over.

Perhaps some child attempts to catch,
And tightly hold me in their hand;
Soon learn they have more than their match,
Such ill treatment I will not stand.

To protect myself I go armed,
But seldom sting unless abused;
When unmolested none are harmed,
My honeyed toil is ne'er refused.

Buzz — buzz — all day I lively work,
Thus 'tis said "busy as a bee;"
Our hives don't harbor drones to shirk,
Be up and doing — work like me!

I can't, a little bird replies,
I can't, I hear some people say;
Buzz! the humming-bird gently cries,
Learn to labor while it is day!

REV. JOHN OTIS BARROWS.

BORN: MANSFIELD, CONN., AUG. 4, 1833.

THIS minister and poet worked his way through college and seminary, graduating from Amherst College in 1860, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1863. After laboring six years in North Hampton and in Exeter, N. H., Mr. Barrows resigned and entered upon foreign missionary work in Western Turkey, and for nearly eleven years labored there. He then returned with his family to America, and has since held pastorates in Atkinson, N. H., and Newington, where he is now located. He is the author of *On Horseback in Cappadocia*, which has had a very large sale. Mr. Barrows is the author of numerous popular hymns and poems that have been a valuable addition to current literature. He was married in 1864 to Miss Clara Storrs Freeman, and has a family of five children grown to maturity.

THE KISS I WOULD NOT GIVE.

'Twas one of summer's brightest days,
When coming eager from my plays,
My sister called me to her side;
Within her hand I quick espied
My little trousers, finished quite,
Of checkered blue, and buttons bright,
All ready sure for me to wear.
I instant stood before her chair,
With outstretched hand to take the prize,
When in her large, blue, loving eyes,
I saw a tear; her cheek it wet,
As she began, "My little pet,
I'm very glad to make you these,
And now a kiss; oh, won't you, please?"
But for that I would not stay —
The trousers seized and ran away.

Two months had passed, and autumn's sun
Much earlier set, as day was done:
And when the leaves began to fall,
A shadow fell as of a pall,
Upon our home; the noonday light
Now seemed o'ercast with shades of night.
No play for me; with silent feet
They bade me pass; and quicker beat
My wondering heart. Awaked, with dread,
At midnight hour, beside a bed
I stood; and there, with bated breath,
I heard them whisper, "This is death."
And from the pain of that night's grief
The passing years bring no relief:
I think my sister, e'en in bliss,
Remembers I refused the kiss.

MRS. FANNIE H. FOWLER.

BORN: WILL CO., ILL., JAN. 19, 1838.

SINCE the age of sixteen this lady has written poems and articles for magazines and papers, and has recently published a small volume of Society Poems. For several years Mrs. Fowler edited the Woman's Department



MRS. FANNIE HOLDEN FOWLER.

of one of the leading papers of Manistee, Mich., where she now resides. She is also secretary of the E. S. A. of Michigan, which position she has held for the past five years. In 1868 this poetical writer was married to Col. S. W. Fowler, and now has three children—Frank Lincoln, born in 1870; Angeline Holden, born in 1872; and S. Willie, born in 1875.

SHADOWS.

Walks by my side a spirit bright
With eyes of clearest blue,
All glowing with celestial light,
Though veiled indeed from mortal sight,
They shine my being through.

So far, so near,—I almost meet
That faint and thrilling breath,
And listen for the accents sweet
That now, alas! I may not greet,
Hushed by the touch of Death!

Oh, shadows, passing to and fro,
Our sundered hopes between;

How least of life, we may not know,
Is in our sojourn here below,
To what there is unseen.

RESPICE FINEM.

When the stars begin to pale,
And the dawn is breaking clear;
When the shadows of the vale,
Quaking, creep away in fear,
Then my heart its sadness flies
From the depths of sorrow grim;
To the morn I lift mine eyes,
To the heavens I raise my hymn.

How we love the blessed light,
Streaming with auroral beams;
All oblivious of the night
Erstwhile clothed in saddest dreams.
Thus upon the shore of time
We are looking for the dawn
Of eternity sublime—
Waiting, as our days go on.

How the faces of the lost—
Lost to us, but gained above,
Dimly shine from yonder coast:
From the haven of our love.
Tender hands are reaching down;
Blessed feet are gliding nigh;
Heavenly voices come to drown
Earth's sad chorus, moan and sigh.

Waiting, then, for life's decline;
Hoping for the blissful "rest
That remaineth"—pledge divine,
To the souls He loveth best.
When the night of sorrow dies
In the splendor of that dawn,
Buried hopes again will rise
Buoyant, as the days go on.

WHEN ART THOU COMING.

EXTRACT.

When art thou coming love? Summer has
come,
Eventide's zephyrs are cooling my brow;
Art thou not dreaming of friendship and
home,
Lingers thy sad heart with mine even now?
Songs thou hast sung to me,
Like a sweet melody,
Haunt me at twilight in symphonies low.

When art thou coming? The winter has
flown,
Spring with its breezy-like zephyrs gone by;
Midsummer's golden days drop one by one
Into the past where my buried hopes lie.
Songs thou hast sung to me,
Like a weird melody,
Float through my brain and in loneliness die.

REV. CHARLES BINGHAM.

BORN: GENESEO, N. Y., JUNE 16, 1828.

THIS minister was ordained in 1870, and has held pastorates at Udina, Ill., Monroe, Ia., Millburn, Ill., and in 1880 Mr. Bingham received a call from the First Congregational



REV. CHARLES M. BINGHAM.

church in Daytona, Florida, of which church he is still pastor. He was married in 1864 to Miss Myra P. Osborne, and has a family of two children, Charles and Grace, born in 1865 and 1869 respectively.

THE NEW YEAR.

With joy to-day we stand before
The New Year's opening portal;
And in advance we take a glance
Toward the life immortal.

Good-bye old Year, thou faithful friend,
We say with sigh and sorrow;
We often the best wishes send,
Then wait for glad to-morrow.

You dear old Year, we truly say,
You brought us many a gladness;
But then you brought us day by day
Full many a cause of sadness.

And so the new comes on apace,
With step of sprightly lightness;
A look of gladness in his face,
And beaming naught but brightness.

What bringest thou, O young New Year—
To those who hail thy coming?
What of sorrow, what of cheer?
We see them through the gloaming.

And when twelve months shall roll about,
We'll say farewell with sadness,
And greet the next one with a shout,
Expressive our gladness.

For so it is all through our lives,
We say good-bye with sorrow;
Then hopefully look forward to
The gladness of the morrow.

And well 'tis, so for were it not
Our hearts would break with pain,
And hope be driven from the earth,
Ne'er to return again.

Thanks be to God for heaven made known
To us by conflict driven.
Earth hath no sorrow of its own
But finds relief in heaven.

CLARENCE D. GREELEY.

BORN: CLYMER, N. Y., MAY 19, 1855.

IN 1883 Mr. Greeley graduated from Washburn College of Topeka, Kan.; and from Yale Divinity School in 1886. The following year he became a Fellow of Harvard University, and member of Howard Phil. Club. Rev. Clarence DeVere Greeley was ordained in 1889 as a minister of the Congregational church, and is now pastor at Mt. Carmel, Conn. He has written numerous scientific papers and poems which have been widely published in leading newspapers and magazines.

FREEDOM.

As child of heaven, not alone of earth,
The ocean lifts the giant tree;
Or brook fulfills with song and mirth
The gracious mandate of the sea.

Not as the slaves of dreary night
The orbs of heaven their courses run;
The sun must needs pour forth its light,
Or else it would not be the sun.

So brook and flower and star and tree,
Obey the archetypal thought;
For freedom God hath made us free —
"I am" anticipates "I ought."

FLORENCE AUGUSTA JONES

BORN: NEAR MADISON, WIS., AUG., 1861.

SINCE sixteen years of age this lady has taught school. She is very fond of music and has a fine contralto voice. Miss Jones has written enough poems to fill a volume, which she hopes to publish in book-form at



FLORENCE AUGUSTA JONES.

an early date. Her poems have appeared in nearly all the prominent daily and weekly periodicals of America, among which might be mentioned Church's Musical Visitor, Pioneer Press, Des Moines Register, Good Housekeeping, Godey's, Interior and the New York Home Journal. Several of her poems have been set to music, notably that of Bylo Land.

BYLO LAND.

When out of the west long shadows creep,
And the stars peep out, a shining band,
Our baby, weary of fun and play,
Goes out thro' the gates of Bylo Land.

O which is the road to Bylo Land?
By the way of Grandpa's easy chair,
Or better, by Mother's loving arms
With kisses pressed on the shining hair.
She nestles down with a weary sigh,
While the lashes touch the rounded cheek,
With her arms clasped close 'round mother's
neck,
Who kisses the love she cannot speak.

A wonderful land is Bylo Land,
To judge by the smiles on baby's face,
The angels must surely weave her dreams,
And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O baby, we envy thy sunny lot,
For we that are older seldom see
The flowery path to Bylo Land,
Or meet the angels that talk with thee.

MY WISH.

What would I wish for thee, dear heart, dear heart!

Not joy alone, not sunshine clear, undimmed
Nor fair, blue skies, unflecked by passing clouds.

'Tis not alone the sunshine, fierce and bright,
That brings the bud and fruit to perfect form,

But dew, and rain, and frost, these all unite
To rouse the dormant beauty to comple-
ne ss.

The rainne'er fell from skies bedecked with
Unveiled by clouds, and yet the rain must
come.

This I would wish for thee, that sorrow's
When it shall come, may fall upon thy heart
As raindrops fall upon the folded bud,
And by its gentle force, expose the heart
Of gold that lies within.

A PLEA.

Such tiny, restless hands,
So ready to reach out and grasp
The newness 'round them. Life holds much,
so much,

And each day brings to light some new,
strange thing

That they are tempted hard to touch,
Those little hands. Be kind.

Such little, tireless feet,
So eager to explore the world
That lies beyond their threshold. Do not
chide,

If they in wonder go too fast and far.
The years that meet them will do much to
make

Their steps both slow and careful. Then be
If they o'erstep the bounds that we have set,
Those little, restless feet.

Such dear, fond trusting eyes,
How oft they judge us and we know it not.
No thought of guile dims their pure inno-
cence.

In their clear depths are mirrored spotless
souls

Fresh from the hand of God. O see to it,
That no wrong word of ours, no hasty act,
Shall leave such stains that all the years to
come
Shall not efface them.

JOHN HENRY YATES.

BORN: BATAVIA, N. Y., NOV. 21, 1837.

As a ballad writer the name of John Henry Yates is becoming very popular throughout America. He has a collection of two hundred excellent poems that will soon be published in book-form under the title of Bal-



JOHN HENRY YATES.

lads of the Old Man. His poems have appeared in Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Rochester Times and other papers of equal prominence. Mr. Yates still resides in the place of his nativity, where he is a local preacher of the M. E. church, and city editor of the Batavian. Mr. Yates is married and has quite an interesting family of children.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well wife, I've found the model church,
I worshipped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times
Before my hair was gray;
The meetin' house was fixed up more
Than they were years ago,
But then I felt when I went in
It wasn't built for show.
The sexton didn't seat me
Away back by the door,
He knew that I was old and deaf
As well as old and poor.
He must have been a Christian,
For he led me boldly through

The long aisle of that crowded church
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin',
It had the old-time ring;
The pastor said with trumpet voice,
"Let all the people sing."
The tune was "Coronation,"
And the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels
Striking all their harps of gold.
My deafness seemed to melt away,
I seemed to feel the fire,
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir.
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you wife it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost wanted to lay down
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell
All that the preacher said,
I know it wasn't written,
I know it wasn't read.
He hadn't time to read it
For the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew,
Nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery,
'Twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me,
It fitted hopeful youth.
'Twas full of consolation
For weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitation
To Christ and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous
In Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences
Down in the finest pews.
And though I can't see very well,
I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was some ways off
And heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled
Within that holy place,
How brightly beamed the light of heaven
From every happy face.
Again I longed for that sweet time,
When friend shall meet with friend,
When congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end.

I hope to meet that minister,
That congregation, too,
In that dear home beyond the stars
That shine in heaven's blue.
I doubt not I'll remember
Beyond life's evening gray
That happy hour of worship,
In that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought,
The victory soon be won,
The shining goal is just ahead,
The race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearing
They are thronging to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival
Where the weary weep no more.

ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

BORN: PAYSON, ILL., JAN. 21, 1869.

IN 1888 this young editor and litterateur called the first meeting of the Western Authors' and Artists' Club, of which he was unanimously elected president, and was re-



ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

elected again to the same office a year later. Arthur C. Grissom has gained quite a reputation in Kansas City as a newspaper man and all around writer, and he is now permanently located in New York City, as editor of Spirit and of the American Home Graphic.

BALLADE OF LOST FORTUNE.

Economy, where is thy throne?
Long I have sought thee in vain,
Aged and gray I have grown,
Meekly to slave for thee fain.
Thy castle is surely in Spain—
Or art thou, in truth, but a fay?

If a King, hear this pleading of pain—
Where are the pennies, I pray?

I am friendless, and poor, and alone,
A prodigal fit for disdain;

Alas, for the wealth that has flown!
Alas, for my pledge to abstain!

Nor dollar nor dime my refrain—
I mourn not the week or the day,

'Tis the loss of the minutes my ban—
Where are the pennies, I pray?

I have wasted my substance, I own,
My pennies have perished like rain;

O, the wild oats I have sown!

And O, the harvest of pain!

Remorse will drive me insane!

Now I am old and I'm gray,

Please, where does economy reign?

Where are the pennies, I pray?

L'ENVOY.

Beloved one, beware of the chain
That fetters the thriftless alway;

O, heed, as I cry and complain,

Where are the pennies, I pray?

THE CÔQUETTE.

A jasmine flower at her breast,

A gem in her dusky hair,

A smile on her lips, and in her eyes

A light that is sweet and rare;

A wondrously tender light in her eyes,

And oh, she is more than fair!

How brilliant the dancing throng!

How fragrant the balmy room!

And her cheeks are flushed like poppy buds

That have burst in blood-red bloom,

Or a flame—the flame that moths wing
round,

And are drawn therein to doom.

Whose are the faces nigh?

What is the waltz I hear?

What the event, the place, the hour,

Where are the foes I fear?

I know not: all that I care to know

Is that my love is near;

Her fluttering fan I fold,

I bend with my face aglow,

And I speak my love, and she replies

In accents sweet and low;

But oh, the pain of a murmured "yes,"

When you know that it means "no!"

Alone, and the night is cold,

I blindly reel through the gloom,

I seem older now by a score of years,

Than I was in that brilliant room.

What was it that set my blood afire,

And made me mad for an hour?

Was it word, or look, or meaning smile,

Or the breath of a jasmine flower?

MRS. R. SHEPARD LILLIE.

BORN: ERIE CO., N.Y.

IN 1889 appeared a magnificent volume of poems entitled *Rays of Light*, from the pen of Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, a poet of rare ex-



MRS. R. SHEPARD LILLIE.

cellence, now residing in Melrose, Mass. This work also contains her portrait and two chapters from the book of her life.

THE WARP AND WOOF OF LIFE.

Spinning its web on a sunny strand,
As though on very air it could stand,
I watched a little spider one day
Backward and forward swinging away,
Till the mystical web grew in my sight,
Glistened and gleamed in the morning light.
I asked, as I saw its wonderful plan,
Could its design be excelled by man?
As though 't were measured by compass or
square,
He threw out his threads, and they caught
on air;
Then wove in for warp a thread so fine
That the web complete was a thing divine.
And I was watching him closely now,
For whence the material came, and how;
And saw that he carried it all within,
For the golden web which I saw him spin,
Nature had placed in the tiny form
Something he carried through sunshine and
storm.

Which he could throw out as a thing of light,
On which he could climb to a greater height.
So we are weaving our web each day,
Bear our material in the same way.
Just within is the power we find
To weave the web of the human mind,

And to make it beautiful, clear, and bright,
As it hangs suspended in heaven's light,
Like the spider's web that I saw that day
That it may reflect the sun's bright ray,
We must keep the material that's within
Spotless and pure, and free from sin.

The spider's web was perfect in plan.
I can but apply this lesson to man,
And believe that God has given each one
Something as perfect to yet be done.
It may be years as they slowly roll,
But God has placed it in every soul.

As the spider threw out its tiny line,
Steadily upward I saw it climb;
By its own power it rose above:
So must we rise by the power of love.
We throw it forth from the soul within,
And rising upon it are saved from sin.

In our warp and woof of life we find
There are colors dark with light combined,
And the lines of dark and cheerless gray,
It may be, we're weaving in to-day!
They'll mar its beauty, and, we are told,
Must all be exchanged for threads of gold.

We shall want them all out, by and by,
In the clearer light of the home on high. [grow
So let's weave the threads that shall brighter
Through the countless ages our souls shall
For we carry with us to realms above [know;
Our warp and woof of the web of love.

LOVIE.

Such a gay, winsome, bright little spirit
Appears to be hovering near,

With such a bright smile
The sad hours to beguile,
And many lone moments to cheer.

When I think for a moment I'm surely alone,
And am working away with a might,

With her nods and her winks
Comes this queer little minx,

To tell me what she thinks is right!

Oft I see her at break of the morning,
Or at night when alone in my bed;

O'er the pillow she'll peep

When I'm trying to sleep,—

This queer little mischievous head.

All her motions so sylph-like, so funny is she,
My pen her but poorly portrays;

So my prayer is to-night

That some spirit as bright

Ever after may gladden my days.

JOHN TALMAN.

BORN: PERINTON, N.Y., JULY 30, 1851.

AT THE age of nineteen John Talman entered journalism. In 1872 he was telegraph editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, which position he left after nearly two years' service to accept a position as editor-



JOHN TALMAN.

al writer on the Albany Argus, which position he held until 1878. In 1879 he entered the employ of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, of which publication he is now night editor and editorial writer. Mr. Talman has written more than five hundred poems which have received publication in the Chicago Herald, St. Paul Pioneer Press and other publications.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

Where mountains uprear them from sun-
flecked mead,

A treasure-trove guarding of richest green;
Where loth do the day-god's smiles recede
The shifting forms of the hills between;
Where nature as goodly a feast hath spread
As ever the artist eye hath fed;
Where the fancy can revel, the soul renew
Its youth in a nurturing spiritual dew—

Mine eye descries

An antique castle of grandeur rise.

A contour of blended harmonies,
A contour of rugged strength unsurpassed,
It gives to the breath of the fondling breeze
As it gives to the rage of the smiting blast.
All vainly have clashing elements spent

Their fury on tower and battlement;
Still far over buttress and shadowed moat
The folds of the broad ducal banner float,

In all the grace

And the kingly pride of an ancient race.

'Neath the flare and the flicker of torches high
That quicken the halls of the castle old,
I see, when the midnight hour is nigh,
A throng of fair ladies and chieftains bold,
Wit sparkles and laughter peals round the
board;

Blithe folly rains as the wine is poured.

I see the portcullis fall into place,

Vowing death to the enemies of their race,

With lance and shield

Brave knights ride forth to the battlefield.

I gaze once more on the castle old,

After the lapse of centuries dim;

A cerement enwoven of weeds and mold

Encases the circle of bastions grim.

While the mold corrupts, the rank ivy twines

A chaplet of ruins of upas vines

For the roofless and humidly crumbling walls

Where the lizard lurks and the spider crawls;

Where jackals prowl

To the whirr or the shriek of the bat or owl.

The bat takes wing and the owl is heard

Thro' a pall of old Time's pestilential breath;

The musings of silence by ghouls are stirred

As they hasten to join in their feast of death.

Where now is the ancient glory? Where

The chieftains bold and the ladies fair?

Through the misty centuries' rime and rust

They have slumbered where in the parent dust

Abide the germ

[worm.]

And the growth mature of the conquering

The owl is heard and the bat takes wing,

And the jackal prowls the damp walls among,

While the vampire bleeds and the scorpion stings

Their horrors wed to the serpent tongue.

Thro' the gentler sheen of the white moon's

Shine the awful eyes of the basilisk, [disc

To compassion as dead as the vengeful fate

That swept the lords from their high estate,

And brought decay

To the laws and the caste of that feudal day.

Where mountains uprear them from sun-
flecked mead,

A treasure-trove guarding of richest green,

Sweet liberty reigns; and the serf shall bleed

No more as in days of old, I ween.

Where nature as goodly a feast hath spread

As ever the artist eye hath fed,

The spirit of medieval times [crimes;

Is quenched in blood with its wrongs and

And one descries

A dynasty fashioned of equals rise.

AT VESPERS.

Mother of peace and light,
 It is to thee we sing;
 Spread o'er our lives to-night
 The shelter of thy wing.
 With heaven's divinest ray
 The o'erwrought soul illumine;
 Be with us till the day
 Breaks through the midnight gloom.
 Ills to which man is born,
 Thy sacred presence fly,
 As the dank mists at noon
 Fade from the earth and sky.

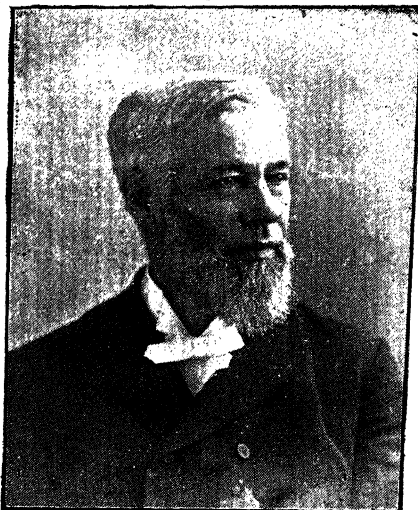
A RE-AWAKENING.

Frost-woven gyves and snowy drifts
 Glad sunshine melts from stream and
 In vernal warmth her head uplifts [hill;
 The queenly daffodil.
 In thankfulness that from the sod
 The bloom of fruitfulness returns,
 Creation's heart to Nature's god,
 Its mead of incense burns.
 Thus human hearts by sin and guilt
 Made all but sterile, may rejoice
 In fructifying good rebuilt,
 And lift a praiseful voice.

REV. HORACE C. HOVEY.

BORN: FOUNTAIN CO., IND., JAN. 28, 1833.

THIS Congregational minister was ordained
 in 1858 and has filled pastorates at Florence,



REV. HORACE C. HOVEY.
 Mass., New Albany, Ind., Peoria, Ill., Kan-

sas City, Mo., New Haven, Conn., Minneapolis, Minn., Bridgeport, Conn., where he is now officiating. He was married in 1858 to Miss Ellen L. Blatchley, and now has a family of four children grown to manhood and womanhood. His youngest daughter, Clara Louise, early evinced quite a little poetical talent, and at the age of six composed the following verse:

Take a pound
 Of fly-around,
 And mix it in with fat;
 Stir in some purr,
 And cover with fur,
 And you have a pussy cat.

The Rev. Horace C. Hovey has written and published an historical poem entitled, *On the Banks of the Quinnipiac*. He also delivers a series of lectures on Caverns, Mountains and Tornadoes, which are brilliantly illustrated with wonderful views.

A FLORAL TRIBUTE.

Gather gay flowers for decoration,
 Bind them in garlands of vernal bloom;
 Roses and lilies and spicy carnation,
 Lilacs, wistaria's purple plume.
 Ransack the garden, search through the meadow,
 Strip from the woodland its scented boughs,
 Laurel and hawthorne, under whose shadow,
 The wild honeysuckle in beauty grows.
 Weave, gentle fingers, the chaplet perfumed,
 Cull the sweet blossoms of joyous spring;
 Then where our soldiers are sleeping entombed,
 Scatter them freely while songs you sing
 Warriors departed, your names we cherish!
 Memory will build in our hearts a shrine.
 Treasuring the glory that never can perish,
 As wither the garlands that now we twine.

EXTRACT FROM "QUINNIPIAC."

And now may Heaven's benediction rest
 On you whom we, unskilled in lyric power,
 Have led to-day in verse historic; you [now,
 Who till these fields, these meadows deftly
 Who dwell along this briny rim, or sail
 O'er sapphire seas, or 'mid tempestuous
 waves:

May veterans and children, matrons, maids,
 May all to whom this church of Christ is dear
 And who are thrilled by its beloved name,
 As by the name of mother, all who bend
 Around its altar in communion sweet
 Obedient to the Savior's voice — may all
 Of that immortal banquet taste that waits
 Us in the blest Fair Haven of His love!

MRS. ELBE M. M. TASCHER.

BORN: WINTERPORT, ME., NOV. 21, 1843.

THIS lady is the youngest daughter of Capt. John B. Merrill. At the age of eighteen she was married to William H. Tascher, and has five children. Her oldest daughter, Julia M.



MRS. ELBE MARIE M. TASCHER.

Tascher, is the author of *Arbutus and Dandelions*, a work of four hundred pages that has been highly recommended. Mrs. Tascher has contributed to many of the leading papers and magazines, which will appear in book-form at some future time. She is also quite an artist in portrait and figure painting, and now a resident of Stephens Point, Wisconsin.

GENEVIEVE.

Sylph-like fairy Genevieve,
Dark-eyed, airy Genevieve,
Springtime brought her,
Our May daughter,
Smiling, singing Genevieve.
Deft her nimble fingers,
In her chin a dimple lingers,
Now retreating,
Then repeating,
Gleaming, glittering Genevieve.
On her shining dusky tresses,
Sunshine glances with caresses,
Like a sprite,
Quick and light,
Here and there is Genevieve.

May the loving Father guide her,
Safe from wrong and sorrow hide her,
And at last,
Earth's shadows past,
Crown her angel Genevieve.

LIFE'S ELIXIR.

Oh, life's pure elixir,
Oh, precious gold,
Which laughs at your footsteps
Of changing decay;
Where! where art thou,
With thy treasures untold?
If we find thee not,
Life's a long, cold day.

Oh, why may not all,
While on earth, inherit
Love's powerful alchemy,
That doth change
Even dross of body
And dregs of spirit
Into mystical sanctities,
Rare and strange.

Harms of the world
Will oft come to us.
Bitter cups of sorrow
We all must drain;
If we have Love's secret,
It will show us
Wonderful rainbows
In the rain.

Though we hear the tread
Of the years go by,
Life's Autumn may come
With its falling leaves.
No fear can touch us,
Not even to die,
If only we gather
Love's golden sheaves.
Then gather, O, gather
Love's golden sheaves,
While yet on the shores
Of time you wait.
Soon, soon the icicles
Hang on the eaves;
Winter winds blow cold,
It is growing late.

AFAR.

EXTRACT.

Memory, unfurl thy silver sails
And take me back to waters blue,
That I may bathe my lonely soul
In love forever fond and true.
There in the home, benignant bends,
With grave and thoughtful mien,
The father, aye in childhood hours
My tower of strength whereon to lean.

MRS. HANNAH VAN LOON.

BORN: FRENCHTOWN, PA., AUG. 13, 1839.

FOR five years this lady taught school in her native county, and was married at the age of twenty-one to Joshua L. Van Loon. Mrs. Van Loon has two sons who graduated at



MRS. HANNAH VAN LOON.

the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute in Towanda, Pa., and who later graduated at the La Fayette College, one as a civil engineer and the other in the Latin scientific course. The Philadelphia Times calls this lady the sweet poetess of the Susquehanna Valley, and writes in warmest terms of praise of her productions. In 1880 a volume appeared from the pen of Mrs. Van Loon entitled *Miscellaneous Poems*, a work containing over one hundred very fine productions. She is now a resident of Philadelphia.

MY MAGICIAN.

While the purple twilight lingers,
Midway 'twixt the dark and bright;
Reaching out with shadowy fingers,
Toward the day and toward the night.

Come magician, 'tis the hour
Sacred to sweet minstrelsy;
Come, and with a heav'n-born power
Wake thy harp's sweet melody.

Strike no note of joy and gladness,
For my heart is sick with fears;

Touch some key of plaintive sadness,
To unlock the fount of tears.

All my soul is dark within me,
All my hopes are stricken bare,
And the powers of sin enchain me,
In the prison of despair.

O the blessed power of healing,
Minstrel, in thy tender strain!
Thou the fount of tears unsealing,
I have wept away my pain.

PRESENTIMENT.

Darkened mounds are dimly bending
With my shadowed path to-night,
Where the cypress lowly bending
Whispereth to head-stones white.
Is it only fancy's weaving
That, ere the young moon shall wane,
Nevermore to joy or grieving,
My still heart shall throb again?

Oh! this strange, strange thought of dying,
Oh! this mystic dreamless sleep—
Oh! this dumb and helpless lying
In a silence long and deep;
Deaf to call of those who love me,
Friends my heart to-night holds dear,
Friends whose joy or grief shall move me
Nevermore to smile or tear.

Ere the chimes for holy vespers
Many times shall pulse the air,
Will one voice be dumb that whispers
Low, to-night, the evening prayer?
Pale moon, tell me, ere thy waning,
Will the pearly dewdrops lave
Tender grasses, fresh up-springing,
On a lowly, new-made grave?

Cypress, when with gentle whispers
Low thou droop'st o'er my bed,
Thinkest thou at hour of vespers
One prayer will for me be said?
Thinkest thou the sod above me
Will by grieving eyes be wet?
Thinkest thou the hearts that love me
Ever, ever will forget?

SUMMER.

Cometh now a subtle sense,
How I wist not, nor from whence,
But with worldless eloquence,
Nature worships at the shrine.
High the fleecy clouds are climbing,
Tenderly the winds are timing,
With my thoughts that run to rhyming,
Fitting to a pleasant tune.

MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER

BORN: HARRISON CO., O., FEB. 1, 1850.

AFTER completing her education this lady was employed by the American Missionary Association, and later by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. In 1868 she resigned and



MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

was married to Dr. B. F. Slaughter, surgeon U. S. A. Mrs. Slaughter has published several prose books, and a poetical work entitled, *Early Efforts*. For a while this lady was vice-president of the Woman's National Press Association at Washington, D. C., besides being honored with other positions of trust.

JEWELS FOR A BRIDE.

Pearls — glittering pearls —
Binding the gold of glittering curls,
Clasping the wealth of a woman's hair,
In tangled meshes of sunlight fair;
Beautiful pearls,
Under the curls
Bright thoughts are gleaming, in beauty rare
Fairer than curls,
Brighter than pearls,
The fair dreams flashing in splendor there.
Curls — glittering curls —
Lulu, our darling, the sweetest of girls,
With her stainless forehead and sinless soul,
Bearing the weight of your aureole
In the gleaming light
Of her marriage night;

Purer than cloud-gems, seen from afar,
In her robes of white,
On the dazzled sight,
Is shining and trembling a radiant star.

Pearls — brighter than pearls —
The gleaming light of her golden curls;
Yet, purer than light, and brighter, by far,
The loveliest ray of her soul's new star.

The Star of Love,
Like a white-winged dove
Arisen, and pure as our darling's life,
Shines in her soul
A glad aureole
To the one lover who claims her "wife."

Bride — beautiful bride —
Stainless and pure in your stately pride.
The pearls are born in the cold, dark sea;
From its gloomy caves were they wrung for
thee,
By aching hands,
From the dull sea sands —
With a panting heart and a weary arm,
Culled from the graves,
'Neath the ocean caves —
To strengthen the spell of your beauty's
charm.

Pearls — costlier pearls
Than bright gems looping the hair of girls,
Born in the heart from this life's dull needs,
Fashioned and shaped into thoughts and
deeds —

Jewels of light,
Born in the night,
Are gathered in sorrow and polished in pain
From the soul's deep caves,
And the hidden graves,
Of buried hopes that each year has slain.

Bride — beautiful bride —
Gather life's pearls from its ocean wide;
Seek for the jewels that gem the sands,
Awaiting the touch of your willing hands —
Fadeless their light
When your beauty bright
Has paled, and paled in the years and years.
The earth has graves,
And the ocean caves,
And each is showered with crystal tears.

Tears — crystalline tears —
Strewing the sands of the ebbing years;
Marking the course of their onward flight,
Fostered in sorrow and nourished by night,
Staining young eyes
With a sad disguise —
Chilling young hearts with their freezing cold
Till the Star of Love
Has faded above,
And sunlight streams on the streets of gold.

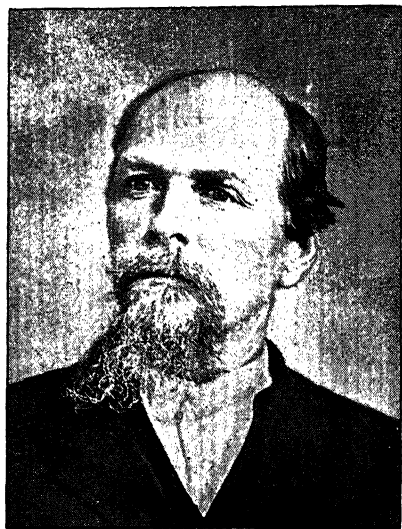
Pearls — lowlier pearls —
 Fairest of women and sweetest of girls,
 Bind on your forehead and clasp in your soul
 A fadeless wreath for your aureole —
 Ornaments meek
 For your stainless cheek,
 Lulu, our darling, our beautiful bride,
 On your marriage night
 In the soft lovelight,
 Stately and pure in your robes of pride!

Pearls — holier pearls —
 Caught from the eddies in life's swift whirls,
 Radiant gems, from the sands above,
 Gather on earth for your crown of love;
 Jewels of light,
 Fadeless and bright,
 Purer than cloud-gems, seen from afar
 On the brow of night,
 Through the waning light,
 Lulu, our darling, our pale, sweet star!

JAMES JACKSON M. SMITH.

BORN: OXFORD, GA., NOV. 4, 1839.

THIS gentleman is an architect and builder,
 doing business at Burnet, Texas. His poems
 have appeared quite extensively in the peri-



JAMES JACKSON M. SMITH.

odical press, and have received favorable
 mention. Mr. Smith was married in 1861 to
 Miss Catherine O. Browne, and now has quite
 a large family.

HOW SISTER TELLS THE STORY TO BROTHER WHEN PAPPA IS GONE.

Believe me dear brother, I tell you a truth,
 It was long ago when our papa in youth,
 Inherited a jewel: more precious than gold,
 Bought by our ancestors in the days of old;
 That jewel, so I have been told,
 Was a precious right ever to hold,
 Bought by our ancestors in blood and goal,
 In the days that tried men to the soul.

The right to think, to enjoy that freedom,
 Granted to us by our Father in heaven,
 If only his laws we would properly obey,—
 Not degrade His laws.
 The purity of blood was his first decree,
 When he commanded man to live and be.
 Proud Caucasians! the noblest of all the races
 Teachers of the arts, virtue and sciences.

The founders of civilization, christian con-
 quest,

Keep square, — obey his holy behest,
 I'll make you ruler of all the races
 If you'll obey my law and christian graces.
 Heed it not your fall is sure! —
 When the vandal hords envied us,
 They came as a whirlwind tempest tossed,
 Stood our fathers on Manassa's plain,

Hurling back with might and main
 The minions that dare invade
 Long years of strife in gory laid,
 When the gory weapon in glory laid.
 The pen, mightier than the sword
 Tells of the truth fearless and bold,
 And now the truth reveals to us;
 Our fathers were right in that mighty fuss.

The dearest rights left to man,
 They lingered to old age to defend,
 Decades after the combat ceased
 Striving to eradicate The Cunning Tale,
 The relentless victorious foe did weave,
 Presumed to tell as truth (?) you know.
 His hoary hairs, to the portals of the grave,
 Proclaimed the truth they dare would brave,

And peacefully folded himself in the silent
 grave,

A calm assurance if our country's saved.
 It was the arm of him who wore the gray,
 And looked to God and did humbly pray
 That His omnipotent hand would ever stay,
 The hand of him who would wantonly
 Ignore his laws — degrade our race,
 By yoking his brother to the negro race.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

BORN: PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUG. 21, 1808.

At the age of eight the subject of this sketch removed west with his widowed mother, settled in Cincinnati, where he received his education at the Lancasterian Seminary of that city. After graduating, William learned type-setting, then became a



WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER.

proof-reader in a large printing and publishing establishment, and subsequently was promoted to the editorship of a Cincinnati daily paper. Mr. Gallagher then entered the publishing business on his own account and started a Quarterly Review. He then became interested in politics and was an office holder for several years in various states and finally a traveling agent for the National Government. During all his long, active and varied occupations, private and public, it must be said of Mr. Gallagher that literature was always, as it still is, his love and pride. In 1881 he published a volume of nearly two hundred pages entitled *Miami Woods and Other Poems*, and he now has another volume of his collected poems of nearly three hundred pages, which will be published in the near future. Mr. Gallagher was married in 1830 to Miss Emma R. Adamson, daughter of Capt. John Adamson of Boston, Mass., by whom he has had a large family. A few years ago Mr. Gallagher received a severe run-over accident, from which he has not yet recovered.

CONSERVATISM.

The Owl, he fareth well
In the shadows of the night;
And it puzzleth him to tell
Why the Eagle loves the light.

Away he floats — away,
From the forest dim and old,
Where he pass'd the garish day:—
The night doth make him bold!

The wave of his downy wing,
As he courses round about,
Disturbs no sleeping thing
That he findeth in his route.

The moon looks o'er the hill,
And the vale grows softly light;
And the cock, with greeting shrill,
Wakes the echoes of the night.

But the moon — he knoweth well
Its old familiar face;
And the cock — it doth but tell,
Poor fool! its resting place.

And as still as the spirit of Death
On the air his pinions play; —
There's not the noise of a breath
As he grapples with his prey.

Oh, the shadowy Night for him!
It bringeth him fare and glee;
And what cares he how dim
For the Eagle it may be?

It clothes him from the cold,
It keeps his larders full;
And he loves the darkness old,
To the Eagle all so dull.

But the dawn is in the East —
And the shadows disappear;
And at once his timid breast
Feels the presence of a fear.

He resists; — but all in vain!
The clear Light is not for him;
So he hastens back again
To the forest old and dim.

Through his head strange fancies run;
For he cannot comprehend
Why the moon and then the sun,
Up the heavens should ascend, —

When the old and quiet Night,
With its shadows dark and deep,
And the half-revealing light
Of its stars, he'd ever keep.

And he hooteth loud and long:—
But the Eagle greets the day,
And, on pinions bold and strong,
Like a roused Thought, sweeps away!

L. BELLE VAN NADA.

BORN: SOUTHERN INDIANA.

THIS lady spent more than ten years as a teacher in the public schools. She has spoken in public upon different topics, and is a great advocate of temperance and



L. BELLE VAN NADA.

women's rights. Miss Van Nada's poems have appeared in a book entitled Poems, and in the periodical press generally. She is the proprietor and manager of the Van Nada House in Petersburg, Indiana.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ten years in heaven, darling mother, thou hast been;

Ten years thou hast walked the pearly streets within

The New Jerusalem above,

The city of God's eternal love,

With friends of high and humble birth

Ye knew in days of yore upon the earth;

How the blissful smiles light their happy faces!

How pure heaven's unchanging love erases

Earth's distinctive, undeviating traces

Of her children born in high and lowly places.

Methinks, O darling mother, in heaven's gilded sunlight

How beautifully thou and thy fair-winged friends to-night

Are walking the gold-paved streets

In the city's calm retreats,

Passing and repassing up and down the pearly strands

Of life's eternal river, list'ning to th' heaven-appointed minstrel bands

That play their heaven-instructed hymns of praise

Upon the celestial plains always;

How sweet, O darling mother, to live up there

Among thy kith and kindred angels fair.

Ten years! How long to us, how short to thee!

For every day on halcyon wings so glad and free

Perchance away ye lightly glide,

Some wanderer home to guide.

How oft in glad surprise ye find some well remembered friend,

For every day th' earth her wanderers homeward send.

How oft, no doubt, ye meet them in th' sacred portals fair,

Just ushering into th' royal fields up there.

Methinks I hear in thy soft low voice a "welcome home!"

Then ye turn again th' elysian fields of heaven to roam.

LISTENING AND WATCHING.

We're listening to the thunder roll

Thro' th' sullen clouds;

We watch th' lightnings tear

The sky's gray folded shrouds.

We're listening to the soft, low dripping

Of th' rain upon th' rose leaves;

We watch them bend and tremble,

'Neath th' dribble from th' eaves.

We're listening to th' light winds,

Mourning thro' th' ferns;

We watch them bowing back and forth,

As a wave o'er each returns.

We watch the foaming billows

Upward rise and swell;

As they greet th' silvered streamlets

Tinkling thro' the shady dell.

We're listening, but we do not hear

The humble songs of love;

From throats of feathered songsters,

Wafting on the breeze above.

But we're watching and we see them,

Huddling in the shady nooks,

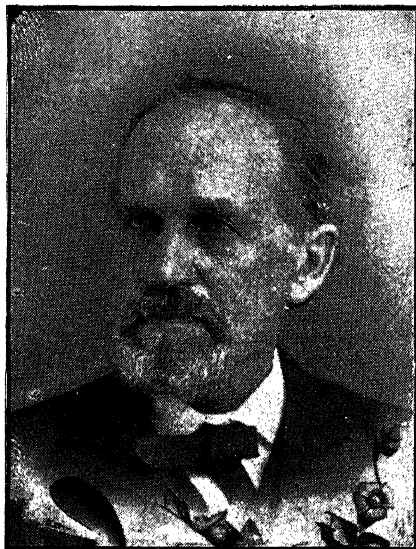
Looking down with piercing eye

O'er the babbling brooks.

GEORGE H. WALSER.

BORN: DEARBORN CO., IND., MAY 26, 1834.

IN 1857 George H. Walser began the practice of law in Middleport, Ill. In 1861 he was the first man to volunteer as a soldier, and was elected Captain of Company I. 20th Regt. Ills. Vols. Inf. Failing health caused his resig-



GEORGE H. WALSER.

nation, and in 1863 he settled in Missouri, and three years later resumed the practice of his profession, and has had great success as a lawyer in the circuit and supreme courts. He has written a volume entitled *Poems of Leisure*, which was published in 1891. Mr. Walser has a wife and two children, and is still a resident of Liberal, Mo., which town he laid out in 1880.

MOUNTAIN HOME.

I love my grand old mountain home,
I love its breath, I love its looks,
The bloom that smiles on it alone
I love as do I love its brooks.

The rocks that rib its furrowed sides,
I love them for their noble state,
As well the rill which down it glides,
The streams neat kirtled at its feet.

The trees that shade its aged brow,
Which sheltered me when but a youth,
I loved them then as do I now,
I love its gray and rocky roof.

I love its moan in breezes high,
I love it when the storm winds blow,
I love from it to ken the sky,
Which kisses meadlands far below.

The oreole I love to hear,
And see the roebuck on the bound;
I love the blithe and nimble deer,
I love to hear the larum sound.

The chase delights my heart as well,
The bugle and the scented pack,
As coursing through the copse and dell,
As fly the hounds on beated track.

The eagle plants her ærie high,
To catch the glimpse of morning sun,
Who paints its streamlets on the sky
In golden shreds so deftly spun.

I love it for itself alone,
I love its glens, its gorges deep,
I love my grand old mountain home,
In sweet repose there let me sleep.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

I wonder, often wonder, who
Can remain unmoved with feelings
Of grand emotion at eventide
As the old sun sets aglow
The placid bosom of the west,
And smiling, sends his golden greeting
To the outspread wings of heaven,
Then sinking calmly down to rest,
Whispers softly, sweetly and low,
Good night,
Fair world,
Fair world,
Good night;

I'll come again to-morrow.

I saw that old sun die last night
In his golden luster of age,
And slowly sinking out of sight,
He spread upon the vermeil page
Of heaven a smile
Of exquisite grace and richness.
I watched him awhile,
As he spread his tinted dye,
And gave the last strokes, with aerial brush,
On the canvas of the sky;
Then fading, fading away to blend
Into star life, chaste, pure and bright—
Impressed me of that sweeter end,
Sublimar look, last good night,
Loving smile, cheerful words and departing breath,
Of silver Age sinking, sinking into death.
Good night,
Dear friends,
Dear friends,
Good night;

We'll meet again to-morrow."

READ THEIR FATE BETWEEN THE LINES.

We are living, we are acting
In a grand and glorious time,
And the ages we are molding
Will bring their ultimates sublime.

We are reaping from the ages,
Reaching back to long ago;
We are reading from the pages,
Wrote in words of human woe.

Pages that portray the actions
Of the ruling spirits then;
Of the grim tumultuous factions,
And the crimes of many men.

Of the wars and revolutions,
Failures and successes grand;
Of contentions and commotions
That for aye have filled the land.

But there is a sadder reading,
Of those dark and gloomy times;
Which is worthy of our heeding;
'Tis read between the written lines.

'Tis the reading of the anguish
Wrung from bleeding hearts and sad;
Hearts that grieve unknown and lan-
guish,
With the living and the dead.

'Tis the anguish of the lone one,
'Tis the wailing of the weak,
It is the patient, helpless throng
That of their wrong never speak.

Those that struggle on in sorrow
With no other hope in view;
Moil to-day and mourn to-morrow;
'Tis the millions for the few.

It is the millions for the few,
'Twas the same in ancient times;
Which facts are veiled from public view;
Are only read between the lines.

We are living, we are acting,
In an age and at a time,
And if we are up and doing
We can make our lives sublime.

We can change the wheel of power
And its weight on these dark times;
We can make oppression cower,
And read his fate between the lines.

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

There is no place on earth like home
When it is true and cheerful,
But home has fled when one alone
Remains in grief and tearful.

There is no place on earth like home
When love and concord rule it,
But home has fled its sacred dome
When one, but one, can use it.

There is no place on earth like home
When converse social cheers it,
But home has lost the charms of home
When there's but one who shares it.

There is no place on earth like home
When smiles and pet words thrill it,
But home with all its sweets are flown
If there's but one to fill it.

There is no place on earth like home,
The gods, I ween, thus will it,
As well they will to make a home
There must be two to fill it.

ETERNITY.

Oh! thou eternity, in vain
I strive to fathom thee;
Could I count the sands, grain by grain,
That gird the mighty sea,
A thousand years might roll between,
Each number of a sand,
Which under grand old ocean gleam
And glisten in the strand.
Then could I take them one by one,
And bear them from the sea,
One moment will not have begun —
Such is eternity.

THE RIVER OF LOVE.

I walked 'neath the boughs of a willow,
Where the currents of two rivers meet;
I stood in the depths of its shadow,
That fell like a veil at my feet;
I saw the two rivers flow onward,
In union toward the deep sea;
I watched their two currents flow downward,
And mingle in felicity.

I thought, as I stood by that river,
Made whole by the union of two,
Of the rivers that flow on together;
Of hearts that are faithful and true.
I thought of the deep seated pleasure,
The lasting accord and esteem;
That bless the two hearts without measure,
When love rules the course of the stream.

I thought of the lives that flow onward,
As rivers flow on to the sea;
'Mid flowers and foliage savored,
With smiles born of sweet harmony.
I thought of the flow of that river;
How placid its deep waters move;
Full freighted with smiles for each other,
On borne to the ocean of love.

MRS. MARY H YOUNG.

BORN: NEAR SARATOGA, N. Y.

THIS lady was educated in New England. In 1854 she was married to Hon. G. A. Greene, a probate judge of Chautauqua County, N. Y. In 1887 appeared a volume of two hundred and thirty poems entitled, *Forest Leaves*, a



MRS. MARY HULETT YOUNG.

work of great excellence and poetic power. This lady has received friendly letters from Henry W. Longfellow, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Paul H. Hayne, E. C. Steadman and others. Mrs. Mary Hulett Young has also written a prose story of three hundred and fifty pages, and is engaged on a work entitled *Wahrheit*.

CONSTANTINE THE ELEVENTH.

Alone in a winter midnight
Which solitude made drear,
I read from history's volume
With the frequent starting tear.
Without my study windows
The pine-trees, sighing low,
Kept time to my mournful musing
O'er a page of human woe.
It told of him, the latest,
The brave, sad Constantine,
Whose bright imperial eagles
Veiled low their golden sign.
Whose crown of unmeasured sorrow
Came to his brow unsought,—
Its splendor, its shame, and its torture,
In the shadows of destiny wrought.

Oh! grand were the forms lowly kneeling,
The last of the worthy and brave,
In the Church of St. Sophia,
Faith's emblems that last night to crave.
Oh! the wail of despair from his palace!
Oh! the grief of his deep-heaving breast,
As Constantine rode through the darkness,
The lost one—the doomed,—yet the blest!
His Georgian princess is waiting
For his galleys to come o'er the sea
And bear her in joy and in beauty
His empress bride to be;
And noble hearts gather around him,
Steel-true to his latest breath,—
No change can seal him a tyrant,
And ages shall honor his death.
I started—my lamp burned no longer,
Raindrops splashed without on the snow,—
I blessed them that they were weeping
For a grief of long ago.

ENDYMION SLEEPING.

—A scene most fair, the Latmos hill
From which the trees droop low and still
Upon a crystal gleaming lake—
No softest sounds the silence break
Where lies Endymion sleeping.
A white swan dreams upon the wave
That loves her snowy breast to lave,—
A temple whiter than her wing,
Stands where the palm-tree shadows cling,
And lies Endymion sleeping.
The temple's marble steps are near,
The moonlight waters shining clear,
The palm-leaf shadows softy lie,—
A soundless-soft voice calms its sigh
To leave Endymion sleeping.
The flowers are clustered at his feet,
Narcissus fair and red rose sweet,
The hyacinth dark-purpling lies—
And shine above the sad pure eyes
That light Endymion sleeping.
His dark curls on the marble rest,
His white hands on a peaceful breast,
His lips of matchless god-like mold
Smile with a joy for earth too bold.—
Ah, leave Endymion sleeping!

WITHERED LEAVES.

Ye withered leaves of long ago,
Strange is the tale ye tell,—
Why come ye from your hiding-place
To break time's Lethæan spell?
O blue deep smiling eyes of love,
O waxen white hands crossed,—
Alas, that these frail leaves are here
And ye to me so lost!

MRS. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

BORN: FREDERICTON, N. B., SEPT. 25, 1842.

THE present residence of this lady is at Sunset Slope, Fort Dufferin, N. B., where she resides with her husband, Hugh Nealis, whom she married in 1864. Mrs. Nealis has pub-



MRS. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

lished a volume of poems entitled *Drift*, which contains some magnificent verses. The poems of Mrs. Nealis have constantly appeared in the press of the United States and Canada. She has a very fine family of children, a pretty seaside home, and many warm friends.

IN UMBRA MORTIS.

O mine own brother, let me hold your hand,
The day so strangely cold and dark has
grown,

I feel the end is near, so long desired,
And I am glad,—for I am weak and tired,
Yet fear to tread Death's awful Pass alone!

So hold my hand a little longer still, [O'er;
In soft, close clasp, and warm; 'twill soon be
To-morrow you may fold them as you will,
For I, beyond man's judgment, good or ill,
Shall have passed out, thank God, forever-
more!

So, hold my hand; it is the one last thing
I need, of human love, to comfort me,
Just hold my hand, until the night shall
bring

Eternal rest, for which I'm hungering,—
Eternal rest, beyond life's stormy sea!

Then, fold these hands that never more shall
crave

Aught that they should not ask, or asking
have;

Close in the blinds, and, thro' the darkened
room,

Let blessed candles lighten up its gloom,
And pray thou for my soul, gone to its doom,
For there is no remembrance in the grave.

FROZEN FLOWERS.

Poor little flowers! are you all
Blasted with the frost's cold breath?
So green and fair you were yesterday,
Now—touched by the hand of Death.

Poor little flowers! Gifts you were
From the friends of a summer's day,
But the summer is gone and—dearer things
Than flowers must fade away.

Poor little flowers! Your drooping leaves
Tell of hopes that can die in a night,
Of a colder frost and a bitterer death,
And a darker, ghastlier blight!

Poor little flowers! I will bring you in,
And hide your dead beauty away—
I have hidden a blacker death than this
In the grave of my heart—to-day.

ALL.

O mothers, over all the earth,

To you I make my moan:

You have your burdens, all of you,

And each one knows her own;

But you around whose necks a babe's arms
twine

Pity me, desolate,— God took all mine!

I know the most of you have graves

Where some sweet flower lies,

That droop'd too soon. Yet you may look
With loving happy eyes

On others, playing in the Spring sunshine.

O pray for me to-night,— God took all mine!

Perhaps, losing many, you have kept,

Thro' God's kind mercy, one,

O when you kiss her, say "God help

The mothers who have none!"

I had four,— but trailing mosses twine

About his grave and theirs! God took all
mine?

Not sparing one, although I prayed

So hard to keep this last,

My little Mary,— one sweet flower!

But,—'tis a prayer gone past.

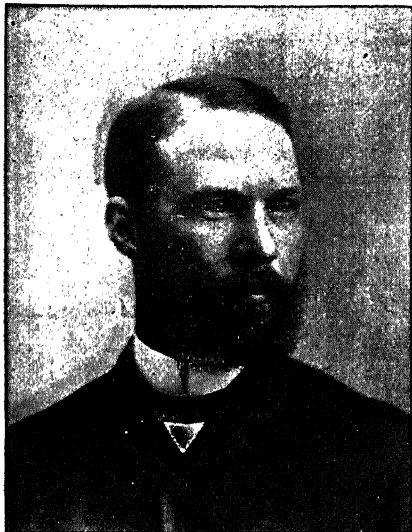
My God! not my will, any more, but Thine!

All Thou hast done was best—for me and
mine!

DAVID EDWARD COLLINS.

BORN: SCOTLAND, MAY 8, 1850.

THE subject of this sketch graduated from the California Military Academy and the University of California. After graduating Mr. Collins spent six years in Europe at Edinburgh, London, Paris and Leipsic in the study of philosophy and science. Of



DAVID EDWARD COLLINS.

late years, however, he has been much absorbed in business, and is a man of integrity and business ability, and a banker of high standing in Oakland, Cal., where he now resides. He was married in 1888 to Miss Emma M. Gieschen, and now has one daughter named Vida C. Collins. Mr. Collins has written more than a hundred commendable poems that have received extensive publication in the University Journal and the periodical press generally.

ON PARTING.

We run, and we must read as well
Below the surface lives of men;
We live two lives, and yet again
Those lives are one when blended well.

Some effluence still our souls outpour
When least we play a conscious part:
Some subtle power but stills the heart
And doffs the garments that it wore.

Whate'er good influence we may know
In tresses fair let memory weave,
And in our souls its network leave
A relic of the long ago.

But we may meet; this thought remains;
And Hope her fancied joys will raise
To keep thy memory green always
Till death shall silence care and pain.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.

Thou gentle stream, canst say,
Where beauty holds her festive day,
And how with potent sway
She clothes thee for this holiday?

Hast never seen her hold
Her magic pencil chased with gold,
Tracing with speed untold
The paintings that the world enfold?

The crystal drops appear,
The simpler efforts of her sphere;
But with thee she doth rear
The wonders of the rainbow here.

Then whence that joyous power
That beauty doth upon thee shower—
Some wealth of sunset hour—
An earnest of her priceless dower?

O wind, canst thou not tell
Whence that beauty thou lov'st so well?
Stays it with the ocean swell,
Or does it with thee ever dwell?

Hast thou brought her here perchance
To flaunt her charms in the mazy dance,
And from the broad expanse
To localize each human glance?

O wilt thou not reveal
The secret which thou dost conceal?
Must I in vain appeal
To know the source of what I feel?

To beauty men must needs
Pay homage both in words and deeds,
While she her suppliant speeds
To noble aims and generous creeds.

O Bridal Veil, I see
This swathing beauty wrapt 'round thee;
And whither shall men flee
Where scenes of greater beauty be?

Does the Orient wear
A lovelier gem? Nowhere, Nowhere.
Whither then shall men repair?
The echo comes, "No otherwhere."

VERNAL FALLS.

O Vernal Fall! thy grand orchestral strains
 To rapturous music in the distance wane,
 And fall in softness on my ravished ear,
 Melting me into a devout worshipper.
 Set 'mid grim-visaged cliffs and nature's
 wild
 With stern-faced features, Oh, thou dearest
 child
 Of nature! thou art wrapt in awful grace,
 While golden laughter lightens up thy face.
 The changing air a tender quiet holds
 That it may fashion into Orphic molds
 Thy music; as Orpheus of old did charm,
 So now the rocks, the trees, the waters warm
 With thy time-measured pulse, and now ex-
 press,
 With mocking sweetness, all thy tenderness.
 And then the waters in silver dimples
 Glance in pleasure gay,
 And ripples that seem in a hazy dream
 Are fashioning all the day.
 The spray is curling and ever whirling
 At pleasure and at will;
 And the trees have grown and the flowers
 have blown,
 With never a blight to kill.
 And Iris bold doth communion hold,
 While the waters are imbued;
 And the solar rays in magical ways
 Paint rainbows Iris-hued.
 And the trees and grass as the stranger pass
 Stand out in richest green;
 And the dewy leaves in the morns and eves
 Make springtime of the scene.

MAY.

Of all the months throughout the year,
 Which is the dearest, say!
 For there's none that seemeth so dear to me
 As the merry month of May.

On Scotia's brave and blessed soil
 It was a glorious day,
 When I bade farewell to the land of my birth
 In the happy month of May.

The fields were covered o'er with green,
 The streamlet's dashing spray,
 And the sunbeams glanced on the glittering
 sheen
 In the joyous month of May.

My heart was filled with tender joy
 In youth's untroubled day,
 And many the months that have come and
 gone,
 But none like the month of May.

O dearest month of all the year,
 Rich pleasures still are they
 That come to me and so merrily come
 With the coming of the May

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

The moon was climbing up the east,
 The stars did fade away,
 While nature slept the sleep of peace
 Worn out with the toils of day.

With frowning brow and flashing eye,
 'Mid silence deeply prized,
 Poor Walter stood a serious man
 And thus soliloquized:

"Aye, this is life: for joy and grief
 Are partners of our daily walk;
 Through richest fields that Fancy form
 Some hellish phantoms stalk.

"I see those phantoms dance with glee
 Upon the wreck of ruined hopes;
 Sin plays its tricks, and others be:
 With me despair elopes.

"Dark with me, this trembling heart
 I lay upon the shrine
 Of hopes all gone that had inspired
 And made my aims divine.

"Age hath not marked her furrows here;
 The warmth of blood my youth declares,
 But still unnumbered years I feel
 And weighted am with cares.

"Old age before her time has come,
 And landmarks in my heart uprears:
 Our sufferings and our toils do mark
 The passage of the years.

"O Agnes! Thou, whom years had made
 Sole idol of this trusting heart,
 Art lost — hast left of life for me
 The solitary part.

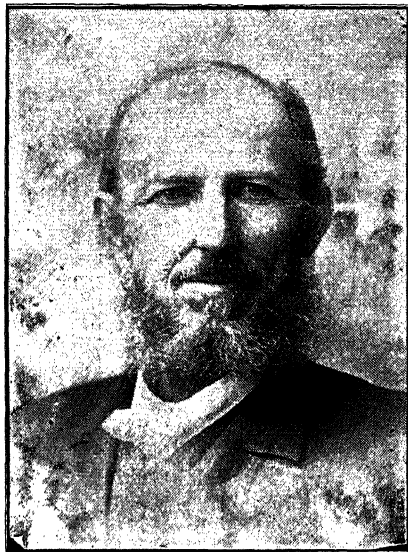
"O wert thou false? Thou knewest not
 What tender love for thee I bore;
 O fool, that I should e'er have kept
 Such mystery in store.

"Go back ye tide of years, and bear
 On Lethe's stream this stern regret;
 For I shall carry to my grave
 Our love when last we met."

MARTIN V. MOORE.

BORN: JOHNSON CO., TENN., APRIL 12, 1837.

THE poems of Mr. Moore have appeared in Harper's Magazine, Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Fireside Companion, the Atlanta Constitution, Sunny South, America, and other papers and maga-



MARTIN V. MOORE.

zines of the South. The literary work of Martin V. Moore has been confined chiefly to prose writing, and he has done much in the line of editorial work, and in miscellaneous short stories, sketches, magazine articles, book reviews, scientific papers, political and historical works, and is the author of several large prose works. Mr. Moore was married in 1864 to Miss Sallie E. Lenoir, but is now a widower, residing with his family in Auburn, Ala.

THE UNANSWERED CRY.

Allah, allah, tell me, pray,
Is there aught of us shall stay
When the thing called life is ended
And the bones with dust are blended?—
Allah in the heart replies—
There's a spirit that never dies.
Allah, tell me how shall I,
When the journey's over, die?
When the tongue shall cease its clatter,
And when the feet shall quit their patter—
Where shall then the spirit go?—
Tell me, Allah, thou dost know.

Allah gives me no reply—
Sends no answer to my cry—
When the bowl is to be broken
Allah gives us word or token—
Where the loosened spirit goes
Only Allah ever knows:—

Only Allah,—great, sublime,—
Knows the place, the how, the time;—
Mercy holds the darkened portal
From the ken of prying mortal—
Only Allah e'er should know
When and where the spirits go.

THE LOVE-LINK.

We met—a gentle maid and I—
One far-off summer when
A simple flower told my love,
And told me her's again:
She gave to me a promise true
And I was happy then.

We met again; the maiden was
My sweet bride, O so fair!
The same dear flowers wore she then
In clusters in her hair;
We laid our hearts upon one shrine,
And I was happy there.
We went into the widening world;
Care hath our lives beset,
And often over buried joys
The tear our cheeks hath wet;
But still the love-link binds our hearts
And I am happy yet.

And far out in the narrowing sky
I see the faith-light quiver;
And underneath it beckoning ray
Our barque upon the river;
And in the Heaven read that we
May happy be forever.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

EXTRACT.

The summers came to Paradise
A thousand years perhaps and more,
But still the summer winds that went
No rose-scent up to Heaven bore,
Till man to Eden's garden came,
And Cain his brother smote and slew;
Then where the earth drank up the blood
The primal rose-bush sprang and grew.
Sweet incense from the ruined shrine
Was then unto the flower given;
And it with the prayer of the righteous dead
The carrier winds took up to Heaven.
Now in the blossom's hue we see
The flesh and blood the martyr bore:—
While in the thorn—lo there's the curse
Affixed by God forevermore.

MRS. ELLEN J. MCHENRY.

BORN: CHARDON, O., NOV. 22, 1827.

IN 1847 this lady was married to Hon. John McHenry, judge of the first district court of New Orleans, La. Four years later she removed to California, where she now resides



MRS. ELLEN J. M'HENRY.

at Berkeley, with her husband and children. Mrs. McHenry has published an epic poem entitled *Legend of the Wandering Jew*, and also a prose work entitled *Our Boys*. The poems of Mrs. McHenry have appeared from time to time in current literature.

THE OLD MISSION BELLS.

Oh! don't melt up the bells!
The dear old bells have hung so long,
And called so many to prayer and song
Who have joined the great unnumbered throng,
On their way to the silent shore.
The peaceful fathers with their beads all told,
The Indians gathered in the Christian fold,
The Argonauts and their comrades bold
Will hear those bells no more.
Oh! don't take down the bells!
But let them hang for the days gone by,
And as you pass them, breathe a sigh,
For the old pioneers, who silent lie,
In their graves on the busy street;
Could they see the rush and hear the roar,
Of commerce and toil on this Golden shore,
Would they wish to be again once more,
Where their friends and children meet?

Oh! don't melt up the bells!
The dear old bells have hung so long,
And called so many to prayer and song,
Who have joined the great unnumbered
On their way to the silent shore. [throng,
In the coming years, then let them hang,
To remind us all by their feeble clang,
Scarce heard with the new bell's ponderous
Of the days that will come no more. [baug,

ONLY A SISTER.

Ah why is this? my brother never
Spoke so polite to me before.
As when to-day Miss E. McEvor
Came tripping through the parlor door.
He did not say, "give me some grub,"
"Why don't you make up my bed?"
Or hang it all, do shut the door;"
But this is what he kindly said:
"Now, sis, I'd like some dinner quick,
I know I'm rather late,
To-day I felt a little sick,
Just hand me, sis, a cup and plate."
Astonished then I looked at him,
And could not think just what to say,
He spoke so kind and looked so trim;—
His sweetheart dined with us to-day!

POOR POLLY'S LAMENT.

O how I long once more to go
To the sun-bright plains of Mexico! [sky,
Where my mate flies free through the tropic
And screams at her will, in the palm trees
While I swing here in my narrow cage, [high,
And gnaw the bars in my helpless rage.
The cold west wind sweeps down the street,
And chills me through, from head to feet,
As on my lonesome perch I stand,
And sigh and sigh for my native land.
They forget I came from a sun-bright clime,
The land of the orange, the olive and lime.
Oh how I hate the sight and sound
Of all I see and hear around,
When the urchins utter the hateful cry
Of "Polly want a cracker," as they go by;
And taunting, speak of my crooked nose,
And mocking laugh at my "turned in" toes.
A dark-eyed Senorita stood
By my cage, one day, in pensive mood,
She drew her "Trebosa," 'round her head,
And "Pobre Paharitu," she sweetly said;
My heart gave one tumultuous bound,
For my ear had caught the old sweet sound;
But alas! my tongue forgot to say,
What I learned in my own land far away,
And she passed on with the hurrying crowd,
And 'though I fluttered and screamed so
I never have chanced her face to see, [loud,
For she never came back to speak to me.

JAMES LOCKHART GOODLOE

BORN: MADISON CO., MISS., SEPT. 3, 1840.

AS SOLDIER, lawyer and poet James Lockhart Goodloe has gained an eviable reputation in the southern states, and his poems have appeared in the Nashville Home Circle, Galveston News, Vicksburg Whig, Memphis Appeal, Memphis Avalanche, Mobile Regis-



JAMES LOCKHART GOODLOE.

ter, Huntsville Times, Atlanta Sunny South, from which they have been copied by the periodical press throughout America. Mr. Goodloe delivered the poem of graduation in 1860, and was elected annual poet, Delta Psi Fraternity for 1861, and Alumni poet in 1890 at the University of Mississippi. He served through the war and was slightly wounded.

A TRILOGY.

PAN SLEEPS — YOUTH.

A shadowy vale, between two sloping hills
Where sprays of sunlight fall, and no broad
Of brilliance glare and shine. [bars

By slight decline

The sylvan path descends this peaceful grove
Until a valley opens wide and still.

Rough Wintry storms have torn earth's
bosom here, [roots,

And underneath the crumpled oak tree's
Winding, entangled, like great serpent folds,
Scaly, and thick and strong, — a dark ravine
Lies half revealed, long spiral vines, above,
Lean down and curious, peer into its depths;

And, in the noiseless cover of its shades,
A meek hare fills her form, and busy wrens
Hold quiet housewife conclave near a nest.

Hither, in early youth, he often came —
A brown-eyed, sun-burned boy, of thought-
ful moods,

Who, dreaming listlessly, his young soul rapt
And borne resistlessly into Alien skies,
Cast himself prone upon the fostering earth.

No sound of axe or hunter; no kine lowed,
The forest thrilled not with shrill reed of
birds, [breeze

But silence reigned; the gently moving
Soft swept the beech and maples, and low
sounds,

As of some solemn, slumberous genius [balm.
Breathed on his ear and heart with nature's
Enraptured, though he knew not why, he lay
Half dreaming; musing; happy, and yet sad.

A restless crow went — crying not — above;
Whither he knew not, cared not; but away;
And one soft note of wood-thrush whispering
made; [oak,

The half-heard whisk and mutter from an
Where dozed an owl, and where a squirrel
lay; [world;

And then, his musing on the glorious, happy
And his own wandering thoughts of play-
mates, maids, [hope;

And boys, and home, an untold years of
The living consciousness in him, of both
His own and nature's growing, throbbing
pulse. —

All swept, melodiously, upon his of life.

Then, full of peace, and stilly, quiet rest, —
Untouched by rush of trade or jealous love,
Or cankering, cold ambition — slept the youth.
So young Pan sleeps throughout the sultry
noon,

Until the evening zephyr comes and sighs —
Growing vehement, as it blasts his ears —
“Up!” to the linnet, cicada, and hare; —
“Up!” to the elm and maple leaves and
boughs;

And, soon the concert of the wood begins;
The vale enlivens, and all nature calls,
From ravine to the hills; and all the air
Is resonant with joy; the boy is thrilled.
He wakes, he leaps and smiles. He shouts
and sings.

As at one with himself, the world and God.

PHANTOMS — MATURITY.

A passing vision haunts by day,
Or wakes me out of slumber,
As when some second sight expels
Things which the soul encumber.

Out of this oft-recurring dream
The impress comes to me

All sweeter, dearer, deeper far
Than waking thoughts can be.

My soul then casts her fetters down
And hies to meet some lover,
In fields all green and golden, where
The kindly angels hover.—

I've pondered often, welcoming
The argosies she bore:
No message seems so pierced with light,
No vision glowed so purely bright,
As those her tokens wore.

Yet not of song or loving word,
But feelings sweetest bars,
And images of Heaven's love
Dropped, earthward, from the stars.

Then, wafted to some eminence,
O'er-shadowed by the night,
I see the pictured landscape lie
Soft in the dim starlight.

The gardens, fields and woodlands dim,
The stream marked by the shades
Of over-hanging willow boughs,
And quiet everglades.

I hear a dreamy chattering,
The thousand pipes of Pan,
From throats and wings of little things
That wissén not of man;

Of night bird, as with startled note
She leaves her dewy cover,
And drops into the shallow stream
To greet her happy lover.

And great-eyed kine, with length'ning reach
The darkling by-ways threading,
Precede their young, near break of dawn,
To flowery meadows leading.

They halt not to beware of me;
They know not of my dreaming,
Nor of the soul's rapt minstrelsy
From shadowy starlight streaming.

But now an Eidolon comes down
In half shade from the ether,
A soulful panorama falls
And spreads o'er wood and heather.

It knows not me; but I divine
Its restful dreamy story.
I feel a loving spirit brood
On this phantasmagory.

I know not how it is, but oft
In childhood's half-wild reasons,
And in the calmer years of age
It calls me at all seasons.

It wakes me in the silent night,
And no surprise succeedeth,
But lovingly I answer it
And follow where it leadeth.

Its mute control o'erwhelmeth me

With deep and earnest feeling,
Its pure effulgence softly beams,
Into my bosom stealing.

So, gazing into the river's flood,
Deep in its bosom lying,
A new creation greets our view
With Heaven's beauty vieing.

I shed soft tears, suppressing hope
Of word or look or story,
Except the brooding soundless sense
Of this phantasmagory.

And in the still night's darkling rest,
In half-shade, there, before it,
The soulful panorama lies
Nestless, and night broods o'er it.

Ah! would that I might change the cast
And, to its sphinx-like gazing,
Infuse a thrilling sound or word—
This dreamy scene amazing.

But no! the dream is mine alone,
And no phantasmal seeming
Can dissipate the rising fear
That this is only dreaming.

And yet, perhaps, each heart's low moan
Is void of consolation.
Perhaps the plaint of every soul
Is full of desolation.

But still amid the bosom's pain
A joyous angel singing,
Reveals the happy fount of life
To heights supernal springing!

HUMILITY — AGE.

The Deity whom we adore as great,
And good and glorious, and pitying,
Is all that they have said; he pities us,
But forces us to teach ourselves. We spring
Fast to our hearts' desires. The gilded things
Which we pursue are caught and crushed.

They burn,

Or bite, or sting us; and we slowly learn
To choose; or else we turn away surprised
or jaded —

Wondering if life is false. [presents.
Heaven,— waiting calmly— some fresh aim
We scan the ends of flesh and earthly pomp.
Experience proves them futile, lifeless tasks,
Leaving the dross we seek a higher plane.
Then we look upward; there sits wisdom near;
Silent, observant, calm; and all the while,
Awaiting this first bell— one labor closed.
Now, armed with this, a shield invisible—
The soul goes onward, sighing for lost time;
And fearing, knowing life is all too short
For reverence and art, we grasp the light
Of immortality. So, humbled thus,
We yield our spirits to that Deity [tears—
Whom men— when learned in trials and in
Adore as wise, and kind, and pitying.

DANIEL KISSAM YOUNG.

BORN: BROOKLYN, N.Y., DEC. 2, 1851.

DURING the college course of the subject of this sketch he was president of the Phrenocosmian Literary Society and received honors at his graduation. In 1871 he graduated from the college of the City of New York, taking the



DANIEL KISSAM YOUNG, B. S.

degree of Bachelor of Sciences. He is now a member of the Graduate Association and Alpha Delta Phi and has read a number of papers before that Association. Mr. Young has written over a hundred poems, many of which have appeared in the Hempstead Sentinel, The Methodist, The Budget, The Advertiser, Journal of Commerce and other periodicals. This gentleman was married in 1890 to Miss Mary McInnis, and is now engaged in coffee importation in New York City.

AWAKENING.

Long wondered I at her most perfect art,
And strangely felt her skill enthral my soul
Until suspicion she but played a part,
Roused in my heart a conflict with her role
At seeing art monopolize the whole.

Soon said I then she is a sorceress,
Each day she draws me all against my will,
Deep in my heart I feel a sore distress, —
Gone is my peace, a tribute to her skill
Which naught withstands. What she will do
I know not but I hear her siren song [with me
Call sweetly, softly o'er life's stormy sea.

Know'st not weak heart she means thee dire-
ful wrong?

Content at last to be a captive bound
On any terms, so could I feel her power,
Like halos then she shed her smiles around,
Led was I in her heart's ecstatic bower.
In raptured trance I tread life's stony ground
Now knowing, thro' her siren song, her art,
Shone but the woman in her loving heart.

A LOVE DREAM.

I'm dreaming love of thee,
And of thy sunny face,
To me it hath more charm
Than thoughts of Heav'n's grace.
To win thy loving smile,
To shun thy enmity,
To bring thee peace and joy
I'd risk eternity.

I'm dreaming love of thee,
And of thy wondrous hand,
It smoothes life's rugged path
Like a magician's wand.
Its touch upon my brow
Drives care and pain away,
And turns life's darkest night
To bright and radiant day.

I'm dreaming love of thee,
And of thy snow-white breast,
A pillow soft and dear
Whereon I long to rest.
Ah, what a rest were there
Upon thy Venus' form,
Ah, ne'er found sailor yet
Such haven after storm.

I'm dreaming love of thee
And of thy fairy arm,
'Tis not as strong as mine,
And yet has done me harm.
For when I think of it
Ambition flies away,
And all my aim lies here,
To find it ev'ry day

Around my throbbing neck,
And feel the Heav'nly bliss
Thy lips alone can give
When pressed in passionate kiss.
Were ev'ry moment then
To pay an age of pain,
I'd gladly welcome all
And fly to thee again.

Where are the joys of wealth?
Where learning's boasted charms?
Oh, give me but for once
A place in my love's arms.
The thirsty passionate sigh,
The hot pulse beating fast;
Dear Corá, my heart's love,
Shall these be mine at last?

GOD IS LOVE.

What art thou God? my soul enquires,
 What is thy form? How looks thy face?
 Art but an essence filling space,
 Before whose power all power retires?
 Hast any form? Hast any face?
 Thou'rt here, thou'rt there, thou'rt every-
 where;
 Mine eyes are strained thy voice to hear,
 Mine aching eyes see not thy place.
 My weak hands vainly search for thee,
 I know thou art, I see thy works,
 Which show behind some power lurks,
 But whence, or how, I cannot see.
 Can man when robed in this dull clay
 Love that which merely essence is?
 And has no form, no shape like his?
 But yet he feels it day by day.
 Can I be said to love a man
 Who is not, tho' he was like me,
 But now has gone to live with thee,
 To live of life a larger plan?
 Oh, God, and do I love thee now?
 Thou are so great, so far above;
 Is this I feel within me love?
 I love not so aught here below.
 I study perfect human forms,
 But fancy none as like to thine;
 Imagination draws no line
 More like to thee than to the worms.
 My mind surmounts this little world
 And pierces thro' its circling dome;
 To view thy features, find thy home,
 I wander oft thro' vapors curled.
 Exhausted soon my spirit falls,
 And sinks once more to present care—
 To duties here, how dear ones fare,
 Which all my soul's attention calls.
 And soon within, yet from above,
 A gentle voice dispels my fear;
 "No matter what my form, or where
 I am, remember God is love."

MIDNIGHT.

When oft I used, before the crackling logs
 Which burn so cheerily in my bach'lor's den,
 To idly muse on what lay in the fogs
 Of future years, on strife with fate and men,
 The flames would rear themselves to dreams
 of pride,
 And visions rise of honor, fame and books,
 Of how I should sweep singly down life's
 tide, [looks.
 With high indiff'rence of the world's cold
 But now how changed. My books neglected
 lie; [thought;
 Wealth, power, fame can charm no more my
 Thy features, sweet, are painted on my eye,

Turn when I will thine image there is caught,
 The tongued flames, the pictures on the wall,
 All look like thee, my joy, my all in all

A TRIBUTE.

Think I of thee? Ay, that I do my friend,
 As pines upon cloud-piercing Tahwa's brow
 Think of the sunbeams, whence their life
 doth flow.
 As rosebuds wither'd by the heat will lend
 Their thoughts to dewdrops, which their sad-
 ness end,
 And lift their heads in mirth and gladness
 now.
 As the full moon the seeds of thought will
 sow [lend
 In th' hearts of wand'rers whom it doth
 Its silver rays to light their dang'rous way.
 I think of thee, as clouds of night do think
 Of day's full orb, which clothes their life
 with gold—
 As shipwrecked sailors of the rock well may,
 When now secure, they trembling view the
 brink [old.
 Think I of thee? such thoughts as ne'er grow

HE WAS A MAN.

I call him a man who walks upon the brink
 Of that dark precipice which doth divide
 This life from death, where one step doth
 decide
 His triumph or his fall; yet doth not shrink
 Aghast in dizzy agony to think
 What danger hides in that wild, surging tide
 Of passion, sin and death, where none can
 ride,
 Where many in despair and mis'ry sink.
 I call him man, who ev'ry step doth take
 With thought, secure in his God-given might;
 Who knows his peril and yet walks serene;
 Who at the howls of anguish doth not quake;
 Who knows his strength and knows his path
 is right,
 And calmly gazes on the troubled scene.
 Yea, tho' the gusty winds of passion blow,
 He doth not totter at that reeling height,
 Nor mantle his proud head in deadly fright,
 Nor doth his way pursue one jot more slow.
 Tho' soft temptation's clouds may glow,
 He is not raptured at the glitt'ring sight,
 Nor doth he walk by their deceitful light.
 When sland'rous tongues their venom would
 bestow
 He heeds them not for he is cased in steel;
 False friendship and false love move not his
 soul, secure.
 He treads their loose and treach'rous ground
 Oh, such a man to God and Heav'n's leal;
 He hath his heart and hand in full control:
 To friend, to self, e'en to his God is pure.

MRS. EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

BORN: BRACEVILLE, O., 1839.

EARLY in life this lady contributed both prose and verse to the periodical press. In 1857 she was married to Hudson Tuttle, a profound and versatile author, poet and lecturer. He took his young wife to live in his native home in Berlin Heights, Ohio; where



MRS. EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

she still resides as wife and mother. Seven years after their marriage, Mrs. Tuttle, jointly with her husband, published *Blossoms of Our Spring*; and two years later *Gazelle*, a story of the great rebellion, also in verse. Mrs. Tuttle was chief editor of the *Lyceum Guide*, a book for the use of progressive Sunday Schools. Many of the poems of this great poet have been set to music and sung all over the land, notably that of *Claribel*, *The Unseen City*, and *My Lost Darling*. In 1890 appeared *From Soul to Soul*, a volume of over two hundred pages of beautiful poems from the pen of this lady. As an actress and dramatic reader Mrs. Tuttle has had striking success, especially in tragic parts, such as *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Macauley's Virginia*. Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle is very sympathetic, fond of animals, and in fact a protector of the weak, a friend of the friendless, and a lover of all things living.

TAKE THE WORLD SWEETLY.

Years and years, together, love,
Through the wide world, going,
Happy if the season be
Blooming time or snowing.

We are not the ones to cry
"Dear old year, stay by us!"
For we know the soul of things,
Laughing, would deny us.

And we know the end would be
Quite too many losses,
Killing all the vigorous wreaths
Garlanding life's crosses.

So we let the bright things go
As we do the cold ones,
Welcoming things fresh and new,—
They will soon be old ones.

What, if when we dreaming sat
'Mong the red spring roses,
We had said "This is enough!
Day breaks and day closes.

"Tarry! Not another year
Can be bright as this is,"
And the days had heeded us?—
We had forbade blisses.

God's creations throb and turn—
Know it and accept it;
Every heart must learn this truth,
As the years have kept it.

Disappointment, wild and wan,
Knows what pain is in it;
Grief, in wreaths of sweet dead flowers,
Tells it every minute.

Yet 'tis best we take the world
Sweetly, as we find it;
If it take us sweetly, well!
If not, we ought not mind it.

DELUSION: WHO SHALL DECLARE IT?

Well, maybe it is delusion
That the soul lives after death;
But, if so, it is far the dearest
Which the tongue of mortal saith.
And, since so much of life's pleasure
Is wrought of unreal things,
I shall always hold to the riches
Which the "dear delusion" brings.

Delusions of earth are mocking
Wherever we mortals go,
And finding so much unreal
Has cost me a deal of woe.
But the dream of life immortal
Will never bring me pain:
For, when it is proven error,
I shall count not loss nor gain.

I shall never live to know it,
 If my darlings are only dust;
 And all which the weakest and wisest
 Can do is to hope and trust.
 I may reason and doubt, but ever
 They seem to speak from the sky;
 Then, it seems but a cold delusion
 To dream that a soul can die.

You may shower me with dust and ashes,
 You may give me a wreath of rue,
 You may dream you have truth and wisdom
 And I am less brave than you;
 But, still, I shall never yield it
 For a thing you say or do;
 You cannot make it an error,
 And I cannot make it true.

We all must wait and wonder
 What the change of death will bring;
 Your sketches are skulls and cross-bones,
 Which I to the winds would fling,
 And picture immortal faces
 Brow-girt with asphodels,
 And hands which are reaching earthward
 Bunches of immortelles.

But neither your wise conclusions,
 Nor mine, with their rainbow rings,
 Can alter one jot or tittle
 The eternal law of things!
 Yet, ah, in the world that this is
 It were all too sad to stay,
 If we could not have our fancies
 Of "The Ever-so-far-away."

BABY'S SERMON.

The full moon shines in the East to-night
 Round and bright as a plate of gold,
 And a memory haunts me, pure and white,
 Which I long to tell, yet I wish were told.

It is not long since a baby-girl
 Made our household supremely glad —
 A heavenly light in a shrine of pearl,
 Which God recalled, and our hearts are sad.

One night when the fair full moon came up
 Out of darkness — a welcome boon —
 I called, "If the baby has done her sup
 Bring her out here to see the Moon!"

Jumping and laughing, out she came,
 In her mama's arms, for she could not walk,
 And save she could utter her mother's name
 And say, "Tee da!" she could neither talk.

From the edge of the porch she saw the moon,
 We who loved her stood watching by;
 She stretched her arms, with a joyous croon,
 To take it down from the evening sky!

But failing, turned, and her eyes grew round,
 Round and bright as the wonder seen.

"Tee da!" she cried, oh, the sweetest sound!
 And I pointed up to the silver queen.

"Oo! Oo! Tee da!" Then we hugged her close,
 Kissed and kissed her over again,
 With what affection our Father knows,
 Who measures loss and its nameless pain.

"Oo! Oo! Tee da!" As we march along,
 Faint with pain and the wounds we bear.
 The baby's words are a silver song,
 Which comes to us as an angel's prayer.

"Oo! Oo! Tee da!" To the whitest deeds
 Which a faulty human hand can do,
 Her voice calls stronger than laws and creeds
 Heavenward ever, "Tee da! Oo! Oo!"

TWO PICTURES.

One beautiful day in springtime
 A youth sought the ocean side,
 And crossed, on an out-bound vessel,
 The waters vast and wide.
 The pleasant home of his childhood
 He bade with a tear good-bye,
 But said, as he kissed each weeper,
 "I'll come again bye and bye!"

But when, after months of travel,
 And longing to see them all,
 He came with his store of knowledge,
 Back to the dear old hall,
 The inmates were sore affrighted,
 And trembled about the place;
 Remembering not his promise,
 They shut the door in his face!

One eve as a sweet June twilight
 Was dying out of the West,
 A pale-faced girl on her pillow,
 Lay, sinking to dreamless rest.
 The angels were waiting to bear her
 To their mansions white and high,
 But she said as she kissed her dear ones,
 "I'll come again bye and bye!"

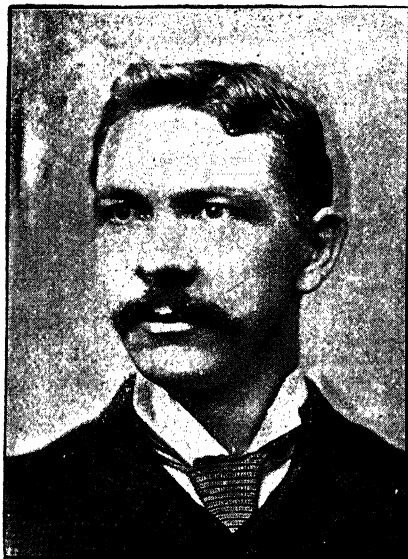
And when from her home in Heaven,
 Longing to see them all,
 She came with her deep affection
 Back to the dear old hall;
 Her kindred were sore affrighted,
 And, pallid, fled back apace;
 Remembering not her promise,
 They shut the door in her face!

You would censure the cruel parents
 Who would not welcome a son,
 For fear, when he turned him homeward
 After his journey was done;
 But you say no word of wonder
 When, with hearts as cold as stores,
 They bar the doors of communion
 To their dear immortal ones.

T. H. C. MALONEY.

BORN: IRELAND, JUNE 16, 1859.

THE subject of this sketch went through the Egyptian war of 1882, and has served twelve years in various battles and skirmishes under Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, the great British commander. In 1888 he was correspondent at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for the Gazette,



T. H. C. MALONEY.

Evening Mail, and Catholic Times while still a soldier. In 1887 Mr. Maloney was married to Miss Theresa Anna O'Hara, and the following year located in Scranton, where he was engaged on the Times. In 1889 Mr. Maloney was engaged on the Catholic Herald, and the following year he assumed editorial management of that paper, which changed its name to the Diocesan Record. During his twelve years of military service, Mr. Maloney traversed the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America.

A VALENTINE.

The winsome maid begins to sing,
The snow has fled away;
St. Valentine is wandering
Through wood and field to-day:
Blue violets with fragrance faint
Welcome the footsteps of the Saint.

He may grow old, but never cold—
Such fate is yours and mine: [told,
Though troubles come, though years are
We'll hail St. Valentine,

That prelate of the primrose weather
Who brings the boys and girls together.
While bright tho'ts fade, bright hopes grow
One thing your poet knows is, [vain
We shall be boys and girls again
In some metempsychosis.
I wonder where, O mistress mine!
We next shall meet Saint Valentine.

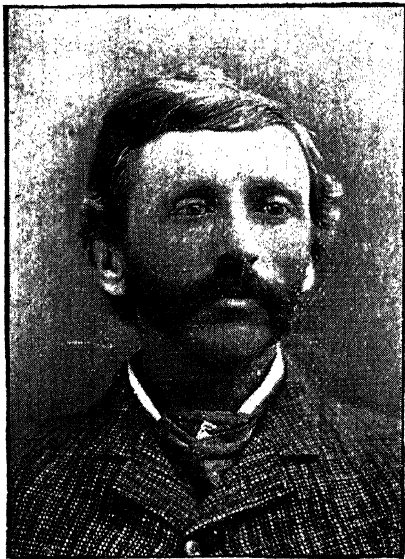
MOTHERLAND.

There is an island in the sea
'Tis Motherland, dear Motherland;
Land of the brave, though not yet free,
'Tis Motherland, dear Motherland.
And by our manhood now we swear,
It shall not long its bondage wear,
For we are bound the cords to tear,
From Motherland, dear Motherland.
With hearts and hands in Erin's cause,
Motherland, dear Motherland,
We'll trample down the tyrant's laws
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
And then, a nation once again,
Shall be our manhood's proud refrain,
For we will wipe oppression's strain
From Motherland, dear Motherland.
Shall the tyrant safely reign
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
In Motherland, dear Motherland?
No! once again our oath we plight
To watch and labor and unite,
Till banded be a nation's might
For Motherland, dear Motherland.
Oh! how our hearts do beat with joy,
Motherland, dear Motherland,
For one such day as Fontenoy
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
And grant, O Lord, that day may come
When crossing o'er the ocean foam,
We freedom bring to every home
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
We vow thy brilliant flag of green,
Motherland, dear Motherland,
Yet proudly floating shall be seen
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
And then a freeman bold and brave,
Shall scribe the lines on Emmet's grave,
Which were not to be writ by slave
In Motherland, dear Motherland.
We here again renew our vow,
Motherland, dear Motherland,
To be as firm and true as now
For Motherland, dear Motherland.
The Harp of Tara is not dead,
Its "Soul of Music" yet 'twill shed,
We'll plant the green above the red
In Motherland, dear Motherland.

WILLIAM LEWIS MILLER.

BORN: DECATUR, ILL., SEPT. 8, 1848.

IN his youth the subject of this sketch developed quite a little musical talent, and for a few years was exhibited as a child singer. He wrote verse from an early age, many of



WILLIAM LEWIS MILLER.

which have appeared in some of the leading publications. Mr. Miller follows the occupation of a bricklayer and contractor, and resides in Ukiah, California.

LITTLE SWEET-EYES.

Sweet eyes at the window peeping,
Waiting her papa to come,
How the pretty bright eyes gladden
As she gives her welcome home,
How she pulls my long, brown whiskers
With her dimpled, chubby hand,
Giving me the sweetest kisses
To be had in all the land.

CHO.—Little sweet-eyes at the window,
Laughing in the wildest glee,
Clapping hands so white and dainty,
As she smiles and waits for me.

On the stair-steps, in the hallway
Patter oft the little feet;
Everywhere from roof to basement,
Sounds her little voice so sweet.
Sweet-eyes shine like gentle sunbeams
All the long and happy day,
Closing in the sweetest slumber
After she is tired of play.

Ah, the little feet so busy,
On the stairway—in the hall,
No more patter on the carpet—
No more now we hear them fall!
Tears steal from our eyelids often,
Sorrow ever shades the brow,
Gone the sound of gleeful laughter—
Baby is not with us now!

CHO.—Underneath the growing grasses,
Where the gentle daisies start,
Baby's sleeping long and sweetly—
Still, her little beating heart!

TO MY UNKNOWN.

Where should I seek thee, my unknown,
Thou ideal of my heart?
Amid the forests overgrown
Or in the busy mart?

Or yet beneath the fervid sun
Of Orient's amorous clime,
Or where mountain's torrents run
Amid the great sublime!

Or does Aurora's cold, keen air
Plant roses on thy cheek?
Ah, is it here, or there or where
My loved one would I seek?

Perhaps in some sweet odorous glade,
Where flowers are wont to grow,
I'd find her wandering in the shade
Quite pensively and slow.

But ah, I know not where thou art,
Whether on land or sea,
But somewhere there's a fond true heart,
That only beats for me.

None other's kiss can ever mean
The same to her,—my own,
I am her king, she is my queen
And true-love is our throne.

Sometime, in summer's golden hour,
My love will come to me;

I'll find her as a hidden flower,
Grown sweet and silently;
The music of my voice will thrill
Her with a wild delight;
The brightest day, without me, will
Be to her, darkest night.

EXTRACTS.

Now blooms the fragrant burst-bud—
And springing from their tiny bed
Sweet-smiling, as a waking child,
We see the flowers we thought were dead.

The hidden gems of flower and bud
Arise again with beauty rife;
They raise their blushing cheek to Spring,
And smile to think how sweet is life.

The pretty bird-notes of the wood
Play sweetly to the dancing flowers,
While tree and shrub nod to the tune—
Thus nature whiles the passing hours.

ANNA MAUDE HOXSIE.

BORN: BUFFALO, N.Y., JULY 30, 1869.

THIS lady is the daughter of Augustus Chapman Hoxsie, an eminent physician of Buffalo. She has received a good education at a private school and given special advantages in Italian, French and music. At the age of



ANNA MAUDE HOXSIE.

fifteen she accompanied her mother — a woman of high musical talent and social position — to Europe, whence she was called home by the death of her father. Subsequently Miss Hoxsie attended the best of schools in language and art. She again spent the summer of 1887 in Europe. The following year Miss Hoxsie began given lectures with stereopticon illustrations, and has met with flattering success. The poems of Miss Hoxsie have been a valuable acquisition to current literature.

THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

As I travelled over Egypt
To Nubia, up the Nile,
I noted the sad-faced peasants
Who seldom seemed to smile,
I saw not the swarthy Bedouin
On his dromedary tall,
Nor looked at the Turkish merchants,
With their wares and beckoning call.
I only saw the last remains
Of the old Egyptian race,

Who bear the shadow of the Sphinx
Stamped on each toil-worn face.

The legacy ancestors left
These peasants of to-day,
Was degradation's galling yoke,
Gained by despotic sway.

The oppression of stern Pharaohs
Gave them that saddened mien,
While that faint, sad smile, so Sphinx-like,
Is now but rarely seen.

They have borne their unconscious burden
Since first the Sphinx was made,
For in that veil of mystic grief
Its features are arrayed.

They bear the sorrows of the past
Since from Chaos came the world,
But the reason why they thus must grieve
The gods have not unfurled.

Conquered by Persia, Greece and Rome,
By divers nations since,
With the same sad face they smile on fate,
Nor change, nor weep, nor wince.

Oh ancient heart in new disguise!
Why all this weight of bitter woe?
Is't retribution from the skies?

Did gods see fit to have it so
When the world was young,
And bad deeds done,
The hand-mark of the great All-wise?

But a faint, small voice from the desert cries:
" 'Tis the Shadow of the Sphinx! "

FOOL'S SONG.

Its the lay of an insolent Fool;
Ha! Ha!

I dance in my jingling dress,
A dance the priests hardly bless —
Fantastic,
Sarcastic.

Ho! Ho!

Its the lay of an insolent Fool;
Ha! Ha!

I fill the largest cup —
The wine to the dregs I sup;
Daring,
Unsparring.

Ho! Ho!

Ne'ertheless its the lay of a man;
"Pooh! Pooh!"

Say ye, " 'tis but the dog of a jester,
'Tis his profession us to pester —
Sneering,
Leering.

Ho! Ho!"

THE DEBUTANTE.

She is always full of life,
The charming debutante;
There are few things that she won't do,
And nothing that she can't.

She can take in luncheon, tea,
Without the least dismay;
Then dance from ten till morning light,
And call it all child's play.

She can sleep till nearly noon;
Then clad in Redfern gown,
Her small dog by her side,
A-walking goes down town.

She hurries home to dress —
The day is but a whirl —
It is "button that, lace this,"
And a pretty head to curl.

The night is full of conquests,
With many a heart to break;
The beauty spreads her silken skirts
And gives her curls a shake.

Does she ever think, I wonder,
Of life's mission here below?
Is her only aim in living
To be always on the go?

Stop and think, young debutante,
In a turn of Strauss's waltz,
What you might do for others;
And you might correct some faults.

Stop and think of some poor mortal —
(You are warm with the dance's glow)
To whom you might give comfort,
Who is shivering in the snow.

Take not my words in anger,
Oh blushing debutante;
You know they're fraught with truth,
Though you're prone to call it cant.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

I gently float
In my shell-like boat,
With its sail like a white dove's wing;
And as I glide
On the rippling tide,
I hear the wavelets sing.
Each wave is a maid
In foam arrayed,
Quick caught from the white-capp'd sea;
As they float along,
I hear the song
Of each wave singing to me.
"Come, use my eyes
To note the size
Of the wonders of the deep;
Come, close each eye,

And I will try
To sing thy soul asleep
Dost see yon ship
Sedately dip
With the billows' even sway?
With cargo rare,
And fabrics fair,
She comes from far away.

Laden with gold
In her massive hold,
With jewels and Indian spice,
With sailors dark,
She came, this barque,
From the land of sacrifice.

Another ship
Doth rise and dip
Within my vision's ken;
Its dark shrouds frown;
Tis laden down
With scores of boughten men.

Oh shame! Oh shame!
This slaver came
From Afric's ancient shore;
These dark-browed men
Shall ne'er again
See loved ones any more.

Come, dreaming one,
Come greet the sun,
And ope thy sleeping eyes;
Or thy little boat
May sink, and float
Far into Paradise."

I wake, I wake!
The oars I take,
And get me to the shore;
But the voices sweet
I fear will greet
My fond day dreams no more.

THE SONG OF THE SIROCCO.

EXTRACT.

I am the wind of the desert,
I am the swain of the palm,
I am the fear of the Arab,
And startle his indolent calm.
I am the wind of the desert,
I hide in the billows of sand,
Till a mood bids me open my wide wings
And rush through the terrified land.
I am the wind of the desert,
I am the scourge of the land;
Dost know the dread plain of far Libya,
With its leagues of hot arid sand?
Dost know that great Sahara,
Where no flowers or trees abound,
And never a pool or brooklet
To cool the sun-dried ground?

FREDRIC ALLISON TUPPER.

BORN: HOLLISTON, MASS., AUG. 17, 1890.

THIS gentleman is a graduate of the Roxbury Latin School and at Harvard, and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Since graduation he has taught school at Worcester one year; vice-principal of the New Brunswick



FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

High School of New Jersey for five years, and is now Principal of Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., which position he has filled since 1877. Mr. Tupper is the author of a volume of poems entitled *Echoes from Dreamland*, and his poems and sketches have appeared in many of the leading publications of America. He has also delivered many addresses on public occasions. Frederic Allison Tupper was married to Miss Mary Isabel Van Buskirk, with whom he now resides at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! and may Northampton skies
Their vigils o'er thee keep!
Good-night! till morning splendors rise,
May naught disturb thy sleep.

Sweetsleep, dear heart, sweet sleep for thee,
While night broods o'er thy rest;
Sweet sleep thy leal attendant be,
To come at thy behest.

And pleasant dreams attend thee, dear,
If they be of me,
Of me be all thy visions clear,
As mine are still of thee.

CONTRAST.

An Avenue of dusky pines
Leads grimly to the castle door;
The moonbeams gild the sculptured lines,
Mine eyes shall gaze upon no more.

The casements gleam with flashing lights
And music echoes through the halls;
I mark the whirling dancers' flights,
While distance-softened laughter falls.

For them the battlemented hall,
For them the laugh, the dance, the light;
For me wild ocean's ceaseless call,
For me the blackness of the night!

ONLY THREE WORDS.

Only three words, now, darling, my darling,
Surely three words I will now ask of thee;
Sweet words and tender, 'sweet words and
tender,

Dearest of all, those words would be to me.

Say but "I love thee," darling my darling,
Say but "I love thee," gently to me;
Sweetest of music, sweetest of music,
Dear words "I love thee," whispered by thee.

THREE SONGS.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

The perfume of the orange-flowers
Steals through the church to-day,
The splendid walls re-echo loud
With sounds of music gay.

But yesterday a sorrowing one
Left here her only child,
Mid kindly weeping comforters,
Mid music sad and wild.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

The sunbeams ever waken
To life thy paleness rare;
And changing colors all trembling
Dispel thy cold, dumb care.

O maiden, thy pale, pale beauty,
Could love but cheer thy gloom,
Would vie with the blushing loveliness
Of May-born apple-bloom!

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

A sea of fair white blossoms
Doth surge in the morning breeze,
And a song like old-time Memnon's,
Comes stealing through the trees.

Countless, in sooth, are the blossoms,
And sweet is the murmurous song;
But the fruit, alas! will it meet our hopes?
Can that music echo long?

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

The weeping darkness is moaning,
And its tears fall 'gainst the pane,
While the flickering firelight laugheth
At the sound of the driving rain.

Within a fair-haired maiden
Is playing an old refrain,
While fiercely without in the blackness
A dark face presseth the pane!

THE MIST.

The silent mist comes stealing
Adown the gray old tower;
The minster bells are pealing,—
It is the bridal hour!

I looked upon the maiden,
And tears were in her eyes;
With mist her lids were laden,
With mist the gloomy skies.

A NEGLECTED GRAVE.

The grass grows rank and the grass grows
high,

And the weeds grow too apace — apace —
Till a name on a stone is hid from the sky,
And a cold neglect seems to rule the place.

Why, even the stone bends lowly down,
Like one in grief to earth — to earth;
And closely the mosses green and brown
Cling to the dates of death and birth.

The hedge untrimmed and the grass uncut,
The violets choked once blue — so blue!
The path is gone, and the gate that shut
With an iron clank has vanished too.

But a red wild rose that no neglect
Or winter's storm could blight or kill,—
More kind than thou to recollect,
Thou son or daughter — blooms there still.

I tear the moss from the sacred name,
And hold the grass from the crumbling
stone.

What name is this? The very same
I love more fondly than my own.

Only a word was hidden there,
'Mid weeds and grass and clinging moss,
"Mother" it was, of names most fair,
The loss of whom is the greatest loss.

I smoothed the grass on the sunken mound,
I pulled the weeds from the violets weak,
And as I passed from the burial-ground,
I felt the teardrops on my cheek.

DISTANT MUSIC.

Distan music, distant music,
Oh, how sweet each cadence falls!

Bass and tenor, air and alto,
Blending, blending, spirit calls.

Distant music, distant music,
Oh, what recollections throng!
Sacrifice and trust and beauty,
Blending, blending in love's song.

Eyes once bright no longer sparkle,
Merry lips are silent now,
Cheeks that flushed no longer brighten,
Broken, broken every vow.

Yet, in distant music's beauty,
In the drip of autumn rain,
In the winter evening's embers,
Lurketh, lurketh olden pain.

Roses, roses, red as rubies,
Lilies pale as snow I've seen;
Lilies of the past were fairest,
Fairer, fairer garden's queen.

Distant music, distant music,
Sweet, yet sad, each cadence falls,
And my heart must still keep beating
Answer, answer to love's calls.

ANEMONE.

Pale art thou, floweret fair!
But when the wind, type of the soul,
Flows softly through the leafy vistas
Of the wood, yet ever lingering
At thy lowly bower, brings message sweet
Of everlasting love; then thy pale cheek
Takes on the soft pink flush, and ever deeper
Glow at thought of having blushed.

WOMAN.

A woman's word!
Most musical of all the sounds of heaven or
earth,

To what sweet joy doth it give birth —
A woman's word!

A woman's thought!
The purest thing within the reach of mortal
ken,

More delicate than that of men —
A woman's thought!

A woman's deed!
The wondrous art of ceaseless goodness all
the while,
That asks no guerdon but a smile —
A woman's deed!

A woman's heart!
Oh, mystery of tenderness that ever wakes,
That loves and loves and loving breaks —
A woman's heart!

EDWIN ARTHUR WELTY.

BORN: CANAL DOVER, O., DEC. 5, 1853.

AT THE age of eighteen Edwin crossed the plains and spent six months in the Rocky mountains, and afterward engaged in the attack and massacre of Major Thornburg's command. Returning from Colorado and



EDWIN ARTHUR WELTY.

New Mexico after some years of desultory roving he settled into business life as broker in St. Joseph, Mo., and finally in Oregon, Mo., where he now resides. He has held several political positions of trust, and was a candidate for state senator. Mr. Welty was married in 1878 to Miss Bessie M. O'Donnell, by whom he has a daughter named Ethel. The poems of Mr. Welty have appeared in Lippincott's, St. Louis Magazine, Aldine, Brooklyn Magazine, and other publications.

THE HOLLOW OAK.

Where the peaks of the Sierras
Melt into an endless blue,
And the San Juan's fierce current
Bursts upon the startled view;

Where the dashing mountain torrents
Through the misty gorges gleam,
And the canon's surging waters
Join the river's swollen stream;

Where the tall and tapering pine-trees
Rear their crests toward the skies,

And the snow upon the mountains
In its dazzling whiteness lies;

There, beneath the threatening shadow
Of a high, o'erhanging peak,
Stood a cabin, which a trapper
Built there, from some sudden freak.

It was made of heavy pine-logs,
From the forest cut away,
While the cracks and interstices
Had been chinked with yellow clay.

In one corner stood a fire-place;
O'er it, hooks for rifles hung;
While beneath a grimy camp-kettle
From its heavy handle swung.

On the hearth a glowing fire
Crackled with a merry sound,
Lighting up the sun-browned faces
Of the trappers grouped around.

They had gathered at the cabin,
As night's shadows darker grew;
For the place had long been noted
As a hunters' rendezvous.

Some were burnishing their rifles,
Others filling pouch and horn,
Wishing to be up and ready
For an early start at morn.

Thus engaged they soon were telling
Stories of their earlier days,
Such as only have their being
In the wild frontiersmen's lays:—

Of the chaparral and the prairie;
Of some daring deed well done,—
How the panther had been hunted,
Or some hard-fought battle won:—

Of the fierce and bloody savage,
And the still more bloody aid,
Which he found upon the border
In the reckless renegade.

Each in turn had told some story
Of the forest and the chase —
All, save one, a gray old trapper,
Backward from the rest, apace.

Silence fell upon the circle;
All sat quiet — no one spoke:
Then the old man laid his pipe down,
And he thus the silence broke:

“Near the town of the Miami,
With my brother — I was there,
When St. Clair's ill-fated legions
Fell into the Mohawk's snare;

"When the war-whoop of the savage
Rang throughout the forest glade,
Blanching cheeks whose ruddy color
Had ne'er known a paler shade;

"When from every tree and thicket
Dashed and poured a deadly rain,
And the keen and well-armed hatchet
Pierced the warm and quivering brain;

"Through the whole of that dread conflict
Fought we stoutly, side by side,
Till the grass around was watered
By a dark and crimson tide.

"Fell our comrades fast around us,
And we saw 'twould be in vain
Up to urge our shattered columns
'Gainst their hidden foe again.

"Fled we then with hurried footsteps,
Through the forest's leafy dale,
While a score of angry Shawnees
Followed on our fresh-made trail.

"We were weary and exhausted
By the morning's bloody fight,
And we knew that they were gaining
Fast upon us in our flight.

"We had neared an old oak, stricken
By the lightning's ruthless blast,
And its leafless, withered branches
Round about the ground were cast.

"Turned my brother to me quickly;
And he said: 'Were it not best
That we part? For by so doing
Each may be less hotly pressed!'

"I assented; and we parted,
Promising whate'er befell,
We would meet upon the morrow
At a spot both noted well.

"Plunged I deeper in the forest,
With its many dangers fraught,
Till I'd baffled my pursuers,
When the rendezvous I sought.

"There I waited for my brother,
All that long and dreary day?
Trusting that he yet might join me,
If he had but missed his way.

"But he came not there to meet me,
And my fears in waiting grew;
So I thought, that to dispel them,
I would search the woodland through.

"Then with quick and wary footsteps
Threaded I the lonely wood,
While the gaunt and hungry gray-wolf,
Wondering, on my pathway stood.

"O'er bent muskets, broken sword-hilts,
And the mangled heaps of slain,
Searched I long to find his body,
Or at least some clue to gain.

"Days I hunted in the forest,
Some poor trace of him to find;
But at last all hope had left me,
And I then my search resigned.

"Years had passed; and I was clearing
Off a narrow strip of wood;
For I wished to place my cabin
Where the forest trees had stood.

"One by one, the leafy giants
Bowed beneath my axe's stroke,
Till at length all lay before me,
Save a hollow shattered oak.

"'Twas the old oak I had noticed
On that wild night, years before,
When I, panting, fled the Shawnees
From Miami's field of gore.

"Thoughtfully I gazed upon it;
Then my axe swung high and well,
Till it swayed awhile, and tottering,
At my very feet it fell.

"When it fell, it burst asunder,
And exposed some bones to sight,
While a ring, of curious setting,
Flashed and sparkled in the light.

"'Twas my brother's ring I saw there —
Then I knew his awful doom;
For he must have died of hunger
In that narrow, living tomb!

"He had doubtless entered, hoping
To elude the savage foe;
And was fastened, starving, dying,
In the gloomy depths below.

"Gathered I the crumbling fragments,
Then a grave for them I made;
And beneath a spreading chestnut
My poor brother's bones I laid."

He had finished; and the teardrops
Stole o'er many a hardened face,
That, perhaps, since early childhood,
Ne'er had felt such tender grace.

MRS. ANNA M. ROGERS.

BORN: CANADA, 1847.

THIS poet of the Golden state has a volume almost complete for publication. Her poems have appeared in the *Chicago Current*, *Chicago Literary Life*, and in the leading papers.



MRS. ANNA M. ROGERS.

of California. After receiving her education in private seminaries, this lady became a teacher, and has taught French in the public schools of San Francisco, where she resides. In 1874 she was married to Henry O. Rogers, Supt. P. B. V. R. R., and has a son and a daughter living.

CHESTNUTS.

The chestnuts brown are falling down
Where long, rich grass is deeply green;
The light is clear, the sky seems near
Where far-off purple hills are seen;
Wild hedge-flowers make shady bowers,
Shading the warm sun's amber light;
A fleecy veil, transparent pale,
Melts away in the blue so bright.
The ivy's shade is softly laid
On the old wall where lichens grow,
Where soaring swallows' nests are made
In chestnut branches bending low
Dreaming I lie beneath the sky,
Listening to the linnet's tune,
While soft, white clouds above me fly,
And bees on thistles softly croon.
Like Robin Hood, in leafy wood,
I am sole monarch here to-day.

For Nature's subjects kind and good,
No harsh, rebellious sounds display.
My monarch's crown, the chestnuts brown,
That lightly fall upon my head,
The dewdrops here, on roses near,
Are all the tears my subjects shed.

A JACQUEMINOT ROSE.

It fell from lace at her throat at night,
Deepest crimson on spotless snow,
The virgin snow of her neck so white,
As she swayed to the music's flow.
One look in her eyes, the dance was done,
Dark, sweet eyes of a melting brown—
Under their light, as under the sun,
My own fell dazzled, drooping down.
The shimmering satin rose and fell,
Like a bird fluttering gladly.
Her heart like mine could a story tell
As the music died out sadly.
Dare I tell her now, thus risking all,
But not this my Jacqueminot rose?
I know that she has not seen it fall,
You and my heart the secret knows.
And I wonder if in coming days
Orange blossoms will take your place,
Then a bridal wreath, no crimson blaze,
Only buds near her perfect face.

A DAY DREAM BY THE REEDS.

The tall reeds were swaying in the breeze,
With a sedgy murmur through them;
Like a Dryad's song 'mid forest trees,
And like Pan once more I blew them.
I listened, and methought I heard
A faint sound like low words spoken,
With beating heart, and quick pulse stirred,
I knew 'twas wonderland's sure token.
When through the reeds, as in old Greek days,
Fell a cadence dreamy, tender,
Such music as intoned the plays
Of Æschylus in his splendor.
Perhaps 'twas a bitter'n's ghostly wail,
Or the sound of the sobbing sea;
That brought Diana, clear and pale
Sighing between the reeds and me.
I saw Endymion sleeping there,
His face half-hidden by the reeds;
And Venus rising roseate fair,
Smiling out from old Neptune's weeds.
With startled eyes she looked around,
Hearing nineteenth century noises;
And seeing a stranger on Attic ground,
For instant flight her spirit poises.
Then came a faint jubilate hymn
From Saint John, on dreary Patmos,
And a living crown not faint nor dim,
Far outshone the dream of Latmos.

A LEGEND OF SANTA BARBARA.

A brown old Spaniard, wrinkled and gray,
 Rested lightly on his dripping oar;
 Whilst the sea gulls were drifting away
 From the Manyanita shaded shore.
 He told me a tale of long ago
 In his own melodious tongue
 As our boat was swaying to and fro
 Near branches where wild linnets sung.

Then the ripples, lapping on the reeds,
 Were beating measures, like tuneful
 rhyme,

The water-lilies through waving weeds
 Nodded response in the evening time.
 Then he deftly rolled his cigarette
 And began in accents low and clear.
 Faint smoke-wreaths rising, the sky to
 meet,
 From an old adobe-dwelling near

It is more than eighty years ago,
 A Russian ship in this water lay,
 She had come from shores of ice and snow,
 To this land which seemed forever May.
 Bulwark and rigging needed repair,
 Ere homeward they could sail away.
 To their sea-wearied eyes the scene was fair,
 From banks flower-starred in rich display.

Three months and more the ship lay at ease,
 To some full swiftly the time had fled:
 But now they are ready for the seas,
 Their vessel to new-born beauty wed.
 But there is one, who with sinking heart
 Hears the command to sail next day;
 'Tis young Basiloff who fears to part
 With Donna Maria, coquettish and gay.

Bugler! blow your clearest, loudest blast!
 See, yonder sinks the setting sun;
 Strange! that Basiloff should be the last,
 To delay us when our work is done.
 Angrily spake the captain, glass in hand,
 As he narrowly scanned the shore:
 But no answer came to the bugler's com-
 mand—
 Only a faint echo as before.

A day they waited, he never came,
 The young lieutenant was missing still,
 And the sun sank in a yellow flame
 Behind the oak-crowned purple hill.
 Then slowly the strong ship sailed away,
 With her flag aloft in full display,
 Sailing on toward the rising sun,
 Firing toward shore her farewell gun.

Through the Manyanita's leafy screen
 Young Basiloff peered with burning eyes
 As dimly her pennon's silky sheen
 Faded slowly out 'twixt sea and skies.

For a woman's love he had left behind,
 Fortune and kindred, home and friends,
 Soft dark eyes glancing had made him blind,
 They had compassed their baleful ends

Senora Maria's witching eyes,
 Shaded by long lashes darkly brown,
 Were lustrous and deep as twilight skies,
 With soft, hmpid glances drooping down
 But her heart was false and light as foam,
 Restless as the sea sand shifting there,
 Luring him on from his friends and home,
 Skullfully laying her woman's snare.

The hour soon came when her glance grew
 cold,
 And weariness crept into her face,
 When he saw her love he could not hold,
 Then he haunted this lonely place.
 He awaited not the ship's return;
 But grew weary of this placid sea,
 Ah! how his despairing heart did burn
 With sharp, poignant throes of misery.

One eve he lay lifeless on the sand,
 With a haggard face turned out to sea,
 Dying with the pistol in his hand,
 Just beyond that sand-dune on our lea.
 The good Padre dare not bless the place,
 Where a suicide was laid away;
 But his tears fell on the dead man's face,
 Pitiful kindness gaining the day.

Madre de Dios, Ah! intercede, —
 Prayed the Padre in broken tones,
 Cast not away a broken reed;
 Pity this poor sinner's soul, he moans.
 He who judges the quick and the dead
 Surely heard the good Padre's prayer,
 A faint, bright light seemed 'round his head
 As he knelt by the sea sand there.

Yonder his gravestone, 'tis old and gray,
 Where the Manyanita thickly grows.
 Birds croon above it at close of day;
 The sea chants an anthem as it flows;
 The convent bells rang peacefully clear
 As the old Spaniard finished his tale;
 The past and present seemed so near,
 As we drifted out in the twilight pale.

I shivered, for the breeze seemed cold,
 Where the drooping branches lightly
 stirred
 Of an alder tree, in outline bold,
 Seeming to conceal some hoarse night-
 bird,
 And a dark ship sailing far away
 Blended in with the evening mist,
 As we dipped our oars at evening gray,
 Night and darkness the waters kissed.

MRS. BELLE B. BARRY.

THIS lady was written some very fine poems,
many of which have received publication in



MRS. BELLE B. BARRY.

the periodical press. She is the wife of Isaac E. Barry, a well-known business man of Knoxville, Tenn.

THE TWO CHIMNEYS.

Like dear old sentinels towering there,
To guard the spot where home hath been,
My childhood's home — where once were seen
Sweet forms of loved ones lingering near,
Our lives from ill to screen!

O, let me view thee as thou art,
Grand and most nobly strong,
Dear remnant cherished, of my home so long,
While holiest awe doth fill my heart
Once glad in childlike song!

I seem to see thee as the soul
Of house much loved, where once I dwelt;
Imperish! Thou it was ne'er felt —
The scorching breath of Fire's control —
Nor to his bidding knelt!

O, guard thee well that precious spot,
Familiar once to pattering feet
Of mine who there did meet
Kind parents dear; now one is not —
May we in Heaven greet him!

Though winds may come and bear away
The ashes 'round thee cast,

Oh, may each breeze but be the blast
To strengthen thee and make thee stay
So long as Time shall last!

Yes, upward point thee, as of yore,
Did parents once who dwelt below,
Unto our youthful lives bestow
Bright star of Hope forevermore,
Bidding us upward go!

Though hours and days and weeks have
passed,
And months now many years have made,
Since I, with sisters, 'neath thee played —
Yet love of mine for thee doth last,
By thee was ne'er betrayed!

While memory sweet doth lend a charm
To fairest scene — this far-off day,
I see us cross o'er graveled way,
Ripe berries red to pluck from farm,
In sweetest month of May!

Quite safe, hearts young did joyous feel,
With towering Monitors in view,
Us home to guide, when evening drew
Its curtains 'round; night to reveal,
Bedecked with glittering dew!

And thou sweet honeysuckle wild,
And ferns designed by Maker's power,
Which I have plucked hour after hour —
Feeling myself kind Nature's child,
In love with field and flower!

Oh, could you speak you'd tell a tale
Of sisters happy, blithe and gay,
Who over hills of moss did stray,
Home chimneys peering o'er the vale,
Us guarding on our way!

And rippling streams whose waters flow
Long meadows through, o'er rocks and moss,
Meandering near and far across
The cresses green as on you go —
Oh, hear me as you pass!

Could you in rhythmic voice but tell,
Of Summers past and twilight dear,
Methinks my spirit would draw near
To list the story loved so well,
Of Childhood sweet to hear!

Ye oaken trees, whose branches wide
Oft me did screen from sun's warm rays,
In Summer's long and dreamy days,
Oh, could ye now a speech provide —
Would joy my soul always!

In truthful whisperings would you say
That dear was life in home rich blest,
With father, mother, sisters, best,
Would such a home might last away,
And chimneys — like defy decay!

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh! dearest one and best whose fond love
taught

My tottering feet to walk at thy dear side,
And all my thoughts, in embryo did guide
To childish utterance, and whose ceaseless
thought

Was ever with my highest welfare fraught—
Who for my good had suffered, yea had died,
As martyr burnt at stake or crucified—
Oh! take this tribute my heart's love hath
brought.

Know, dearest one, the love to thee I owe,
All bankrupt though I am, I do repay
With a devotion deathless as my soul;
For thy dear sake all ills would undergo,
All perils brave; and foes, though they might
slay,

Could not my deathless love for thee control!

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Bright angel, dropped from Heaven's ex-
alted sphere

Earthward to dwell with us a while below,
Like sun-gleam when it comes with glorious
glow,

Lighting dim earth, comes now thy smile to
cheer

And gladden loving hearts! O, may each year
Revolving, bring thee all life can bestow [so
On mortals here—health, wealth and beauty
Supreme that not one rival shall appear!

All that on history's page hath been of old
Bestowed, of bliss on women of renown—
All good (their woes and evils all unknown),
'Round thee by God's all-loving hand con-
trolled,

Rest like a heavenly halo without frown
Your sky beclouding—earth and heaven
your own!

GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

TO MR. AND MRS. E. N. PARHAM.

The heavens themselves were shedding joy-
ous tears

At contemplating bliss for fifty years
Of happiest mortals twain, whose Autumn
golden

Has crowned with bliss each glorious yearn-
ing olden.

O, spring of love, O, summer-time of joys—
O, autumn raptures age not yet destroys—
Vain here your potent oftetime endeavor
Bliss from the pure, the true, the good to
sever.

These lives no longer sparkle in the sun,
As streamlets dashing down the hillside run;
Youth's gay exuberance gradually hath sub-
sided— [glided!

The rill twist mightier shores at last hath

Upon the shores no spring-time flowerets
bloom,

But day's resplendent evening doth illumine,
Calm, broad, deep-flowing current on whose
glowing

Are seen two freighted lives to glory going!

O, let us watch them, as they grandly sweep
On, onward toward the everlasting deep,
Toward which our youthful crafts on earth
are tending

Unto the spacious shore of life unending!

Theirs, grand exemplars! Not one channel
missed!

No fatal shoals encountered in a mist;
No fierce tornado of excess destroying,
Or life's most pure and noble instincts cloy-
ing.

The happy mean, the temperance in all things
Preached by the Apostle of the king of kings;
The fear and love of God—like Ægis guard-
ing,

Two lives in one—see now this eve's re-
warding!

Lo, these the happy offspring—children lov-
ing, [proving
And children's children, each one nobly
The force of good exemplars here displaying
Lives with just pride these hearts most nobly
swaying!

Thank God that good hath sometime such
reward [scarred,

On this sad world, where sore and battle-
The just and upright oftentimes fight in vain,
Not joys of earth, but bliss of heaven to gain!

And now we part! Alas such other meeting
Shall no more come in this existence fleeting!
But on the shore where parting is not known,
O, let us meet in bliss around God's throne!

MEMORY.

O, fair Mnemosyne, who smilest kindly
On that sweet past by me so fondly cherished!
Should vision natural be, like Milton's, per-
ished.

Methinks mine inner eyes, like his benignly
Could revel in the glorious, and not blindly
Grope in despair. O, by thee goddess, nour-
ished, [ished,

Unto that power whereby old Homer flour-
My soul in thought's grand realm should
feast divinely

Sweet goddess of delights so often tried—
Dear confidant so trusty and consoling—
Oft to my lonely, sad and aching heart
Thou comest in robes celestial by my side—
Thou breathest tones like far-off anthems
rolling,

Transmuting woe to bliss with magic art!

MILO JENKINS HARRIS.

BORN: EDINBURGH, IND., MAY 23, 1862.

MR. HARRIS is editor of the *Nonpareil*, a monthly paper published at Camden, Ohio, where he resides. Many of his poems have



MILO JENKINS HARRIS.

appeared in the periodical press, under the nom de plume of Jenkins. Mr. Harris has also written many prose articles and stories, which have been well received. He was married in 1886 to Miss Ida S. Bunnell, but is now a widower, with one daughter.

A REFLECTION.

On a late outgoing train
Sat the twain,
Right directly opposite me,
(Do you see?)
And I knew them newly wed;
For she yawned once, and he said,
"On my shoulder lay your head."
It was red.
It was red, as I have told —
Red and gold;
And I looked for a white horse,
But, of course,
I could find none in the night
Dark as Egypt. (Black or white
Would have looked the same, I might
As well write.)
But I gazed out in the dark,
(Do you hark?)
Looking for that snow-white horse
And saw worse!
Plainly saw reflected there,
In my pane, this spoony pair.

'Twould have made me turn and stare,
Did I dare.

But I saw they saw me not;
Had forgot
That they were aboard a train,
And in plain
View of something like a score
Pair of eyes (should those before
Turn to "view the landscape o'er"),
Maybe more.

So I let them sweetly be,
Don't you see?
And I gazed out in the night
(Which was right):
Gazed with an enchain-ed stare;
Saw him fondle her red hair,
Saw she didn't seem to care.
Happy pair!

Saw him lift her dimpled chin
(With a grin);
Saw him give a lingering kiss!
And such bliss
Emanated, that the swain
Did it o'er, and o'er again —
Though it ever seemed in vain,
In my pane.

Then she put her little hand,
Lily band,
Up and 'cross his shoulder broad
(On my word);
And she whispered, "I love you,
Oh! So dearly! Love me too?"
Another kiss — "You bet I do!"
(Honest, true!)

Then the kisses came again —
Sweet refrain;
Just as they had come before,
O'er and o'er;
And they sang the sixteenth verse
(I will wager you my purse),
With the chorus each time worse!
Worse and worse!

And I wrote this little song
Coming 'long:
"Happy hearts of happy pair,
Free from care!
Let the world but let you spoon
While you may; for all too soon,
Morning of your honeymoon
Will be noon.

"Then will quickly come its night;
And the light
Of real life will be begun —
Spoonng done.
You may love each other still;
And I truly hope you will —
You will need to; for life's hill
Tries the skill."

METTA HORTON.

BORN: SOUTHDOLD, N.Y., 1851.

THIS lady attended the Southold Academy, was a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and has been a music teacher in the Seminary. Her poems have appeared in



METTA HORTON.

the Long Island Traveler, and the Boston Musical Herald, and several of her songs have been set to music. She is a thorough musician and a teacher of the pipe organ, musical composition, harmony and the piano.

THE THEATRE.

I've been to the theatre for the first time,
'Tis rather a wonderful show;
And here in Boston folks seem to believe
That it's quite the thing to go.

I had always supposed it rather a place
Which students at college would seek
Surreptitiously often at evening, instead
Of studying Latin or Greek.

Or that only the gayest of votaries, they
In fashion's swift changes whirled,
Whose only aim in life it would seem
Is to be amused in the world.

Were such as frequented the dramatic play;
But I'm told now-a-days 'tis n't so,—
That people are growing "progressive" and
broad,
And "need the artistic" you know.

And men of position and influence too,
Now boldly proclaim it is right,
Wagner's theatre at Beireuth to attend
Even on Sunday night.

The papers are filled these cold wintry days,
Concerning "A Winter's Tale,"
And people are saying "you surely must
hear

Mary Anderson without fail."

"She is perfectly grand, a model of grace
And beauty, and 'tis well understood
She entered the stage to work a reform
And make its influence good."

I was asked to attend with a most honored
friend,

And did n't know just what to do,
For he always did what seemed to be right,
And was brought up orthodox too.

So I yielded my points and decided to go,
It was rather a curious sight;
And I some moral lesson would draw
From what I witnessed that night.

The kings looked dignified, stately and grand,
The men pictured beauty and grace;
The "attendants" were all beamingly
dressed,

And the little prince had a sweet face.

Each shepherdess danced with simplicity's
ease,

And modest their costumes you'd call,
But the shepherd's apparel was really so
scant

'Twould hardly bear mention at all.

Perhaps it was purely historical art,
I felt that I must n't inquire;
Or the manager for the queen's costly array
Accounts balanced with the male attire.
The wooing was most artistically done,
Perhaps 'tis better that way;
But I guess that most discover a plan
Satisfactory, anyway.

The music was wretched, the soloist flat,
And instruments out of tune,
And when it was over the audience felt
That 'twas ended none too soon.

I do not believe the influence good
On the actor nor those who attend; [out,
That subjects in public be boldly brought
We would hardly discuss with a friend.

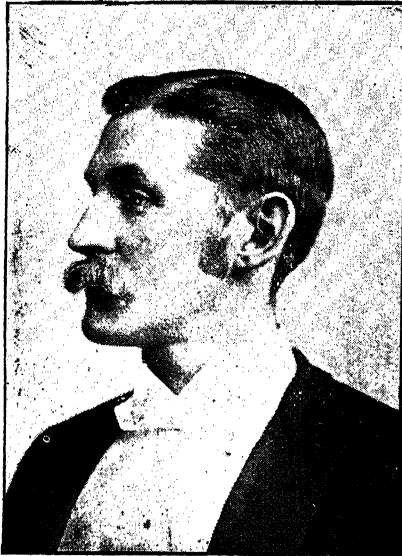
I cannot see why it is proper and right
To appear on the stage in array, [blush
That would cause embarrassment and a
In a parlor, dressed that way.

But people must be entertained and amused,
And fashion we must not resist,
And morals and decency must give way,
Or the theatre can't exist.

CLARENCE T. STEELE.

BORN: BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THIS gentleman is rapidly coming to the front as a composer, and is already well-known in the east as a tenor singer and musical director. He is also a teacher of vocal music and sight reading in the public



CLARENCE T. STEELE.

schools of New York City. Mr. Steele is director of the Zethus Male Quartette, which he organized in 1886. As an author and poet he has been very successful. Many of his poems have been set to music; and he has contributed a series of Norwegian stories to the Christian at Work.

THE LOST SONG.

At noontide, 'neath the elm tree shade
I sat, and all around was still,
Save when the breeze from o'er the hill
Among the leafy tree-tops played.
Anon the chirping of some bird
Or distant cow-bell, or the hum
Of busy bee perchance, would come
Across the fields; naught else was heard,
Till all at once a little song
Across the quiet scene was borne,
As clear as lark at early morn;
It seemed to float the clouds among.
'Twas some fair singer, and her lay
So mingled with the sounds of noon,
It seemed that nature did attune
Them all to suit the melody.

I was as one beneath a spell,
All Nature seemed so wond'rous sweet,
And everything seemed so complete,
I longed forever there to dwell.
Anon the breeze its course would shift,
The song, 'twould seem, had passed away,
Until, again toward me 'twould stray,
And in my ears the song would drift.
And so I sat in sweet content,
Until the little song had ceased,
And then my loneliness increased,
For with the song my rapture went.
The noonday sounds less soothing fell,
Upon the ears they'd held enthralled,
Until from heaven, it seemed, was called
The voice, on earth so short to dwell.
The leaves, whose rustling in the breeze
Had erstwhile charmed me, charmed no
'Twas but a rustling, when before [more,
A thousand voices filled the trees.
And so I lonely sat; in vain
I waited, patiently and long,
But still the charming little song
Fell not upon my ears again.

TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Thou friend whose weird sweet tones so oft
Have calmed my restless mood,
Whose sympathetic voice, and soft,
Hath waked in me all good
And peaceful thoughts, whene'er downcast,
When angry or alone
And melancholy held me fast,
And "claimed me for her own,"
I love thee, and thou speak'st to me
In words distinct and clear,
My thoughts finds utterance through thee,
Thou friend I hold so dear.
As oft at hour of toil's surcease,
I press thee to my breast,
And sit me down in perfect peace,
When all mankind's at rest.
Aye, though not fair to outward sight,
But rough, and cracked and stained,
Still, thou'rt to me a great delight,
Who knowest that, contained
Within thy homely frame there lies
A voice, that can impart
Unto the ear the joys and sighs
That spring up in the heart.
I'll ever cherish thee, sweet friend,
Who ne'er can'st prove untrue,
But who wilt comfort to the end,
Whate'er mankind may do.
And oft, when weary, sad or lone,
I'll take thee from thy case,
And soon, perforce, all sadness flown,
I'll have a smiling face.

MRS. M. A. B. MARTIN.

THE poetical productions of Mrs. Martin have received extensive publication in the press, and many of them have been written for special occasions and read before the W.



MRS. M. A. B. MARTIN.

R. C. and G. A. R. societies of Grand Island and other cities. Mrs. Martin was an alternate lady manager from Nebraska of the Women's Commission for the World's Fair.

THE OLD SALOON.

The poor boy started for the old saloon—
It was his nightly task
To go to the keeper at the bar
And for his father ask.
His mother was very sick at home;
His little sister, too,
Had cried for bread that very night
And begged dear brother to
Just go once more to the old saloon
And bring poor father home:
Mamma is dying, and his poor little girl
Will soon be left alone.
Poor papa was once so good and kind
Till the saloons were started here,
But now he spends all his earnings
To buy vile whisky and beer.
And every night when his day's work's done
He stops at the old saloon,
Forgetting the promise he makes each morn:
"To-night I'll come home soon."
Won't the temperance folks help papa
To keep his promise to me?
Won't they kindly invite him to go to church?
Where it's so pleasant and nice to be.

Won't they gently take him by the hand
And tell him of better things—
How the christian's heart rejoices
When his cause to Christ he brings?
Won't the temperance men, dear brother,
Go to the saloon with you
And bring poor papa home once more
And tell him to be true?

To the children God has given,
To dying mama dear,
To be no more a drunkard,
And God's commands to fear.
Will you be a drunkard, brother?
When to manhood you have grown?
Poor papa was once as pure as you,
Now he leaves us all alone,
And seeks companionship with men
Over the whisky bowl.
Neglects his home and children,
Neglects his precious soul.
Poor mama is dying, brother,
And we are starving too;
Go just once more and bring him home
And God will keep him true.

FORSAKEN.

Oh! desolate heart, thy throbbing can never
Bring back the true love that is gone from
it now; [but sever.
Though despondent, forsaken you cannot
Why repine at thy lot? to thy fate meekly
bow, [another,
When every kind thought thou hast given
Brings back to thy heart echoes empty as air.
Though thy truest heart-throbs are used but
to smother
The love of a life-time, you must not despair.
Omnipotence rules us, fate plays a sad part,
When forging the chains where love cannot
dwell, [heart,
Cease wasting thy life-blood, Oh! generous
For those that smile at thy funeral knell.
Then turn from thy wanderings, Oh heart
bruised and broken, [wings
The angel of peace has spread her bright
To shield thee from tempest and point to the
token [sings.
Where love ever whispers and harmony
Of thy past life forgetting, the cruel unrest
That taunted thy memory ere peace came to
greet [breast.
And fortell the new love that awoke in thy
Hope and joy are entwined and laid at thy
feet, [bidden,
Accept it, and waste not love's gift. All un-
It came like a dream, it cannot depart.
Bright visions of joy that long have been
hidden [heart.
Will blossom and grow in thy true loving

WILLIAM L. VISSCHER.

BORN: OWINGSVILLE, KY., NOV. 25, 1842.

DURING the war the subject of this sketch was correspondent of the Louisville Journal, and graduated in law at the University of Louisville shortly after. He was shipwrecked while on a voyage to the West Indies, and has spent many years on the plains. He is



WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

also well known as a lecturer. In journalism Mr. Visscher was brought up on the old Louisville Journal, beginning as amanuensis and private secretary of George D. Prentice. We next find him publishing a daily newspaper on a steamer plying between Louisville and New Orleans. He was then successively engaged by many prominent publications of America. Mr. Visscher has written more than a thousand poems, and his masterpiece entitled *Black Mammy*, a song of the sunny south, appeared in book-form in 1893, together with other miscellaneous poems from his pen. Mr. Visscher was married in 1876 to Miss Emma Blanche Mason, and has one daughter.

A COMING MASTER.

I sit upon my vine-clad porch —
 'Tis summer's ardent weather —
 And watch the breezes toying with
 The thistle's downy feather.

My once brown hair is white as snow;
 My hands are thin and wrinkled,
 But better eyes have never yet
 In such an old head twinkled.

A mile away and up the road
 I see a horseman riding;
 He's handsome, even thus afar,
 His noble beast bestriding;
 I see my daughter's tender look,
 As wistfully she gazes,
 And mother watching, 'neath her lids
 The blush the rider raises.

That gallant horseman coming here
 So often at sun-setting,
 And mother's anxious looks with tears
 That oft her cheeks are wetting,
 Are signs to me, that growing old,
 Some day I will awaken
 To find my place as master here
 By that young horseman taken.

THE POET KING.

A quiet man, of gentle face,
 Yet noble mien and courtly grace,
 To need and sorrow wed;
 For lack of gold his worth untold,
 And jealous Fame speaks not his name,
 But waits till he is dead.

He sat beside a limpid stream
 And saw its lucent waters gleam
 In jewels, rich and rare;
 And in the hue of Heaven's blue
 An angel face of gentle grace
 Was sweetly mirrored there.

He saw the flowers bloom and blush
 From cordial morn till evening's hush,
 And listened to the lay
 Of cooing dove, so full of love,
 And drank the breeze that kissed the trees,
 In happy, hidden play.

He lived in contemplation high,
 Of all the glories of the sky,
 And sweetest lessons took
 From earth and air; the bright and fair
 Of every place and age and race;
 And read from Nature's book.

And now he sits upon a throne,
 A monarch in a realm, his own,
 And holds the universe
 Within his grasp, with tender clasp
 A regal king with soul to sing;
 But stript of scrip and purse.

Now list the music of his shell,
 And hear his raptured accents tell
 Of pure and noble things,
 With minstrel's art, and poet's heart,
 He fills the bowl that soothes the soul,
 And plays upon its strings.

MRS. EMILY M. B. BOYDEN.

BORN: MORRISVILLE, N.Y., DEC. 14, 1838.

THIS lady now resides in Chicago, engaged as needle painting artist; at the World's



MRS. EMILY M. B. BOYDEN.

Fair at New Orleans she took the first premium for needle painting. To the Birds in the Woods is set to music and copyrighted.

PIKES PEAK.

O, thou Most High, wilt deign draw nigh and fill

Me with Thy presence whilst I bow my head
In humble adoration? When from off
This lofty peak I view the vastness of
The panorama spread before me, thoughts
Come over me of those who've question'd
Thee,

The Godhead right, as 'twere an idle tale.
And yet, could they have view'd this landscape — this

So full of beauty of sublimest form,
Bestowing e'en a single thought on one
Grand portion that Thou hast conceiv'd
brought forth,

How could they longer doubt that Thou art,

O, God, omnipotent who form'd the earth?

Most noted Peak, upon thy top I sit
In wrapt amazement. When along thy side
I rode, I gaz'd in wonder at thy grand
Imposing height and vast immensity.

But lo! upon thy crown as one entranc'd,
With awe I view the vari'd fancies of
The artist true, aye, God's own handiwork.
In word could I give vent to thought, I'd write
It here, but ah! so meager effort is
That's human, words inadequate I find
T' express from depth of soul so wrapt in
thought

Of God's Sovereignty — o'erpow'ring all.

Thou grand and lofty Peak, as morn illumes
Thy brow, and shadows fall around on rocks
Of lesser mold, thy greatness to enhance,
The mem'ry wanders back to days long past.
When searchers sallied forth for gold within
Thy breast; who fell by savage hand or
gaunt

Despair; their expectations unfill'd, [rocks
Whose bones now lie all bleach'd among the
And sage brush on the plains, their names
unknown.

In silence standeth thou regardless of
Their fate. As I look down from off thy crest
Of stones, and view the endless landscape
Thy grandeur into insignificance [o'er,
Doth sink beside the wisdom His who made
Both thee and all I see before me now.

To view this scene sublimest thought is
reach'd,

And all that's human naught, beside our God.

TO HELEN.

Pansies for thee, O, my darling,
Freighted with perfume so sweet,
Mingling with rarest of blossoms,
Lovingly, laid at thy feet.

Why do'st thou smile, O, my darling,
Cupid not yet ope'd thine eyes?
Stories my heart now would tell thee —
Language of flowers implies.

TO THE BIRDS IN THE WOODS.

Sing sweet bonnie bird, thy matin notes clear,
As high soar'st above with birdlings so near;
Yes warble together, trill little words,
Thou sweetest of singers — beauteous birds.

All nature 'll be silent, cheer with your song,
His presence seems near who's given this
throng;

We feel to rejoice and praise ever more,
Our Father in heav'n, yes, ever more.

As floats e'er aloft the soothing sweet lay
While idly we sit the long summer day;
Aye! dreaming and list'ning, hearts full of
love, [above.

To echoes from heav'n, those notes from
Such melodies pure, harmonious strains,
That angels might listen, join in refrain.
Then cease not thy song all thro' the long day,
But cheer us with music's sweet soothing lay.

MRS. LOUISE F. SUDDICK.

BORN: FARMINGTON, MO., OCT. 21, 1856.

SINCE her childhood this lady has written verse, and her poems have constantly ap-



MRS. LOUISE F. SUDDICK.

peared in the periodical press. She is the wife of Dr. S. T. Suddick, a well-known physician, and she now resides at Cuba, Mo.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I had hard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why;
Some trivial word or act of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.
I dreamed your eyes — those tender eyes,
Looked coldly, sternly into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign;
And yet, 'tis strange I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed us so.
Forgive me love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Has silent been; and daisies white
Have hid your sweet eyes from my sight.

MORNING GLORIES.

Why were ye so quick to wither,
Morning glories?

Like enchanted flowers, in the
Fabled stories.

For the summer scarce is gone,
Golden-rods are yet in bloom;
Ye too early sought your tomb,
Morning glories.

Whither did your beauty vanish,
Morning glories?

Out into the unknown spaces
Bending o'er us?

Like a spirit when it goes,
Whither — wherefore? no one knows,
So your bloom at summer's close,
Morning glories.

Common flowers we call you, too,
Morning glories,

Not like those that grow in rare
Conservatories;

But like common friends we meet
Daily, on the well-trod street,
Yet whose souls, like yours, are sweet,
Morning glories.

Faded now, each blue and crimson
Morning glory,

Like the prophet's withered gourd in
Hebrew story.

Frost and blight ye could not bear,
Flowers so common yet, so fair;
Human hearts are like you there,
Morning glories.

UNFULFILLED.

She sat from morn till gathering eve
Beside the vine-clad window there,
Sewing on something small and rare;
While June's red roses were in bloom.
Their fragrance filled the dainty room —
Filled all the languid summer air,
While she sat stitching constantly,
Soft lace and frail embroidery,
Dreamily stitching there.

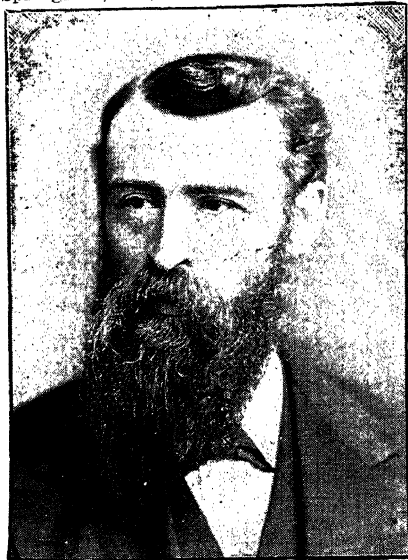
What vague hope filled her girlish breast,
This bride of scarce a year ago?
Her tender eyes were all aglow;
While he, with more than lover's bliss,
Bent over her to claim a kiss
She'd hardly time to give, I know,
So busy was she fashioning
Each dainty, white, mysterious thing —
So very busy there.

When maple leaves were tinged with gold,
And autumn sunset flushing red,
He stood with grave, uncovered head
Bowed low, beside a tiny pall —
A broken rose-bud — that was all,
From which all earthly bloom was fled;
While she, pale, feeble, lily-white,
Her weak eyes shaded from the light,
Lay softly weeping there.

REV. HENRY C. CRANE.

BORN: NORTON, MASS., NOV. 30, 1845.

THIS gentleman was ordained in 1873 as a Congregational minister, and has filled pastorates at Franklin, Mass., Allegheny City, Pa., Springfield, Mo., and Hillside, Omaha, Neb.



REV. HENRY CALVIN CRANE.

He married Miss Emily E. Taylor, and now has two children, born in 1874 and 1878 respectively. The poems of Mr. Crane have appeared from time to time in the religious and secular press.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

Half crazed by the hub-bub that governs the
Hub,
We happened one day through the common
to pass,
When, clad in the blue, with a star and a club,
A stranger besought us,
Keep off the grass.

Like Lot out of Sodom we fled at the word,
Apologies speaking, we muttered, Alas!
In life's joyous hey-day how often is heard
By those out of their places,
Keep off the grass.

There are men at the bar and men at the bars,
The young bloods of fashion, going en masse,
Aflash with their diamonds, twirling cigars,
To whom sense is hinting,
Keep off the grass.

Some think they've a call to govern the race,
When calls such as these are tolerably scarce;
While wiring and logging themselves into
place,

Miss Modesty's saying,

Keep off the grass.

Some talents are hidden, which ought to be
used,

Wrap not in a napkin, my laddie or lass,
For bright and true coinage is never refused.
You guess how we'll end it,

Keep off the grass.

In fact to be frank we've little of doubt
But what in the slang well known to the mass
If we the ten tables were asked to write out,
'Twould be in a sentence,

Keep off the grass.

Perhaps you will say with a neighborly wink,
Ha, ha, my good fellow, you've plenty of
brass,

Come mind your own teaching and leave us
to think,

Your muse don't amuse us,

Keep off the grass.

Yes, oft doth Apollo arouse from his ease,
To fright with his bow the metering class,
To pierce with his arrows the raw Niobes,
And shout from Olympus,

Keep off the grass.

RULES FOR TRAVELERS.

If briars thorn thy feet,
And lions crouch,
And mountains rise,
Look on!

If mists condense,
And wild winds blow,
And night grows dark,
Look up!

Beyond the mountain ridge,
Above the mist and night,
Are Heaven and God.

Look on! Look up!

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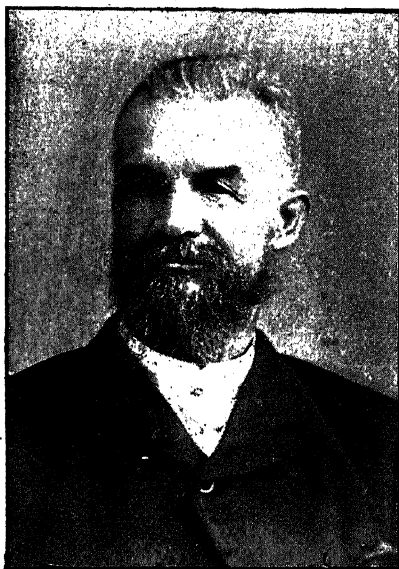
Since 'neath the shade of Eden's trees
The wail of grief began,
The race of mortal man
In shadow walks, and never flees
Beyond that gloomy span.

The golden bells of fairy tale,
In God's first temples chime;
In sickness, grief and grime,
'Neath cypress, yew and aspen pale,
We dream of sunnier clime.

JOSEPH B. SALISBURY.

BORN: CLARENDON, N.Y., SEPT. 11, 1838.

THIS author and poet has contributed extensively to the periodical press, and has a volume of poems ready for publication, be-



JOSEPH B. SALISBURY.

sides having written three novels. Mr. Salisbury is also the author of several vocal compositions which have been set to music by the well-known firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. He is still a resident of his native state.

WEARY.

HE.

Weary sister, oh, so weary —
E'en the gems that around us shine
Adding luster, maketh dreary
Loneliness like thine and mine.
Wingless are the souls that ponder
O'er life's curious hidden springs,
Being wingless we must wander
Paths beset with nameless stings.

SHE.

Out of tribulations, brother,
Cometh purity and love,
Out of sorrow, meekness cometh,
Franning souls for realms above.
Garner every ray of glory,
Crossing oft the path we tread,
Falling from the cross in story:
We but follow,—others led!

SONG OF A THOUGHT.

A thought came tripping down the lane
Of fancy, in the gloaming,
'Twas rather sad, than otherwise,
Like seas a requiem moaning,
"I opened wide a tiny gate,
And 'scaped from thought's great ocean,
To shine across your fancy fire,
And wake new life, my notion."

Thus sang the thought, but whence it came,
Which route, and cross which river
It had leaped to meet me here,—
When arrow left the quiver?
"I am a child of space," it sang,
"I cleave the mist around thee;
I come from floral gardens fair,
Their perfumes wrap'd around me.

"I come from kingdoms in the sea,
From mermaids' pearly chamber;
No words I bring, nor staff, nor sword,
I neither fly nor clamber.
The feeble words you now invoke
As cloak to wrap around me,
Scarce cast a shadow of myself;—
In poverty they've bound me."

MY DARLINGS.

Little Toot with blue eyes,
Merry Ned with brown,
Gyp's with nameless color
'Neath her golden crown.
Little hands in mischief,
Morning, noon and night,
Dresses in disorder,
All a wondrous fright.
How can mama's two hands,
Out of chaos bring
Order to the household?
'Tis no easy thing.
Six hands sowing discord
In the homing song,
Till I scarce can tell you,
Where the chords belong.
But if baby fingers,
Should lie still and cold,
Closed were sweetest eyelids,
Covered by the mold?
Sorrow would be deeper,—
Mischievous then undone
Would rise up a specter,—
Dark would be my sun.

Work your ways my darlings,
Mama'll help you play,
We'll enjoy the moments
Passing swift away.
Hop and skip, my treasures,
Be not fearful, run,
Sail not white-winged pleasure
Pray, till work is done.

MRS. MARY E. CORLISS.

BORN: GREAT FALLS, N. H., DEC. 22, 1832.

THIS lady is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman. After receiving her education she taught school for ten years, when she was married to David M. Corliss, and now



MRS. MARY E. ROGERS CORLISS.

resides with her husband and children on a farm near Washburn, Maine. Mrs. Corliss is collecting her poems and will publish them in book-form at an early date.

ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

'Tis just one year ago to-day Minnie,
Since we laid thee down to rest,
Since you gave that last loving look
Ere you entered the realms of the blest.
Thou wert beautiful, my angel child,
And to us wert lent, not given;
Thou hast fled to thy native air,
To thy glorious home in heaven.

I wept as I stood beside thy grave;
It was not that thou wert free,
But for the terrible foreboding
That was still creeping over me;
For I felt as I laid thee down to sleep
'Mid the snow so white and fair,
But a few short months and another
Must lie beside thee there.

NETTIE TALKING TO THE BIRDS.

Birdies, are'n't you fearful cold,
Flitting around among the trees?
Why don't you fly to a warmer place,
Where you can sing just as you please?

What makes you stay away up here,
Where the snow is so very deep!
If I were you I'd go down South
And get some plums to eat.

Don't you know you'll freeze your feet,
You drefful foolish little things?
How very quick I'd fly away,
Had I your pretty little wings.

I'll throw you out some crumbs,
So you won't starve quite to death.
If I had to stay out in a storm
I'm sure I'd lose my breath.

Don't you know when it begins to be cold,
That winter is coming on?
If you do, you ought to fly away
To where it is nice and warm

Then you could sing all day,
You could build your tiny nest,
And choose a little mate—
The one you liked the best.

But I'm glad you do stay here;
I like to see you hopping 'round;
It would be so very lonely
Where no birdies could be found.

I can look out from the window
In mamma's pleasant room,
And see the little foot-prints
That you made yester-noon.

DEPARTED YEAR.

EXTRACT.

The old year has fled. Its fleeting hours are
numbered,
And each hath brought us in its voiceless
train
Some hope that glowed or wearying care that
slumbered,
Or love that sought for love alas! in vain,
The heart that many a year hath held its
motion
Forfeits, perchance, the magic to restore
That fond enthusiasm and intense devotion
It kindled deftly in the days of yore.

Yet what avails since every moon bring
nearer
Yon glorious mansion of the pure and blest;
And those who wait us at its gates seem
dearer,
That they before us entered into rest.
So take our adieus, thou dear old year,
And aid our pilgrim feet to reach that realm
so dear.

MRS. FLORA C. WEST.

BORN: OLEAN, N. Y., JULY 29, 1839.

THE poems of this lady have appeared in the Rural New Yorker and other publications.



MRS. FLORA C. WEST.

She was married in 1862 to James R. Kent, and now resides at Evansville, Wis.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

'Tis come, 'tis come! the beautiful May!

We greet it with a song:

Its brightness vanishes grief away
And makes the faint heart strong.

'Tis come, 'tis come! the opening bloom,

Showers fragrance on the air;

Embroidered o'er old winter's gray gloom
Is greenness everywhere.

'Tis come, 'tis come! the forests resound,

With bird-songs old yet new;

The streams, ice-free, so joyfully bound,
To meet the ocean blue.

Where falls thy tread, spring's loveliest maid,

Earth wakes in loveliness;

Like fairy touch, plain, hillside and glade,
Are robed in gayest dress.

Sweet prophet of the summer, thou art

With hope and promise rife,

Like th' unfolding of a fresh young soul,
The spring-time of a life.

So glide our lives like the lovely May

To riper summer-time:

May love and joy and good crown the way,
Their closing be sublime.

MUSINGS.

'Tis dying now—winter's last day;
Around me steals the twilight gray,
While sitting sadly and alone,
I'm musing o'er the loved by-gone,
And sighing that its joys are o'er,
As many a one has sighed before.
My past spans but a few fleet years,
Yet oft 'tis marked with sorrow's tears,
With hopes that faded out in gloom
As friends went downward to the tomb,
With brilliant dreams that never grew
Into the real and the true,
With youthful laurels, wreaths and flowers,
Worn proudly but a few short hours.
Ah! memory! vain thy sighs and tears,
They bring not back the vanished years:
Forever gone! yet oft it seems,
They come again in happy dreams;
How sweet in fancy thus to hear,
Remembered voices in the ear,
The smiles, the looks of old to meet
The hand in loving clasp to greet.
They are but dreams, yet cares depart,
As steals their presence o'er the heart.
I thank Thee Father for them all,
Nor would again the past recall—
The present hath its brightness too,
The future sky dawns calm and blue,
Hope's sunshine gilds the coming day,
Bright flowers bloom where falls its ray,
And shall these blossoms all decay,
As life glides onward and away?
Fade each and all, if fade they must,
But this shall be my heart's deep trust,
Be ever done, God's gracious will,
Then when the earth-worn heart lies still,
A band of shining ones shall wait,
To greet me at the pearly gate.
Forever there my rest shall be,
Forever, O my God with Thee.

LINES WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

A pleasant good-morning! I've come a long way—

Am happy to meet you this beautiful May!
We parted in the Autumn-time:
Three autumns since have rung their chime,
Three winters with their storms so drear,
Each ushering in the world's New Year:
Four springs have budded into life,
Three summers bloomed with beauty rife:
Three circling years! it were not strange,
If they, in passing, wrought some change;
But only outward: hearts change not:
And still thou never art forgot.

MRS. ABBIE H. DAME.

BORN: LOWELL, MASS., JULY 10, 1847.

SINCE a child this lady has courted the muse. In 1869 she was married to Mr. B. F. Dame, a prominent educator and professor of elocution, and resided for many years at Man-



MRS. ABBIE H. DAME.

chester, N. H., but is now living at Laurence, Mass., where her husband is master of the grammar school. Many of the poems of Abbie Hazelton Dame have been written for special occasions — one for the dedication of the Soldier's Monument; another for the public exercises of New Hampshire Day at the New Orleans Exposition, and many others for reunions. Personally Mrs. Dame is very petite, a pleasant lady, and has four children.

ALONG THE MERRIMACK.

The winds are gently swaying
The elm-boughs, drooping low,
And curling into ripples
The flowing waves below.
Winds perfumed with the sweetness
Of apple bloom and flower,
From many a hillside orchard,
And lonely forest bower,
Along the Merrimack.

The pines, though always grieving
And sobbing forth their plaint,
Have hushed themselves to silence,
Save for their breathing faint;
The maple's vivid emerald
Blends with their deeper hue,
While oaks and gleaming birches
Enchance the regal view,
Along the Merrimack.

Yonder, upon the hillside,
A shaft of granite gleams,
Where rests a war-worn hero —
No more oppressed by dreams
Of foe, or bitter carnage,
He lieth there asleep,
Where trees above him waving,
Their murmuring vigils keep,
Along the Merrimack.

Rock Rimmon in the distance
Uplifts its craggy head,
As if to view the landscape
So fair, around it spread.
Broad fields and rugged pastures,
Now sunlit, now in shade,
With here a patch of woodland,
And there an open glade,
Along the Merrimack.

The Goffstown hills are outlined
Against the glowing skies;
Still farther to the westward
The Uncanoonuc rise;
While over all the sunshine
Pours like a golden stream,
And touches with its glory,
The waves that glint and gleam,
Along the Merrimack.

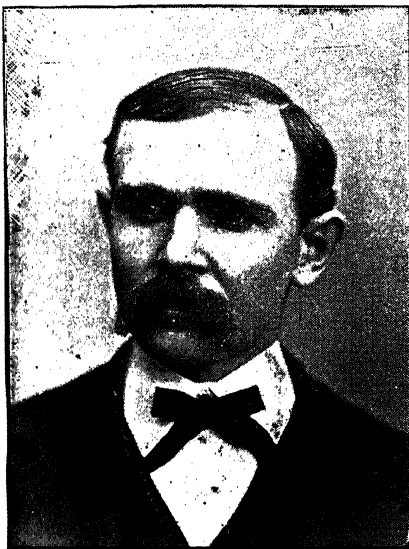
Out from the distant steeple
In yonder city fair,
A bell is faintly peeling
Upon the fragrant air;
Its sweet yet solemn chimings
Thrill softly on the ear,
And ring in mellow cadence,
Now muffled, and now clear,
Along the Merrimack.

Along the noble river,
That, swelling to the sea,
Now foams in whirling rapids,
Now ripples broad and free.
Glide on! sing on! glad river,
E'en as thou hast of yore,
Still at thy shrine we'll worship —
Fond subjects evermore,
O peerless Merrimack!

HAMILTON CREE O'BLENESS

BORN: WASHINGTON CO., O., JUNE 30, 1846.

IN 1864 Hamilton commenced to learn the Art Preservative at Des Moines. Five years later he went to St. Louis, where he remained five years, when he again returned to Des Moines. In 1867 Mr. O'Bleness was married



HAMILTON CREE O'BLENESS.

to Miss Martha A. Riley, and in 1882 emigrated with his family to Los Angeles, Cal., where he still resides, being connected with the job department of the Los Angeles Times. Although the author of many widely-copied poems, Mr. O'Bleness is better known from his philosophical and metaphysical writings and sketches of nature.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Oh, space of mild enchanted sea!
 Oh, space of rare enchanted sky!
 And this enchanted strand!
 The sea is blue, the sky is blue,
 And both doth intermingling lie
 Beyond the reach of land.
 With thoughts beyond the vale of speech—
 Beyond the foam-flakes lightly hurl'd—
 I muse and dream of thee;
 I view the sea-gulls as they fly
 About this shore-way of the world,
 By this enchanted sea.
 And in my dream of pure delight
 I see thy form, thy face; thine eyes—
 Sweet rivals of the sky—

Are bluer far than this wide sea
 Where wave on wave in beauty rise
 Or windrow'd fleeces lie.
 The sea! The sky! lost each in each,
 I fail to wonder at their hue
 When I thy dear eyes see;
 But oft I marvel in my dreams
 Which is the fairer of the blue,
 Thine eyes, the sky the sea.
 Whene'er the mists obscure the sky,
 Or darkness, hiding in the sea,
 At last in sleep brings rest,
 I see thine eyes in brightness shine,
 I feel thy soul will bring to me
 This Island of the Blest.

LOVE IS A GEM.

Love is a diamond set in gold!
 A jewel rare, yet all possesses
 Its brilliant light; let none repress
 The virtue of this gem of old.
 Love is a pearl in shell of gold!
 Brought from the depths of ev'ry heart,
 Let they who have it never part
 From this the priceless gem of old.

THE NEW YEAR.

Beyond to-morrow's gates there lies
 The fairest country 'neath the skies—
 A landscape rich in golden grain
 That gently waves wide o'er the plain.
 The richest fruits, the sweetest flowers—
 Enchantments of divinest hours—
 Bespeak a paradise on earth,
 Where Time is young and Love has birth.
 Its crystal streams in beauty flow
 From out the mountains' mystic glow,
 And softly murmur of the sea
 Toward which they flow so happily.
 Each has the key that opes the gates
 To that fair land. There Time awaits
 With willing hand to lead the way
 Far from the selfish wants of day.
 O may each pluck the fairest flowers
 Which deck the rosy-spangled hours;
 And taste the fruits of vine and tree,
 However humble they may be;
 And may they guard with zealous care
 The borders of that land so fair,
 For in its joyous precincts lie
 More wealth than gold or fame can buy.
 The New Year is the land that lies
 Beyond to-morrow's mystic skies.

BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR.

Faithful to law the morrow's sun
 On its unswerving course will run;
 Revolving thus will Life e'er be
 Till Time unveils Eternity.

MRS. EMMA B. S. DUNHAM.

BORN: AUBURN, ME., 1826.

SOON after receiving her education at the Portland Schools and Westbrook Seminary, this lady was married to Rufus Dunham, a prominent manufacturer. The poems of Mrs. Dunham have appeared in the periodi-



MRS. EMMA B. S. DUNHAM.

cal press from time to time for many years, and she has composed a number of cantatas, and a few years ago wrote the Home Opera Margaret, which was successfully brought out. Mrs. Dunham has traveled extensively in the United States and Canada, and now is devoting much of her attention to literary work and the education of two little granddaughters. This lady is blessed with a hopeful temperament, great vital force, and has always rendered her environments cheery and bright.

OCTOBER.

The freshness of spring has departed,

The languor of summer has fled,

October holds safe in her keeping,

The wealth of the days that have sped.

In place of the mist of midsummer,

Which held back the sun's ardent ray,

Great ridges of clouds massed in ether,

Illume and make perfect the day.

The leaves of the forest, like heroes

Who feel their last hours drawing nigh,

Have summoned the wealth of their being,
To grandly and gallantly die.

The cricket shrills forth his loud chirping,

The wind has a tremulous sound,

A flock of dead leaves from the tree-top

Comes fluttering down to the ground.

The fields and the meadows have yielded

Their harvest of hay and of grain;

The orchards are fragrant with fruitage,

Good store is on hill-side and plain.

O spring-time! so full of thy promise;

O summer! so heavy with gain;

Ye've stored in the garner of autumn

The wealth of the sun and the rain.

Haste, heart, that hast felt spring's assur-
ance,

Make growth in the summer of life;

That when thy perfected days find thee,

Thou may'st with good fruitage be rife.

THE BOUQUET.

Ah! what do I see in this lovely bouquet,

Made up of syringas and roses so gay,

Old-fashioned Sweet-William Wegelia-rosea?

Ah, what 'mong the flowers do I find written
here?

It is language, as plain as language can be;
Though all may not read; 'tis meant only
for me,

It glows in its hues, by its breath is revealed;
No, no; not from me is the meaning con-
cealed.

Secure in my bosom the secret I'll hold;

'Tis fairer than jewels, 'tis richer than gold.

The audible message my lips may not speak;

The heart it translates and the secret will
keep.

In lands far away they hold converse with
flowers

And note by their blooming the flight of the
hours;

Thy shadow has fallen on this happy day

And marked my life's dial, my precious
bouquet.

O, beautiful flowers! Ye have spoken to me,

And filled all my being with deep ecstasy.

Of all the grand epics my mind can recall,

This sweet revelation exceedeth them all.

BABY GRACE.

We have lost our dear love, our own little
Grace,

Nevermore while on earth shall we look on
her face.

The light in her eyes so beautifully blue

Was like sunlight that plays and sparkles in
dew.

ERMINA C. STRAY.

BORN: KIRTLAND, O., APRIL 25, 1847.

MANY of the poems of this lady have appeared in the *Yankee Blade*, *Ballou's Magazine*, *Ladies Home* and various other publications.



ERMINA C. STRAY.

She is also the author of quite a number of serials, and is fast gaining a reputation as an author and poet.

UNJUST.

You looked at me, with looks of distrust,
That have pierced my heart to its core,
But the bitter pain, and the feeling unjust,
You can bring to my soul no more.
For I know that the wearisome night of life
For me will not always last,
There will come a day, a certain day
When you must redeem the past.

Did you think that I was less proud than you,
To brook your haughty scorn,
As from heaven falls the cooling dew,
From the night till the weary morn;
Do you think that I do not know, to-day,
That your love is as strong as mine,
And every drop from the foam and spray,
Will sparkle like rare old wine.

Do you think that I do not know your heart
Is heavier far than mine,
For an unjust word and a cruel dart
Will come home with a sharp repine.

And though I wish you to know, my dear,
That without, I surely can live;
Yet whenever you wish for the olden hours,
I am ready to forgive.

FADED AND GONE.

Faded and gone are the roses
That bloomed o'er the hills and the lea,
When we walked in the soft summer twilight,
And talked of a future to be.
And the roses you gave me at parting,
Were withered and dead, in an hour,
But the love vows we plighted that evening
Were light as the breath of flower.

Faded and gone are the roses,
Like the vows you plighted to me,
When we walked o'er the hills and the meadows,
In sight of the old sounding sea.

But the sea with its treacherous moaning
Is truer to-day than are you,
Whose vows have died like the roses,
Baptised in the evening dew.

Faded and gone are the roses,
And winter has come dark and cold,
And the wind whistles loud in the tree-tops
Or moans for the years growing old;
But your traitorous smiles are forgotten,
Or thought of with scarcely a sigh,
For love-vows are easily plighted,
And like roses easily die.

THE COQUETTE'S LAMENT.

I have had my day, ah me, ah me!
That a day should be so brief,
And the night when it comes is oftentimes
But a night of woe and grief.
They call me a coquette, vain and proud,
With scarce a heart or soul;
But the veriest coquette that ever lived
Will reach, at last, her goal.

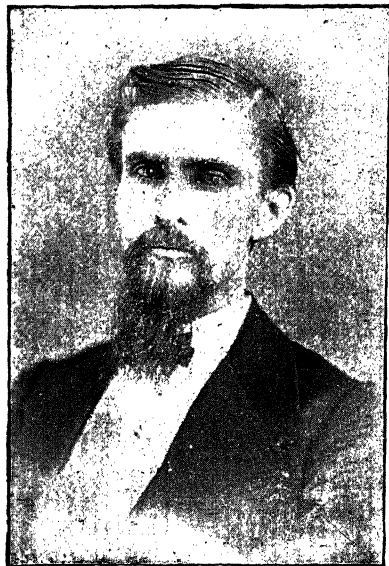
They call me a coquette, and bitterly
I think of the day and the hour,
When o'er one heart, both strong and brave,
I tried my woman's power.
I tried my power and failed, ah me!
I could not him recall,
I could not humble my pride and say,
I love you best of all.

And now with a weary heart and soul
I walk this world alone,
And laugh with the gayest of the gay
My grief I will not own.
And oft, in the watches of the night,
I think of one heart so true,
That might have been mine, if a coquette's
life
I had shunned, and listened to you.

REV. LEVI F. BICKFORD.

BORN: HARTFORD, IND., JAN. 9, 1840.

At twenty-one years of age Mr. Bickford went to Wheaton College, where he spent five years, and in 1866 went to Oberlin College for two years. He then spent one year in the Chicago Theological Seminary, when



REV. LEVI FRANCIS BICKFORD.

he returned to the Oberlin College and graduated in 1871. In 1875 Mr. Bickford visited England, Scotland, Ireland and all the countries of Europe, studying the history, art, architecture, and people of those countries. He was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1872, has filled pastorates in many leading churches, and is now professor of mathematics and metaphysics at the Daniel Baker College, Brownwood, Texas. Mr. Bickford was married in 1879 to Miss Lottie E. Patchin, by whom he has three children—Francis, Frederic and Claribel.

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

Like birds of passage life's treasures fly
With messages freighted of the by and by;
Like doves to their windows, they will all
flock home
When the dawn of God's great day shall
come.

Like Gems of Orient, most rich and rare,
They shall shine in the Savior's diadem fair,
To tell of the love of priceless worth
That took them safe home from the lowly
earth.

Safe sheltered with Christ we shall find them
at last,
When the pain and shadow of earth are past.
Let us live with pure hearts, let us walk
with the Lord,
Let us trust with assurance His unchange-
able Word,
And press on in the race with glad joyous
feet
Till we stand in the presence of Christ com-
plete.

Oh, wondrous hour! Oh, glorious day
When the shadows of earth are passed away,
And we shall stand with the sinless throng
Hymning his praise in an endless song,
Who bought us and brought us one by one
To the beautiful land of the fadeless sun!

Without one lacking may we all be there,
And the infinite wealth of his glory share,
So free from all pain, so free from all woe,
While the measureless ages shall come
and go.

And we'll not forget, shall we, friends so
dear,
The times gone by when the Lord drew near
And touched our hearts with the holy flame,
As we spoke together the sacred name?

We'll not forget the hand that led
Thro' sorrow's vale, and kindly shed
On our drooping spirits the healing balm,
And spoke to our hearts the word of calm,
And gave us songs in the night of pain,
And turned our grief into joy again?

Oh no! they all shall remembered be,
When we gather at Heaven's great jubilee;
When we stand together on the sunlit shore
We shall sing his praises forevermore;

And the song shall echo thro' the skies
To the praise of the Lord of Paradise.
We shall see each other face to face,
Saved, brought home through God's great
grace.

We say not, "Farewell," but "Good-night,
awhile;"

May the Lord on each of you shed his smile,
And give you peace till that day shall come
When, with life's work done, He shall call us
all home.

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